



S. G. Kroller Pin.

M. F. Gucht Sculp.

Mr William Congreve  
Vol. I. Title.

# Familiar Letters

OF

## LOVE, GALLANTRY,

And several OCCASIONS,  
By the WITS of the last and present Age.

VIZ.

Mr. BUTLER, Author of  
*HUDIBRASS.*

Mr. FLATMAN.

Mr. DRYDEN.

Mr. CONGREVE.

Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Mr. DENNIS.

Mr. FARQUHAR.

Mr. EDW. WARD.

Mr. MOYLE.

Mr. OTWAY.

Mrs. BEHN.

Mrs. MANLY.

Mrs. TROTTER.

Mrs. CENT LIVRE.

Sir \_\_\_\_\_

Sir R. L'ESTRANGE.

Sir \_\_\_\_\_

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Sir GEO. ETHEREGE.

Earl of CLARENDON.

Earl of DORSET.

D. of BUCKINGHAM.

D. of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

From their ORIGINALS.

With their EFFIGIES Curiously Engraved by the Best Masters.

Together with

## Mr. T. Brown's Remains;

Being LETTERS and DIALOGUES on the  
Times, not Printed in his Works.

The whole in Two Volumes, Compleat.

LONDON, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE.

R. Smith, G. Strahan, E. Symons, J. Osborne, J. Brotherton,  
at the Royal Exchange: W. Taylor, A. Bettesworth, J.  
Batley, in Pater-noster-row: J. Brown, W. Mears, F. Clay,  
without Temple-bar: J. Barnes, J. Greaves, in St.  
James's; and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1718.



TO THE  
NOBILITY and GENTRY  
OF  
*B R I T A I N.*

Right Honourable, &c.

 HIS Work should have been inscrib'd to the *Lovers of Learning*, and the *Encouragers of Wit*: But when I reflect, first, that Such are all truly Honourable; and then, That our Nobility and Gentry are generally Such, I omitted it in meer Aversion to Tautology.

It is to do Justice to the present Age, and not to flatter any, I shall take the Freedom to say, That tho' the last produc'd a glorious Number of Men of Genius and Performance, yet the present exceeds all that ever went before it, especially in the true Taste of Reading; and therefore it may be said, That tho'

A. we

## The DEDICATION.

we do not flourish in Brighter Authors than they did, yet those we have, meet with greater Encouragement.

It is the just Character of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* of this Island at this Time, that they know how to relish, value, and reward, Men of Merit, at another Rate than their Fathers; and if we have no such, or so many Exquisite Writers as before, we have now more Exquisite Judges of Wit and Learning than they had. And this is the Reason why we see Men of Polite Parts, snatch'd up from the Pen-Ink Labours to the greatest Employment in the Government, made Parliament Men, Commissioners, Secretaries of State, &c.

It is this glorious Genius that this Collection is brought to shew, and which the last Age knew not how to value, and therefore recommends it self now to a Generation of better Taste; and without question the Treatment they shall meet with from this generous Polite Age, will differ so much from the Usage they had from our unfinish'd Forefathers, that if Letters could really be written *from the Dead to the Living*, I make no Doubt but

## The DEDICATION.

but *Tom Brown*, the best humour'd Man of Wit that ever liv'd, would let us hear from him in Acknowledgment of the good Treatment he met with.

Had the rough Days of K. *Charles II.* newly recover'd from the Confusion of a Civil War, or the tempestuous Time of King *James the Second*; had the same Sence of *Wit* as our Gentlemen now appear to have, the first Impressions of *Milton's Paradise lost*, had never been sold for waste Paper; the Inimitable *Hudibras* had never suffered the Miseries of a Neglected Cavalier; *Tom Brown*, the merriest and most diverting'st Man, had never expir'd so neglected: Mr. *Dryden's Religion* would never have lost him his *Pension*; or Mrs. *Behn* ever had but two Lines upon her *Grave-stone*; Sir *Roger L'Estrange* would have been made a Commissioner of Enquiry, or some such valuable thing: Instead of an empty Knight-hood, Sir *John Denham* would have been sent as an *Ambassador* rather than a Beggar into *Poland*; and the Incomparable *Waller* would have been a Secretary of State as well as Mr. *Addison*.

But the Times understood not the

Value

## The DEDICATION.

Value of those Men ; the *Gentry* knew not how to shine, and therefore entertain'd no Notion of those that did.

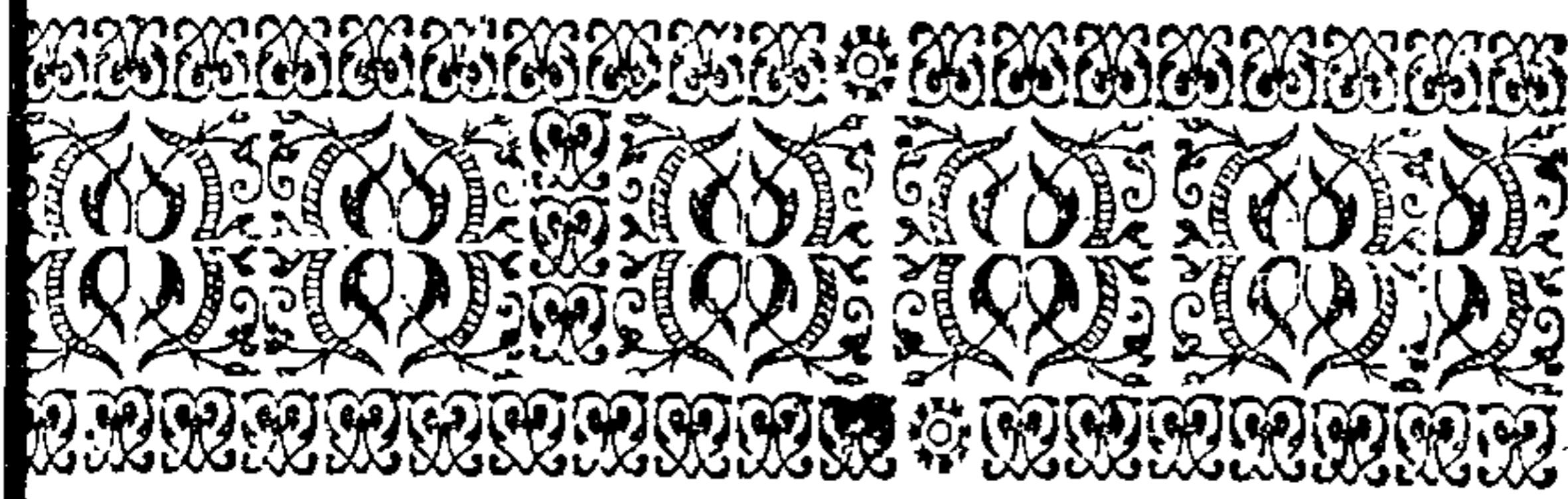
Thank the Stars, that guide the Brains of Men, the Case is alter'd now, the Nation's *Genius* is now alter'd, and polish'd by the Exercise of *Books*, the *Names* and *Works* of Men of *Wit* revive, and their Memory becomes truly immortal.

This happy Change has encourag'd this *Work*, and we daily receive new Additions to our Design, by the Favours of some *Gentlemen* who send us Valuable Pieces of the Performance of the *Politest Men*, which the Unkindness of the Age they liv'd in, justly provok'd them to suppress in their Lives, as Sir *Walter Raleigh* did his second Volume of the *History of the World*.

We bespeak the *Gentlemen*; as a Token of their Acceptance of this Work, that if they have *any Remains* left of like Kind, they would communicate them, in order to another Volume, assuring them such acceptable Things shall be gratefully acknowledg'd to the Giver, all possible Justice be done to the Author's by

*Your most Obedient Servant,*

S A M. B R I S C O E



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Vol. I.  
*M<sup>r</sup>. Samuel Butler*  
F. & J. Lilliput  
N.Y.



A  
**COLLECTION**  
 O F  
**L E T T E R S**  
 O N  
**Several Occasions, &c.**

---

Sir *Hudibras's Epistle* to the Widow  
 BLACKGROVE.

---

*By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.*

---

 I do w, this comes to let you know,  
 That by your Charms I'm wounded so,  
 Unless in Pity you befriend me,  
 Love's fatal Pow'r must quickly end me,  
 I that was Valiant *Hudibras*,  
 Am grown so chang'd from what I was,  
 That if you saw me now you'd swear,  
 I was some Lover in Dispair.

Oh! Madam, this strange Passion *Love*,  
 All *Remedies*, but One's above,  
 And if that One be but deny'd,  
 All other Means are vain beside.  
*Love* the World's great Preserver is,  
 The only Source of human Bliss ;  
 It stands above the Reach of Fate,  
 Gives Life a long, or shorter Date ;  
 Breaks down all Fences and all Bounds:  
 And often Right with Wrong confounds.

Happy was *Rome* when Men could seize  
 Their Spouses, and do what they please,  
 And not like us, sneak, sigh, and pine,  
 In Hopes to carry their Design.  
 Oh! Heav'ns, were you to be the Prize,  
 How I all Dangers would despise :  
 Were I fierce *Trulla* to encounter,  
 Inspir'd by you I'd soon dismount her:  
*Magnano* and *Crowdero* too,  
 Should both be sacrific'd for you :  
 Not ev'n that Wizard *Sydraphel*,  
 Nor all the Pow'r of Earth or Hell,  
 Dear charming Saint, as God shall mend me,  
 Should from my longing Arms defend ye.  
 But, dearest Widdow, left I stray,  
 Too far from Love's old beaten Way ;

Accept this Letter, writ in Haste,  
That brings my Thanks for Favours past,  
Chiefly for that which I must own,  
The greatest e'er to Knight was done.

I were a graceless Churl indeed,  
Should I forget in Time of Need,  
How you were pleas'd to condescend,  
Best of your Sex, to be my Friend:  
Ingratitude's a crying Sin,  
That Knighthood is unpractic'd in,  
And he's unworthy of the Name,  
That brands it with so foul a Shame.

But, *Fairest*, don't mistake your Slave,  
You such immense Perfections have;  
Such Beauty, Wit and Heavenly Parts,  
That at first Sight you charm all Hearts.  
I wou'd not seem to compliment,  
But you have such a pleasing Scent  
Where e're you go, that you excel,  
The Primrose and the Daffodil,  
And then your balmy Hands are such,  
There's no resisting of your Touch.

Dear Charmer, I shall ne'er forget,  
That fatal Night when Cold and Wet,

And sadly brus'd and beat beside,  
 What Remedies you then apply'd :  
 'Twas then with Sov'reign Palms you rub'd ;  
 The Hide of Errant Knight sore drub'd,  
 Reviv'd him too with *Aqua Vita*,  
 For which he never can requite ye.

He never can enough express,  
 Y'ur unexampl'd Tenderness,  
 To One whom Fate had sunk as low,  
 As possibly a Knight could go :  
 When I stark naked stood before ye,  
 Oh ! for such Goodness I adore ye,  
 How tenderly did you search round  
 To see that ev'ry Part was found.  
 I blush, dear Widow, when I tell,  
 How to avoid a worser Smell ;  
 With Nostrils stuff'd with Leaves of Yew,  
 You bath my foul Posterious View ;  
 A friendly Office I must own,  
 Was ne'er before to Knighthood done.

How kindly did you blame your Maid,  
 When she cry'd out this Knight's bewray'd,  
 And stinks so cursedly, God blefs him,  
 I wonder how you can undress him ;

Sure if they're oft in the same Plight,  
Old Nick would not be Errant Knight.

Why truly, Widow, not to flatter,  
The Damsel judges right the Matter ;  
For when poor Knights by adverse Fate,  
Are doom'd to be unfortunate ;  
When they are drub'd from Head to Foot,  
And, as 'twas said, bewray'd to boot ;  
There cannot be in humane Nature,  
A more despis'd or wretched Creature.

Knighthood's a Thing that more or less,  
Depends so much upon Success ;  
That if the Stars don't help him out,  
Altho' the Knight be ne'er so stout,  
Mangre his Prowess and his Vigour,  
He makes a very scurvy Figure.

Success is what no Martial Wit,  
No Pow'r on Earth, no Art can hit :  
Not Vows o'th' Saints, nor Pray'rs o'th' Pious,  
Can gain us what the Stars deny us :  
Whate'er we do or perpetrate,  
We're still entirely steer'd by Fate,  
And all the Godly to a Man  
Value him best, that best goes on ;

## 6 HU DIB RAS's EPISTLE

Tho' by the Way 'tis my Opinion,  
They make Success too much their Minion.

Success we see oft' disinherits,  
The Bravest and the Noblest Merits ;  
Nor are great Actions always Sons,  
Of greatest Resolutions :  
No (Lady) we have oft' indeed,  
Seen Fools and Cowards to succeed,  
Whilst Valiant Actions have brought forth,  
Events unequal to their Worth ;  
And as in Arms so 'tis in Love,  
As we succeed the Ladies move.

But, Fairest, to come nearer to  
The Busines betwixt me and you ;  
Your Charms have fetter'd me so close,  
I cannot, if I wou'd, get loose :  
I own I've try'd to break the Chain,  
But still I find 'tis all in vain ;  
My Soul's so much with you possest,  
I cannot get a Moment's Rest :  
Where e'er I go, what e'er I say,  
Your Image still is in my Way,  
And if you don't afford Relief,  
I must destroy myself in brief.

Now

Now as to that which happen'd when,  
You was so kind to make me clean ;  
Never was Errant Knight more ready,  
To own the Kindness, worthy Lady ;  
For what your Maid observ'd, 'tis true,  
I must refer myself to you ;  
But not without this Observation,  
That you'd first ballance the Occasion.

As R A L P H and I our Course did steer,  
Not thinking an Adventure near ;  
We chanc'd to meet with sturdy Vicar,  
With Clerk, attended, full of Liquor.  
We had not jogg'd together far,  
Before the Knave began to jar,  
To call hard Names, to Swear, and Curse,  
The *Round Heads* and *Committees* worse.  
Fye, Fye, quoth *Ralph*, Friend, to my Thinking,  
You talk as if y' had been a Drinking,  
There's One behind you, I'll assure ye,  
If he shou'd hear you, wou'd secure ye,  
At which the surly Knave replies,  
I take you for a Brace of Spies :  
I'll warrant this is that Vile Ass,  
That's lately dub'd Sir *Hudibras*,  
And you're the Thieving Taylor *Ralph*,  
That are his Squire and go his Half.

Have you not seen a gall'd Horse winch,  
 When bit by Flyes, or Pannels pinch ;  
 Ev'n so it happen'd to our 'Squire,  
 Who could no more contain his Ire.  
 But e'er that he could lug out Bilbow,  
 The *Clerk* had reach'd him such an ill Blow  
 With Crab-Tree Cudgel on the Crown,  
 That from his Steed he fetc'h'd him down.  
 Now, Lady, as I thought this Sight wou'd  
 Bring a Reflection upon Knighthood,  
 I quickly put myself in Order,  
 To rescue *Ralph*, who cry'd out *Murder*.  
 But see how Fate does Things determine,  
 Before that I could reach the Vermin,  
*Vicar* with Fist Ecclesiastick,  
 Gave me a Box instead of a Stick,  
 Full on the Ear with such a Force,  
 That I fell headlong from my Horse :  
 When we were down I need not tell,  
 What afterwards to us befel,  
 How we from Top to Toe were whip'd,  
 And after in a Horse-Pond dipp'd.

This was our State, and let me tell ye,  
 'Twill raise strange Ferments in the Belly.

To

To be so us'd, in such a Case,  
The stoutest Knight can't rule his Arse,  
And oft' thro' Fear and Apprehension,  
Does many Things not fit to mention.

I grant indeed your Maid's i'th' Right,  
Nothing stinks worse than Errant Knight,  
And yet altho' the Knight's beshit,  
The Character's not hurt a Bit:  
If Knighthood wou'd not bear a Turd,  
Who'd wear a Dagger or a Sword;  
Or who'd attempt a Lady's Heart,  
If he must lose her for a Fart.

In short, no Cautions can prevent,  
The Frailities of the Fundament;  
Nothing can hinder now and then,  
Commotions in the *Abdomen*:  
Besides, when any Danger's nigh,  
'Tis almost natural to let fly.  
Sure, Lady, you must needs have read,  
Of Lovers that have foul'd the Bed,  
And of a Monarch once that was  
Beshit as bad as *Hudibras*.

'Twere needless, and perhaps too long,  
To tell how erst impal'd in Dung,

An Alderman of mighty Fame,  
 Renowned *Atkins* was his Name,  
 For Twenty Hours stinking fate,  
 To hear his Brother Saint's Debate,  
 Among some other trivial Things,  
 The Fate of Monarchy and Kings.

Sure, you have heard, with flaming Nose,  
 How *Noll* came to the Yea's and No's,  
 And how the *Speaker* in his Chair,  
 Bewray'd himself for very Fear;  
 As many a Knight and 'Squire has done,  
 As well as he since *Forty one*,  
 Which Lady, with Submission, I  
 Will leave as my Apology.

Thus having freely eas'd my Mind,  
 I hope you'll deign to be so kind,  
 To grant me Liberty to come,  
 From your sweet Lips to hear my Doom;  
 In doing which without Delay,  
 Your humble Slave shall ever Pray.

The



## *The Widow's Answer to the Knight.*



Y th' Butcher's Boy on *Tuesday Night*,  
I had your Letter, worth'y Knight,  
And having read it o're and o're,  
I could not rest all Night, I'm sure.

I thank your Worship for your Proffer,  
Altho' I can't accept your Offer:

Yet gentle Knight, forbear a little,  
The Hearts of Widows are but brittle,  
And very often warp and vary,  
As Things succeed, or Things miscarry.

What you insist upon, my Love,  
At present I cannot approve,  
And yet at the same Time I own,  
I don't wish your Destruction:  
If you shou'd make yourself away,  
The Godly would be apt to say;  
Th' Invincible Sir *Hudibras*,  
By th' Widow *Blackgrove* murder'd was;  
Which, with your Leave, I know would be,  
Of evil Consequence to me:  
And therefore if your Worship can  
But pacify the outward Man;

'Tis

'Tis my Opinion, by my Troth,  
It wou'd be better for us both.

Love-Transports are at best but Strains,  
Of wanton over-heated Brains :  
By Turns like Agues cold and hot,  
Unless for some Design they're brought ;  
There's nothing in 'em that I know,  
Worthy so sage a Man as you ;  
They're only *Gewgaws*, empty Toys,  
Fit for fond Girls or am'rous Boys.  
And quite below the Tongue and Pen,  
Of valiant, wise, or godly Men.

SIR, to be plain, this furious Passion,  
Begun upon so small Occasion ;  
To me seems nothing but a Slight,  
To shew you are an Errant Knight :  
And as the Errant Knights of old,  
As we by wicked Books are told,  
Won Ladies Hearts in mortal Fray,  
So you would take the self-same Way.

I've read of Dames that wou'd not yield,  
Until their Gallants were half kill'd ;  
But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,  
They could not woe nor combat more

Their

Their tender Hearts began to melt,  
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt :  
And this you think will pass upon,  
A Widow turn'd of Thirty one.

SIR, with your Favour, I can't see,  
That *Rome* could e'er the happier be,  
Because at Pleasure they might seize,  
Their Spouses, and do what they please :  
Women were in a hopeful Plight,  
If ev'ry Bragadocio Knight,  
Might force us from our peaceful Dwelling,  
To go with him a Colonelling.  
To use your Words, as God shall mend me,  
I wou'd with all my Might defend me,  
'Gainst any Knight that should presume,  
To serve me as they did at *Rome*.

By talking thus, you more discover,  
The brutal Ruffian than the Lover ;  
Or else betray a Want of Reason,  
To urge a Thing so out of Season :  
If you're for snatching Wives avant,  
I hate the Thoughts of such a Saint,  
And rather than I'd trust myself,  
In Company with such an Elf,

I wou'd submit to be alone,  
With any Cavalier in Town.

I' th' Lord's Name, can it be Fruition,  
That puts you in this strange Condition ?  
Or has the *Vicar* drub'd you so,  
You don't consider what you do :  
Tis very marvelous to me,  
A Knight so fam'd for Chivalry ;  
Has stood so many Knocks and Kicks,  
And is so vers'd in Politicks,  
Should after all submit to be  
A Widow's Captive, verily.  
If Love has these severe Effects,  
I wish 'twas quite forbid our Sex :  
I wish 'twas damn'd and interdicted,  
As diabolical and wicked,  
And sung, as out of Tune, against,  
As Common-Prayer-Book by the *Saints* :  
I find I've greater Reason for it,  
Than e'er I had before, t' abhor it.

But plainly since you go so far,  
'Tis my Opinion, am'rous Sir,  
You talk of Love by Parables,  
And in the main mean something else :

What's

What's in the Widow Blackgrov'e's Face,  
Can thus disturb stout *Hudibras*?  
Nothing unless it be her Dow'r,  
That gives her this extensive Pow'r:  
You fancy that her Wealth is great,  
And that provokes this am'rous Heat.  
Money's the Vertue, Wit and Worth,  
That you so ve'mently set forth:  
I know your Aim, with House and Land,  
You'd have a Wife at second Hand;  
It is my better Part, my Riches,  
And not my Person so bewitches;  
For all you're so enamour'd now,  
And sneak, and whine, and swear, and vow;  
Did you my worldly Goods possess,  
My Body might go where I please.  
I know it cannot be my Person,  
Your Stomach is so sharp and fierce on;  
It can be nothing but my Fortune,  
That you so earnestly importune,  
And if y' had that, my 'State in Taile,  
Would but a little while prevail.

As to your Letter writ in Haste,  
Which brings your Thanks for Favours past  
I wonder, Sir, why you shou'd send it,  
Since you no better recommend it,

Then

Than with the common Compliment,  
 Of balmy Hands and pleasing Scent :  
 Why, what the Dickens do y' suppose,  
 - Fine Words will lead me by the Nose ?  
 I were a hopeful Dame, in Troth,  
 If I shou'd credit ev'ry Oath,  
 Which with as little Grace as Sence,  
 Most of your Errant Knights dispense.

But now to let this Matter lie,  
 And come more near to my Reply ;  
 Tho' I believe you'd vow and fwear,  
 As much t' an Hostess Dowager,  
 Grown fat and wealthy by Retail,  
 Of Pots of Beer and Bottl'd Ale ;  
 Yet, forasmuch as you have been,  
 Still active 'gainst the Men of Sin,  
 And have since first the Wars began,  
 Oppos'd the Whore of *Babylon* ;  
 Since you have strove to propagate,  
 The Downfal of the Church and State,  
 Laid out your Spiritual Gifts to further,  
 The godly Cause of Useful Murther :  
 For these and many other Things,  
 I have for you some Smatterings,  
 And when your Worship comes my Way,  
 If you'll call in and lodge, you may ;

And

And then, i' th' Name of th' Lord, we'll try,  
To find some proper Remedy,  
To ease your Passion, and resettle,  
Your crazy Brains, and cool your Mettle.

---

*The Knight's second Letter to the Widow Blackgrove.*

---

By the same.

---

A large decorative initial 'F' is positioned at the top left of the page, enclosed in a square frame with intricate floral patterns.

AIR One, the Letter that you sent me,  
You well may judge must discontent me ;  
I've read it twice, but cannot fathom,  
What you'd be at, mysterious Madam :  
Sometimes you bid me live, and then,  
Next Moment bid me die again :  
You seem to say the Saints would clamour,  
If they should understand our Amour ;  
Pray, what has any Saint to do,  
With any Thing 'twixt me and you ?  
I know no Saint among the Number,  
Has any Title to incumber

My

## 18 HUDIBRAS'S SECOND EPISTLE.

My pious Love, that's grounded on,  
 The Work of Propagation :  
 Indeed what Saints may claim as due,  
 You may pretend a Title to,  
 And are, perhaps, as well endow'd,  
 As any Saint among the Croud.

There's scarce a Saint, as I can prove,  
 But has been, or wou'd be in Love,  
 And wou'd, like me, avow his Passion,  
 If he had half the Provocation.  
 Come, Widow, Saints are not so nice,  
 To winch at ev'ry petty Vice :  
 Which, some will tell you, Love produces,  
 Tho' very oft' for diff'rent Uses ;  
 As Oaths, and Vows, and Lies, and so forth,  
 More Words of Course, and Things of no Worth.  
 Those Saints whom Oaths and Vows oblige,  
 Know little of their Privilege,  
 Further than wisely carrying on,  
 Some small Advantage of their own.  
 And let me tell you, Oaths are vain,  
 Unless they're taken for our Gain ;  
 And then, all Perjury and Lying,  
 Is but a Sort of Self-denying :

In such a Case we can't forbear,  
 If there's Occasion for't, to swear,  
 And many Saints have broke their Word,  
 And yet have glorify'd the Lord.

In short, few Saints but have a Spice,  
 Of some, if not of ev'ry Vice:  
 Nor is there any Saint so foolish,  
 That will this Priviledge abolish.

But, Widdow, that I may not amble,  
 Too far, and tire you with Preamble,  
 I only mention this, to shew,  
 What Saints may on Occasion do,  
 And sure, if Saints may go so far,  
 Knights Errant ought to have no Bar ;  
 Especially an Errant Knight,  
 That can both Pray as well as Fight,  
 And is without the least Restraint,  
 Both Errant Knight and Errant Saint.

Now, Madam, to your next Objection,  
 I answer thus, that my Affection  
 Is purely and intirely grounded,  
 Upon your Person uncompounded :  
 Y' have such an absolute Controul,  
 O'er your eternal Slave, my Soul,

That

## 20 HU DIBRAS'S SECOND EPISTLE.

That rather than of you be sham'd,  
 I'm sure 'twou'd venture to be damn'd:  
 And this and twenty Times as much,  
 I'd do, if 'twere come to the Touch,  
 Without all Prospect or Regard;  
 To Portion, Dowry or Reward.  
 Not that I'd have you, Lady bright,  
 Think that I'm such an Errant Knight,  
 To Noose with any of your Sex,  
 Without first knowing her Effects,  
 And if she was not well to pass,  
 She is no Spouse for *Hudibras*.

No, Madam, this I would not do,  
 With any in the World but you;  
 But you have bound and link'd me so,  
 I must do't where I will or no.  
 How oft' has Love been bought and sold,  
 Barter'd and truck'd away for Gold;  
 And Heirs and Heiresses for Fees,  
 Been rap'd away by their Trustees:  
 Thus Marriages, tho' made in Heaven,  
 Are ratify'd for what is given:  
 A Practice, tho' it looks but odly,  
 Is much in Vogue among the Godly,

And

And wou'd admit of strange Complaints,  
 Were't not so often us'd by th' Saints:  
 But as no Scandal can affect,  
 The Character of the Elect,  
 Nor no Disgrace can stick upon  
 The Sons of Reformation;  
 We'll let such little slight Offences,  
 Pass 'mongst the rest of their Pretences.

But, to proceed, what you assert,  
 I will allow with all my Heart;  
 I mean, that House, and Land, and Riches,  
 The Lover very oft' bewitches,  
 And sometimes soften, melt, and quell,  
 Hearts otherwise impregnable:  
 But having answer'd that before,  
 For both our Sakes, I'll say no more.  
 In that which moves your next Complaint,  
 I will appeal to any Saint;  
 If Widows Hearts are sooner won,  
 By brisk, than formal coming on;  
 And if you sooner may oblige  
 Them to submit by Storm than Siege:-  
 Why was Old *Rome* so much to blame,  
 When ev'ry Man might snatch his Dame?

And

## 22 HUDIBRAS'S SECOND EPISTLE.

And why should you so scold and rail,  
As if a Wasp had stung your Tail?

Madam, when Things can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'st is the wifest Course,  
And very oft' succeeds, when all,  
Your long Harrangues to nothing fall.  
Besides some Bickerings now and then,  
Twixt Ladies and the Gentlemen,  
In many Instances discover,  
The real, not the brutal Lover;  
Nor did I ever hear, in short,  
The Dame complain, that lik'd the Sport.

In fine, I'm not so much a Coward,  
Because you seem a little foward,  
So soon to quit an Enterprize,  
In which my Preservation lies;  
No, Lady, I'm resolv'd that I,  
Will either take the Fort, or die.  
I'd undergo Ten Thousand Drubbings,  
Wou'd you vouchsafe your Sov'reign Rubbings;  
I'd be again in the sad Plight,  
That I was in that fatal Night,  
Or any Sort of Wounds endure,  
If you'll but undertake my Cure:  
And so let what will come to pass,  
I'm yours for ever, HUDIBRAS.

RALPHO'S

RALPHO'S LOVE-EPISTLE to D A M A R I S, *the Widow BLACKGROVE's Handmaid.*

---

By the same.

---



Ince your good Mistriss and my Master  
Are fall'n in Love by sad Disaster ;  
I think 'twou'd not be much amiss,  
If you and I, fair D A M A R I S,  
When we have nothing else to do,  
Shou'd try to join our Giblets too :  
And 'tis for that Intent, my Sweeting,  
I send this Letter to you greeting.

As for your Lady and my Lord,  
I can't believe they'll e'er accord ;  
They're both so much upon the Catch,  
I hardly think 'twill be a Match,  
And yet two Whelps of the same Litter,  
Can't be for each other fitter :  
Their Shapes, their Minds and Intellects,  
Exactly square in all Respects ;

And.

24 RALPHO'S EPISTLE to DAMARIS.

And the same inward Gifts and Graces,  
May be observ'd in both their Faces :  
In short, their Sanctity and Zeal,  
For common Good, and Common-Weal,  
Their equal Charity and Ardour,  
For th' Saints consented CHARLES's MURDER,  
And all their godly Actions since  
Must any Soul alive convince,  
That they are both without Restraints,  
The Quintesence of all the SAINTS.

But, DAMARIS, to come nearer to  
The Bus'ness betwixt me and you,  
I blush to own, yet can't deny,  
The Cause of my Captivity.  
Twas, fair One, if you ha'n't forgot,  
Upon that dismal Night, God wot,  
When the great HU DIBRAS, and I,  
As fam'd as he for Chivalry,  
Were by fell Vicar and that Spark,  
Who's vulgarly yclip'd his Clerk,  
Smote Hip and Thigh, and forc'd to yield  
To them the Glory of the Field.

'Twas then i' the very Depth of Distress,  
You and your ever loving Mistress ;

Tho'

Tho' we were hardly fit t'appear,  
 In any Place where Christians were ;  
 With gentle Hands rub'd us both down,  
 From Sole o'the Foot to Head o'the Crown.

Oh ! D A M A R I S , your self-denying,  
 As you my Cod-piece were untying,  
 I'll ne'er forget, and 'tis from thence,  
 I own my Love did first commence :  
 But now into my Breast 'tis got,  
 And makes my Heart so flaming hot,  
 That, if you don't find Ways to hinder,  
 It quickly will be burnt to Tinder.

Then, don't permit me, Angel fair,  
 To linger thus in sad Despair.  
 To live in Hopes, tho' Hope's a Cure,  
 For all the Ills that Men endure ;  
 I'd rather far be interdicted,  
 Than be fo tortur'd and afflicted.  
 In short, there's nothing but Fruition  
 Can cure a Man in my Condition,  
 Unless I do, like the Lay-Elder,  
 Send instantly for the Sow-Gelder,  
 To pare off the afflicted Part,  
 That's still the Handle to my Heart,

## 26 RALPHO'S EPISTLE TO DAMARIS.

'There's nothing else, I'm sure, can do,  
Without some speedy Help from you.

But, DAM'RI S, DAM'RI S, sure, you wo'n't  
Be cruel, and insist upon't ;  
But, rather in a Day, or so,  
Vouchsafe to send a Line, or two,  
Directed thus : To *Squire RALPH,*  
*SIR HU DIBRA S*'s better Half :  
In doing which, you will engage  
Your Friend, in Haste, from Age to Age.



## Mrs. DAMARIS'S ANSWER TO SQUIRE RALPH.

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By Mr. BUTLER.

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Ure, RALPHO, never Knight and Squire,  
Had Hearts so ready to take Fire ;  
Nor never Squire and Errant Knight,  
Made Love in such a two-fold Plight :  
If you had either Sense or Grace,  
I'm sure, you cou'd not have the Face

To

To mention Love, who are, God knows,  
 Scarce fit to fright away the Crows,  
 And other Vermin from the Fruits  
 You cannot taste yourselves, for Brutes.

What does that Fool, your Master, think,  
 He charm'd my Mistress with his Stink,  
 Or that, his nasty, shrivell'd Carcass  
 Can make amends for such a stark Ass?  
 Base, wretched Lump of worn out Clay,  
 Deform'd, and shapeless ev'ry Way,  
 To think, my Lady does not know  
 What's fitter for her Turn, than so.

What, tho' she help'd him in's Distress,  
 Does that conclude she'll be his Mistress?  
 Suppose he be a Saint, at least,  
 As he pretends, he's such a Beast,  
 No Woman, but a perfect *Harlot*,  
 Wou'd touch with Tongs so foul a Varlet.

His meagre Phiz, and grizzl'd Chin,  
 His double Hump, and motly Skin;  
 His Battle-Nose, and goggle Eyes,  
 Splay-Feet, and other Rarities,  
 Are fine Accomplishments, 'tis granted,  
 To gain a *Widow* that's *be-sainted*.

## 28 DAMARIS'S ANSWER to RALPH.

Wer't mine, as 'tis my Lady's Case,  
 If e'er that *Scoundrel Hudibras*,  
 Should venture to approach our Dwelling,  
 When he rides forth a Colonelling ;  
 The Horse-Pond shou'd confirm the Vermin,  
 How I to save his Life determin.

Bafe, fardid Wretch, that has no Notion  
 Either of Knighthood, or Devotion :  
 Wou'd he pretend to gain a Lady ?  
 Poor, *shabbed Scrub* ! By him that made me,  
 He looks more like to One, that wou'd  
 Rob *Hen-Roofs*, than do *Woman Good* ;  
 And you his Prick-Louse Squire, that share  
 His Counter-Part, and stand your Share  
 In all his Projects, and inherit  
 An equal Portion of his Merit.  
 If ever you presume to venture,  
 Upon these Premises to enter :  
 I'd use thee worse than *Trulla* did,  
 When she thy captive Back bestrid.

"Tis not thy Whining, nor thy Canting,  
 Nor thy Ungodly Covenanting,

Nor thy pretended Gifts and Graces,  
 Shou'd save thy worst of Brazen-Faces ;

Altho'



Riley Price

Riley

Mrs. Behn.

Altho' you challenge a Dominion  
 Over the sov'reign Power of *Women*.  
 Had I thy *Independant Snout*  
 Close in my Tallons, filthy Lout,  
 I'd quickly let you know what 'tis  
 To offer Love to D A M A R I S:  
 So, shitten Squire, as you deserve,  
 Conclude in Haste, your Friend to serve.



## LOVE-LETTERS, By Mrs. A. BEHN, never before Printed.

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### To Mrs. PRICE.

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My DEAR,



N your last, you admir'd how I cou'd  
 pass my Time so long in the Country:  
 I am sorry your Taste is so deprav'd,  
 as not to relish a Country-Life. Now,  
 I think there's no Satisfaction to be  
 found amidst an Urban Throng (as Mr. Bayes calls  
 it)

*The peaceful Place where gladly I resort,  
 Is freed from noisy Factions of the Court:  
 There joy'd with viewing o'er the rural Scene,  
 Pleas'd with the Meadows ever green,*

30 LOVE-LETTERS. By Mrs. BEHN.

The Woods and Groves with tuneful Anger move,  
And nought is heard, but gentle Sighs of Love :  
The Nymphs and Swains for rural Sports prepare,  
And each kind Youth diverts his smiling Fair.  
But if by Chance is found a flinty Maid,  
Whose cruel Eyes has Shepherd's Hearts betray'd,  
In other Climes a Refuge she must find,  
Banish'd from hence Society of Kind.

Here gentle Isis, with a Bridegroom's Haste,

Glides to o'er take the Thame, as fair, as chaste :

Then mixt, embracing, they together fly ;

They Live together, and together Die.

Here ev'ry Object adds to our Delight,

Calm is our Day, and peaceful is our Night.

Then, kind Æmilia, fly that hated Town,

Where's not a Moment thou canst call thy own :

Haste for to meet a Happiness divine,

And share the Pleasures I count only mine.

P. S. A SONG.

I.

Is not your saying that you love,  
Can ease me of my Smart ;  
Your Actions must your Words approve,  
Or else you break my Heart.

2.

In vain you bid my Passion cease,  
 And ease my troubled Breast ;  
 Your Love alone must give me Peace,  
 Restore my wonted Rest.

3.

But, if I fail your Heart to move,  
 And 'tis not yours to give ;  
 I cannot, wonnot cease to love,  
 But I will cease to live.

A. BEHN.



## To Mrs. PRICE.

By the same.

My Dear,

N your last, you inform'd me, that the World treated me as a *Plagiery*, and, I must confess, not with Injustice : But that Mr. OTWAY shou'd say, my Sex wou'd not prevent my being pull'd to Pieces by the Criticks, is something odd, since whatever Mr. OTWAY now declares, he may very well remember when last I saw him, I receiv'd more than ordinary Encomiums on my A B D E L A R E R. But

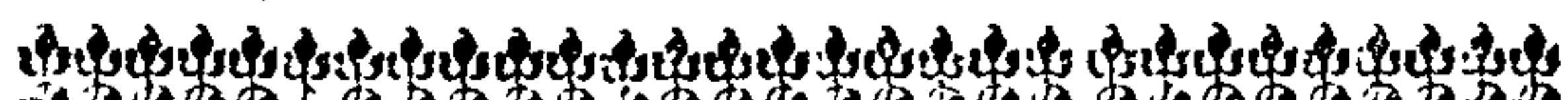
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every

every one knows Mr. OTWAY's good Nature, which will not permit him to shock any one of our Sex to their Faces.

But let that pass : For being impeach'd of murdering my *Moor*, I am thankful, since, when I shall let the World know, whenever I take the Pains next to appear in Print, of the mighty Theft I have been guilty of : But however for your own Satisfaction, I have sent you the Garden from whence I gather'd, and I hope you will not think me vain, if I say, I have weeded and improv'd it. I hope to prevail on the Printer to reprint *The Lusts Dominion, &c.* that my Theft may be the more publick. But I detain you. I believe I sha'n't have the Happiness of seeing my dear *Amillia* 'till the middle of *September* : But be assur'd I shall always remain as I am,

Yours, A. BEHN.

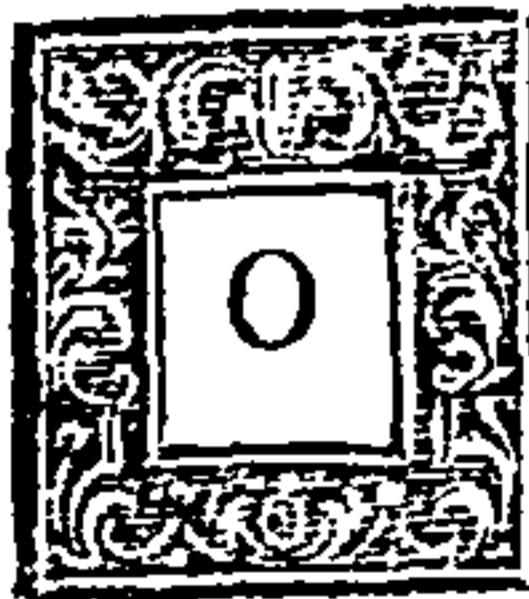


## To PHILANDER.

---

By the same.

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H! my PHILANDER ! If you knew with what Anxieties I have pass'd this tedious Moon, you sure wou'd pity my distracted Passion. Sleep flies from me ! The Day is hateful to me ! The smiling Sun, burnish'd with Rays divine, adds but new Sorrows to my troubled Breast ! All Day in sighing Silence I remain ! And when the peaceful Gloom of Night appears, it more indulges my unfeigned Sorrow ! Oft, when the smiling Morn chases away the misty

misty Shades of Death, with fainting Steps I bend  
my forward Way, 'till entring beneath a shady  
Grove, with Sighs and Tears I there renew my Grief.  
The rustling Winds amidst the leafy screens! The  
warbling Birds that chaunt with tuneful Notes! The  
murmuring Streams that gently glide along, and  
every other Object else conspire to feed my hapless  
Flame! Without the Grave their is no Joy for me,  
unless my dear PHILANDER says he loves. Adieu!  
Thou Object of my Soul's Desire! Oh!  
wou'd kind Heaven bnt aid my just Request, I  
might be happy in the Glooms of Death! Death  
with his leaden Arms wou'd clasp me close; in his  
Embrace I shou'd forget my Passion, and mourn no  
more my unrequited Love.

A. BEHN.



## To the same.

 Can no longer bear your cruel Scorn;  
your Indifference has cur'd me. I now  
shall bid adieu to hated Love. My  
Passion, for Want of Food to feed the  
amorous Flame, is now expir'd. I shall  
no more lament your Coldness. My Heart has now  
renew'd its serene Temper. The Hopes! The Fears!  
The Griefs! The Expectations are vanish'd all.  
There's no one Action now you can be guilty of  
will raise one jealous Pang within my Bosom. Too  
long I bore your insolent Behaviour. Your Crimes  
against my Love have given me Peace, restor'd my  
Quiet and my wonted Pleasures. I blame my self  
for taking so much Pains in writing this to let you

know I hate, Woman-like, can scorn you in my Turn. Farewel! ungrateful perjur'd Wretch, Farewel!

A. B.



### To the Perjur'd PHILANDER.



HEY say, that every Passion begets its Likeness, as Friendship Friendship, Love begets Love, and cold Indifference the same: But that in my unfortunate Life proves false. 'Tis true, you lov'd at first, or well dissembled the soft easie Passion: But soon the Fire extinguish'd in your Bosom, and cold Indifference assum'd its Place. Oh! that I could be indifferent too! and give thee back those hated Slights you send! But thou inconstant! perjur'd! faithless Wretch! not only scorn my constant Passion, but glory in the unmanly Pain you give me! A mighty Conquest you have gain'd! to triumph o'er a poor weak Woman's Heart! Think'st thou, that all thy broken Vows to me will go unpunish'd? No! Some fair, obdurate She (I hope) thou'l find, that will revenge those anxions Pains I suffer! Then! when thy Heart shall burn with ardent Wishes, and all thy Joy is fix'd upon the Object, may she requite thy Love, as thou haft mine. Then thou wilt truly find, what 'tis to feel the Scorn and Insults of unrequited Love.

A. BEHN.



## To the Inconstant PHILANDER.

**I**F Words cou'd paint my Passion, I might hope you wou'd believe my aching Heart : But my strong Love can be no more defin'd than Wit, when those that have it cannot well describe it. But if you have not banish'd all Compassion from your flinty Breast, take Pity on a wretched Woman's Love, who cannot live, if not for you, and wou'd freely die to give you any Satisfaction. The happy Time is still fresh in my Memory, when dear Philander said he truly lov'd, lov'd only me, and wou'd continue so 'till Death shou'd part us : Nay, after Death, if there was Knowledge in the Grave. How, have you then forgot those blessed Moments ! If for any Neglect of mine, or one unhappy, undesigned Glance cast on another, tell me, but inform me of my Fault, and I will give you the most severest Proof of an unfeigned, unalterable Passion.. But what do I say ? Your Coldness proceeds from an Indifference only, and I am, too sure, the most unhappy Wretch on Earth. If it be so, ( to end your Triumph ) expect to hear, that Death has put an End to all the Sorrows of the too constant, too unhappy

SILVIA.

A Letter.

THESE LETTERS ARE WRITTEN IN A FANCY HAND, WITH DECORATIVE INITIALS AND SPACES.

*A Letter to the Earl of Kildare, dissuading him from marrying MOLL HOWARD.*

MY LORD,

E pity such as are by Tempest lost,  
W And those by Fortune's blind Disposal  
But when Men see, and may the Dan-  
ger shun,  
Yet headlong into certain Ruin run :  
To pity such, must needs be Ridicule ;  
Do not (my Lord) be that unpity'd Fool.

There's a Report, which round the Town is spread,  
The fam'd MOLL HOWARD you intend to Wed ; }  
If it be true, my Lord, then guard your Head : }  
Horns, Horns, by wholesale, will adorn your Brows,  
If e'r you make that rampant Whore your Spouse.  
Think on the lewd Debauches of her Life ;  
Then tell me, if she's fit to be your Wife.  
She that, to quench her lustful, hot Desire,  
Has kiss'd with Dukes, Lords, Knights, and Coun- }  
try Squire ;  
Nay, Grooms and Footmen have been claw'd off }  
(by her.)  
Whoring

Whoring has all her Life-time been her Trade,  
 And D——set says, she is an exc'lent Baud :  
 But finding both will not defray Expence,  
 She lately is become an *Evidence* ;  
 Swears against all that won't her Lust supply,  
 And says, they're false as Hell to Monarchy.

You had a Wife ; but, rest her Soul, she's dead,  
 By whom your Lordship by the Nose was led :  
 And will you run into that Noose agen,  
 To be the greatest Monster among Men ?  
 Think on the Horns that will adorn your Head,  
 And the Diseases that will fill your Bed :  
 Pox upon Pox, most horrid and most dire !  
 And Ulcers fill'd with Hell's Eternal Fire.

Forbear therefore, and call your Senses home ;  
 Let Reason Love's blind Passion overcome :  
 For, if you make this base Report once true,  
 You'll wound your Honour, Purse, and Body too.





To Mr. Hoyle, occasion'd by the Report  
of his too close Familiarity with young  
F----ws, &c.



ARDON me, dear *Morforio*, for that's the Name I will now call you by, if, among many of your Friends, I have been too hasty in crediting the Report which is generally spread against you. I need not tell you, how nearly I'm concern'd for your Health and Reputation, both which must be lost beyond Recovery, if there be one Word true in what I have heard; with Wonder and Sorrow, so frequently confirm'd. Good God ! I am all over Agonies and Confusion ; my Heart trembles, and my Hand shakes, when I take the Pen to represent to you the filthy Reflections which the whole Town begins to make upon your past Conduct. By Heavens ! I cannot believe the Story, and yet my fatal Sympathy seems to confirm it to me. Oh *Morforio* ! clear your self instantly from these black Aspersions, or you'll soon become a Jest or a By-Word to all that know you : You begin already to be the Aversion of the Fair-Sex, and will quickly be the Scorn of your own too, unless you do something to stop these growing Reflections. I cannot bear to hear you every where reproach'd and vilify'd, and yet I protest, at present, I cannot offer any Thing in your Vindication. Dear *Morforio*, if you have been trying beastly Experiments, which I'm unwilling either to believe or mention, do something speedily that may disengage you from the

In a lone Thicket made for *Love*,  
 Silent, as yielding *Maids* consent;  
 She with a charming *Languishment*  
 Permits his Suit, yet gently strove:  
 His Hands her Bosom softly meet,  
 But not to put him back design'd,  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd;  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet:  
*Resistance* tis too late to shew,  
 She wants th' Power to say, *Ab! what do you do?*

Her brighter Eyes, sweet, and yet severe,  
 Where *Love* and *Shame* confus'dly strive,  
 Fresh Vigour to *Lysander's* Fire,  
 And whispering softly in his Ear,  
 She cries, Cease, cease your vain Desire,  
 Or I'll call out, what do you do,  
 My dearest *Honour*, even to you?  
 I cannot, must not give; retire,  
 Or take that *Life*, whose chiefeſt Part  
 I give you with the *Conquest* of my *Heart*.

But he as much unus'd to fear,  
 As she was capable of *Love*;  
 The *blessed Minute* to improve,  
 Kisses her *Neck*, her *Lips*, her *Hair*;

Each Touch her new Desire alarms,  
His burning trembling Hand she prest  
Upon her melting snowy Breast ;  
Whilst she lay panting in his *Arms*,  
All her unguarded *Beauties* lie  
*The Sp.ils and Trophies of the Enemy.*

: And now without *Respett* or *Fear*,  
He seeks the *Objet* of his *Toms*,  
His *Love* no *Moderity* allows,  
By swift degrees advancing where,  
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd  
Where *Gods* of *Love* do *Sacrifice* ;  
That awful *Throne*, that *Paradise*,  
Where *Rage* is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd ;  
The living *Fountains*, from whose Trills,  
*The melted Sul* in liquid Drops distils.

: Her balmy Eyes encountering his,  
Their *Bodies* and their *Soul's* they join'd,  
Were both in *Transports* unconfin'd,  
Extend themselves upon the *Moss* :  
*Coloris* half dead and breathless lay,  
Her Eyes appear'd like humid *Light*,  
Such as divides the Day and Night,  
Or falling *Stars*, whose Fire decay ;  
And

And now no Signs of *Life* she shows,  
But what in short breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

He saw how at her length she lay,  
He saw her rising Bosom bare ;  
Her loose thin *Ribes*, through which appear  
A Shape design'd for *Love* and *Play*.  
Abandon'd by her *Pride* and *Shame*,  
She does her softest Sweets dispense,  
Offering her *Virgin's Innocence*  
A Victim to Love's sacred Flame ;  
Whilst the o're-ravish'd *Shepherd* lies,  
Unable to perform Love's *Sacrifice*.

Ready to taste a Thousand *Fys*,  
The too transported hopeless *Swain*,  
Found the vast *Pleasure* turn'd to Pain;  
*Pleasure*, which too much Love destroys.  
The willing *Garment* by he laid,  
And *Heaven* all open to his View;  
Mad to possess, himself he threw  
On the defenceless *Lively Maid* :  
But Oh ! what envious *Gods* conspire,  
To snatch his *Power* yet leave him the *Desire*.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid,  
She can no human Being give,  
It now wants the *Art* to liye ;  
Paintness, its *silken'd Nerves* invade :  
In vain th' *enraged youth* essay'd  
To call his fleeting *Vigour* back,  
*No Motion* will from *Motion* take ;  
Excess of Love his Love betray'd,  
In vain he toils, in vain *commands*,  
Th' Insensible fell weeping in his Hands.

In this so *amorous*, cruel *Suife*,  
Where Love and Hate were too severe,  
The poor *Lysander*, in Despair,  
Renounc'd his Nature with his Life :  
Now all the brisk and active *Fire*,  
That should the nobleſt Part enflame,  
Serv'd to encrease his *Rage* and *Shame*,  
And left no Spark for new *Desire*:  
Not all the *naked Charms* cou'd move,  
Or calm that *Rage* that had debauch'd his *Love*.

Chloris returning from the Trance,  
Which *Love* and soft *Desire* had bred,  
Her timorous Hand she gently laid  
(Or guided by *Desire* or *Chance*)

Upon.

Upon that *fabilous Priapus* ;  
 That *Potent God*, as *Poets feign* ;  
 But never did young *Shepherdes*,  
 Gathering of *Thyme* upon the Place,  
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,  
 Finding (beneath the verdant Shade) a *Snake*.

Then *Chloris* her fair Hand withdrew,  
 Finding that *God* of her Desire,  
 Disarm'd of all his powerful Fire,  
 And cold as Flowers bath'd in Morning Dew:  
 Who can the *Nymph's* Confusion guess;  
 The Blood forsook the kinder Place,  
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,  
 Which both *Disdain* and *Shame* express;  
 And from *Lysander's* Arms she fled,  
 Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

Like Lightning from the *Groves* he flies,  
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delpick G.d* ;  
 No print upon the graffy Road  
 She leaves t' instruct pursuing Eyes.  
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,  
 And with her ruffled *Garments* play'd,  
 Discover'd in the flying Maid,  
 All that the *Gods* had made, was fair,

So *Venus*, when her *Love* was slain,  
With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

The Nymph's Resentments none but I  
Can well imagine or condole ;  
But none can guess *Lysander's Soul*,  
But those that sway'd his Destiny.  
*His silent Grief* swell'd up to Storms,  
And not one *God* his Fury spares ;  
*He curst his Fate, his Birth, his Stars*,  
But more the *Sbeperdæsses Charms*,  
Whose soft bewitching *Influence*,  
Had damn'd him to the Hell of *Impotence*.



BYBLIS's passionate Love-Letter to her  
Brother. From Ovid's Metamorphosis.

---

By Mr. DENNIS.

---

 Right Nymphs, the Objects of Mankind's  
(Desires,  
From *Byblis* learn t' avoid incestuous  
Fires :  
She *Caunus* lov'd, with tenderness above  
The cold Endearments of a Sister's Love.

At

At first she knew it not, unhappy Maid !  
 To impious Flames by Piety betray'd.  
 She frequently would kiss the beauteous Boy,  
 And thought her Duty what she found her Joy.  
 Her Love for Duty she mistook with ease,  
 Yet was surpriz'd that Duty thus should please.  
 Her twining Arms his lovely Neck would clasp,  
 Fierce was each Kiss, and furious ev'ry Grasp;  
 Insensibly her Passion gathers Force,  
 And has to Female Stratagems Recourse.  
 About to visit *Caunus*, e'er she goes,  
 Her skilful Maids her wanton Dress compose,  
 And all the Ornaments of Art prepare,  
 To set forth all that Heav'n has giv'n the Fair,  
 Ten Thousand *Cupids* in her Eyes, and Graces in  
(her Air,  
 Then in her Glass sh' explores what Pow'r there is  
 In a Majestick easy Mien, and lovely glancing Eye,  
 Practises Smiles, such by which Souls are caught,  
 Great, God-like Spirits to Dependence brought,  
 The Magick by the great Enchantress Nature  
(taught,  
 She envies ev'ry Face that's form'd to please,  
 And wonders why, not knowing the Disease.  
 So Men in Hecks, wasting for their Urn,  
 Hourly consume, yet feel not that they burn.

Rent in her inmost Breast the raging Fire  
Had not as yet flam'd up to high Desire;  
Her Brother, now her Lord, her Dear she names,  
And Kindred Love, thus tenderly, disclaims ;  
Her Passion now she doubts, yet does controul,  
No guilty Thought yet stain'd hear waking Soul,  
On it, with Night, the black Pollution stole.  
A pleasing Dream t'her side her Brother brings,  
With panting Breast she murmur ring to him clings.  
Strait in her Face offended Nature flies,  
And Blushes dawn around her dark'ned Eyes,  
She wakes, but hush'd and wrap'd in fearful Won-  
der lies.

Her Dream at once can charm her and torment,  
The airy Omen boads some dire Event.  
A longe time inute she all her Soul surveys,  
And then its Grief in these wild Words displays.  
What means the Vision of the guilty Night ?  
Ah Wretch ! what Horror ! mix'd with what De-  
light,

Why did that lovely Shape break in upon my  
(Sight?)

Tis true, ev'n Envy no Defect can find,  
Or in the Beauties of his Face, or Graces of his Mind  
Ev'n Envy can contented on him gaze,  
By liking sullenly it self amaze,  
And learn to speak a foreign Language, Praise.

The

The Gods have made him fit to be desir'd,  
 Have made him by themselves to be admir'd.  
 But Oh ! a Brother's once endearing Name  
 Is now the Foe that's fatal to my Flanie.  
 Yet whilst awake I can continue chaste,  
 May ev'ry golden Dream be like the last.  
 For what vain Fop the Sport of such a Bed  
 Can idly blab ? Or what dull Libel spread ?  
 Honour's secure, whilst Pleasure I pursue,  
 And this false Bliss is surely worth the true.  
 Bright Queen of Love, and wing'd delicious Boy,  
 Soft, sweet, and swift, as was my flitting Joy ;  
 Into what Heav'n of Rapture was I caught ?  
 Too powerful Joys for Words, too vast for Thought  
 By dying Sighs, and broken Murmurs, best,  
 When absent, mourn'd, and, when enjoy'd express'd  
 The Vision did such quick Delight dispense.  
 I sometimes doubt if Fancy were not Sense.  
 I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore,  
 The God-like Touch gave Bliss unknown before.  
 Th' immortal Pleasure ran thro' all my Frame,  
 Thro' all my Bones, and inmost Marrow came,  
 That melted and ran pouring down before th' impetuous Flanie.

For ever shall the charming Memory last  
 Of Transports, which, alas ! too quickly past !



Yet *Saturn* of his Sister made his Bride,  
 And in incestuous Fires the Thund'rer fry'd.  
 But Gods have high Prerogatives, and they,  
 Who rule the World with Arbitrary Sway,  
 Are unconfin'd by Laws which we obey.  
 Laws, by those happy Beings, are disdain'd,  
 Who wou'd b' imperfect if like us restrain'd.  
 Then from thy Breast expel these impious Fires,  
 Tho', with thy Love's, Life's genial Flame expires.  
 Yes: If all other Methods fail, I'll die,  
*Cænus* will kill me as I panting lie,  
 To his sweet Lips, as to its Heav'n, my parting  
(Soul will fly.)  
 Yet say thou should'st indulge thy wild Desire,  
 T' accomplish it does his Consent require.  
 What you thus wish, and your chief Good esteem,  
 To him may black and execrable seem.  
 Yet formerly, to quench a Sister's Flame.  
*Macareus* Conscience did contemn, and Fame,  
 Ah Wretch! hast thou resolv'd upon the Deed!  
 Whence can these Thoughts, these curs'd Remarks  
(proceed)  
 Oh, whither am I driv'n! Oh, whither (to st!)  
 How in tempestuous Thought my Reason's lost?  
 Hence ye obscene Flames, ye Furies hence, go dwl.  
 In your own native Soil, profoundest Hell.

Love the sweet Youth, but love without a Fault,  
And love him as the kindest Sister ought.  
But yet did he thus rave for *Byblis*, I  
Could ne'er resolve to see my *Caunus* die.  
I should Compassion have of him; I sure  
Should him, by humouring his Frenzy, cure.  
Well! if thou should'st that easy Creature be,  
Can't thou abandon'd be to that degree,  
As to speak first? Can't thou for Favour sue?  
Thou art a Virgin, great, and modest too.  
Ah! we are modest, but because w're frail,  
O'er whom does not Almighty Love prevail?  
But yet th' Expedient which I mean to try,  
Shall both with Bashfulness and Love comply.  
A Letter shall my troubled Thoughts convey,  
And by its black Contents my secret Fires betray.

This Resolution fix'd her doubtful Mind,  
Then, on her Arm, her lovely Head reclin'd.  
Yes, he shall know what torturing Pains I feel,  
Can no more my desperate Gaze conceal,  
Such Frenzy soon would its own Cause reveal,  
What infernal Flame! what Fury's this!  
Ods! from what Height I plung, to what Abyss.  
Eternally farewell, O Honour, Virtue, Bliss!

"Then with sad Looks and trembling Hand sh'indites,  
 Begins and doubts, nay damns what scarce she writes.  
 Yet to what now she blames, she strait returns;  
 With Rapture now sh' invents, what now she burns.  
 Then what this Moment to the Flames she dooms,  
 The next she with a whirl of Thought refumes.  
 Incessantly she turns her fev'rish Mind,  
 Too discompos'd ev'n her own Will to find.

Your Sister [*Camus!*] thus at first she wrote,  
 Ah no! his Love! Sister thus I blot.  
 Your Lover sends that Health she wants, for I,  
 Unless you give me Health, must surely die.  
 As for my Name, O let it not be told,  
 Till promis'd Happiness makes *Byblis* bold!  
 'Tis she who for you hourly wastes away,  
 Heeding you might have seen this ev'ry Day.  
 Love ev'ry Day still languish'd in my Look,  
 Which Colour, Health, and sprightly Joy forsook.  
 How often, when no cause of Grief was known,  
 Have I some inward deep Disturbance shown?  
 How oft did Tears steal from my mournful Eyes,  
 And in my Breasts convulsive heaving rise?  
 Then on a sudden, Sadness turn'd to Rage,  
 And my wild Arms did your soft Limbs engage.

As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine  
Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine,  
My springing Arms flew round and lock'd in thine. }  
And when thy Lips to mine they fiercely brought,  
My burning Lips at thine for Moisture sought.  
No Sister's faint Salute! no tasteless Kiss!  
But piercing like a Dove's and murmuring at its Bliss.  
But yet tho' deep, ah deep! the flaming Dart,  
Piercing my burning Breast, transfix'd my Heart;  
Alarm'd, like Wretches by nocturnal Fire,  
And trembling at the terrible Desire,  
Long time I strove its Fury to asswage,  
And long time struggling Virtue stopt its Rage.  
This Truth, O all ye chaster Powers attest!  
Ye saw the fearful Conflict in my Breast,  
When Honour, Piety, Reinorse and Shame,  
My very Vitals tore t' expel my Flame.  
In Misery grown obstinate, I bore  
What never tender Virgin did before.  
When what I suffer'd, other Maids but hear,  
Twill wound their gentle Hearts, and force a Tear.  
Retreating, long I fought th' unequal Field,  
But now I turn to conquering Love, and yield.

I here my self his Slave and yours confess,  
 And cry for Mercy in extream distress ;  
 But you alone can my sad State redress.  
 Her Life who loves you hangs upon your Breath,  
 And upon that, alass ! depends her Death.  
 I love to that degree, that neither Gods nor Fate,  
 If you pronounce my Doom, have pow'r t' exten  
(my Date)  
 My Life or Death determine by your Voice,  
 Can you deliberate in such a Choice ?  
 Can you be proof against such Words as these !  
 These from the Person whom you hate might please  
 Me, Nature has begun to make your Friend,  
 What Nature has begun a God must end.  
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest by Nature's tye,  
 All Night I languish, and all Day I die,  
 Till riveted by Love to your dear Breast I lie.  
 Let Dotards Slaves to musty Morals be,  
 Austerities and Impotence agree.  
 But in us two hot Youth and fierce Desire  
 To sublime Raptures furiously aspire,  
 And into right and wrong want leisure to enquire.  
 Thus young we yet may Innocence pretend,  
 Or grant we know we Nature's Bounds transcend,  
 By great Examples of our Gods we gloriously of  
(lend)  
A

All Letts t' Enjoyment are remov'd by Fate,  
Unless it be [forbid it Heaven!] thy Fate.

No rigorous Parents interpose to break  
The Assignations we may hourly make:  
Our frequent Meetings need no Scandal fear,  
For Intimacy's honourable here.

What Spy can our delicious Thefts detect?  
Who can disclose what none can e'er suspect?

Should some bold Censurer our Conduct blame,  
A Brother's and a Sister's awful Name,  
Would answ'ring stop the saucy Mouths of Fame.

We in publick kiss, embrace, and whisp'ring walk,  
And Hand in Hand soft melting Things we talk:

When two like us in close Embraces kiss,  
Does there not something use to follow this?  
Upon that something [ah how very small!] Depends my Happiness, my Life, my All.

Pity a Wretch, who thus much dares express,  
Who wrack'd by mortal Pangs, dares Love confess:  
Which, whilst they all my nobler Pow'rs controul,  
Tear forth the Secret of my tortur'd Soul.  
If Nature's Law seems broke while this you read,  
Think that for Happiness, for Life I plead,  
Here Nature's self her Law must supersede.

You surely kill me if unkind you prove,  
 O barbarous Return of boundless Love!  
 Think how upon my Sepulchre 'twill sound,  
 How ev'ry Heart thro' ev'ry Ear 'twill wound;  
 Here *Byblis* lies, a tender, wretched Maid,  
 By *Camus* for her Love with Death repaid.

Thus all on Fire her working Mind indites,  
 Till ev'ry Page and Margents full she writes.  
 Then she her Crinie folds up, and frowds from Sight,  
 And sealing, shuts the monstrous Birth from Light.  
 Now she an old Domestick calls by Name,  
 With Accents more than half supprest by Shame.  
 Thou art my very faithful Servant still,  
 With Secrecy and Speed perform my Will:  
 Of this important Letter, here, take care,  
 On it my Life and Fame depend, go bear —  
 Here Grief and conscious Shame her Accents smother,  
 Then after a long sad Pause — — —  
 Go, bear it to, said she, ah God! — my Brother.

Now as she from the fatal Writing parts,  
 It falls; she, trembling at the Omen, starts:  
 Yet fondly to Destruction on she goes:  
 Her trusty Slave a fit Conjecture chose;

To Cænus his Apartment he repairs,  
And to the noble Youth the dreadful Secret bears.

Rage, Horror, Wonder, seiz'd him at the View;  
From him the Letter furiously he threw.  
Storming, his Hand upon his Sword he lays,  
And to the trembling Messenger he says:  
Flagitious Pander to incestuous Fires!  
Slave! thou shouldst die, as thy bold Crime requires,  
Did not the Honour of my House and Name  
Tell me, thy Blood, if spilt, would spread our Shame.  
But quick from my just Resentment fly,  
Or that shall yet prevail, and thou shalt die.  
This to the Slave, with a stern Brow he said;  
He pale at instant Death, and shudd'ring, fled,  
And with the mortal News struck dying *Byblis* dead.

An icy damp, cold, as the Dart of Death,  
Thrill'd thro' her throbbing Breast and stopp'd her  
(Breath :  
Life's Flame o'er-pow'r'd in every other Part,  
But still Love's Fire maintains it at her Heart.

As soon as her returning Spirits gave  
Just Strength to mourn, and Sense enough to rave,

With hollow Voice the trembling Air she wounds,  
And softly sighs out these Afflicting sounds.

Repell'd! disdain'd! nay, loath'd! could worse beseal  
Thy Conduct and thy Crime deserve it all.  
For why hast thou, O Wretch, to Madness bold!  
Thus rashly thy prodigious Secret told?  
What Fool would Happiness, Life, Fame commit  
To a fond Letter in Confusion writ?  
Thou should'st in doubtful Terms have first address'd  
Th' uncertain Depth have sounded of his Breast.  
Fool! thus presumptuously to leave the Shore,  
And not the Winds, nor the new Seas explore.  
Those Winds now roar, and the mad Seas run high,  
And all Things round look hideous to my Eye,  
A raging Main, and black tempestuous Sky!  
To Death I th'o' surrounding Horrors go,  
Now, now the Billows on the Rocks the boundin'  
(Vessel throw  
And yet by Omens certain and divine,  
Thou wer't forbid to urge thy dire Design.  
In the pronouncing how the Message hung,  
Foreboding Ruin, on my fault'ring Tongue!  
Thy Genius whisper'd thee within, beware!  
And from without some God cry'd out, forebear!

Thy Letter by immortal Impulse fell,  
As thou deliverd'st it (thou saw'st it well)  
The Paper, mov'd by some eternal Mind,  
Th' accursed Errant by its Flight declin'd:  
Ohad thy Hope together fled, but Fate thy Doom  
(design'd!)  
Thy Purpose else, by Portents thus deterr'd,  
Thou had giv'n o'er? giv'ng o'er? ah no! deferr'd.  
Who knows? upon some happier Day perhaps thou  
(had'st been heard.)

Why would'st thou this uncertain Method take,  
When Life, and Soul, and All thus lay at stake?  
He from thy Lines not half thy Sense could know,  
Thy Eyes thy Love in all its Fury show.  
H'had seen them with such piercing Glances rowl,  
As might have shaken a Barbarian's Soul.  
H'had heard the tender'st Things, and in a tone,  
That's fit t' express a dying Lover's moan.  
Round his reluctant Neck my Arms I'd flung,  
And to his Breast with strange Convulsions clung.  
Then prostrate at his Feet h'had seen me lying,  
There groaning, trembling, fainting, swooning, dying.  
If one of these to move his Heart had fail'd,  
His barbarous Heart, they all had sure prevail'd.

Perhaps

Perhaps thy Servant caus'd thy ill Success,  
 By hasty Management without address,  
 He might absurdly chuse some busie Hour,  
 Too rude and harsh for Love's soft tender Pow'r.  
 Therefore he fail'd the noble Youth to move;  
 Can one who has those Eyes inexorable prove?  
 His Breast of no impenetrable mold;  
 No Adamantine Bars his Heart infold.  
 He did not from a Tygress spring, no, he  
 Sprung from the same soft yielding Nymph with me  
 Come, he must yet be mine, I'll try once more,  
 Once more; a thousand Times, I'll ne'er give o'er.

True, I could wish if Actions once begun,  
 By empty Wishes were to be undone.  
 Then could I wish, I never had indulg'd  
 This luckless Love, at least, had ne'er divulg'd,  
 But since what's past ev'n Fate can ne'er recal,  
 I now must through, what'ere Extreamis befall.  
 He'll think, if I thus lightly could disclaim,  
 I lightly entertain'd th' incestuous Flame.  
 Perhaps he may suspect some close Design,  
 His Int'rest with his Fame to undermine,

That specious Baits were for his Virtue laid,  
To be to publick Infamy betray'd,  
He'll fancy this some common, base Desire,  
Whereas the God, the God, these Ravings does inspire.  
His wrathful Breath incenses thus my Blood,  
Drives on the liquid Fire, and rowls the stormy Flood  
  
Shouldst thou desist? the horrid Crime's conceiv'd,  
And Innocence can never, never be retreiv'd.  
Thy Guilt has reach'd a very dreadful Height,  
What? so much Guilt? and for it no Delight?  
Advancing, little can thy Guilt inhaunce,  
And to the vast Delight of Gods it *Byblis* may advance.

Thus as some ease upon her Bed she sought,  
Her lab'ring Fancy to Distraction wrought,  
Tossing, she fluctuates in tempestuous Thought.  
Her fickly Mind oppos'd Designs revolves,  
What it repents of to repeat resolves.  
Her Brother obstinately she pursues,  
Often repuls'd, she oft th' Assault renewes.  
Her Flame, that found these Stops, more fiercely burn'd,  
But at the last to meer Distraction turn'd.

Poor

Poor, hapless Beauty ! once thy conqu'ring Eyes,  
 Could boast the noblest *Carian* Hearts their Prize,  
 How mad she lies in Solitude, on *Caunus* rays and  
 (dies.)



## *REFLECTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS ON MR. OLDHAM.*

---

By the same.

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P. 5.



OULD I had been (deriv'd from  
 some poor Swain,) &c. The Latin  
 is,

Tu me vellen generosior esse.

Mr. Oldham renders it thus :

Would thou wer't Noble, I more meanly Born,  
 He makes her give this Reason for her Wish, vid.  
 Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd Scorn.

Whereas the Reason that I make her give is just opposite to it, vid. That I might guiltless have enjoyed my Caunus. Ovid expresses no Reason, but implies one; for there is something Pindarical in the Sense of this Passage, and the Connexion is left to be made by the Reader, as we shall find anon. In the mean while let us see, whether Mr. Oldham's Reason is

nine is that of Ovid. To discover which let us consider, which is most agreeable to good Sense, and the Nature of her Passion, and most suitable to the Design of the Poet. It does not seem to me to be consistent with good Sense, to make Byblis, who so vehemently desir'd to enjoy her Brother, and who at the same time saw the impossibility of it, and felt the Plague of Despair, wish that she had been of a more obscure Descent, rather than that of her Brother's illustrious Stock; only that with the same vehement Desire she might have the same Despair. Nor does this seem to be consistent with the Nature of Love. For they who are strongly seiz'd with that Passion, place all their Felicity in the beloved Object, and even in Despair most ardently desire Possession. And such can no more wish to be in a Condition of Life, that might render them incapable of enjoying what they love, than any Man or Woman can truly wish to be miserable. It had been therefore more consonant to good Sense, and the Nature of her Passion, to make her speak thus: Had my Birth been more lowly, and I had been tormented with the same Desire, though there had been an Improbability of satisfying; yet considering what a Leveller Love is, there had not been then, as there is now, an absolute Impossibility of innocently enjoying my Caupus. To discover if this be not Ovid's Sense, I think fit with this Passage to cite what immediately precedes and follows;

O ego, si liceat mutato nomine jungi,  
 Quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse Parenti!  
 Quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse Parenti?  
 Omnia Dii facerent essent communia nobis  
 Præter avos, tu me vellem generosior esses.  
 Nescio quam facies igitur pulcherrimæ matrem!

That

*That is to say, Could we but dissolve the Bonds of Nature, how well we might be join'd in stricter! I wish that having every Thing else in common, we had had at least a different Lineage? Would I had been inferior to Caunus, rather than thus have been equal to him.* But alas! this is but a vain Wish, and therefore another must be the happy she who must possess all that I languish for: *I believe this will be allow'd to be a just Explication of Ovid's Sense. For the last Verse, by the Word *Igitur*, must necessarily be an inference from something expressed or implied in the last but one: Now that which is implied can be nothing but this.* If you had been of a different Parentage, tho' you had been more nobly descended, yet there had then been a Possibility (such is the Force of Love) of my being blest in innocently Possessing you; which Possibility now is destroyed by Relation. Therefore another, &c. Besides, if we do but consider, that every Thing that precedes and follows Byblis's Wish, that her Brother had been more nobly descended, appears plainly to be spoke out of a furious Desire of enjoying him; we need make no doubt but that very Wish too proceeds from the same Desire.

### P. 7. To his sweet Lips as to its Heaven, &c.

*This is not the Thought of Ovid. Mr. Sands has touch'd upon it, but very faintly. Mr. Oldham has kept wide of it. But because no Thought, that can ever be substituted, can make amends for that of the Original, I think my self obliged to do Ovid that Justice as to insert it here. The Latin is thus then:*

Aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,  
Aut hoc si nequeo, peream precor ipsa toroq;  
Mortua componar; positeq; det oscula frater.

That

That is to say, Either I will expel this incestuous Love from my Breast, or die in the Attempt, and be bid out on the mournful Hearse. One would have thought that there had been an End of her and her Passion, when by an admirable and surprizing return of her immediately adds, positæq; det oscula frater. Let my Brother embrace me as I lye sensless there. that here she seems to make Provision for her Passion, against a time when it can be no more, to anticipate the satisfaction of her Brothers embracing her in the Moment in which she cannot be sensible of it, and, by imagination in the same Sentence, to extend her Love beyond that Death by which she propounds to end it. This is indeed lively to paint the extreme Disorder of a violent and irregular Passion. But what Hand must give us a Copy of so divine an Original? Who must not despair of imitating successfully the wondrous Celerity of this incomparable Turn?

## 12. All Letts t'Enjoyment, &c. The Latin is

Nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famæ  
Aut timor impedit.

Mr. Oldham has render'd it thus:

Let neither Awe of Father's Frowns, nor Shame  
For ought that can be told by blabbing Fame,  
Nor any ghastlier Phantom Fear can frame  
Frighten or stop us in the Way to Bliss.

So that he makes Byblis start several Difficulties enough to frighten her Brother, if he were inclin'd to Compliance; and then exhorts him to go in Spight of them. Whereas the Design of Ovid, is to make her answer such Objections as may probably be made by Caunus.

The

The Things that can chiefly be objected in such a Case, are two; viz. The Rigour of Parents, and Apprehension of Infamy. Now neither of these have Reason to frighten us. For, says she, Dulcia fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus: That is, we shall conceal our incestuous Love under the Disguise of fraternal Affection; and tho' we appear never so fond to our Parents, and the rest of the World, they will rather be apt to extoll our Piety, than to arraign our Incest. But this Veil Dulcia, &c. which Byblis speaks as a Reason for not preceding it, looks in Mr. Oldham like the Introducing of a new Proposition.

P. 19. Come he must yet be mine, &c. The Latin:

Vincetur: Repetendus erit, nec tædia cœpti  
Ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.)

Mr. Oldham has render'd it thus:

Alive I'll pray, till Breath in Prayers be lost,  
And after come a kind beseeching Ghost:

Where he pushes Ovid's Thought a little too far, and indeed beyond the Bounds of good Sense. 'Tis true, I have met with some Gentlemen, who admire this Passage very much, as something forsooth very soft: But like will to like, says the Proverb; for indeed those Gentlemen may be said to be soft with a Vengeance. I would fain ask them one Question: For what should this poor Ghost come a begging? For the Charity of the Flesh? That would be very pleasant: And yet the Charity of the Flesh is certainly the Business in Question.

20. He'll think if thus, &c. The Latin is,

*Vel quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor.*

which Mr. Oldham renders thus :

Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I,  
By slightly asking, taught him to deny.

I wonder that a Man of Mr. Oldham's Sense and Learning should mistake *leviter voluisse* for *slightly asking*. Py which Mistake he has run himself upon two absurdities. For first he puts a sentiment into the mouth of Byblis, that is altogether base, and unworthy of a Woman of Honour, as if she were afraid of not being thought impudent enough, or of not being thought ingodearneſt. Secondly, He makes her bring that as an Argument for retarding in her Design, which is directly conclusive of the contrary. For what she says, in Prose, and in plain English, is this, If I should now conquer this Passion, and grow once more the virtuous Byblis, I am afraid the World, who may come to know what civil Request I made to my Brother, and afterwards took the very first Denial, I am afraid this ill-natur'd World will believe that I was but in jest. truly a very pleasant and very reasonable Fear. But what does she call slightly asking? The sending such a Letter as her's? For my part I know but one way she had to put the Business more home to him. This cannot be the Sense of Ovid; for tho' Ovid is not the justest Man in the World in his Thinking, (for justness is not his Talent) yet he seldom thinks so preposterously, nor would Mr. Oldham have done it, if he had not writ this in a hurry. By *leviter voluisse* then is meant at slightly to have asked, but likely to have inclin'd my Will; and then the Meaning has not only something very

very sensible in it, but very extraordinary and very na-  
For thus Byblis is made to assert her Honour, by  
very persisting in a most execrable Crime; for now  
Sense runs thus: If I should now upon this first Re-  
pulse give over, then Men will reasonably conclude  
that since it was in my Power so soon to desist,  
was in my Power not to have given way to the  
Passion at first; and that she who could so eas-  
ily stop its Progress, might much more easily have pre-  
vented its very beginning; and consequently the  
**Advances**, which I have made to my Brother, will  
be imputed rather to my natural Inclination to such  
horrible Wickedness, or some strange and base In-  
firmity in me, than the Force of a Passion inflicted  
by an offended God. But if after having shown  
much Remorse, and so much Reluctancy, I still  
persist, notwithstanding that Remorse, notwithstanding  
that Reluctancy, nay, notwithstanding Despair,  
why then, my Brother, and all the World, may we  
acknowledge that *Byblis* is not to blame; but that  
since she does what doing she disapproves, and ex-  
alicates a Vice, the very Thought of which struck  
her with Horror, it is demonstrably evident that  
Passion is supernatural; and is not actuated by her  
own will, but some more sublime, some eternal  
**Principle** which Mortals in vain resist,





## LETTER from LYONS, &c.

By the same.

SIR,

LYONS, Octob. 15. 1688.

**L**o not question but that you have for this Month expected a Letter from me, and that, perhaps, with a little Impatience : Since this is a Time which may afford Variety of Views; of which, who but not be now desirous? But all the Time I was at Paris, I had so much Sickness, that that might well supersede any Obligation I lay under : For let Promise be never so binding, and never so much Debt; who could take care of paying so trifling one, when a most severe and importunate Creator, Nature, calls for hers? Nor now, when at length that excuse is wanting to me, are you like to receive such a Letter, as perhaps might be most welcome to you in this Conjecture. For if I should end you the Truth in disguise, perhaps you might not discover her. And is this a Time to expose her naked to the World, when her Nakedness, which is only the Effect of her Innocence, by many would be mistaken for Lewdness, and by more for Barbarity? I will then say nothing of the Affairs of Europe nor ours, tho' I could find much to say of them both; for I now converse with a People who are as full of Talk as they are Inquisitive. But since I am taking my leave of that People, I will confine my

## 70 A LETTER from LYONS, &amp;c.

my Discourse to them. But before I begin, I will  
use plain dealing with you, (a Thing which they  
never did yet with any one) and tell you that I  
mortaly hate them. Yet neither shall my native  
nor acquir'd Antipathy suborn me to say any thing  
false of them. I will do like a Painter, who will  
draw the true Resemblance of the Face that is most  
provoking. But then I must give you this Caution,  
that what I have to say, tho' it be true in some  
Measure of all of them, yet it is chiefly to be  
confin'd to the middle Sort of the Nation. For be-  
sides that I have most convers'd with them, as a  
Stranger must of Necessity be suppos'd to do : The Ge-  
nius of a Nation most plainly appears in the mid-  
dle Sort of its People. For great Education, which  
attends high Birth or high Fortune, very often im-  
proves, or corrupts, or sophisticates Nature, whilst  
in those of the middle State she remains unmix'd  
and unalter'd : These then I have found in the first  
Place excessively vain. Every Man is here a *Narcissus*,  
and in the flattering Glass of his own false Imagi-  
nation is eternally gazing upon himself, or at least up-  
on what he takes upon himself. For in this their  
Errors are different ; for as that melancholy Boy  
took himself for another, these merry Fools take  
something else for themselves. For nothing in Na-  
ture is more unlike than the Picture which a *Frenchman*  
draws of himself. It would be needless to in-  
sist longer on this : For they have so long made  
sport for their neighbouring Nations, by extra-  
gant and absurd Commendations of their own, that  
to endeavour to bring Proofs of the Vanity, would  
be something more ridiculous than that. Now this  
is certain, that he who abounds in Vanity can want  
no Affectation : For Affectation is nothing but a  
fruiteless Attempt to counterfeit and falsify Nature,

when

when a Man impotently endeavours to appear what really is not, or what he is incapable of being. Nature grows impatient, and struggles to be freed from the Constraint that is put upon her; and in the wife there appear'd something so odious that all who are Lovers of her, cannot but hate that Person who endeavours so rudely to force her. Now Nature in Man is various. She is gay in one, and frolickard in another: She is delicate in a third, in a fourth she is gross; and there is not a Man in a million whom Heaven made fit for all Things, and will be offering at all Things. Now such have been always, and will be always affected. And such are the People with whom I have lately convers'd; and have more particularly remark'd in some of their Provincial Gentlemen, that in their endeavours to shew their Admiration mingled with a gentle passion; they are guilty of Affectations so monstrous, that an *English Fop* is not capable of them. Another necessary effect of their Vanity is their Assurance, or in our Language their Impudence: For Modesty is nothing but the Fear of displeasing, when Man believes, or at least suspects that he is defective; which is the Reason that renders it lovely to him, when ever it is join'd with good Qualities. For flatters and sooths our Self-love, of which no Man can wholly divest himself; by assuring us that we are esteem'd and preferr'd. Now how can any one have Fear of displeasing, who imagines himself all perfection, and who swell'd with the Venom of Pride, like the Toad in the Fable, believes himself greater than those with whose Greatness he holds not the least Proportion. The French then are affected and impudent, which are but the necessary Effects of that national Vice, their Vanity. But then they have one very good Quality, which proceeds from the same Vanity. And that is their extraordinary Civility

ty to Strangers. For they are civil to us, not  
our Satisfaction, but their own ; not as they imag-  
it a Duty, but an Accomplishment. 'Tis to please  
himself that a *Frenchman* is officious to me, and  
to honour himself that he bows to others. I am  
pretty confident that I am not deceiv'd here. For  
I have found by some Observation, and some think-  
ing, that there is little good Nature amongst them,  
for they will deceive or betray you at the very same  
time they oblige you. Thus have I giv'n you an  
imperfect Account of such of their Qualities, as  
are most conspicuous in them. There are some  
which lie more hidden. But I have said enough  
to tire my Self and You.

*I am, &c.*

କୁଳାଲାପିତା ପରିପାଦାନ ପରିପାଦାନ ପରିପାଦାନ ପରିପାଦାନ

# *A Journey over the ALPES.*

By the same.

SIR,

TURIN, Octob. 25. 1683.



Have here sent you a Journal of my Journey from *Lyons* hither, in which you will find that Account of the *Alps* which you so earnestly desired of me before I came out of *England*. I have taken no Notice of the Towns in *Savoy*; nor much as the Rock of *Montmelian*, but have often fin'd my self to a Subject which you seem'd to affect so much.

# A Journey over the ALPS.

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On the nineteenth of October we set out from Lyons, and came that Night to *Verpellier* thro' a fair Plain, which was sometimes Arable and sometimes Pasture, and bounded with Rows of Hills at that just Distance, as gave, tho' not at large, an agreeable Prospect.

Oktob. 20. We came by Noon thro' the same Plain, which grew to be sometimes a Marsh, to a Bourg call'd *Tour du Pin*. From thence, after Dinner, we continued our Way, thro' whole Groves of Walnut and Chestnut-trees, to *Pont Beaufcissin*, being the Bridge that separates *France* and *Savoy*.

Oktob. 21. We entered into *Savoy* in the Morning, and pass'd over Mount *Aiguebellette*. The Ascent was the more easie, because it wound about the Mountain; but as soon as we had conquered one half of it, the unusual Height in which we found ourselves, the impending Rock that hung over us, the dreadful Depth of the Precipice, and the Torrent that roar'd at the Bottom, gave us such a View as was altogether new and amazing. On the other side of that Torrent was a Mountain that equall'd ours, about the Distance of thirty Yards from us. Its raggy Cliffs, which we half discerned thro' the misty Gloom of the Clouds that surrounded them, sometimes gave us a horrid Prospect, and sometimes its Face appear'd smooth and beautiful as the most even and fruitful Vallies; so different from themselves were the different Parts of it: In the very same place Nature was seen severe and wanton. In the mean time we walked upon the very Brink (in literal Sense) of Destruction: One Stumble, and both Life and Carcass had been at once destroy'd. The Sense of all this produc'd different Motions in me, viz. a delightful Horror, a terrible Joy; and the same time that I was infinitely pleas'd, I trembled.

[Vol. I.]

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From

From thence we went thro' a pleasant Valle, bounded with Mountains, whose high, but yet verdant Tops, seem'd at once to forbid and invite Men. After we had march'd for a League thro' the Plain, we arriv'd at the Place which they call *L' Cave*, where the late Duke of Savoy, in the Year Seventy, struck out a Passage thro' a rocky Mountain that had always before been impassible; performing that by the Force of Gun-powder, which Thunderbolts or Earthquakes could scarce have effected. This Passage is a Quarter of an English Mile, made with incredible Labour, and the Expence of four Millions of Livres. At the Entrance into it is the following pompous Inscription.

**CAROLUS EMANUEL Secundus, Subaustris  
Dux, Pedemontani Princeps, Cypri Rex, publica se-  
citate parta, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorum  
securioremque banc Viam Regiam, a natura obliuia  
Romanis intentatam, ceteris desperatam, eversis  
pulorum repagulis, exquata montium iniquitate, q-  
cervicibus impendebant præcipitia pedibus substan-  
ens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit.**

At Chamberry we din'd, the Capital Town of Savoy. In our Way from thence to Montmelian, Nature seem'd quite to have chang'd her Face. There craggy Rocks look'd horrid to the Eye, and Hills appear'd on every side of so stupendous an Height, that the Company was divided at a Distance, whether they should believe them to beunny Clouds or the snowy Tops of Mountains. Here appear'd Hill with its Top quite hid in black Clouds, and yond that Hill, and above those Clouds some high Mountain shew'd its hoary Head. With this strange Entertainment by the Way, we came that Night to Montmelian.

On the 22d we set forward in the Morning. The Mountains appear'd to grow still more lofty. We din'd that Day at *Aiguebelle*: In the Afternoon we proceeded on our Way, sometimes thro' the Plain, and sometimes on the side of the *Alps*, with which we were hemm'd in on all sides. We then began that Day to have the additional Diversion of a Torrent that ran sometimes with Fury beneath us, and of the Noise of the Cascades, or the Down-fall of Waters, which sometimes came tumbling amain from the Precipices. We lay that Night at *La Chambre*.

On the 23d the Morning was very cold, which made us have dismal Apprehensions of Mount *Cenis*, since we felt its Influence so severely at so great a Distance. We arriv'd by Noon at St. *Michel*. In the Afternoon we continued our Journey mostly upon the sides of the Mountains, which were sometimes all cover'd with Pines, and sometimes cultivated, even in Places where one would swear the thing were impossible, for they were only not perpendicular. We lay that Night at *Modane*.

Okt. 24. *Modane* is within a dozen Miles of Mount *Cenis*, and therefore the next Morning we felt the Cold more severely. We went to Dinner at *Laneburgh*, situate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis*.

As soon as we had din'd, we sent our Horses about, and getting up upon Mules, began to ascend the Mountain. I could not forbear looking back now and then, to contemplate the Town and Vale beneath me. When I was arriv'd within a hundred Yards of the Top, I could still discern *Laneburgh* at the Bottom, distant three tedious Miles from me. What an amazing Distance! Think what an Impression a Place must make upon you, which you should see as far under you as 'tis from your House to *Hampstead*. And here I wish I had Force to do right to this renown'd Passage of the *Alps*. 'Tis an easie

thing to describe *Rome* or *Naples* to you, because you have seen something your self that holds at least some Resemblance with them; but impossible to set a Mountain before your Eyes, that is inaccessible almost to the Sight, and wearies the very Eye to climb it. For when I tell you that we were arrived within a hundred Yards of the Top, I mean only the Plain, thro' which we afterwards pass'd; but there is another vast Mountain still upon that. If these Hills were first made with the World, (as has been a long time thought) and Nature design'd them only as a Mound to enclose her Garden *Italy*; then we may well say of her, what some affirm of great Wits, that her careless, irregular, and boldest Strokes are most admirable; for the *Alps* are Works which she seems to have design'd and executed too in Fury; Yet she moves us less where she studies to please us more. I am delighted, 'tis true, at the Prospect of Hills and Vallies, of flowry Meads and murmuring Streams; yet it is a Delight that is consistent with Reason, a Delight that creates or improves Meditation. But transporting Pleasures follow'd the Sight of the *Alps*: And what unusual Transports think you were those that were mingled with Horrors and sometimes almost with Despair? But if these Mountains were not a Creation, but form'd by universal Destruction, when the Arch with a mighty Flaw dissolved, and fell into the vast Abyss (which surely is the best Opinion) then are these Ruins of the Old World the greatest Wonders of the New, for they are not only vast, but horrid, hideous, ghastly Ruins. After we had gallop'd a League over the Plain, and came at last to descend, to descend thro' the very Bowels as it were of the Mountain (for we seem'd to be enclos'd on all sides) what an astonishing Prospect was there! Ruins up on Ruins in monstrous Heaps, and Heaven and Earth

Earth confounded. The uncouth Rocks that were above us, Rocks that were void of all Form, but what they had received from Ruin; the frightful View of the Precipices, and the foaming Waters threw themselves headlong down from them, made all such a Consort up for the Eye, as that sort of Musick does for the Ear, in which Horror can be joyn'd with Harmony. I am afraid you will think that I have said too much; yet if you had but seen what I have done, you would surely think that I have said too little. However, Hyperboles might easily here be forgiven: The *Alps* appear to be Nature's Extravagancies; and who should blush to be guilty of Extravagancies in Words that make mention of hers? But 'tis time to proceed. We descended in Chairs, the Descent was four English Miles. We pass'd thro' *Novalese*, situate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis* on the side of *Italy*, and lay that Night at *Suse*. Wedin'd the next Day at *Villane*, and thro' a pleasant Valley caine that Night to this Place.

I am, &c.



## *A DESCRIPTION of ROME.*

SIR,

ROME, Dec. 1. 1688.

T O perform the Promise which I made you in my last, I venture to say something of the ancient and modern *Italians*, tho' you do not consider that when you made that Request to me, you put me upon a Necessity of disobliging my Friend

by a Refusal, or exposing my self by treating of a Subje&t for which I am wholly unqualified. It is true, when I was at *Lyons*, in Compliance with your Desire, I ventured to say something of the *French*: But besides that I had been longer in *France* than I have in *Italy*, the *French* lie so open, that a Man who will observe them, may as well venture to give their Character in a Month's Time, as he may in several Years; for they, who are excessively vain, take as much pains to shew themselves, as a Stroler at a Fair does a Monster. 'Tis the constant Business of their Lives to paint out their Virtues to you; nay, and their Defects too, which their Vanity mistakes for their Virtues. But the *Italians* are as reserv'd to Strangers as the *French* are open: And one would wonder how they, who shew much Elegy before they are very well acquainted, should be able afterwards in so strange a manner to animate Conversation. But to come to my Business. 'Tis wonderful, you say, that the modern *Italians* should appear so different from the ancient, since they breathe the same Air, and are nourished by the same Soil. For since the Affinity is so near betwixt the Soul and the Body, and they work so strongly upon each other, you say it is but reasonable to believe, that the Climate which helps to give the Body its Complexion, should help to give the Mind its Temper. Now since you have Reason, you say, to suppose that the Climate of *Italy* is very near the same at this Day that it was two thousand Years ago, you cannot but wonder that the modern *Italians* should appear so different from the ancient. The *French* are the very same now that *Cæsar* described them formerly, excepting that they are grown a more polish'd sort of Barbarians. The *Carthaginians* were fam'd for their Cruelty and their Perfidiousness; and those two Vices are at present inseparable from the Inhabitants

on the Coasts of Barbary. But the *Italians*, you say, are at present renowned for several extraordinary Vices, which were utterly unknown to the ancient Romans, to whose Virtues the modern are utterly Strangers.

In answer to this, give me leave to tell you, that you are mistaken in part of your Assertion. For the Vices which are to be found at this Day in Italy, were the Vices of the ancient Romans. Their Empire ow'd its Rise to the same Crimes which disolv'd it; and there were proportionably as many Villains in the *Rome* of *Romulus*, as there are in that of *Innocent* the eleventh. Consider the Factions of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the two Triumvirates following, and you will find infinitely more Examples of black Revenge than you can amongst the modern *Italians*. What can be more bloody than those Times? Or more treacherous and base than those of *Caberius*? 'Tis true, from the time of the first Consuls to the end of the *Punic* War, there flourish'd a continual Race of Heroes, with whom if you compare the modern *Italians*, they seem to be Men of quite different Frames, and Inhabitants of a different part of the World. A Capacity to practise those littering Virtues, which the World so much admires, depends very much upon Force of Mind, which depends in some sort on the Complexion, as that does in some sort on the Climate. But then, it is certain that there is the very same Force of Mind requir'd to be prodigiously wicked, that there is requir'd to be heroically virtuous. Weak People are but wicked by halves; but whenever we hear of high and enormous Crimes, we may conclude that they proceed from a Power of Soul, and a Reach of Thought which are altogether extraordinary. So that the modern *Italians*, who by your own Confession are skil'd in all the ways of exquisite Wickedness, come

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into the World with as much natural Capacity to exert heroick Virtue, as ever the ancient *Romans* did

Force of Mind makes a Man capable of great Virtues, or of great Vices, but it determines him to neither. Education, Discipline, and Accidents of Life, constitute him either a great Philosopher, or an illustrious Libertine.

As strongest Bodies cannot be secure from Infection in pestilential Seasons, so Minds that have most Force are apt to be tainted by the Contagion of Epidemick Vices.

The two most glittering Virtues, that shined amongst the ancient *Romans*, were Greatness of Mind and heroick Fortitude. 'Twas that Greatness of Mind that made one of their Generals reject with Disdain the Offer that was made him to poyson the most formidable Enemy to their State : Whereas the modern *Italians* have at every turn recourse to Stiletto and Poyson, which are almost their only offensive Weapons.

Do but compare the happy and flourishing State of the old Common-wealth, with the wretched Condition of the modern *Italians*, and you will soon find the Reason why the *Romans* were brave & honourable Enemies, and why the *Italians* at present are base ones. For this is most certain, that Man can basely offer Violence to another without doing some to himself. From whence it follows that no Man will do it, unless in some measure he believes it necessary. No Man then will take a base Revenge of another, who believes that he can take an honourable one. No Man will ever have recourse to Treachery, who is confident of prevailing by open Force. Now great Success most commonly infuses great Thoughts, and inspires a noble Resolution, which renders Men brave and magnanimous ; whereas we frequently see, that Men with the Fortune

Fortunes and Liberties lose their very Spirits and  
Souls, according to the Observation of the Comick  
Poet: *Ut res nōstrae sint, ita nōs magni atque humiles  
sumus.*



## To his MISTRESS.

---

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

---



O, Love-born Accents of my dying Heart,  
Steal into hers, and sweetly there impart  
The boundless Love with which my  
[Soul does swell, .

And all my Sighs there in soft Echoes tell :  
But if her Heart does yet repugnant prove  
To all the Blessings that attend my Love,  
Tell her, the Flames that animate my Soul  
Are pure and bright, as those *Prometh'us* stole  
From Heav'n ; tho' not like his by Theft they come,  
But a free Gift by the eternal Doom.  
How partial, cruel Fair Ore, are your Laws,  
To reward the Effect, yet condemn the Cause !  
Condemn my Love, and yet commend my Lays !  
That merits Love more than These merit Praise :

S2 A LETTER by Mr. CONGREVE.

Yet I to You my Love and Verse submit,  
Without your Smile, that Hope, and these want Wit.  
For, as some hold, no Colours are indeed,  
But from Reflection of the Light proceed ;  
So as You shine, my Verse and I must live,  
You can *Salvation* and *Damnation* give.

J. DENHAM.



To Mrs. HUNT at Epsom.

---

By Mr. CONGREVE.

---

ANGEL;

WINDSOR, July 26, 1694.



HERE can be no stronger Motive to bring me to *Epsom*, or to the North of *Scotland*, or to Paradise, than your being in any of those Places; for you make every Place alike heavenly where-ever you are. And I believe if any thing could cure me of a natural Infirmitie, seeing and hearing you would be the surest Remedy; at least I should forget that I had any thing to complain of, while I had so much more Reason to rejoice. I should certainly (had I been at my own Disposal) have immediately taken Post for *Epsom*, upon Receipt of your Letter: But I have a Nurse here who has Dominion over me; a most unmerciful

ful She-Ass. *Balaam* was allow'd an Angel to his Ass; I'll pray, if that will do any good, for the same Grace. I would have set out upon my Ass to have waited upon you, but I was afraid I should have been a tedious while in coming, having great Experience of the Slowness of that Beast: For you must know, I am making my Journey towards Health upon that Animal, and I find I make such slow Advances, that I despair of arriving at you, or any great Blessing, till I am capable of using some more expeditious Means. I could tell you of a great Inducement to bring you to this Place, but I am sworn to Secrecy; however, if you were here, I would contrive to make you of the Party. I'll expect you, as a good Christian may every thing that he devoutly prays for. I am,

*Your everlasting Adver,*

W. CONGREVE.



## A Letter to WALTER MOYLE, Esq;

---

*By ANTHONY HAMOND, Esq;*

---

EAR MOTLE, bless'd Youth, whose

[forward Wit pursues

The noble Pleasures Reason bid thee

[choose]

Reason, which ruling by the Laws of Sense,

Does a just, easie Government dispense;

Quitting

S.4 A LETTER by ANTH. HAMOND, Esq;

Quitting those Laws, turns Tyrant, wildy reigns,  
By reveal'd Projects of distemper'd Brains.

Dear *Mycle*, what shall I fancy now employs  
Thy Time? What prudent, what well-chosen Joys?  
Dost thou with Speed the flying Fair pursue?  
Beauty leads on, and Pleasure's in thy view;

Oh! boldly follow, she's rescu'd for You.

Retiring *Modesty*, and triumphant *Love*,  
In her warm Breast a doubtful Conibat move:  
She yields, she yields; I see, the blushing *Maid*,  
Storm'd from without by you, within betray'd  
By her own Heart, no longer can hold out,  
The Victor enters now the long-maintain'd Redoubt.  
Or to this Joy do choicest Books succeed,  
Which you with Judgment choose, with Judgment

[read;

Searching the antient Stores of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
And bring from thence their useful Treasures home!  
Or does some honest, some delightful Friend,  
With easie Conversation, recommend  
'The sparkling Wine, while Wit and Mirth attend?  
*Congreve*, the matchless, rising Son of Fame,  
Whom all Men envy, tho' they dare not blame;  
*Hopkins*, whose Mind and Muse, both without Art,  
Gives him a well-fix'd Title in your Heart;

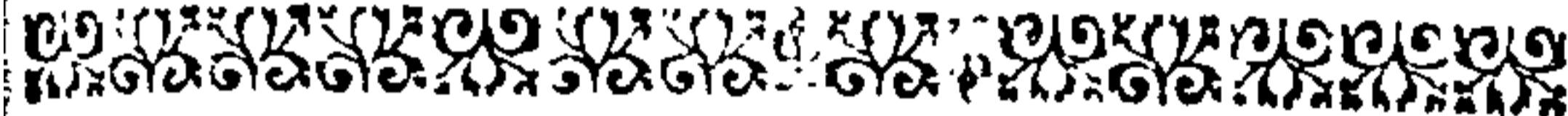
*Dunkan,*

Dankan, whose Wit and Reason each Man loves,  
Charms us like Beauty, and like Books improves.

Ettor, whom Vice becomes, of Vigour full,  
Foe to the Godly, Coveteus and Dull.

Thus, while in Town, so early you possess  
Whatever perfects Life and Happiness,  
And in their Turns do all the Pleasures know,  
Which Learning, Beauty, Friendship can bestow;  
In this Retreat I'm pleas'd, in following you  
In a wild Maze of Thoughts: And so, dear Friend,

*Adieu.*



A SATYR against POETRY, in a  
LETTER to the Right Honourable  
the Earl of Dorsett.



E T my Endeavours, as my Hopes, de-  
pend

On you, the Orphan's Trust, the Muses  
[Friend:

The great good Man, whose kind Resolves declare  
Virtue and Verse the Object of your Care,  
When hungry Poets now abdicate their Rhimes,  
For some more darling Folly of the Times.

*Sbad.*

Shadwel and Tate I here forbear to name,  
 Condemn'd to Laurel, tho' unknown to Fame ;  
 Recanting Settle brings the tuneful Ware,  
 Which wiser Smithfield damn'd to Sturbridge-Fair,  
 Protests his Tragedies, and Libels fail  
 To yield him Paper, Penny-Loves, and Ale ;  
 And bids our Youth, by his Example, fly  
 The Love of Politicks and Poetry,  
 And all Retreats, except New-Hall refuse,  
 To shelter tuneful Durfey's Jocky Muse.  
 Is there a Man to these Examples blind,  
 To chinking Numbers fatally inclin'd,  
 Who by his Muse wou'd purchase Meat and Fair,  
 And in the next Miscellanies to plant his Name ?  
 Were my Beard grown, the Wretch I'd thus advise;  
 Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wise :  
 Take heed, be not by gilded Baits betray'd,  
 Clio's a Jilt, Pegasus a Jade.  
 By Verse you'll starve, \* John Saul could never live,  
 Did not the Bell-Man make the Poet thrive ?  
 Go rather to some little Shed near Paul's,  
 Sell Chevy-Chase, and Baxter's Salve for Souls ;

CII

---

\* *The Cambridge Bell-man, a Foetaster,*

Cry Raree Shows, sing Ballads, transcribe Votes;  
Be *Car*, or *Ketcb*, or any thing but *Oats*.

Hold, Sir, (some Bully of the Muses cries)  
Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wife:  
You rail at Verse indeed, but rail in Rhime,  
At once encourage and condemn the Crime.  
True, Sir; I write, and have a Patron too,  
To whom my tributary Songs are due:  
Yet, with your Leave, I'd honestly dissuade  
Those wretched Men from *Pindus'* barren Shade,  
Who, tho' they tire their Muse, and rack their Brains  
With blustering Heroes, and with piping Swains,  
Can no great patient-giving Man engage  
To fill their Pockets and their Title-Page.

Were I like these by angry Fate decreed,  
To Penny Elegies to get my Bread,  
And want a Meal, unless George Croom and I  
Could strike a Bargain for my Poetry,  
I'd damn my works to wrap up Soap and Cheese,  
Or furnish Squibs for City 'Prentices,  
To burn the Pope and celebrate Queen Bess.  
But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,  
Herd with the little, hungry, chining Crew,  
Obtain

Obtain the airy Title of a Wit,  
 And be on free Cost noisy in the *Pit* ;  
 Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place  
 A Crown of Laurel and a meagre Face ;  
 And may just Heaven thy hated Life prolong,  
 Till thou, bless'd Author ! feest thy deathless Son :  
 The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield-Stall*,  
 And find'st thy Picture starch'd to stubborn Wall,  
 With *Johnny Armstrong* and the *Prodigal*.  
 And, to compleat the Curse —  
 When Age and Poverty come faster on  
 And sad Experience tells thee thou'rt undone,  
 May no kind Country Grammer-School afford  
 Ten pounds a Year for Lodging, Bed and Board;  
 Till void of any fixt Employ, and now  
 Grown useless to the Army and the Plough,  
 You've no Friend left but trusting Landlady,  
 Who stows you in kind Truckle, Garret-high,  
 To dream of Dinners and curse Poetry.

Still I've a Patron, you reply : 'Tis true ;  
 Fate and good Parts, you say, may get one too.  
 Why Faith e'en try ; write, flatter, dedicate ;  
 Your Lord's and his Fore-fathers Deeds relate :

Yet know, he'll wisely strive ten thousand Ways,  
To shun a needy Poet's fulsom Praise :  
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,  
Neglect his State, and condescend to be  
A Poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.  
Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend,  
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend ;  
Receives your long six Months successless Toil,  
And talks of Authors Energies and Style ;  
Damns the dull Poems of the scribbling Town,  
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own.  
Thou Wretch, in Complaisance oblig'd must sit,  
Extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit :  
Tho' this Poetic Peer perhaps scarce knows  
With jingling Sounds to tag insipid Prose,  
And should be by some honest Manly told,  
He'd lost his Credit to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt bleſſ'd enough to write a Play,  
Without the hungry Hopes of kind Third Day,  
And he presumes, that in thy Dedication  
Thoul't fix his Name, bargain for his Station ;  
My Lord his useleſs Kindness then assures,  
And vows to th' utmost of his Pow'r he's Yours ;

Likes the whole Plot, and praises ev'ry Scene,  
And, play'd at Court, 'twould strangely please the

[Queen]

And you may take his Judgment, sure, for he  
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry.

All this you see and know, yet cease to shun,  
And seeing, knowing, strive to be undone.

So kidnap'd Slave, when once beyond *Gravesend*,  
Rejects the Counsel of recalling Friend,

Is sold to dreadful Bondage he must bear,  
And sees, unable to avoid the Snare.

So practis'd Thief, if taken, ne'er dismay'd,  
Forgets the Sentence, and pursues the Trade ;  
Tho' yet he almost feels the smoaking Brand,  
And sad T.R. stand fresh upon his Hand.

The *Author* then with daring Hopes would strive,  
With well built Verse to keep his Fame alive,  
And something to Posterity present,  
That's very new, and very excellent ;  
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,  
Beyond what *Ben* could write, or I describe :  
Should in substantial Happiness abound,  
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd.

No

No early Duns should break his learned Rest,  
 To sawcy Cares his nobler Thoughts molest,  
 Onlyth'entring God should shake his lab'ring Breast.

Vain we bid dejected Settle hit  
 The Tragic Flights of tow'ring *Shakespear's* Wit:  
 He needs must miss the Mark, who's rept so low  
 He has not Strength enough to draw the Bow.

Vain from our starv'd Songsters we require,  
 The Height of Cowley's and Anacreon's Lyre.

Vain we bid them fill the Bowl,  
 Large as their *capacious* Soul,  
 Who, since the King was crown'd, ne'er tasted Wine,  
 But write at Eight, and know not where to dine.

Worsett, indeed, and Rochester might write  
 For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight;  
 Bewing how far they could the rest outdo,  
 As in their Fortunes, in their Writings too.

There was a time when *Orray* charm'd the Stage,  
*Orray*, the Hope and Sorrow of the Age;  
 When the full Pit with pleas'd Attention hung,  
 Charm'd on each Accent of *Castilio's* Tongue.

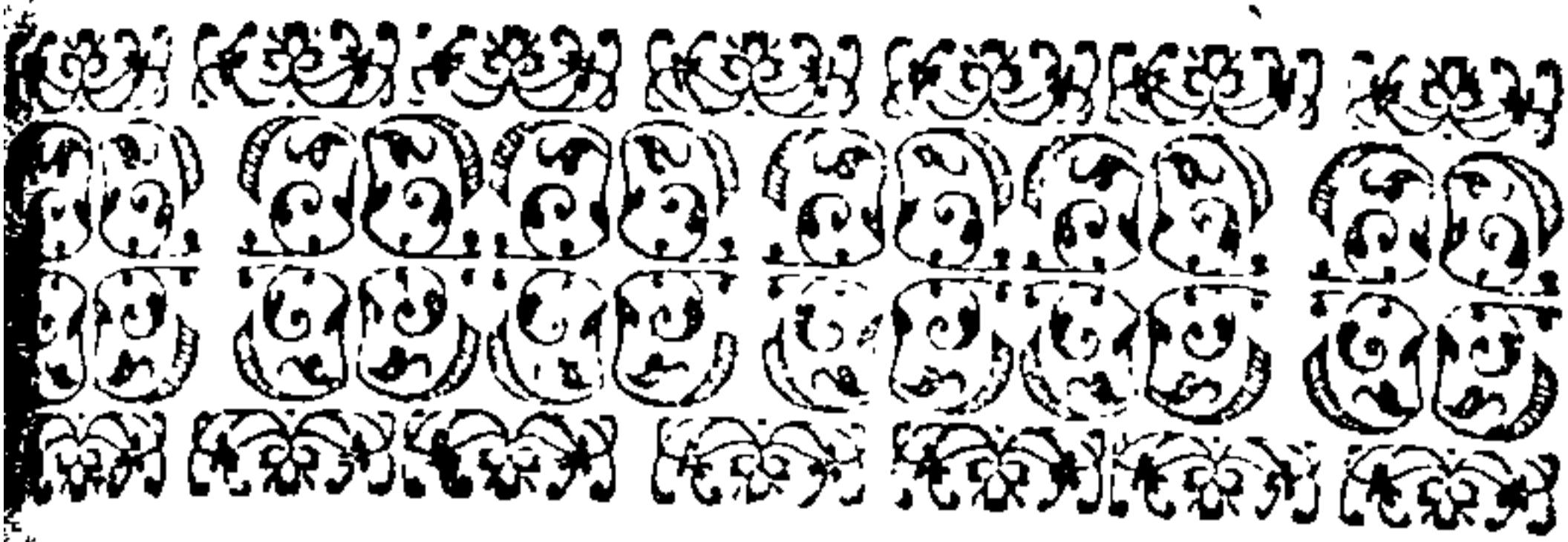
With what a Laughter was his *Soldier* read?  
 How mourn'd we when his *Jaffier* struck and bled?  
 Yet this great Poet, who with so much Ease  
 Still drew his Pen, and still was sure to please;

The

The Light'ning is less lively than his Wit,  
 And Thunder-Claps less loud than those o'th' Th  
 Had of his many Wants much earlier dy'd,  
 But that kind Bunker *Laiter*:n supply'd,  
 And took for Pawn th' Embryo of a Play,  
 Till he cou'd pay himself the next third Day.

Were *Shakespear*'s self alive again, he'd ne'er  
 Degenerate to a Poet from a Player;  
 For now no *Sidney*'s will Three Hundred give,  
 That needy *Spenser* and his Fame may live.  
 None of our poor Nobility can send  
 To his *King's-Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend,  
 Chymists and Whores by this great Lord were fed,  
 (These by their honest Labours earn'd their Bread)  
 But he was never so expensive yet,  
 To keep a Creature merely for its Wit.  
 But now your Yawning prompts me to give o'er;  
 Your humble Servant, Sir—I've done—no more.

A CO



A

# COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

*Written by several Eminent Hands.*

The FIFTH EDITION.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable  
Charles Montague, Esq;  
One of the Lords of the Treasury,  
Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one  
of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-  
Council.

SIR,

S soon as I had resolv'd to make  
this Address to you, that the Pre-  
sent might not be altogether unwor-  
thy of you, I took Care to ob-  
tain the Consent of my Friends to  
publish some Letters, which they had  
it as Answers to mine.

When

When I look upon my self, I find I have reason to beg Pardon for my Presumption : But when I consider those Gentlemen, I am encourag'd to hope that you will not be offended to find your self at the Head of no Vulgar Company; a Company whose Names and Desert are universally known; a Company rais'd far above the Level of Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit, and yet proud to do Honour to yours. They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are divided in their Interests, and who differ in their Politick Principles, but they agree in their Judgment of Things, which all the World admires, and that always consent when they speak of you.

In presenting this little Book to you, I only design'd to shew my Zeal and my Gratitude ; but it assure me unanimously, that I have likewise fix'd my Judgment. Tho' indeed, Sir, the Number of the Great, who cast a favourable Eye upon human Learning, is not so considerable, but that a Man who would Address any thing of this Nature to one of them, may soon determine his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are encouraged by Profit, which is their main Design ; but he who bestows all his Time upon human Studies, is incited by Glory alone ; and the World takes care that he should have no more than he seeks for. The Enthusiast, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are rewarded for torturing and torpid Judging Men ; but Humanity has met with very bungarous Usage, only for pleasing and for instructing the World. The very Court, which draws most of its Ornament from it, has but too often neglected it. There Learning in general has been disregarded : For none but great Souls are capable of great Desires ; and the Courtiers have had Greatness of Mind enough to procure the Promotion of Science, which is the Exaltation of human Nature, and the Enlargement of the Empire of Reason. Our Ministers of State ha-

Formerly behav'd themselves with so much Indifference, as if it would have lessen'd them to have taken no Care of Letters: They have shewn themselves as perfectly unconcern'd, as if not one had discover'd, that at a Time when our Neighbours are grown so knowing, the publick Safety depends on the Progress of Learning, and that to patronize Science, is to take Care of the State. Besides, too many of our Statesmen have been engag'd in unjust Designs. Most of our Politicians have done their endeavour to encroach on the Crown, or to attempt on the People. Few have had Capacity and Integrity enough to keep the Balance so steady, as to maintain Prerogative at once, and to assert Privilege; to serve the King zealously, and their Country faithfully; to possest at the same time the Favour of the one, and the Hearts of the other, to such a degree as to be courted by the People to serve as their Representative, at the very time that they are employ'd by the King in Matters of the highest Importance. Instead of that, most of them have had reason to be afraid of the King, or the Commons; and Men, who have been solicitous for their own Safety, have seldom appear'd concern'd for the Good of others. Few then have been, and are in a Condition to be Protectors of Learning, and therefore those happy few deserve all the Honours which we are able to pay them. Of those, Sir, you appear in the foremost Rank, and are to the Commonwealth of Learning what you are to the State, a great Defence and a shining Ornament. You have warmly encourag'd all sorts of Studies, but have been justly and nobly partial to those for which the State has made no Provision: Which is enough to gain you the Esteem of all who have any Regard for Learning; and to win the very Souls of all, who, like me, are charm'd with the softer Studies of Humanity; for which your Zeal has been so diffusive, that

that it has extended it self even to me, tho' a bare Inclination to cultivate Eloquence and Poetry was the only thing which could recommend me to you: Yet even this has been encourag'd by the Promise of your Protection, and by the Humanity of your Receiving me. The Access, which I have had to you, has been the greatest Obligation that you could lay upon a Man who has still valued Merit above all the World, and who has sought his Improvement more than he has his Advancement. When I have at any time approached you, I have found in you none of those forbidden Qualities, of which they accuse the Great: Instead of those, I have found an attractiv: and a human Greatness; the generous Sincerity of the Man of Honour, join'd with the Grace and Complaisance of the Courtier; and a Deportment noble without Pride, and modest without Descending. Nature has made me something averse from making my Court to Fortune: But I am proud to attend upon real Greatness; and to wait upon you, since you first encouraged me, has been at once my Duty and my Ambition.

The Permission, which you gave me to approach you, was so great an Incitement to me, that I believe it might have brought me to write well, if I had had a very just Reason to resolve to attempt it no more. You had given me one great Encouragement, before I had the Honour to see you, and that was, by leaving off Writing your self; for Vanity is a greater Incitement to Poets than Pensions; and even War depreises the Spirits less than the Thought of being surpassed. Therefore while Mr. Montague sung, he sung alone. We admir'd, indeed, our conquering Monarch, but we admir'd in Silence. We revered the Greatness of your Genius and neglected our Talents. Indeed the Strength and Sweetness of your Voice was fit to charm us alone, and we who followed

owed were only fit for the Chorus. But you have  
left a Province, which you have made your own, to  
the Administration of those who are under you, and  
are gone on in your victorious Progress to the Ac-  
quisition of new Glory: From which I am sensible  
that I detract by detaining you; for your Actions  
are your best Encomiums, and the loud Consent of  
the Nation your best Panegyrick. It was a glorious  
Scene that was spoken to you by the People of West-  
minster, in the Request that they made to you to  
serve as their Member in the present Parliament, at  
a time when they were Caballing all over the King-  
dom, and Gentlemen were depriving Peasants of  
their little Reason, in order to obtain their Voices.  
Mr. Montague's Merit, while he was silent, sollicited  
for him so importunately, that it prevail'd upon a  
number of considerable Inhabitants of the politer  
parts of the Town, to come and make it their hu-  
mble Request to you to honour them by representing  
them; which puts me in mind of a Saying of *De la  
Bruiere*, *That the People are then at their Height of  
Happiness, when their King makes Choice for his Con-  
sultants, and for his Ministers, of the very same Persons  
that the People would have chosen, if the Choice had been  
in their Power.* This, at present, is our own Case:  
or doubtless the same People, who, without any  
tribe or the least Corruption, came voluntarily to  
entreat you to suffer them to place you in the great  
Council of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice had  
been in their Power, have plac'd you in the Privy-  
Council; and they who frankly offer'd to trust you  
with the Disposal of the Money which is in their  
houses, would have trusted you, had it been in their  
power, with the Intendency of that in the Treasury.  
So that the People's proffer to chuse you, seems to  
me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice, which  
the King had made before of you, and of your Mi-  
[Vol. I.] F nistration

nistration upon that Choice. But I injure the Publick while I detain you : Yet give me leave to end with my zealous Wishes for you, that the Happiness may be multiplied on you which you so nobly seek to communicate ; that you may encrease in Riches and Honours faster than you advance in Years, till you arrive at that Height of Prosperity which may be answerable to your high Desert, and till Fortune may be said to pour down her Gifts upon you, in Emulation of Art and Nature ; yet Envy, after a while, shall be forced to declare, that Mr. Montague sprung from an Illustrious Stock, and loaded with Pleasure and Honours, is yet Nobler by Desert than he is by Descent, and Greater by Virtue than he is by Fortune. I am,

*SIR,*

*Your most humble*

*And most Obedient Servant,*

JOHN DENNIS





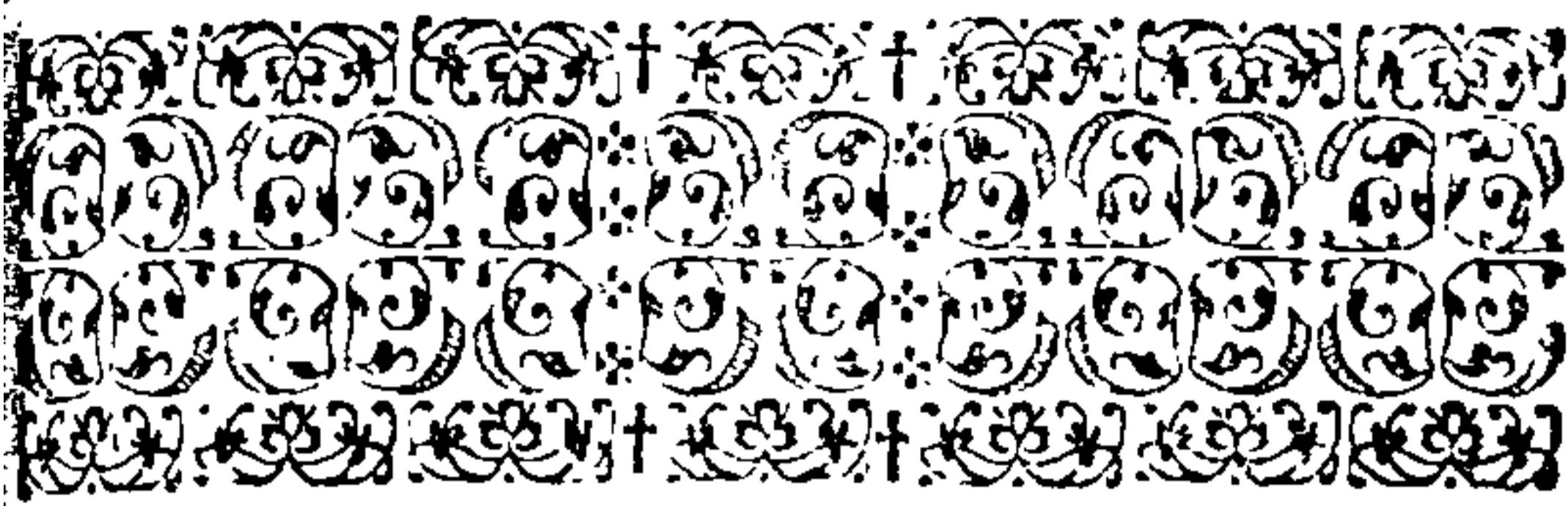
TO THE

# READER.



Once resolved to have a long Preface before this little Book; but the Impression has been so long retarded by the Fault of those who had the Care of it, that I have now neither Time nor Humour to execute what I intended. I shall therefore only give a compendious Account of what I proposed to have treated of more at large. I designed in the first place, to have said something of the Nature and of the End of a Letter, and thought to have prov'd that the Invention of it was to supply Conversation, and not to imitate it, for that nothing but the Dialogue was capable of doing that; from whence I had drawn this Conclusion, That the Style of a Letter was neither to come quite up to that of Conversation, nor yet to keep at too great a distance from it. After that, I determined to shew that all Conversation is not Familiar; that it may be Ceremonious, that it may be Grave, nay, that it may be Sublime, or that Tragedy must be allowed to be out of Nature: That if the Sublime were easie and unconstrained, it may be as consistent with the Epistolar Style, as it was with the Didactique; that Voiture had admirably join'd it with one of them, and Longinus with both. After this I resolved to have said something of those who had most succeeded in Letters amongst the Ancients and Moderns, and to have treated of their Excellencies and their Defects; to have spiken more particularly of Cicero and

Pliny amongst the Ancients, and amongst the Moderns, of Balzac and Voiture: To have shewn that Cicero is too simple and too dry, and that Pliny, is too affected and too refined; that one of them has too much of Art in him, and that both of them have too little of Nature. That the Elivation of Balzac was frequently forced, and his Sublime affected; that his Thoughts were often above his Subject, and his Expression almost always ab.ve his Thoughts; and that whatsoever his Subjects were, his Style was seldom altered. That Voiture was easie and unconstrained, and natural when he was most exalted; that he seldom endeavour'd to be witty at the Expence of right Reason; but that, as his Thoughts were for the most part true and just, his Expression was often defective, and that his Style was too little diversify'd. That for my own part, as I came infinitely short of the extraordinary Qualities of these Great Men, I thought my self oblig'd to endeavour the rather to avoide their Faults; and that consequently I had taken all the care that I could, with think out of Nature and good Sense, and neither to fra nor neglect my Expressions; and that I had alway taken care to suit my Style to my Subject, whether it was Familiar, or Sublime, or Didactique; and that I had more or less varied it in every Letter. All this and more I designed to have said at large, which I have only hinted now in a hurry. I have nothing to add, but to desire the Reader to excuse my bad Performance, upon the account of my good Endeavour, and for striving to do well in a manner of Writing, which is at all times useful, at the time necessary; a manner in which the English would surpass both the Ancients and Moderns, if they would but cultivate it, for the very same Reason that they have surpassed them in Comedy. But, methinks, I have a Title to the Reader's Favour; for I have made amends for the Defects of my own Letters, by entreating him with those of my Friends.



A.

COLLECTION.  
OF  
LETTERS, &c.

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Mr. DENNIS to WALTER  
MOYLE, Esq;

Dear SIR,

YOU know a grave Fellow assures us  
that upon the Cessation of Oracles, la-  
mentable Cries were heard in the Air,  
proclaiming along the Coasts the Death  
of the great Pan: And have not you  
upon this Death of good Sense, and this Cessa-  
tion

tion of WIT! tell me truly, have not you heard

*These Sounds upon the Cornish Shore,  
The Sage \* Will. Urwine is no more?*

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

Dead, I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity ; that is Out law'd and gone into the *Friars*; to go into which, is once more to Out law himself : He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to it a *Fel de sé* that way. For since the Law thought it but just to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it but prudent to put himself out of its Power. And since the Law could use him with much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will. Urwine*; *Will*, who is extremely stout in Adversity, has declar'd by his Actions, that he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his Sixth Book, that the Souls in Hell were busied about the same Things in which they were employed upon Earth ; even so does Sage *Will* use the same Nutmeg-grater, and the same Tea-pot in the *Friars*, that he handled before in *Bow-street*. Thus has he left the Wits without any Sorrow, tho' he loves them, and without taking any Leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him ; and he says, he expects that in a very little time his old Company should be constant at his New House. And dost not thou think that they too have reason to expect the very same Thing ? For as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends

\* A Coffee-Man in Covent-Garden.

in mind, that he went before but to lead them the Way; so Will's Departure from this miserable Life, his lewd *Covent-garden* Life, and his Ferrying from *Somer-t-stair's* to the infernal Shore of *Alsatia*, should be a *Memento* to the rest of the Wits, that he is but one whither they all must follow.

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

I have given them my Sentiments upon the fore-mentioned Poll, which were, that it was something hard to make a Man pay for being call'd, Wit, Poet, or Critick; that they saw by Experience, lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles. How then could they think that People would be contented to be tax'd for their Nicknames? That in settling this Tax, they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon settling a Tax in the State. That in the State, sometimes a Man paid for what he really had: As for Example, when a Country 'Squire paid for his Land or his Money; and sometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is

twice dubb'd Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour, and for his Children. The First of which is but as it were his, for it is really the King's; and the Second of which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtiers who help'd him to his Title. In the State too: Man is made to pay for something which he does or for something which he does not. As a *Jarll* pays so much for Swearing when he's Drunk and so much for not Swearing when he's Sober. But that in our Case, if we would be exactly Just, we shou'd make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; but should oblige them to pay only for pretending to have what they really have not, or offering to do what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the most solvent Part of the Body. For how ridiculous would it be to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almost always Signs that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other side, how absurd would it be to tax him for a bare want of those Qualities? Since when a Man is dull without pretending, 'tis ten to one but he is poor; for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his Ease, is hardly at leisure for Affectation; and I have often seen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Necessity has brought him back again: But a rich Rogue will be sure to be always pretending. Fortune takes Pleasure in making those vain, whom Nature before made impotent, and both of them often conspire to finish a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay but they who put Gravity upon us for Wisdom, Visions for Politicks, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any Expence for being call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick.

to WALTER MOYLE, Esq; 105

Critick, unless it be by himself. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one, for his Ill-Fortune, or for his Ill-Nature, since they are things of which no Man is Master. But what? A Sot cannot help his Vanity. Agreed; but then it makes him so much happier than he deserves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it.

*I am your Most Humble Servant,*

JOHN DENNIS:

To Mr. WYCHERLEY, at Cleve,  
near Shrewsbury.

---

By the same.

---

SIR,

 WHILE I venture to write these Lines to you, I take it to be my Interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the Future I always shall, viz. As Mr. Wycherley has the greatest Comick-Wit that ever England bred, is a Man sent purposely into the World to charm the Ears of the wittiest Men, and to win the Hearts of the most beautiful Women: So, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble Hermit at Cleve; humble even in the full possession of all those extraordinary Qualities, the knowledge of which has made me proud. I must

confess, that I have no great Opinion of that which Men generally call Humility. Humility in most Men is want of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, 'tis a wretched Necessity, of which they who lie under it, vainly endeavour to make a Virtue. But it is a Man of Mr. Wycherley's Make, 'tis choice, 'tis force of Mind, 'tis a good, 'tis a generous Condescension. And what Force of Mind is there not requisite to bend back a Soul by perpetual Reflection, which would be always rising, and eternally aspiring by virtue of its in-born Fire; Yet your's, notwithstanding all its Power, cannot wholly depress it self, nor descend in every part of it. At the time that your Will vouchsafes to stoop, your understanding soars; your Witings are as bold as you. Conversation is modest, (though those are bold, as this is modest with Judgment) and he who would do you Justice, must needs confess, that you are a very ambitious Writer, though a very humble Man. Yet your very Ambition has oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted human Nature, in raising your own by its most noble Efforts; and that without boasting Preheminence. And surely it must be for this very Reason that we feel a secret Pride, when we but read the Discoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot say what you are, without Vanity, for never was Man exempt from it; but I can say, that you have made use even of Vanity to humble you by way of Reflection, and that you have avoided the dangerous Effect of it, Vain-glory, the Rock upon which several great Wits before you have been seen to split. For you have always wisely considered, that Vain-glory in the Vulgar may be supportable, nay, may be diverting: but that in great Men it must be intolerable. That whereas in the first, 'tis Want of Discernment, 'tis Folly, tis the Extravagance and Blindness of Self-Love; in the last, 'tis

Crime, 'tis Malice, 'tis a secret and proud Design to mortifie and insult over the rest of Men, over whom they have so much Advantage: That it is for this very Reason, that we so deeply resent, and so severely revenge the mortal Affronts we receive from it. Great Wits were by Heaven predestin'd to rule, to rule the Minds of others, the noblest Empire; but when they grow outwardly vain, they grow Tyrants, and then their discontented Subjects rebel, and then they depole those Kings as Usurpers, whom before they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs. But a moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince, like you, commands their Hearts, as well as their Understandings, and under one whom they love so well, they grow as proud as they are pleas'd to obey. Our violent Inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the Interest even of our Pride, that you should long continue in the Place which your extraordinary Desert has attain'd. Did we nothing but esteem you as much as we do, we should certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for bare Esteem is always forc'd upon us, whereas Inclination is much more voluntary: Besides, as a judicious *Frechman* observes, Esteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore received with Grumbling; but Inclination is our own, and born in our Breasts, and is therefore caref'st and cherish'd. I might add, that upon this Account it is hard to wish well to those whom we very much esteem, if they have not likewise the Skill to make themselves be belov'd; because barely to esteem, depresses the Spirits, as much as to Love very much exalts them; it brings the Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it at once too horrid Views of another's Excellencies, and of its own Infirmities; but Affection gives it Agitation and Warmth; and in the View of a friend's Desert, it takes too much Pleasure and too much

much Pride to consider its own Defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteemed at this high rate, you owe your Wit and your Penetration; but that you are esteem'd without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladness esteem'd, you owe to this, that while the Force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain yourself unmov'd by it; that while your Excellence fills all Mouths by yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus, while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears, that you have beyond all this Greatness of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit: An infallible Sign, that the Talents which we admire in you, are no Illusions but real things, things that were born with you, and have been improv'd by you, and which you have not acquir'd: For Men are found to be vainer, upon the Account of those Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and hereditary Greatness gives Men leave to be humble, whereas Preferment occasions Pride. None but such real Greatness as yours, can capacitate a Man to be truly humble; for the Soul, which by Nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining Subject, a Subject which is so conspicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of those various Prosecutions which every eminent Virtue provokes; I desire you to consider, that I have so many Obligations to this very Humility, that I look'd upon myself, as oblig'd by Gratitude, to say as much as I have done. For to what I owe the Happiness which I have frequently received in your Conversation, to that I owe the present Satisfaction, which your Permission to write to you give me; and to that I am indebted for the Hopes of

you

your Answers: When I have received them I shall then believe what you were pleas'd to tell me when I saw you last, that you are much more humble in the clear Air on your Mountain at *Cleve*, than when you are in a Fog and sulphurous Smoak in *Bow-street*. But at the same time, the Satisfaction of thinking, that Distance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at present,

SIR, Your very Humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.



### Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. DENNIS.

Dear SIR,



YOU have found a Way to make me satisfy'd with my Absence from *London*; nay what is more, with the Distance which is now betwixt you and me. That, indeed, uses to lessen Friendship, but gives me the greater Mark of yours, by your kind Letter, which I had miss'd if I had been nearer to you: So that I, who receive no Rents here, yet must own, if I did, I could not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Patents; for I value your Friendship more than Money, and am prouder of your Approbation, than I should be of Titles: For the having a good Opinion of one who knows Mankind so well, argues some Merit in me, upon which every Man ought to consider himself more than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather

rather be thought your Friend in Proof of my Judgment and good Sense, than a Friend to the Muses; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis since I have known I have had the Honour to please you; tho' your Praise rather humbles than makes me (tho' a danin'd Poet) more vain: For it is so great, that it rather seems the Raillery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves the Copiousness of your own Invention, than justifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the *Plain-Dealer* with you; and seem, like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuse Praise, but to get more; and so by returning your Compliments, shew my self grateful out of Interest, as Knaves are punctual in some Payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praise of my Humility (the only Mark of my Knowledge, since it is a Mark of my knowing myself) you have prais'd that to its Destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none; like those Admirers, who praise a young Maid's Modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humility that you owe my Friendship, but to my Ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteem'd by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

*Dear SIR, Your Humble Servant,*



W. WYCHERLEY.

POST.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

My Dear Friend,

Have no way to shew my Love to you in my Absence, but my Jealousie: I would not have my Rivals in your Friendship, the *Congreves*, the *Hydens*, the *Wemandees*, and the rest of your Town-friends, enjoy your Conversation, while I cannot: Tho', I confess, 'tis to their Interest to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in our Company; tho' it were more the Demonstration of their Wit to hear you, than to be heard by you. For my own Part, I am ambitious of your Company alone in some Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am sure, if I can pretend any Sense, I can have no Instruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your Example, and our Society.

My Service, pray, to all my Friends; that is, to yours whom I know, and be charitable (as often as you can) to the Absent, which your good Wits seldom are; I mean to be charitable with your letters to

Your Humble Servant.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

DRAY let me have more of your Letters, tho' they would rally me with Compliments underv'd, as your last have done; for, like a Countryquire, I am in Love with a Town-Wit's Conversation, tho' it be but at a Distance that I am forced to have it, and tho' it abuses me while I enjoy it.

Mr.



## Mr. DENNIS to Mr. WYCHERLEY

Dear SIR,



OT long after I writ my last to you, I was hurried up to Town by a kind of a Cholick, which was ended in a Defluxion upon one of my Feet. You know, Sir, a Defluxion is a general Name which some pleasant French Men have given an Infant-Gout too young to be yet baptiz'd. But tho' the Distemper rag'd in each Hand, I would in spite of it answer your admirable Letter; a Letter which I had certainly known to be yours, tho' it had been sent me without a Name, nay, and transcrib'd by a Chancery-Clerk in his own hideous manner of Copying. But I must confess I was surpriz'd to hear you say in it, that you took the Sincerity of a Man who so much esteems you, for Railery; yet tho' you declare it, you can never believe it. I am willing to believe you exceeding humble; but you can never be humble to that degree, unless your Mind, which resembles your Eye in its Clearness, its Liveliness, and in its piercing Views, should be also like it in this, that plainly discerning all things else, it wants a Sight of itself. But in this it does not resemble it; for it beholds it self by Reflections, and, like a lovely Maid at her Glass, is charm'd with the Sight of its own Beauty. This is a Sight in which you take Pride as well as Pleasure; but yours, I must confess, is a guiltless Pride, it being nothing but first Motion, which it is impossible for Man to avoid. You have

have both the Force to subdue it immediately, and  
the Art and Goodness to conceal it from us. That  
it plainly appears from what I have said, that you  
do not believe I had any Design to rally you, I am  
confident, that through all my Letter there ap-  
pears an Air of Sincerity. But that is a Virtue  
which has been so long and so peculiarly yours,  
that you may perhaps be jealous of it in your  
friends, and disclaim some Virtues which they  
commend in you, only to monopolize that. You  
had given me at least an Occasion to think so, if  
the Railery in yours had not been so very apparent,  
that even I had Eyes to discern that you have been  
no blame in it, tho' I am doubly blinded with Love  
of you and my self. Yet if you writ it with a design  
to mortifie me, assure your self, that I shall fortify  
my Vanity with that very Artillery with which you  
have begun to attack it. If Mr. *Wycherley* rallies me,  
is certain, that I have my Defects; but it is full  
as certain, that he would never condescend to abuse  
me at such a Distance if he wholly despis'd me.  
Thus, Sir, you see I am as reasonable with my  
friend, as a *Russian* Spouse is with her Husband, and  
make his very Railery for a Mark of Esteem, as she  
does a Beating for a Proof of Affection. The very  
worst of your Qualities gain our Affections: Even  
your Jealousy is very obliging, which it could never  
be unless it were very groundless. But since your  
very Suspicion is obliging, what Influence must your  
indulgence have on our Souls? The Wish that I were  
with you in some Retirement, is engaging to that de-  
gree, that I almost repent that I so eagerly desir'd  
our Conversation before; for if it were possible, I  
could augment that Desire, as a grateful Return to  
ours. To be with you in Solitude would make me  
perfectly happy. Tho' it were in the *Orcades*, I would  
not wish my self removed to any happier Climate;

no,

no, not even to that which contained my absent Mistress: All that I could do for her on that Occasion would be to wish her with me. In that Retirement what should I not enjoy? Where I should be admirably instructed without Trouble, and infinitely delighted without Vice; where I should be glorious once with Envy and Quiet: For what could be more glorious than to be the Companion of your Retreat. My very Ambition instructs me to love such Solitude; tho', properly speaking, there can be no Solitude where you reside; immortal Company still attends you; and the Virtues, the Graces, and the charming Nine who love the Groves, and are fond of you, follow you to remotest Retirements. The comick Muse is more particularly yours; and it is your peculiar Praise to allure the most ravishing all the Sisters after you into Retirement; to make that Goddess forsake the Crowd with you, who loves it most of the Nine: You have been constantly his Darling, her best Beloved. Thus in Retirement with her and you, I should have the Conversation of Mankind; I should enjoy it with all its Advantages without its least Inconveniences. In the Philosophy of your Actions and Words, I should see the Wisdom the Good, and the truly Great; in your Observations and in your Rillery. the Men of Sense and the Men of Wit; and in your Satyr, severely pleased the Fools and Rascals expos'd by it. In the Postscript to my last, I made an Apology for usurping a Style so foreign from this way of Writing. I have or more run into the same Fault in this; but the very Thought of Mr. Wykeley spreads a general Warmth thro' me, and raises my Soul to Rapture and when a Man writes, his Soul and his Style Necessity rise together. In my next, I have something with which I must trouble you, that will require another Manner of Writing. I am, &c.



Mr. ----- to Mr. W Y C H E R L E Y.

Dear S I R,



Have been very ill ever since I took my Leave of you, so that I parted in one Night from all that I valued most, that is, from my Health and you. However, Nature was kind, in not illing to supply me with Vigour, till Fortune had priv'd me of your Conversation, and I was got mongst People with whom I had small occasion for vigour. Yet even here, in spight of Sickness and absence, I have made a shift to Converse with you : or I thought that your Works were the only ings that could make me full amends for the Loss of our Company: By them you have been able to give me Joy even in the midst of my Pain. For the *Country-Wife*, and the *Plain-Dealer* are Stores of delight, which you have laid up by a noble Chari-, to supply the Poor in Spirit through all Posterity. So that I believe that to be one of the Reasons Fortune's Pique to you, that you have put it out of her Power for the time to come, to prosecute your Quarrel to Men of Sense effectually ; for by giving recourse to you in your Works, they are like to become more happy than Fools, even at the time when they are less successful. But I can hold my Head no longer at present ; as soon as I am better, you may expect a longer Letter from me.

I am yours, &c.

Mr.



## Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. DENNIS

Dear SIR,

 Have received yours, of the 20th November, and am glad to find by that however your Friends are Lost by your Absence from the Town, you are a Gainer by it, of your Health which every one you have left behind you (but Ch——) may be thought a Friend to; and the more each Man is your Friend, the more he is satisfy'd with your Absence, which, tho' it makes ill for want of you, makes you well for want us: Your taking no Leave of me (which you would excuse) I take to be one of the greatest Kindness you ever shew'd me; for I could no more see a Departing Friend from the Town, than a Departing Friend from this Life; and sure 'tis as much Kindness and good Breeding to steal from our Friend Society unknown to 'em, (when we must leave 'em to their Trouble) as it is to steal out of a Room after a ceremonial Visit, to prevent trouble to him whom we would oblige and respect; so that your last Fault (as you call it) is like the rest of your Faults, rather an Obligation, than an Offence; the greatest Injury indeed you can do your Friend is to leave 'em against their Will, which you must needs do. You tell me you converse with me in my Writings; I must confess, then you suffer a great deal for me in my Absence, which (tho' I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer Diversion, pray change my Count

ife for a better of your own in the Country, and  
ercise your own *Plain-Dealing* there, then you  
ill make your Country 'Squire better Company,  
d your Parson more sincere in your Company than  
is Pulpit, or in his Cups: But when you talk of  
ore of Delights, you find in my *Plain-Dealer*, you  
ale to be one; and when you commend my  
untry-Wife, you never were more a Courtier; and  
doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's  
untry-Wife better than you do mine, that you  
ay pass your time better than you can do with my  
untry-Wife; and like her Innocence more than her  
it, since Innocence is the better Bawd to Love;  
t enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Absence, I  
all take it as civilly as a City Cuckold: I was sor-  
to find by you that your Head ach'd while you  
it me your Letter; since I fear 'twas from reading  
r Works (as you call them) not from your own  
riting, which never gave you Pain, tho' it would  
others to imitate it. I've given your Service to  
ur Friends at the Rose, who, since your Absence,  
n they ought not to go for the Witty Club; nor  
will's the Wit's Coffee-House any more, since you  
t it, whose Society, for want of yours, is grown  
Melancholy, that is, as dull as when you left  
em a Nights to their own Mother-Wit, their  
ns, Couplets, or Quibbles; therefore expect not a  
itty Letter from any of them, no more than from  
s, since they nor I have conversed with you these  
ree Weeks. I have no News worth sending you,  
t my next shall bring you what we have. In the  
an time, let me tell you (what I hope is no News  
you) that your Absence is more tedious to me,  
a Quibbler's Company to you; so that I being  
yesterday, as I thought without any Cause, re-  
cted you were forty or fifty Miles off, and then  
found

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found the Reason of my Disposition, for I can't  
be well so far from you, who am,

*My Dear Mr. DENNIS,*

*Your obliged Humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLE

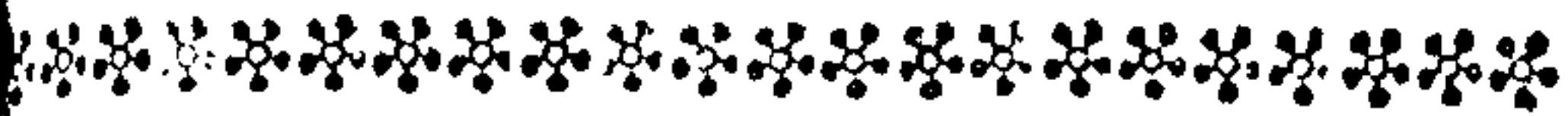
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## POSTSCRIPT.

**P**RAY pardon me that I have no sooner answer'd your Letter, I have been very busy this last Week about Law-Affairs, that is, very dull and idle, tho' very active. Your Friends of the Coffee-House and the Rose, whether Drunk or Sober, Good Fellows, or Good Wits, shew at least the Sense, by valuing you and yours, and send you their Service; and never are more Wits and Poets, that is, less Lyars, than when they profess themselves your Servants.

For News, *W*— lives soberly, *Ch*— goes to Bed early; *D'Urfey* sings, now like a Poet, that without being ask'd: And all the Poets, or Wits, wills, since your departure, speak well of the absent. *Ball*— says, his ill Looks proceed rather for want of your Company, than for having lost that of his Mistress; even the Quibblers and Politicians have no double Meaning when they speak well of you.





## To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Dear SIR,

HE Sight of your Letter reviv'd me: It appear'd like the Rays of the new Sun, to one who has winter'd under the Pole, and brought with it Light, Warmth, and Spirit. The Railery in was very obliging; for the Lust of Praise is as powerful with Men, as the itch of Enjoyment is with Women; and it is as hard for us to think that our Friends ridicule us when they commend our Wit, as it is for them to believe that their Gallants use them when they extol their Beauty. Yet generally in both Cases, whatever is said, is said for the Satisfaction of him that speaks it. But then, as he delights in deceiving, the Person to whom he speaks is deceiv'd with Pleasure, and both Parties are satisfied. But Mr. Wycherley is to be accepted from this general Rule, who commends his Friend for his Friend's Sake. You never are witty to please your self, to whom Wit has so long been habitual, that you are often hardly mov'd yourself when you hear those admirable Things with which we are transported. Not that I am so far betray'd by Vanity, to take your Compliments at the Foot of the Letter, or to suppose that you believ'd all that you said; but I am willing, for your sake, to believe that you meant something of it; and that not being without Kindness for me, (which is only owing to the Sweetness of your Nature, that is, to your Merit, and not to mine;) your Reason, as the Duke de Richelieu says, has been bubbled by your Attention. And here, Sir, I have much the Advantage

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tage of you; for when I declare that I have the greatest Opinion in the World of you, none will mislead my Sincerity, and all will applaud my Discernment but you cannot express your Zeal at so high a rate for any Friend, but it must considerably lessen the World's Opinion of your Judgment. But if it be Mr. Wycherley's peculiar Praise, never to have been wanting of Judgment in any thing, unless in that one thing in which Error is honourable: How few are they who are capable of erring at your Rate!

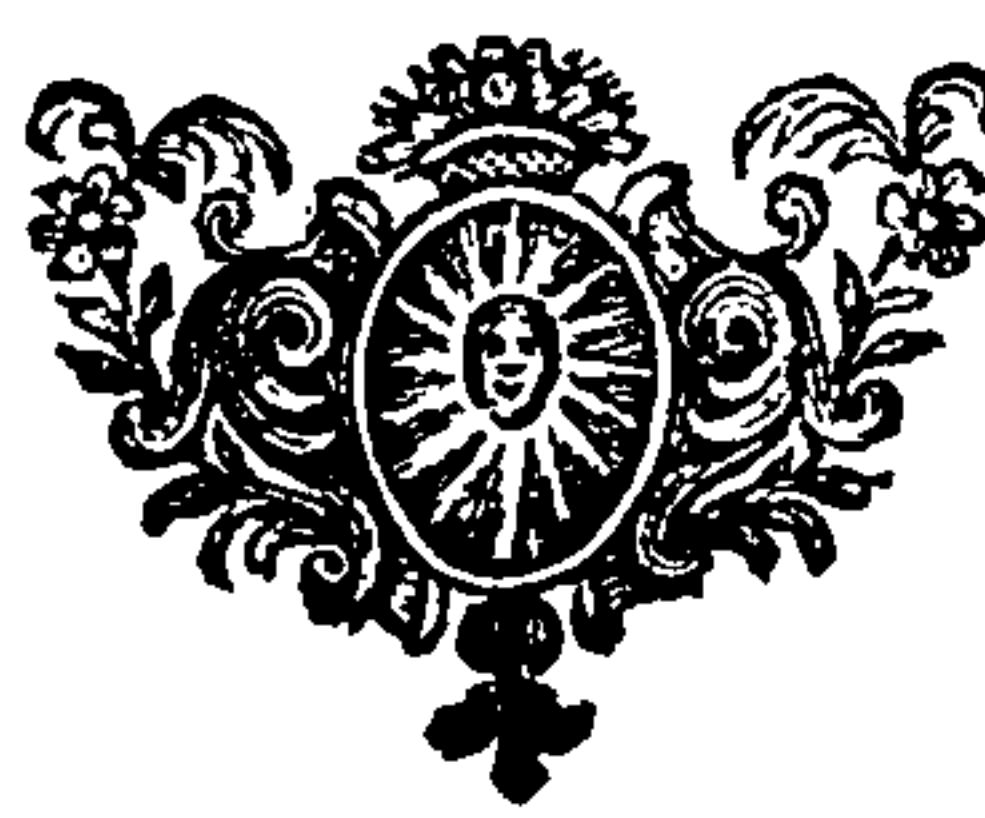
*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, & isti  
Errori virtus nomen posuisset honestum.*

And how happy is the Man who had a Friend so accomplish'd, that Error in him is Virtue? I am the happy Man, and am so far exalted by my Happiness, that I am never less humble, than when I inscribe my self,

Dear SIR,

Your most Humble

and Faithful Servt



Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. —  
on the Loss of his Mistress

*Dear S I R,*

I Have had yours of the 31<sup>st</sup> of *March*,  
to which I should sooner have returned  
an Answer, had I not been forced to  
take a little turn out of Town; but  
your Letter to me brought me not more  
satisfaction than your last to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Dis-  
satisfaction for you; since by that I find how uneasy you  
are. You know, my Friend, from one sufficiently  
experienced in Love-dilasters, that Love is often a  
Case of losing Loadam, in which the Loser is most  
often the Gainer. If you have been depriv'd of a  
Mistress, consider you have lost a Wife, and tho' you  
are disappointed of a short Satisfaction, you have  
a wife escaped a tedious Vexation, which Matri-  
mony infallibly comes to be one way or another;  
but your Misfortune is an Accident which you  
and Friends should rather felicitate than commis-  
ter. You told me in your last, that you were no  
Master of your self: Then how should I help  
being at the Restoration of your Liberty? A  
man might as reasonably be sorry for his Friend's  
Recovery from Madness, as for his Recovery from  
Madness, (tho' for the time a pleasant Frenzy;) so  
that your Mistress's Father has rather been your  
Actor than your Enemy: And you should not be  
angry with him, if he cures you of your Lover-  
temper, tho' by a Means a little too violent;  
next to his Daughter's Cure of Love, his may  
prove

prove the best. Well pray be not angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thing that can so much displease you; I own my Friendship for you has a little Selfishness in it; for now you cannot be so happy as you would in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in the Town, which we shall be as soon as we have your Company: For know, my Friend, Change of Air after a Low Distemper may be as good as 'tis after a Fever; and therefore make haste to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to compleat your Cure. Your Friends will do any thing to root out the Remains of your Passion: The Witty Club will grow grave to instruct you; and the Grave Club will grow gay to delight you; *Wb*— will turn a Philosopher; and I will grow a Good-Fellow, and venture my own Health, for the Recovery of your good Humour; for I had rather be sick in your Company, than for want of it; who am,

*Dear SIR,*

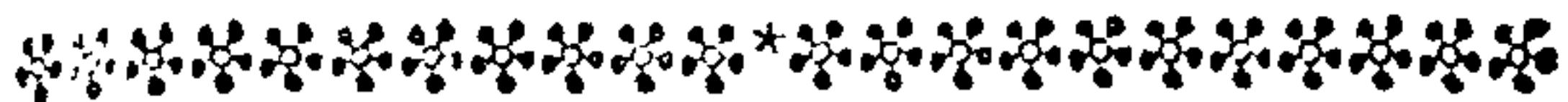
*Your most unalterable Friend*

*and bumble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLEY

### POSTSCRIPT.

PRAY pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you so dully now, which I hope will be my best Excuse for my not writing sooner. All your Friends of the Coffeehouse are well; and what is no News to you, at in spight of your Absence, your constant humble Servants.



## The Answer to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

DEAR SIR,

 Have a colourable Excuse for my Silence; for when you went out of Town, you gave me the Hopes of receiving a Letter from you, as soon as you arriv'd at Cleve; besides, since that I have been a Month in Northamptonshire. But the Inclination which I have to converse with Mr. Wycherley, is too violent to receive any Check from Punctilio's. But, alafs! I was restrain'd by too just an Impediment; for ever since I saw you, I have been so rack'd by a cruel Passion, that I have had no Power to do any thing but to complain; and your Portion of Melancholy is not so small, that you have need to be troubled with another Man's Spleen. I would be sure to communicate my Happiness to my Friend; nay, I could be but half happy if I did not communicate it; As in Love I never could be pleas'd to a height with my own Pleasure, if I did not find that it added to that of my Mistress. But I should impart my ill Humour to my Friend, if I found that it were not in his Power to ease me, and that it were much in his Inclination, with as much Regret as I should acquaint him with his own ill Fortune, if I were clearly convinc'd that it were not in my Power to assist him. You would not advise me to stifle this Passion: You are too well acquainted with Love and me to do that: You know that that would be to persuade me to a thing, which you are already sensible that I am very willing, and very unable to

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do. I blush while I shew this Weakness; but sure there is some Force of Mind requir'd to shew some sorts of Weaknes's. You remember the Maxim of the wise Duke: *La m<sup>e</sup> me fermete qui sert a resister à l'Amour sert aussi quelque fois à le rendre violent & dévable.* If that be true, I beseech you to believe that this obstinate Lover is a constant Friend too, and unalterably,

*Dear Sir,*

*Your most humble Servt.*

శ్రీ సత్కృతీ క్రమ శ్రీ సత్కృతీ క్రమ శ్రీ సత్కృతీ క్రమ శ్రీ సత్కృతీ క్రమ

Mr. WYCHERLEY's Letter to Mr. ....

*Dear SIR,*

 Lately received from you so kind and so witty a Reproach for my not writing to you, that I can hardly repent me of my Fault, since it has been the Occasion of my receiving so much Satisfaction. But you have had a reasonable Excuse for your Silence, since you say I promis'd to write to you first, which is very true; and I had kept my Promise, but for my Conjecture that you could not stay so long out of Northamptonshire; nor was I, it seems, mistaken in that. But be assur'd, dear Sir, I think there can be no better End or Design of my Writing, than in it's procuring me the Satisfaction of receiving something of yours; especially since I have no other way left me now of conversing with you. But, it seems, you forbear to relieve me out of Charity, since you say your Trouble was so great, that you were unwilling to communicate it to me left you

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. --- 123

You should increase mine. I see your Wit can do any thing, make an omission of a Kindness a great Obligation; and if you complain but to your Mistress, as wittily as you do to your Friend, I wonder not at her Cruelty, nor that she should take Pleasure to hear you complain so long. But, my Friend, have a care of complaining to her, with so much true Sense, let it should disparage your true Love; and indeed, that I fear is the Case, you are suffer'd to complain so long, without the Success which is due to your Merit. Love and Wit, from one who, you say, has herself so much; which, with your Pardon, I shall hardly believe; tho' you are her Voucher, if she does not do what you would have her; that is, do you and herself reason as fast as she can; since she must needs believe you a warm and sincere Lover, as much as I believe you a zealous and a true Friend. And I am so well acquainted with Love and you, that I believe no body is able to alter your Love, or advise your Reason; the one being as unalterable as the other infallible; and you (for ought I know) are the only Man who at once can love and be wise. And to the wife you know a Word is enough, especially since you gave me a Caution against opposing your Passion, because it would be in vain. If Love be in you, as in other Men, a violent Passion, it is therefore a short Frenzy, and should be cur'd like other Distempers of that kind, by your Friends humouring it, rather than opposing it. Yet pardon me, If I prescribe the common Remedy of curing one Love with another. But whether you will let me be your Doctor or no, I must at least wish you well, who am,

*Dear Sir, your most obliged affectionate  
Friend and humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLEY.

G 3

P O S T.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

**D**R A Y thank my Friend Mr. W--- for putting  
**P**his Surtout of a Letter over yours of a fine  
 Stuff, as the Lining of a Garment is often finer  
 than the outside. Pray give all the honest Gentle-  
 men of the Coffee-house, of my Acquaintance and  
 yours, my humble Service; whom, with you I  
 hope to see again, within these three Weeks, at  
*London.*



## Mr. DENNIS to Mr. WYCHERLEY

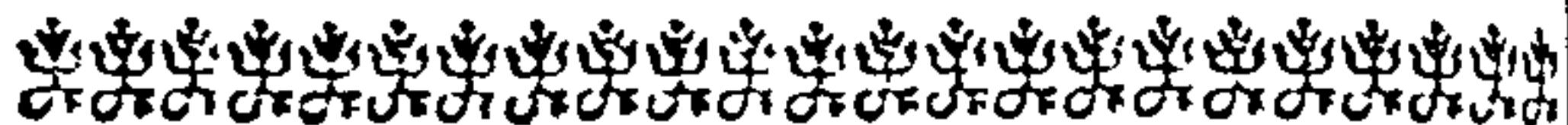
*Dear SIR,*



Man, who has the Vanity of pretending  
 to write, must certainly love you ex-  
 tremely well, if he does not hate you  
 after he has received from you such  
 Letter as yours: And he must undoubt-  
 edly shew a great deal of Friendship, when he af-  
 fures you, he does not envy you the very Lines by  
 which you commend him. A Man had need be ve-  
 ry well acquainted with the goodness of your Na-  
 ture, to be satisfied that you do not praise with  
 wicked design to mortify. There are few Writers  
 so humble, whom Mr. Wycherley's Commendation  
 would not render vain; but then there are few Wi-  
 ters so proud, whom the Wit that Mr. Wycherley  
 shews in commending them, would not humble.  
 So that a Man who did not know you, would be ap-

to believe, that whenever you write to praise, you do but like a Wrestler, who lifts People up on purpose to throw them down, and the higher he raises them, makes their fall the greater. Your Commendation is to a modest Man, what the second Bottle is to a sober Man; it raises his Vigour while he is swallowing it; but the Wit is as sure to make the one melancholy upon mature reflection, as the Wine is certain to leave the other Spiritless after the third Concoction: But our Infirmitie cannot be your fault, to whom we are oblig'd for your generous Intentions, which give you such a peculiar Distinction from ordinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a just and noble Confidence, which you may repose in your self, you may always very safely commend, because you may be always sure to surpass. 'Tis prudent and noble at once in a Conqueror to extol the Conquered: To praise the Excellence which he o'er comes, is but to commend himself: Besides, it wins the very Heart and Soul of him that is overcome, if he has but Virtue enough to be so subdued; and makes him willing to leave his last Retrenchment. It would long since have had that Effect upon me, if the rest of your good Qualities had not presented it; which have so closely and so entirely tied me to you, that whenever I receive a Letter from you, my vanity is sure to gain on the one side, what it is certain to lose on the other: For if I am mortified as to my own Wit, I do not fail to value my self upon yours.

I am, &c.



To Mr. WYCHERLEY in Praise  
of a BLOCKHEAD.

Dear SIR,



HE last time I was at *Wills*, I had the Mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr. —— had met with a Disappointment in —— ; at which, some who were present, were glad, affirming That Success would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit is not qualified for Business so well as a Blockhead: I have since had some Thoughts concerning that Matter which I here send you, and of which I desire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection I have found out the following Reasons, why Blockheads are thought to be fitted for Business, and why they really succeed in it.

*First.* As their Brains are a great deal colder than those are of Men of Wit, they must have but very strait Imaginations, and very barren inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but very few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

*Secondly,* It is reasonable enough to believe, that since they are uncapable of many Thoughts, those few which they have are determin'd by their Necessities, their Appetites, and their Desires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Establishments.

*Thirdly,* It is not very hard to conceive, that since a Blockhead has but few Thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Life-time, which is his Interest, he should have it more perfect, and better digested,

than

than Men of Wit have the same Thought, who perhaps have a thousand every Hour.

*Fourtly,* It is easy to comprehend, that since such a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digested, and brought to Perfection, he should readily pass from Thought to Action. For he must grow weary of thinking so often of one and the same Thing; and since the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as soon as his little Speculation ceases, he must of Necessity act to divert himself.

*Fiftly,* It will be certainly found, that as a little Thought often makes a Man active in Business, so a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the Pursuit of those Things, on which, seduc'd by Passion and vulgar Opinion, he sets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whose Natures and Incertainty, he is not very capable of making solid Reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to secure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reason induced to seek Superfluities.

*Sixtly,* Penury of Thoughts supposes littleness of Soul, which is often requisite for the succeeding in Business: For a Blockhead is forbid enough to descend to trick and Artifice, which in Business are often necessary to procure Success; unless they are more than supplied, by a Prudence deriv'd from a consummate Experience, or from a Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the Reason, why a Fool succeeds better in Business than a Man of Wit; who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which by at the noblest Objects; and who finds that there is something so pleasing, and so noble, in thinking lightly, and more especially in the sublime Speculations of exalted Reason, that he finds it intolerably irksome to descend to Action, and abhors the

very Thought of being diligent in Things, which he has an extream contempt.

Thus you see, that in some Measure a Fool may be said to be better fitted out for Business than Man of Wit. But it is high time to distinguish. For, first, when I say that a Blockhead is fitted for Business, I mean only for little Business. For to affirm, that he is qualified for Affairs that require Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, When I affirm, that a Man of Wit is less capacitated for Business, I mean, that is less so, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquility: But if ever he comes to be thrown out of that by the Force of a violent Passion, and fir'd with Zeal for his Country's Service, or enflam'd by Ambition, and Business can be made subservient to the gratifying of those Passions, then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go farther than a thousand of those who want it. Of which it would be easie to give me than one Instance amonst our present Ministers. But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the Romans had more Wit than Cæsar, and none of the French than Richelieu.

Before I conclude, I must give you a Caution, which is, that by the Word Blockhead, I do not mean one that is stupid, but that I apply that Word according to the Language of you Men of Wit, one who thinks but a little: And that on the other side, by a Man of Wit, I do not mean every Coxcomb whose Imagination has got the Ascendant of his Little Reason; but a Man like you, Sir, or our ingenuous friend, in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well match'd pair; the first like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always beautiful and always charming, yet is at all time decent, and at times chaste; the second like a prudent and wise

To Mr. DRYDEN. 131

bred Husband, whose very sway shews his Complaisance, and whose very Indulgence shews his Authority. I am,

Dear SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

SIR,



HO' no Man writes to his Friend with greater Ease, or with more Cheerfulness than my self; and tho' I have lately had the Presumption to place you at the Head of that small Party, nevertheless I have experienc'd, with Grief, that in writing to you, I have not found my old Facility.

Since I came to this Place, I have taken up my Pen several times, in order to write to you, but have constantly at the very beginning found my self damp'd and disabled; upon which I have been apt to believe, that extraordinary Esteem may sometimes make the Mind as impotent as a violent Love does the Body, and that the vehement desire we have to exert it extreamly decays our Ability. I have heard of more than one lusty Gallant, who, tho' he could at any time ~~with~~ Readire's and Vigour, posseſſ the Woman whom he lov'd but moderately, yet when he has been about to give his darling Mistress, whom he has vehemently and long desir'd, the first last Pival of his Passion, has found on a sudden that his

his Body has jaded and grown resty under his Soul  
and gone backward the faster, the more he h  
spurr'd it forward. Esteem has wrought a like  
fect upon my Mind ; my extraordinary Inclination  
to shew that I honour you at an extraordinary rate  
and to shew it in Words that might not be alto  
gether unworthy Mr. Dryden's Perusal, incapacitates  
to perform the very Action to which it incites me  
and Nature sinks in me under the fierce effort. But  
I hope you will have the goodness to pardon  
Weakness that proceeds from a Cause like this, and  
to consider that I had pleas'd you more if I had ha  
nour'd you less. Who knows but that yet I may  
please you, if you encourage me to mend my Faults.  
To which, if you know but the Place I am in,  
Charity would engage you, tho' Justice could not  
oblige you : For I am here in a Desart, depriv'd  
Company, and depriv'd of News ; in a Place where  
I can hear nothing at all of the Publick ; and where  
proves it ten times more a Desart, nothing at all  
you : For all, who are at present concern'd for the  
Country's Honour, hearken more after your Prepara  
tives, than those for the next Campaign. The  
last may possibly turn to our Confusion, so uncertain  
are the Events of War ; but we know that whatever  
you undertake, must prove glorious to England  
and tho' the French may meet with Success in the  
Field, by you we are sure to conquer them. In War  
there are a thousand unlook'd for Accidents which  
happen every Day, and Fortune appears no whit  
more like herself ; but in a Combat of Wit, the  
more humane contention, and the more glorious  
Quarrel, Merit will be always sure to prevail : And  
therefore, tho' I can but hope that the Confederates  
Force will give Chase to *de Lorge* and *Luxembourg*,  
I am very confident that *Boileau* and *Racine* will be  
forced to submit to you. Judge therefore, if I, wh

very much love my Country, and who so much esteem you, must not with a great deal of Impatience expect to hear from you: I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

## To Mr. DRYDEN.

Dear SIR;

OU may see already by this presumptuous Greeting, that Encouragement gives us as much Assurance to Friendship, as it imparts to Love: You may see too, that a Friend may sometimes proceed to acknowledge Affection, by the very same Degrees by which a Lover declares his Passion. This last, at first, confesses Esteem, yet owns no Passion but Admiration: But as soon as he is animated by one kind Expression, his Look, his Style, and his very Soul, are altered: But as Sovereign Beauties know very well, that he who confesses he esteems and admires them, implies that he loves them, or is inclin'd to love them; a Person of Mr. Dryden's exalted Genius can discern very well, that when we esteem him highly, 'tis Respect restrains us if we say no more. For where great Esteem is without Affection, 'tis often attended with Envy, if not with Hate; which Passions detract, even when they commend, and Silence is their highest Panegyrick. 'Tis, indeed, impossible that I should refuse to love a Man, who has so often given me all the Pleasure that

that the most insatiable Mind can desire: When at any time I have been dejected by Disappointments, or tormented by cruel Passions, the Recourse to your Verses has calm'd my Soul, or rais'd it to Transports which made it containn Tranquility. But tho' you have so often given me all the Pleasure I was able to bear, I have Reason to complain of you on this Account, that you have confin'd my Delight to a narrower Compass: *Suckling*, *Cowley*, and *Denham*, who formerly ravish'd me in every part of them, now appear tasteless to me in most; and *Waller* himself with all his Gallantry, and all that admirable Art of his Turns, appears three quarters Prose to me. Thus 'tis plain that your Muse has done me an Injury; but she has made me Amends for it: For she is like those extraordinary Women, who, besides the regularity of their charming Features, besides their engaging Wit, have secret, unaccountable enchanting Graces, which, tho' they have been long and often enjoy'd, make them always new, and always desirable. I return you my hearty Thanks for your most obliging Letter. I had been very unreasonable if I had repin'd that the Favour arriv'd no sooner: 'Tis allowable to grumble at the delaying a Payment; but to murmur at the deferring a Benefit, is to be impudently ungrateful beforehand. The Comendations, which you give me, exceedingly sooth my Vanity: For you with a Breath can bestow or confirm Reputation; a whole number of People proclaims the Praise which you give, and the Judgment of three mighty Kingdoms appear to depend upon yours. The People gave me some little Applause before; but to whom, when they are in Humour, will they not give it? And to whom, when they are froward, will they not refuse it? Reputation with them depends upon Chance, unless they are guided by thole above them: They are but the  
Keeps

Keepers, as it were, of the Lottery which Fortune sets up for Renown; upon which Fame is bound to attend with her Trumpet, and found when Men draw the Prizes. Thus I had rather have your Approbation than the Applause of Fame: Her Commendation argues good Luck, but Mr. Dryden's implies Desert. Whatever low Opinion I have hitherto had of my self, I have so great a Value for your Judgment, that, for the sake of that, I shall be willing henceforward to believe that I am not wholly desertless; but that you may find me still more supportable, I shall endeavour to compensate whatever I want in those glittering Qualities, by which the World is dazzled, with Truth, with Faith, and with Zeal to serve you: Qualities which, for their Rarity, might be Objects of Wonder, but that Men dare not appear to admire them, because their Admiration would manifestly declare their want of them. Thus, Sir, let me assure you, that tho' you are acquainted with several Gentlemen, whose Eloquence and Wit may capacitate them to offer their Service with more Address to you, yet no one can declare himself with greater Chearfulness, or with greater Fidelity, or with more profound Respect than myself,

SIR,

Yur m<sup>t</sup>, &c.



Mr.



## Mr. DRYDEN to Mr. DENNIS.

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

**W**HEN I read a Letter so full of my Commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the Master of a vast Treasure, who, having more than enough for yourself, are forc'd to bestow upon your Friends. You have indeed the best Right to give them, since you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example to prove that the modern Writers may enter into Comparison with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critick, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid Commendation at this time of the Day, at least for me. If I undertake the Translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will shew, at least, that no Man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern Tongue. Neither will his Machines be of any Service to a Christian Poet. We see how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Tasso*, and by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for Example, I would raise a Storm, and make use of *Aeolus*. with this only Difference or calling him Prince of the Air: What Invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not see *Virgil* thorough me, only the same Trick play'd over

gain by a bungling Jugler? *Boileau* has well observ'd, that it is an easie matter, in a Christian Poem, for God to bring the Devil to Reason. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines, in my Preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King Arthur's Conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his Conquest of Spain. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms, are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man must be deeply conversant in the Platonick Philosophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reasonably expect that no Poet of our Age will presume to handle those Machines, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough, not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confess'd thus much of our modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rym—, that our English Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients. And notwithstanding our Irregularities, so is our Tragedy. *Shakespear* had a Genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. R—, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may so call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You see what Success this learned Critick has found in the World, after his blaspheming *Shakespear*. Almost all the Faults which he has discover'd are truly there: Yet who will read Mr. Rym—, or not read *Shakespear*? For my own Part, I reverence Mr. Rym—'s Learning, but I detest his ill Nature and his Arrogance. indeed, and such as I, have Reason to be afraid of him, but *Shakespear* has not. There is another Part of Poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal Foot with the Ancients; and 'tis that which we call Pindarick; introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Chokley: And of this,

Sir,

Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Master You have the Sublimity of Sense as well as Soul and know how far the Boldness of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate that kind of Ode, and reduce it either to the same Measure which *Pindar* us'd, or give new Measures your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast Tract of Land newly discover'd: The Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd, overstock'd with Inhabitants, but almost all Savages, without Laws, At Arms, or Policy. I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made sober and a witty Answer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easie thing to write like a Madman*; said he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman; but 'tis a very easie matter to write like a F. Otway* and he are safe by Death from all Attack! but we poor Poets Militant (to use Mr. Carlyle's Expression) are at the Mercy of wretched Scribblers and when they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State and Religion. For my Principles of Religion I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same Reason, I shall say nothing of my Principles of State: I believe you in you follow the Dictates of your Reason, as I in mine those of my Conscience. If I thought myself an Error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the Devil say That no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge; I appeal to the World if I have deceiv'd or defrauded any Man: And for my private Conversation, they who see me every Day can be the best Witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and innocent. Hitherto I have no Reason to complain that Men of either Party shun my Company.

I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noble Men: My Visits have indeed been too frequent to be unacceptable, and but just enough to shew my Gratitude for their Bounty; which I have frequently receiv'd, but always unask'd, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I intended to you on this Subject: For I dare say, you will tell me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, that is my Friend's Passion, and his Design of marriage, on better Consideration I have chang'd my Mind: For having had the Honour to see my Friend Wycherley's Letter to him on that Occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But well as I love Mr. Wycherley, I confess I love my Friend so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking any thing after him: There is Moses and the Prophets in his Council. Jupiter and Juno as the Poets tell us, made Tiresias their Umpire, in a certain merry Dispute which fell out in Heav'n betwixt them: Tiresias you know had been of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge; our Friend Mr. Wycherley is full as competent an Arbitrator: He has been a Bachelor, and marry'd Man, and is now a Widower. Virgili says of Ceneus,

*Nunc Vir, nunc Fæmina Ceneus,  
Rursus & in veterem fati revoluta figura.*

But, I suppose, he will not give any large Comendations to his middle State; nor, as the Sailor would, will be fond, after a Shipwreck, to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after this, I can fit him with a good Wind, as being his; and,

*My Dear Mr. Dennis, your most affec-*  
*tionate and most Faithful Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

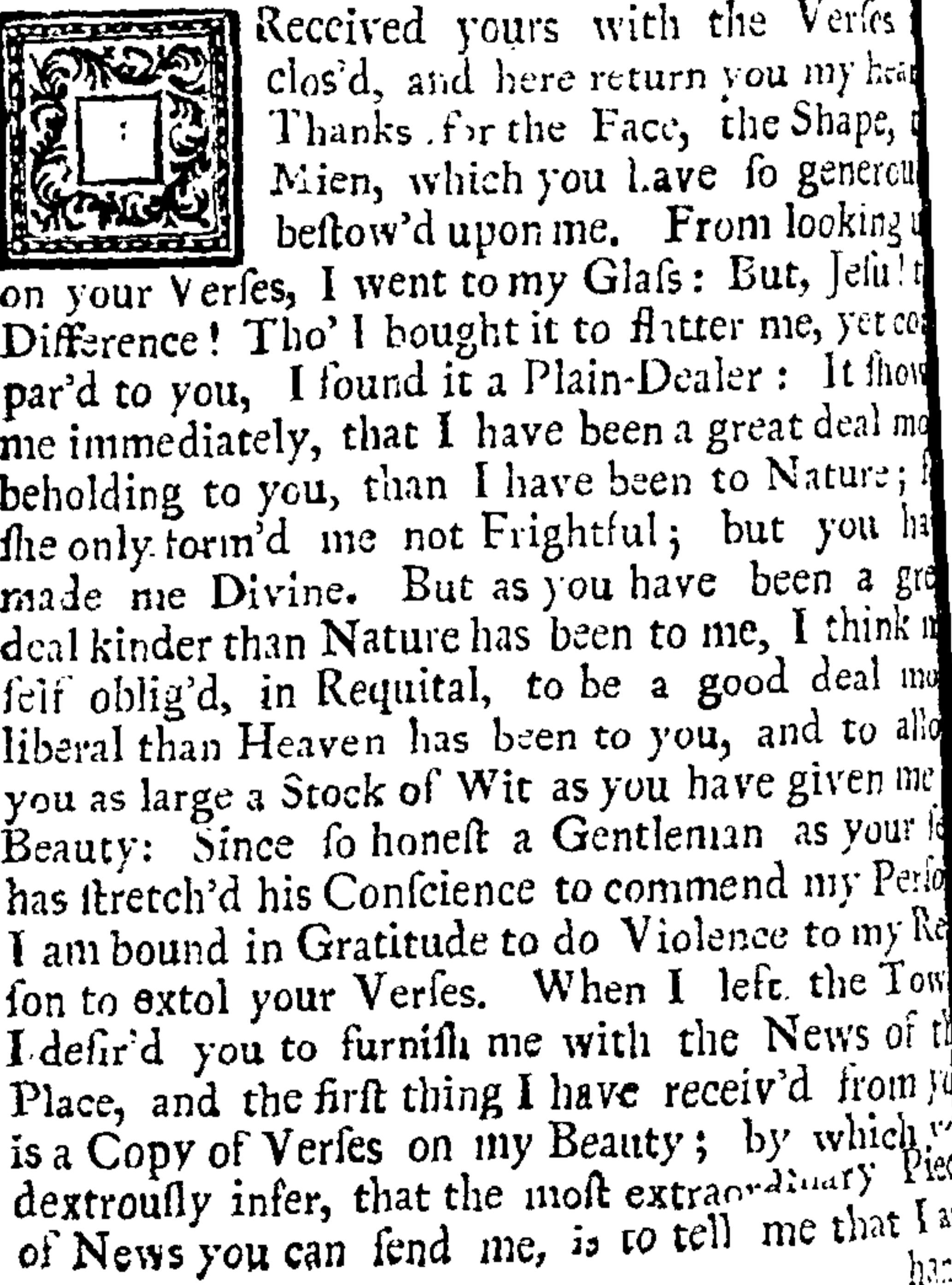
A



A Letter from the Lady C—— to  
Cousin W——; after she had received  
from him a Copy of Verses on  
Beauty.

*Cousin,*



Received yours with the Verses  
clos'd, and here return you my heat  
Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the  
Mien, which you have so generously  
bestow'd upon me. From looking upon  
your Verses, I went to my Glass: But, Jesu! t  
Difference! Tho' I bought it to flatter me, yet com-  
par'd to you, I found it a Plain-Dealer: It shew-  
me immediately, that I have been a great deal more  
beholding to you, than I have been to Nature; for  
she only torin'd me not Frightful; but you ha-  
made me Divine. But as you have been a good  
deal kinder than Nature has been to me, I think it  
self oblig'd, in Requital, to be a good deal more  
liberal than Heaven has been to you, and to allow  
you as large a Stock of Wit as you have given me  
Beauty: Since so honest a Gentleman as your self  
has stretch'd his Conscience to commend my Person,  
I am bound in Gratitude to do Violence to my Re-  
son to extol your Verses. When I left the Town  
I desir'd you to furnish me with the News of the  
Place, and the first thing I have receiv'd from you  
is a Copy of Verses on my Beauty; by which I may  
dextrously infer, that the most extraordinary Piece  
of News you can send me, is to tell me that I am  
happier

*to her Cousin W—* 145

adome. By which ingenious Inference, you had  
llibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you,  
ur Verses had not stood up in your Justification.  
tell me truly, Cousin, could you think that I  
ld prove so easie a Creature as to believe all  
you have said of me? How could you find in  
Heart to make such a Fool of me, and such a  
et of your self, to intoxicate me with Flattery,  
draw me in to truck my little Stock of Wit and  
gment for a meer Imagination of Beauty; when  
real Thing too falls so infinitely short of what  
would make me exchange for the very Fancy of  
For, Cousin, there is this considerable Difference  
een the Merit of Wit and Beauty; That Men  
ever violently influenc'd by Beauty, unless it  
weaken'd their Reason; and never feel half the  
e of Wit, unless their Judgments are sound.  
principal Time in which those of your Sex ad-  
Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and  
ty; that is, after they are past their Innocence,  
ore they are come to their Judgment. And  
Cousin, have not you been commending a  
Quality in me; to admire which, as I have  
ewn you, supposes not only a corrupted Will,  
new Understanding: Besides, how frail, how  
tory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty,  
lets spare it till then: By which constant  
ding, she seems to imply, that she gives it us  
Gugaw to please us in the Childhood of our  
es; and takes it from us, as a thing below us,  
we come to Years of Discretion. Thus, Cou-  
are you been commending a Quality in me,  
has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which  
no greater a Skare, than to keep me from  
scandalous. So that all I could have got by  
Kindness, if I had parted with my Judgment,  
or to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing  
but

but wretched Conceit, and ridiculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man you, to take what I say in good part, I would advise you to engage no further in Poetry: Be ruled a Woman for once, and mind your *Cook* upon *Lapton*. Rather pettifog than flatter: For if you resolved to be a Cheat, you will shew at least some Conscience, in resolving rather to chouse People their Money, than to bubble them of their Understandings. Besides, Cousin, you have not a Genius which will make a great Poet, and be pleased consider that a small Poet is a scandalous Wit that indifferent Verses are very bad ones; and an insipid Panegyrick upon another, is a severe Libel upon your self. Besides, there will start up a Satyr one Day, and then Woe be to cold Rimers. *England* is not yet so barren, but there will come generous Spirit, who, besides a Stock of wit and good Sense, which are no very common Qualities, will not only be furnished with a sound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent, but will have a true Taste for Eloquence and Wit, which is to be found any where; and which comprehends not only a just Discernment, but a fine Penetration and a delicate Criticism. Such a Satyrist as Cousin, must arise, and therefore you had best care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to divert you, and not amuse you.

I am, &c.





## To Mr. —— at Will's Coffee-house.

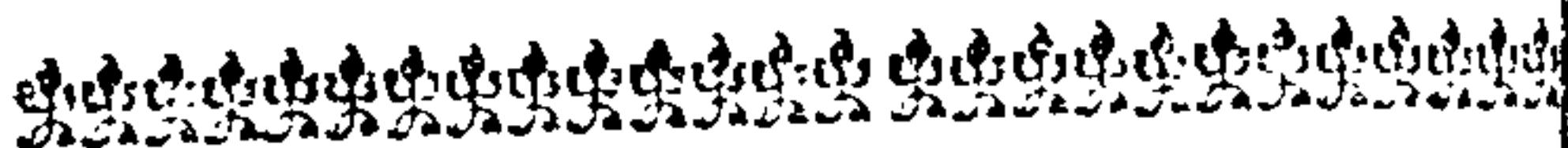
Received your Panegyrick upon Puns, which I so approve of, that I am resolved to get it printed, and bound up with *Erasmus's Praise of Folly*: Yet to confess a Truth, I was something disaffected to see Quibbling commended with so much Wit; For nothing can be writ with more Wit, than my Letter to the Reserve of the Quibbles; which suppose you inserted amongst so many Things which are so finely said, lest these should have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me: But pray after this Panegyrick upon Quibbles, give me leave to ask you the same Question that the *Sudemonians* ask'd the Sophister, who harangu'd in *Praise of Hercules*: By the way, did you ever expect to hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules*? Here's a Simile for you, I think, as *Nivel* says, "New. You, who are cry'd up for so great a man, tell me, without Envy, could you ever have thought upon that? But to return to my Question: Have you spent a great deal of Time in the Defence of Quibbles. Who said a Word against them? The Devil a Syllable did I mention of them in mine. It is true, I cited honest Mr. Sw——; but it is a hard Case, if the Quoting an Author, will be construed the condemning his Works: I have a great Respect and Kindness for Mr. Sw——, and I have for all who have any Excellence. And truly, I think, that for the management of Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man alive comes near him. Let me tell you, Sir, for all your new Emulation,

tion, he is a better Quibler than you. But it high time to give over Raillcry : For if you were my Father a thousand times, let me die if I would not rigorously examine that part of your Letter which pretends to defend Quibbling. You say that I am too nice, and that my Aversion has something in it that is very like Affectation. But here you must give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you: Can a Man be justly accus'd of Niceness or Affectation, because he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extreamly foolish, you know it is foolish enough, you reply; but it is a foolish thing that diverts. And do you think that Knowledge of it will excuse the Folly? Give me leave to resume the afore-mention'd Simile: Suppose a Fellow who breaks Wind should say to his Company, while they are cajoling their offend'd Noses with Snuff, Look you, Gentlemen, I know am a brutal Dog for this, this is very nasty, but Begad it is very diverting. Would the Excuse, thin you, be current? A Quibble diverts: Right, and does a Hobby-horse, which in my Mind, for tho' who can be diverted without Reason, is the better Bawle of the two. A Quibble diverts: Jesu! Then this should be spoken at Will's? Can there be more damnable Satyr upon Wit, than that so many Gentlemen who have so very much of it, should be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? but, for God's sake, what do you mean when you say a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh warrant: Why the greatest Coxcomb about the Town shall out-do you in Laughing at any time. Nature, who has dealt impartially with her Children, and who has given them but two Distinctions from Beasts, Reason and Laughter, has, where she has bestow'd the more of the one, conferr'd the less of the other: And therefore a Coxcomb will laus

ugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, say you, is a  
of a Fool. Well, my dear Friend, I have so  
h Kindness for thee, that out of thy own Mouth  
u shalt not be judged: For if a Quibble is not  
t, it is nothing. But it is at a great Distance  
m Wit, as an Idol is from the Diety; and I will  
more believe nauseous Equivocals to be Wit, be-  
some Sots have admir'd them, than I will be-  
ne Garlick to be God, because the *Egyptians* ad-  
d it: Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of Stupi-  
y in an *English* Man, to make Wit of a Quibble,  
it was in the *Egyptians* to make a God of their  
lick. But to return from whence I digressed; I  
e never appear'd so much a Stoick, but that I  
e been as much for Diversion as any of you:  
then am I for the Diversion of reasonable Men,  
of Gentlemen. If there be any Diversion in  
bbing, it is a Diversion of which a Fool and a  
ter is as capable as is the best of you. And  
before Ben. Johnson, who writ every thing with  
gment, and who knew the Scum of the People,  
ever he brings in a Porter or a Tankard-  
er, is sure to introduce him Quibbling. But if  
ing be a Diversion, it is a very strange one:  
re is as much Difference between the silly Satis-  
on which we have from a Quibble, and the ra-  
g Pleasure which we receive from a beautiful  
ight, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fru-  
. But what would you have us do? You cry.  
of the greatest Parts are no more to be found  
Wit always about them, than rich Rogues  
always the Ready. Why, look you, Sir, as  
t Step to Wisdom is to be freed from Folly,  
first Approach to Wit is a Contempt of Quib-  
. If it happens at any time that you have not  
Wit about you, we will either have Patience  
ch time as you have, or take good Sense in the  
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ieu of it. If you are not in a Condition to deli-  
us, we will be contented to be instructed; we  
make your Instruction nourish our Vanity, so  
even that to Delight. Nay, there is something  
ble in right Reason, and consequently someth-  
delightful. Truth is so divinely beautiful, that  
must please eternally; but Falshood is base,  
must shock all generous Minds, and every Equi-  
cal is but ambiguous Falshood, that is, the pitif-  
the basest of Falshood.



To WALTER MOYLE E

Dear SIR,

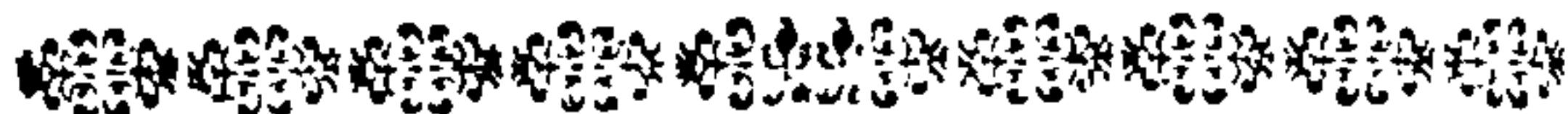


HO' you are already indebted a L  
to me, yet I think fit to give you  
dit for another; tho' perhaps you  
little desire to run into Debt this  
But it is for two Reasons that I  
you the Trouble of this: For, in the first pla  
am taking a turn for a little time into the Cou  
and I design that the Prevention of this sh  
make some Amends for the Delay of my next  
the second place, I have made some Provisio  
Scandal, which I am willing to make use of, b  
it grow stale upon my Hands. Just after I w  
last, I threw my self into a detach'd Party v  
march'd from Will's to Namur, with the sam  
sign that the Volunteers went to Brest, to kee  
of the Fray, and be Spectators of the A  
However, before they were come to blows, I  
amongst the Tents, and had soine Discourse  
Major-General R—, whom I found to be k

to Mr. Bays his Partner. For the Major-General is a very honest Fellow, who sells Ale by the Town-Wall: We had the Satisfaction to see that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carried on as Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noise than Mischief. On Alendar last, which was the second of September, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to see two very ridiculous Sights. The first was a Lady carted for an Action which had some Relation to that memorable Day: For she was convicted of being an Accomplice in setting Fire to an ancient and venerable Pile of the City; that is, she was found guilty of being instrumental in the Clapping an Alderman. I stood in a Bookseller's Shop to see her pass, which Bookseller was packing up some scoundrel Authors to send them away to the Plantations. These Authors are Criminals, which being sentenc'd to be burnt here, have at last found Grace, and got off with Transportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at P—, which, as it sprung from a ridiculous Occasion, that is, my Lady Mayoreff's Gossiping, has had a comical Consequence. For the Common-Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayoreff is dispens'd, during the Wars, from seeing those Children born in the City which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being present at one of their Wives Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Last Night I took a turn in the Cloisters, where I was entertain'd with a great many Dialogues between Vizour and Valancy Wig, upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two: For I heard a great deal of unintelligible Language address'd to a great many invisible Faces: As if, because the Women had resolv'd not to be seen, the Men had determin'd not

to be understood; and had in Revenge eclips'd the Light of their Understanding by Fustian, as the others had obscur'd the Lustre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made use of White and Red to attract; but within these thirty Years Black has succeeded, and the Devil is found more tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither Time nor Place for any more; you shall have the rest by the first Opportunity.

*Yours, &c.*



### *To Mr. CONGREVE.*

*Dear SIR,*



H A V E now read over the Fox in which, tho' I admire the Strength of Ben. Johnson's Judgment, yet I did not find it so accurate as I expected: For, first, the very Thing upon which the whole Plot turns, and that is, the Discovery which *Mosca* makes to *Bonario*, seems to be very unreasonable. For I can see no Reason why he should make that Discovery which introduces *Bonario* into his Master's House. For the Reason which the Poet makes *Mosca* give in the ninth Scene of the third A&T, appears to be a very absurd one. Secondly *Ciriacio*, the Father of *Bonario*, is expos'd for his Deafness, a Personal Defect, which is contrary to the End of Comedy-Instruction: For Personal Defects cannot be amended; and the exposing such can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the M-  
ser

sery of human Nature, and into what he may fall himself without any Fault of his own. Thirdly, The Play has two Characters which have nothing to do with the Design of it, which are to be look'd upon as Excrescencies. Lastly, The Character of *Vilpone* is inconsistent with itself: *Vilpone* is like *Catiline*, *Alieni appetens, sui prefusus*; but that is only a Double in his Nature, and not an inconsistence. The Inconsistence of the Character appears in this, that *Vilpone* in the fifth Act behaves himself like a giddy Coxcomb, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he manag'd so craftily in the first four. It which the Poet offends, first, against that fam'd Rule which *Hirace* gives for the Characters.

*Servetur ad imum,  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*

First, Secondly, against Nature, upon which all the Rules are grounded: For so strange an Alteration, in a little a time, is not in Nature, unless it happens by the Accident of some violent Passion; which is not the Case here. *Vilpone* on the sudden behaves like a without common Discretion, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he had manag'd with so much Dexterity for the Space of three Years together. For why does he disguise himself? Or, why does he repute the last Confidence in *Mesca*? Why does he cause it to be given out that he's dead? Only, only to plague his Bubbles. To plague them, what? Why only for having been his Bubbles. That here is the greatest Alteration in the World, the Space of twenty four Hours, without any apparent Cause. The Design of *Vilpone* is to cheat; he carried on a Cheat for three Years together with Energy and with Success; and yet he, on a sudden,

in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot but know must endanger the ruining all, I am,

Dear SIR,

Your most humble Servt.



## To Mr. CONGREVE.

Dear SIR,



Will not augment the Trouble which give you, by making an Apology so not giving it you sooner. Tho' I am heartily sorry that I kept such a Trifle as the Inclos'd, and a Trifle writ E temper, long enough to make you expect a labour Letter. But because in the Inclos'd I have spoke particularly of Ben. J. Johnson's Fox, I desire to say three or four Words of some of his Plays more generally: The Plots of the Fox, the Silent Woman the Alchymist, are all of them very artful. But the Intrigues of the Fox and the Alchymist seem to be more dexterously perplex'd, than to be happily disentangled. But the Gordian Knot in the Silent Woman is united with so much Felicity, that it alone may suffice to shew Ben. Johnson no ordinary Heroe. But then, perhaps, the Silent Woman want the very Foundation of a good Comedy, which the other two cannot be said to want; for it seems to me to be without a Moral. Upon which Ability, Ben. Johnson was driven by the Singularity Moxse's Character, which is too extravagant for construction, and fit, in my Opinion, only for Farce. For this seems to me to constitute the most essential Difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, that the

which are expos'd in Farce are singular, and  
are particular which are expos'd in Comedy,  
the last are those, with which some part of an  
Aidance may be suppos'd infected, and to which  
may be suppos'd obnoxious. But the first are so  
odd, that, by reason of their monstrous Extra-  
gance, they cannot be thought to concern an Au-  
dience; and cannot be suppos'd to instruct them.  
the rest of the Characters in these Plays, they  
for the most part true, and most of the hu-  
man Characters Master pieces. For Ben. Johnson's  
seem to shew his Wit a great deal more than  
Men of Sense: I admire his Fops, and but bare-  
esteem his Gentlemen. Ben. seems to draw De-  
cency more to the Life than Beauty: He is often  
eager to pursue Folly, that he forgets to take Wit  
with him. For the Dialogue, it seems to  
very often that Spirit, that Grace, and that no-  
Railery, which are to be found in more modern  
Playes, and which are Virtues that ought to be inse-  
parable from a finish'd Comedy. But there seems  
one thing more wanting than all the rest, and  
is Passion, I mean, that fine and that delicate  
Soul, by which the Soul shews its Politeness, ev'n  
the midst of its Trouble. Now, to touch a Pas-  
sion is the surest way to Delight; for nothing agi-  
tates like it: Agitation is the Health and joy of the  
Human Soul, of which it is so entirely fond, that even then,  
as we imagine we seek Repose, we only seek  
Agitation. You know what a famous modern Cri-  
tique has said of Comedy.

*sont que ses Acteurs badinent n'blement,  
que son Nœud bien fermé se denoue aisement:  
que l'Action Marchant ou la Raison la Guide,  
ne se perde jamma dans une Scens vaine,*

*Que son Stile humble & doux se releue a propos,  
Que ses discours partout fertiles en bons mots,  
S'cient pleins de Passions finement manies,  
Et les Scènes toujours l'une a l'autre liee.*

I leave you to make the Application to *J. S.*—whatever I have said my self of his Comedies, I submit to your better Judgment. For ye who after Mr. Wycherley, are incomparably the best Writer of it living, cught to be allowed to be best Judge too.

*I am Yours, &c.*



## Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. DENNI on HUMOUR in COMEDY.

*Dear SIR,*



YOU write to me, that you have entained your self two or three Days w reading several Comedies of sever Authors; and your Observation That there is more of Humour in *English* Writers, than in any of the other Com Poets, ancient or modern. You desire to know Opinion, and at the same time my Thought of which is generally call'd Homeur in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference our *English* Writers in that Particular. But if I you my Thoughts of Humour, I must at the same confess, that what I take for true Humour, not been so often written even by them, as is generally believed: And some who have valued th sel

elves, and have been esteem'd by others for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a Dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoin'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were as difficult as to define Wit; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several Humours of Men, were a Work as endless as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my Mind the *Quintessence tot  
extantiae* might have been more properly interpreted of Humour; since there are many Men of the same Opinion in many Things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit is, or what Humour is, yet we may go far to shew something which is not Wit, or not Humour, and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned Wit and Humour together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit is often mistaken for Humour.*

I have observed, that when a few Things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, say, *Such a Thing is very humorously spoken; There is great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be, surprisingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of humour; which indeed is a Character of Wit: there is a great difference between a Comedy,

wherein there are many Things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several Characters of Humour, distinguish'd by the particular and different Humours, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of humorous Things does not distinguish Characters for every Person in a Comedy may be allowed to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected and even a Fool may be permitted to stumble over them by chance. Tho' I make a difference betwix Wit and Humour, yet I do not think that humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit should be adapted to the Humour. As for Instance, a Character of a splenetick and peevish Humour, should have a satyrical Wit; a jolly and sanguine Humour, should have a facetious Wit. The former should speak positively; the latter carelessly: For the former observes and shews Things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and speaks Things as he would have them; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a less Allay of Judgment than the others.

As Wit, so, its Opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for Humour.

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no Occasion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy stuff'd with such Grotesque Figures and Farce. Fools? Things that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be rifled, and huddled out of the way, like Sooterkin,

that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like Species. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as any Body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: But at the same time, I can never care for seeing Things that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others; but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey without very mortifying Reflections; tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary why that Creature is not originally of a distinct species. As I don't think Humour exclusive of Wit, neither do I think it inconsistent with Folly; but I think the Follies shuold be only such as Mens Humours may incline them to, and not Follies entirely abstracted from both Humour and Nature.

*Sometimes personal Defects are misrepresented for Humours.*

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Irfirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes, by shewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. Johnson's Fox, have justly excepted against this immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery in true Humour in Comedy.

*External Habit of Body is often mistaken for Humour.*

By external Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good

good way in some received Characters; (but undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dress differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession or Education. I cannot think that a Humour, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom; for by a Disuse or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off, or diversified.

*Affectation is generally mistaken for Humour.*

These are indeed so much alike, that, at a distance, they may be mistaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation in another; and nothing is more common than for some to affect particular Ways of saying and doing Things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a Character of Affectation, shews Humour at the second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from nature, Habit from Custom, and Affectation from Industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impression.

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

The

Tho' here I would observe by the way, that a continued Affectation may in Time become a Habit.

The Character of Microe in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your self hinted some Dislike of it, for the same Reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of Johnson's Plays.

Let us suppose Morse to be a Man naturally Spleenick and Melancholy: is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a Cork, or scratching a Plate with a Knife: it is a Proportion of the same Humour, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturb'd at all by it. Well; but Morse, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humour that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author for exposing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represent'd to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the

Ori-

Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it in Humour, what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length from the extempore Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the Purpose:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play is a Character of Affectation: He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraso* in the Eunuch of Terence, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now, such a boasting of Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under Characters in *Bartholemew-Fair*, discover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such like, who make use of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation with Characters of different Na-

tures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very successful; but in my Mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true Humour cannot be shown without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers: But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject; and I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly nor personal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either: I take it to be, *a singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.*

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance: It is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused thro' all; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it are never so various, and the Diversions never

never so many. Dissimulation may, by degrees, become more easy to our Practice; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: It will always be in some Proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful?* Then, instead of answering, could I ask such one, *Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forc'd.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera* have their different Sects at this Day; some weep, and others laugh at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: Yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of Anger which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the Humour of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different: But here the Ladies, who a-

bound

bound in Servants, are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the Humour of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess, I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex to let Humour have its Course, or may be, by reason of their natural Coldness, Humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male Sex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex; but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diversity of Humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of Humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar Humour, yet every Man has it not in Quantity to become remarkable by it; or, if many do become remarkable by their Humours, yet all those Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what Humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what Part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by opposing other Humours to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, sometimes, Mens Humours may be opposed when there is really no specific Difference between them, only a greater Proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasion'd by having more Phlegm or Choler, or what-ever

ever the Constitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject, tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is entirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private Essay, it should be some one who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the Difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't say, but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and those other Qualities which I have endeavour'd to distinguish from Humour: But I would not have such imposed on the World for Humour, nor esteem'd of equal Value with it. It were perhaps the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humour. Therefore every Poet must be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters; who does not shew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, viz. That there is more of Hu-

Humour in our *English* Comick Writers, than in any others. I do not atall wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almost of *English* Growth; at least it does not seem to have found such Increase on any other Soil: And what appears to me to be the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty, which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Restraint, or Fear of giving it Vent: They have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will shew the Spirit and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall have May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Justice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree to it. Thus you have my Thoughts of Humour, to the Power of expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you; being, without Reserve,

*Your real Friend,*

*and bumble Servant.*

W. CONGREVE.



To



## To Mr. CONGREVE at Tunbridge

Dear SIR,

**M**R. Myle and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of had sprung up from Lethe, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the Tunbridge-Water is good for the Spleen, it may be said in some manner to cause Oblivion. But will yet a while hope that Mr. Myle and I are not of the Number of Things that plague you: However, I am so sensible of your being mindfull of me in Town, that I should be ungrateful, if I should complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. Myle tells me that you have made a favourable mention of me to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls —— But then to mortify the Old Man in me, or indeed rather the Young he assur'd me that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my self obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindness as so much the greater, because I am sensible that I do not deserve it. And I could almost wish that your good Qualities were not quite so numerous, that I might be able to make you some Return in Specie: For commanding you now, I do you but Justice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy; whereas you, by partial Praise, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the Justice to believe that I am perfectly yours; and that

**Mr. CONGREVE to, &c.** 165

your Merit has engaged me, and your Favours  
elig'd me, to be all my Life-time.

*Dear SIR,*

*Your Humble Servant,*

**J. DENNIS.**



**Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. DENNIS.**

*Dear SIR,*



T is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promise. Indeed I waited in Expectation of something that might enable me to relate the Entertainment I received from your Letters; you represent the Town so agreeable to me, that it quite put me out of Conceit with the Country, and my Designs of making Observations upon it.

Before I came to Tunbridge, I proposed to my self Satisfaction of communicating the Pleasures of the Place to you: But if I keep my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters; I must own I have met with nothing else so delightful. When you suppose the Country pleasurable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it will be so, that while I read your Letter, I am off Mind; but when I look off, I find I am only am'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. That if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town:

As if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in Covent Garden. After all this, I must tell you there is great deal of Company at Tunbridge, and some very agreeable; but the greater Part is of that Sort who at home converse only with their own Relations; and consequently, when they come abroad have few Acquaintance but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, would have you expect no Characters from me; I profess my self an Enemy to Detraction: And who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the Pretext of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only to do Service to you. I wish for you very often, that might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; everybody has the Appetite of an Ostrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, so I believe at Night they could digest Iron. But sure you will laugh me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, which to your Knowledge, the greatest part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of Change; I am idle now without taking Pains to be so, or to make other People so; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with Lethe, but sure I am, they have none with Streams of Helicon. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of Lampoons could crowe together such Quantities of execrable Verses, and with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly seen sent from this Place. But I am half of Opinion now,

this Well is an *Anti-Hippocrate*. What if we should get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Cistern at Will's Coffee-house for an Experiment? But I am extravagant —— Tho' I remember Ben. Johnson, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of Opinion, that something very Comical and New might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new should appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are now and then some Wind-falls at this time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the Time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears of Summer-Flies, small Poets. Cuckows have this Time allow'd them to sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of St. Bartholomew both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births: Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different Time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of Jubilee, with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-Letter, and run in Length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he

for-

forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally go) should add to the Fault. Besides, I would have no Appearance of formality, when I am to tell you, that I am,

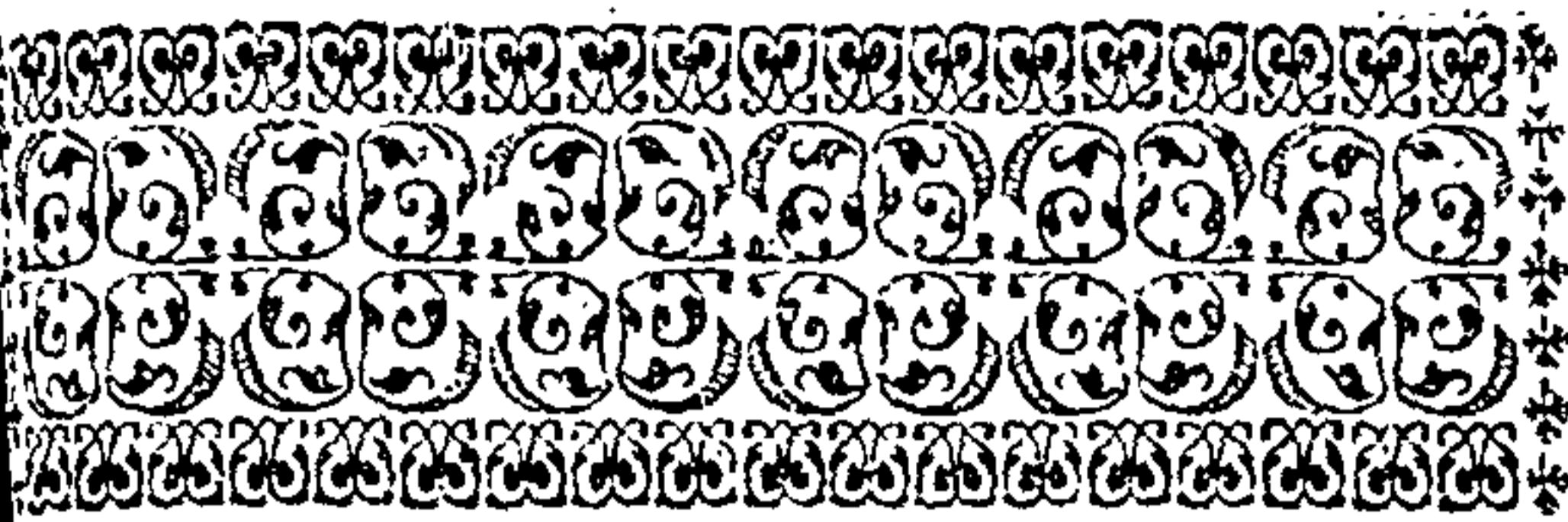
*Your real Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.



LOVE



## LOVE-LETTERS.

*Written by—*

Dear M A D A M,



O T believe that I love you! You cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, consult my Eyes, consult your own. You will find by yours, that they have charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recal to mind what happen'd, last Night: that at least was a Lover's Kiss. Its Eagerness, its Fierceness, its Warmth, express'd the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetness, and its melting Softness, express'd him more. With trembling in my Jaws, and Fevers in my Soul, I ravish'd it: Confusions, Pantings, Murmuring, shew'd the mighty Disorder within me: The mighty Disorder increas'd it. For those dear Lips shot through my Heart, thro' my bleeding Vitals, delicious Poison, and unavoidable, but yet a charming Ruin. What can a Day produce? The Night before I thought myself a happy Man, in want of nothing, and in [Vol. I.] I fairest

fairest Expectation of Fortune; approv'd of by Men of Wit, and applauded by others; pleased nay charmed with my Friends, my then dearest Friends; sensible of every delicate Pleasure, and in their turns possessing all. But Love, almighty Love seems in a moment to have remov'd me to a prodigious Distance from every Object but you alone: In the midst of Crowds I remain in Solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear transported to some foreign Desart with you, (Oh that I were really thus transported!) where, abundantly supplied with every thing in thee, I might live out an Age of uninterrupted Extasy. The Scene of the World's great Stage seems suddenly and sadly chang'd. Unlovely Objects are all around me, excepting thee. The Charms of all the World appear to be translated to thee. Thus in this sad, but oh, too pleasing State! my Soul can fix upon nothing but thee. Thee it contemplates, admires, adores, nay depends on; trusts in you alone. If you and Hope forsake Despair and endless Misery attend it.

Dear MADAM,

 HIS, I send by the Permission of a very Father, I will not say a cruel one since he is yours. What is it that has taken so mortally ill of me? That I die for his Daughter is my only fence. And yet he has refus'd to let me take my Farewell of you. Thrice happy be the One May I never take my Farewel of thee, till my takes leave of my Body: At least he cannot

ain me from loving: No, I will love thee in  
ight of all Opposition. Tho' your Friends and  
mine prove equally averse, yet I will love thee with  
Constancy that shall appear to all the World, to  
have something so noble in it, that all the World  
will confess that it deserv'd not to be unfortunate.  
I will forsake even my Friends for thee: My honest,  
my witty, my brave Friends, who had always been,  
till I had seen thee, the dearest part of Mankind to  
me. Thou shalt supply the Place of them all with  
thee: Thou shalt be my Bosom, my best-lov'd  
Friend; and at the same time my only Mistress,  
and my dearest Wife. Have the Goodness to par-  
take this Familiarity: 'Tis the tenderest Leave of the  
faithful Lover; and here to shew an Over-respect-  
fulness, would be to wrong my Passion. That I love  
thee more than Life, nay, even than Glory, which  
I courted once with a burning Desire, bear Witness  
to my unquiet Days, and ever restless Nights, and  
that terrible Agitation of Mind and Body, which  
proceed from my Fear of losing thee. To lose thee  
is to lose all Happiness; tormenting Reflection to a  
miserable Soul! How often has my Reason been go-  
ing upon it? But the Sons of Reason would be but  
so happy upon the Loss of thee; since all the Ad-  
vantage, that I could draw from its Presence, would  
be to know my self miserable. But the Time calls  
upon me; I am oblig'd to take an odious Journey,  
and leave thee behind with my Enemies. But  
thine shall never do thee Harm with me. Adieu,  
dearest, thou loveliest of Creatures! No Change  
of Time or Place, or the Remonstrances of the  
rest of Friends, shall ever be able to alter my Pa-  
ssion for thee. Be but one quarter so kind, so just  
to me, and the Sun will not shine on a happier  
Man than my self.



Dear MADAM,



A Y I presume to beg Pardon for the Fault I committed? So foolish a Fault that is was below not only a Man of Sense, but a Man; and of which nothing could ever have made me guilty—but the Fury of a Passion with which none but your lovely self cou'd inspire me. May I presume to beg Pardon for a Fault which I can never forgive myself? To purchase that Pardon, what would I not endure? You shall see me prostrate before you, and else me like a Slave, while I kiss the dear Feet that trample upon me. But if my Crime be too great for Forgiveness, as indeed it is very great, deny me not one dear parting Look; let me see you once before I must never see you more. Christ! I want Patience to support that accursed Thought; I have nothing in the World that is dear to me but you. You have made every thing else indifferent: And can I resolve never to see you more? In spight of my self I must always see you. Your Form is fix'd by Fate in my Mind, and is never to be remov'd. See those lovely piercing Eyes continually, I see each Moment those ravishing Lips, which I have gaz'd on still with Desire, and still have touch'd with Transport; and at which I have so often flown with all the Fury of the most violent Lover. Jesus! From whence and whither am I fallen? From the Hopes of blissful Extasies to black Despair. From the Expectation of immortal Transports, which none but your dear self can give me, and which none but he who loves like me could ever so much as think of, to a Complication of cruel Passions—  
and

the most dreadful Condition of human Life. My Fault indeed has been very great, and cries aloud for the severest Vengeance. See it inflicted on me : See me despair and die for that Fault. But let me not die unpardon'd, Madam ; I die for you, and die in the most cruel and dreadful manner. The Hatchet that lies broken on the Wheel alive feels but a quarter of what I endure. Yet boundless as has been all my Crime ; unjust, ungrateful, dolorous Return of it ! Suffer me to take my eternal Leave of you ; when I have done that, how will it be to bid all the rest of the World adieu.



Dear MADAM,

 HIS is the third Letter that I have sent you since I came hither : Those which went before it were all the Overflowings of a Heart more full of Passion than ever was a Man's before. It is impossible for me to be distant from you, but I send to you by every Occasion. And yet you resolve to take no Notice of all my Tenderness : my dearest, inhuman Creature, you can. You have been sick, nay dangerously sick, and have neglected to me. Have I left all the World for you, could you resolve to leave the World without me, without so much as giving me the least care of it ? Christ ! Could you resolve to leave me to Despair and to endless Misery, without expressing the least Concern for me ! And can I persist in regarding one so ungrateful ? Is there such another wretched Creature alive ! No, there lives not so

ungrateful a Creature, but there lives not one charming.



*Dear MADAM.*



AN you be angry still with your Penitent? You cannot have the ill Nature, sure? Yes, but you can, you since he could have the Presumption to be angry with you. But, my dear there is this Difference betwixt your Anger mine; mine was caus'd by the Cruelty of your pos'd Infidelity; and yours by the Kindness of your Lover's Resentment; for if I had not been fond thee to the last Degree, I had not been so incensed against you. Yet even when I was most so, I could sooner have pluck'd out an Eye, than have resolved to have parted with thee: Nay, I could sooner have torn cut both Eyes, if the Loss of both would have for ever depriv'd me of the dear, the ravishing Sight of thee. But if you still think that Anger had Guilt in it, and that I ought to suffer it, the Means to punish me with utmost Severity, and to make me my own Tormentor, is to tell me you love me: Then I shall curse my self, my Rage, and feel all the Plague of Remorse for having offended thee: I shall look upon myself the basest, the most ungrateful of Men, for abdicating thy Goodness and thy charming Tenderness. I believe that I can never humble my self enough, never suffer enough to deserve Forgiveness. Madam, you have your Revenge in your Power, it is a false Modesty which restrains you from doing it: In order to it, you have nothing to do but to prove your self tender, and to shew your self generous.

If you must be ashame'd, blush at your Cruelty, blush at your Inhumanity: But Gratitude is Reason, and Love is Nature; never be ashame'd of those. Do but consider, there was a Time when I was happy in your Esteem; yes, there has been a Time in which I was thought not altogether void of Reason by you: How then can you blush at the owning a Passion, which you command with an absolute Sway, at the very time that it tyrannizes over me?

Dear MADAM,

Y Friend's Stratagem gave me an Opportunity of seeing you, by finding Fault with you. It must proceed from Design or Madness if I find Fault with thee. Thy lovely Face is the very same that set all my Blood in a Flame; and I am sure my Heart can never be alter'd. How it trembled in my Breast when I saw you last, and by its Trouble confess'd its Conqueror! How it has burnt ever since with redoubled Fury! When shall be free from this Flame, Heav'n only knows; or the Hour of my Death Heaven only knows. Tis a Flame that has incorporated with that of my life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my Reason to resist my Senses: My Reason finds you more lovely than my Eyes did before; shows me all the Graces of thy beauteous Mind, and grows pleas'd and prides it self in its own Captivity. You accuse me, they say, of some extraordinary Crime: A Crime against whom? Against you whom I love? Against you for whom I could die? Strange Accusation! Yet at the same time you refuse

to see me, you refuse to receive my Letters: A must I be condemn'd unheard? Robbers are allow to speak before they are sentenc'd; Murderers ha the Privilege to plead for their Lives; and sh the tenderest Love be denied the Privilege whi is granted to the blackest Malice? I have been guilty of nothing but too much Love, if too mu Love be a Fault. Why have you given Credit my Enemies, before you have heard me? I may indeed be convinc'd of an Error, but I can never convicted of a Crime against you. The Man mi be mad, nay, desperately mad, who can design injure himself; and thou art by much the bett the dearer Part of me. Give me leave to see yo one more before I depart: Let me see once mo that Face which has undone me, yet charms me ev in Ruin:

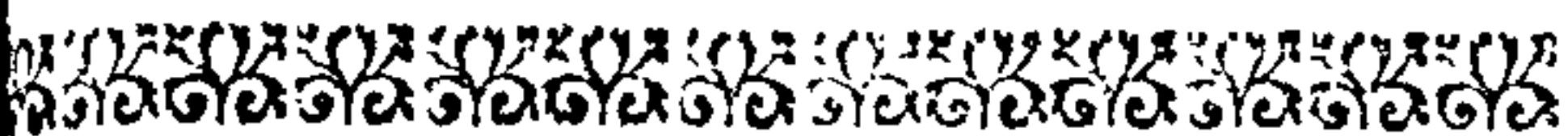
*O Face industriously contriv'd by Heaven,  
To fix my Eyes and captivate my Soul!*

Nay, I will see you, if it be but to upbraid y with your barbarous Wish: If at the Time that y made it, you had struck a Dagger in my Heart, y had given it a gentler Wound.

The only Wish that I have to make, is to be happy in thee; if that succeeds not, I have another, a that is, to lie at rest in my Grave.

*The End of the LOVE-LETTERS.*





## WALTER MOYLE Esq;

Dear SIR,

**Y**OUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are so intent upon being Burghs of *Bedynn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-Garden*: At last I received an agreeable Letter from You had best have a care of talking in *Cornwall* at the rate that you write to your Friends. If do, the *Cornish Men* may not think you right-qualified to represent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a critical Correspondence between us: But Idleness on your Side, and ill Humour on mine, haye baulked a very hopeful Design. An Accident has lately happen'd, which obliges me to provoke you; for there has just been a Play published, called *The Mock-Marriage*; the Author of which, whose Name I have forgot, asserts dogmatically in his Preface, That he who writes by Rule, will only have his Labour for his Pains. I know not what this Author can mean by this: For, whom does he pretend to persuade by this fine Assertion? Mr. *Moyle*, and me at least. We know indeed very well, that a Man may write regularly, and yet not please; and that a Poet may please in a Play that is not regular. But this is eternally true, that he who writes regularly, *ceteris Paribus*, must needs please more, than he who transgresses the Rules. Nothing can please in a Play but Nature; not in a Play which is written against the Rules; the more there is of Nature in any Play, the more

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more that Play must delight. Now the Rules  
nothing but an Oblervation of Nature: For Nature  
is Rule and Order it self. There is not one of  
Rules but what might be us'd to evince this. I  
I shall be contented with shewing some Instances  
it, even in the mechanical Rules of the Unities.  
And first for that of Place: it is certain that it is  
Nature impossible for a Man who is in the Square  
of Covent-Garden, to see the Things that at the same  
time are transacted at Westminster. And then  
that of Time; a reasonable Man may delude himself  
so far, as to fancy that he fits for the Space  
twelve Hours without remoying, eating or sleeping;  
but he must be a Devil that can fancy he does it  
a Week. What I have said may evince a Necessity  
of observing the Unities of Time and of Place,  
a Poet would throughly write up to Nature. And  
then the Unity of the Action follows on Course  
For, that two Actions that are entire, and indepen-  
dent, should happen in the same short Space  
Time, in the same little Compas of Place, be-  
together, go on together, and end together, wi-  
out obstructing or confounding one another; this  
deed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature  
is highly improbable. Well then, since the Rules  
are nothing but Nature it self, and nothing but Na-  
ture can please, and since the more that any Play  
has of Nature, the more that Play must delight;  
it follows that a Play which is regularly written  
*ceteris paribus*, must please more than a Play  
which is written against the Rules, which is a  
Demonstration. Rule may be said to be a Play  
What Symmetry of Parts is known to be to a Fair  
The Features may be regular, and yet a great or  
delicate Air may be wanting: And there may be  
commanding or engaging Air in a Face whose Fe-  
tures are not regular. But this all the World over  
allo

allow of, that there can never be seen any Sovereign Beauty, where Air and Regularity of Features are not united. Thus is Reason against this Author; but the Mischief is, that Experience is against him too: For all your Dramatick Poets must confess, that the Plays, which they have writ with most Regularity, have been they which have pleased most. I will trouble you with another Dramatical Criticism, but not till the next Opportunity,

I am Yours, &c.

Mr. —— to Mr. CONGREVE.

Dear SIR,



Came home from the Land's End Yesterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. Dennis, and one from you, with a humorous Description of \*John Abassus. Since the Dubbing of *Dante*, and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capitol, there has not been so great a Solemnity as the Consecration of *John Abassus*. In all the Pagan Rituall, I never met with the Form of poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of consecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the same with devoting a Man to the *Muses*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durst assist at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing out-right. I was in his Kingdom, and for my part, I would have

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\* A Crafty Poet.

have rather sat there than in the House of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one Hour or two at all the ridiculous Things that have happen'd at *Will's* Coffee-house since I left it. 'tis the merriest Place in the World: Like *Africa* every Day produces a Monster; and they are go there just as *Pliny* says they are in *Africa*, Beasts of different Kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget Monsters. Present my humble Duty to my new Lord, and tell him, that I am preparing an Address to congratulate his Accession to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, she might have sent out a hundred *Hues and Cries* before she would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Course not to be apprehended for a Poet; for I went down clad like a Soldier, with a new Suit of Cloath on, and, I think, there could not have been a better Disguise for a Poet, unless I had stol'n Dr. *B----'* Coat; Mr. *Dennis* sent me down *P----'* *V----'* *Parodie*. I can say very little of the Poem; but as for the Dialogue, I think 'twas the first time that *M----'* suffer'd any Body to talk with him; though indeed here he interrupts Mr. *B----'* in the mid of the first Word. My humble Service to Mr. *W----'* *sberly*. I desire you would write me some News of the Stage, and what Progress you have made in your Tragedy. I am,

*Your most affectionate  
Friend and Servan*



*M*



## Mr. CONGREVE's Answer.

Dear Sir,

 Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London* to you in *C—*, is like some ancient Correspondence between an Inhabitant of *Rome* and a *Cimmerian*. May be my Way of Writing may not be so modestly compared with *Roman* Epistles; but the Resemblance of the Place will justify the other Part of the Parallel: The subterraneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ*, help a little; and while you are at *B—*, let *B—* be *Cura*, and do you supply the Place of *Sibyllæ*. You may look on this as Rallery; but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will. You wish your self with us at *Will's* Coffee-house; all here wish for you, from the President of the Grave Club, to the most puny Member of the Rabble: They, who can think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa* that is not sensible of your Absence; even the worst natur'd People, and those of least Wit, lament it; I mean half Criticks and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I should name all the Creatures of *Court-Garden*, which, like those of *Eden-Garden*, would want some *Adam* to be a Godfather, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may justly compare our *Court-Garden* to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho' I believe we may have Variety of strange Animals.

imals equal to Paradise, yet I fear we have not amongst us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the Disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffe-houſe been in his Days; for ſure he would have described ſome who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service; for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monsters. You who took Care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take Care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monster to the Coffee-houſe, that was never ſeen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be ſuspected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wished for by every Body; but moſt wanted by your

*Affectionate Friend and Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.



## To Mr. CONGREVE at Tunbridge.

*Dear SIR,*



Y Business and my Thanks for your Kindness, you will find in the inclos'd, which I had ſent by the last Post, had not an Accident hinder'd it. All the Return that I can make you at preſent is, to acquaint you with ſuch News as we have. Our Friend Mr. —— went laſt Friday to the Bath: He promis'd

promis'd to write to me from that Place: but it would be unreasonable indeed to expect it. For W.— takes up his Afternoons; and his Mornings, I suppose, are spent in Contemplation at the *Cres-Bath*. Most of your Friends of the Coffee-house are dispers'd; some are retreated into the Country, in hopes of some Favours which they expect from the Muses; two or three of them are retir'd in Town, to ruminate on some Favours which they have receiv'd from their Mistresses.

So that the Coffee-house is like to grow into Reputation again. For if any one gives it the scandalous Denomination of the Wits Coffee-house, he must call it so by Antiphasis, because there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who sit up for Wits at home, and endeavour to pass for Wits at the Coffee-house; for they hold their Tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-house is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Warehouses, *alias* their Closets, while they go abroad to take a prudent Care for the vending it. But you are of the Number of those happy few, who so abound in hereditary Possessions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry some of it about you, to be liberal to your Friends of that which you sell to Strangers. Mr.— babbles eternally according to his old Rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himself; which he certainly does, if no Body minds him any more than I do. He has been just now enquiring what sort of Distemper the Spleen is; an infallible Sign that he is the only Man in *Covent-Garden* who does not know he is an Ass. To make him sensible what the Spleen is, I could find in my Heart to shew him himself, and give it him. If any Thing restrains me from being reveng'd of his

his Impertinence this Way, 'tis the Consideration that it will make him wiser. This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted some new Plays ; but had there been more of them, I would not scruple to affirm, that the Stage is at present a Desart and a barren Place, as some Part of *Africa* is said to be, tho' it abounds in Monsters. And yet those prodigious Things have met with Success ; for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monster, because he is incapable of knowing a Man. While you drink Steel for your Spleen at Tunbridge, I partake of the Benefit of the Course ; for the Gaiety of your Letters relieves me considerably : Then what must your Conversation do ? Come up and make the Experiment, and impart that Vigour to me, which Tunbridge has restor'd to you. I am

*Yur most humble Servant,*

JOHN DENNIS.



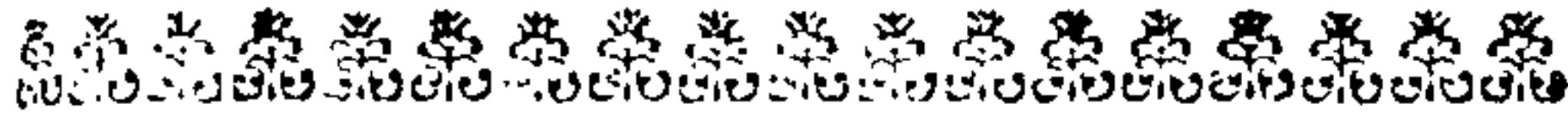
### Mr. MOYLE to Mr. DENNIS.



*Amur* taken, and a Letter from Mr. Dennis, were two of the most agreeable Surprises I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conquest will cost us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleasure. A —— has watch'd for a Victory a long Time, and will not miss this Opportunity to mortify the Day of Thanksgiving, and scribble away the publick Joy. The Devil take *Will's*

Ps Coffee-house; I could be the easiest Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for me of the Company there, who are now the greatest Enemies I have in the World, worse than the Company from which I am just now stol'n to write this Letter. Among the rest is a Country Gentleman who dictates Politicks abundantly; for with us, as well as at old Rome, we take Dictators from the Plow; but ours are such as ought never to remove their Hands from it.

*I am yours, &c.*



### Mr. MOYLE to Mr. DENNIS.

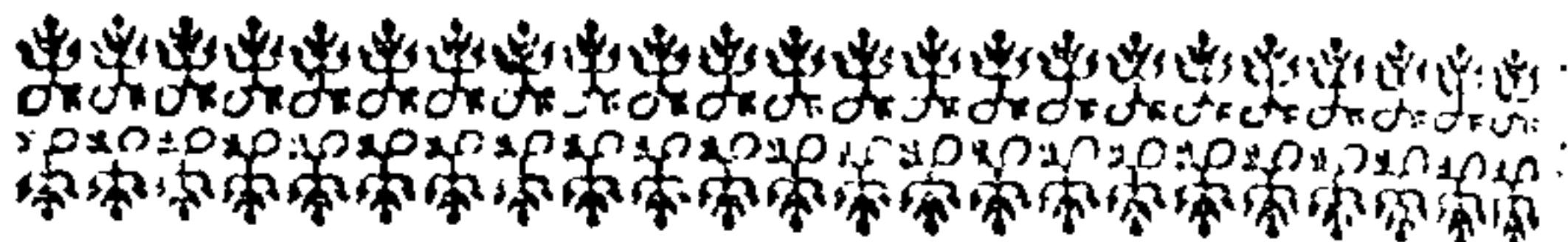
 While you are happy in the Politicks of the \* Grave Club, and the Puns of the Rabble, you have no Regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left London, I feigned an hundred agreeable melancholy Pleasures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I detest being alone, and question whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satyr. Of this I am sure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the—; and Man rather than be alone, chose a Wife. Whatever Advantage I have lost by my Country Life, I believe I have gain'd the Gift of Prophecy in the Wilderness, for I foretold the Poem with which A— has visited us.

*I am yours, &c.*

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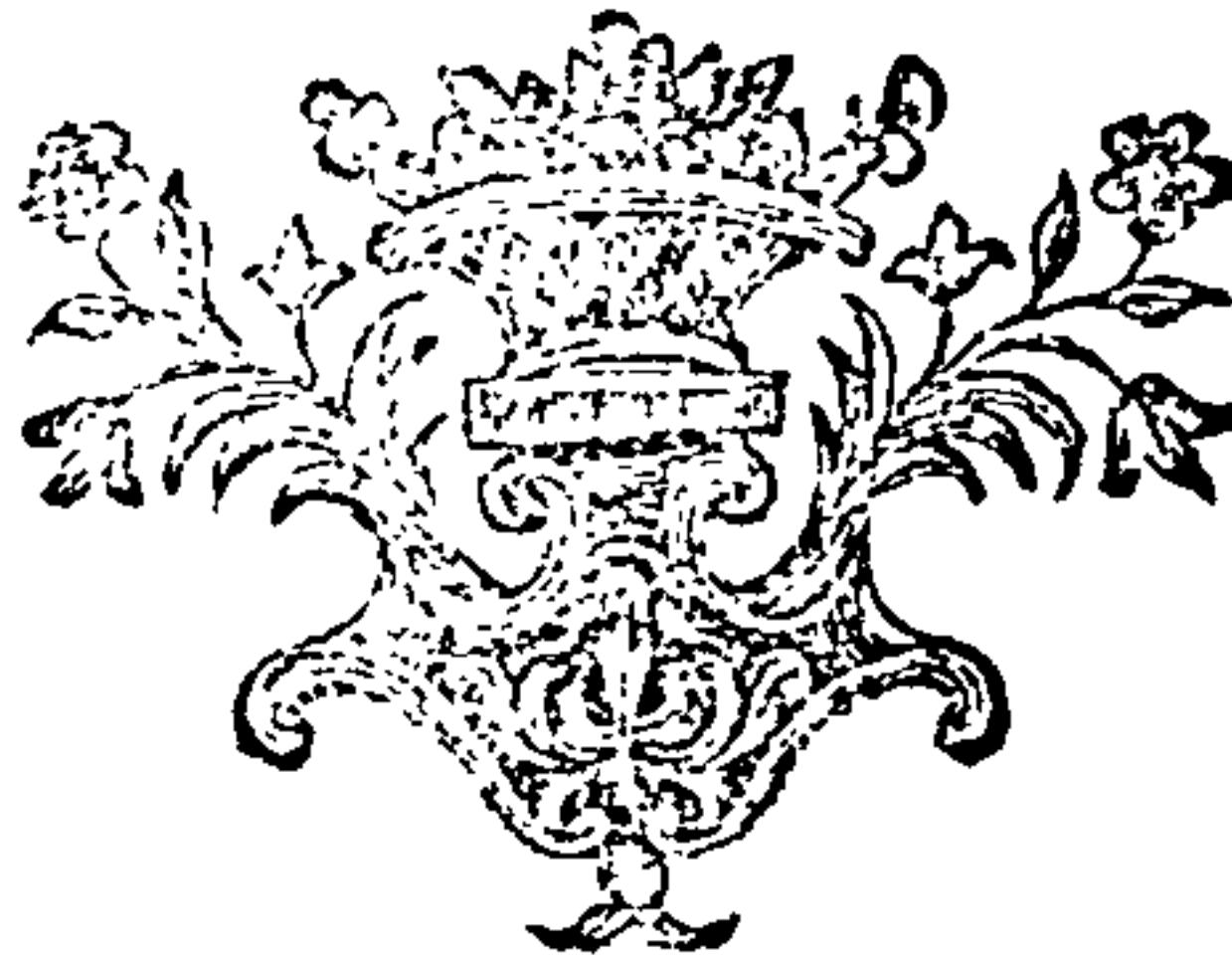
\* Two Covent-Garden Clubs.

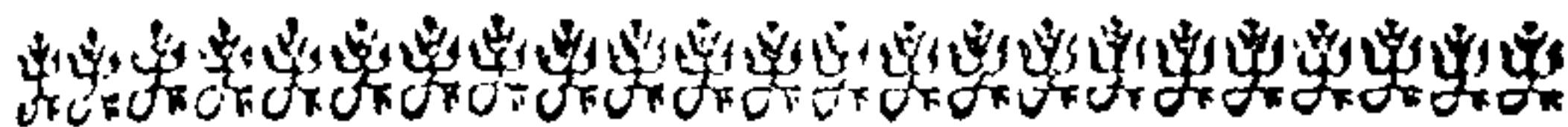
*Mrs.*



## Mr. MOYLE to Mr. DENNIS.

O your Busines hereafter ; but first let's have a Dance, as Mr. Bays says. When I came home from the Well, where I had pass'd a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humour. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the first, and inclos'd in the last, viz. A.'s Poem. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a Dutch Child. I read it over in great Haste, in hopes to be pleased at last with the End of it ; but this is the first Time I ever dislik'd his Conclusion : For he threatens strange Things. I hope 'tis only *in terrorem* ; if not, I hope God in his Goodness will send us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, since the Devil was dumb, there never was such a Post.





To the Duke of YORK ; occasion'd by  
the Dutchess's embracing the Roman  
Catholick Religion.

*By the Earl of CLARENDON.*

SIR,



Have not presumed in any manner to approach your Royal Presence, since I have been mark'd with the Brand of Banishment ; and I would still with the same Awe forbear this Presumption, if I did not believe my self bound by all the Obligations of Duty to make this Address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the Presumption and Impudence of the Times, in raising false and scandalous Reproaches upon innocent and worthy Persons of all Qualities and Degrees; to give Credit to those bold Whispers which have been too long scatter'd abroad concerning your Wife's being shaken in her Religion. But when those Whispers break out into Noise, and publick Persons begin to report that the Dutchess is become a *Roman Catholick* : When I heard that many worthy Persons of unquestionable Devotion to your R. H. are not without some Fear and Apprehension of it ; and many Reflections are made from thence to the Prejudice of your Royal Person, and even of the King's Majesty's ; I hope it may not misbecome me, at what Distance soever, to cast my self at your Feet,

Feet, and beseech you to look to this Matter in Time, and to apply some Antidote to expel the Poison of it. It is not possible your R. H. can be without Zeal and entire Devotion for that Church, for the Purity and Preservation whereof your blessed Father made himself a Sacrifice ; and to the Restoration whereof you have contributed so much your self, and which highly deserves the King's Protection and yours ; since there can be no possible Defection in the Hearts of the People, while due Reverence is made to the Church. Your Wife is so generally believ'd to have so perfect Duty and entire Resignation to the Will of your H. that any Defection in Her from her Religion, will be imputed to want of Circumspection in you, and not using your Authority, or to your Connivance. I need not tell the ill Consequence that such a Mutation would be attended with in Reference to your R. H. and even to the King himself, whose greatest Security (under God) is in the Affection and Duty of his Protestant Subjects. Your R. H. well knows how far I have always been from wishing that the *Roman Catholicks* should be prosecuted with Severity, but I less wish it should ever be in their Power to be able to prosecute those who differ from them, since we well know how little Moderation they would, or could use.

And if this, which People so much talk of, (I hope without Ground) should fall out, it might very probably raise a greater Storm against the *Roman Catholicks* in general, than modest Men can wish ; since after such a Breach, any Jealousy of their Presumption would seem reasonable. I have written to the Dutchess with the Freedom and Affection of a troubled and perplex'd Father. I do most humbly beseech your R. H. by your Authority, to rescue her from bringing a Mischief upon you and her self,

that

that never can be repair'd, and to think it worthy your Wisdom to remove and dispel those Reproaches (how false soever) by better Evidence than Contempt, and hope you do believe that no Severity I have, or can undergo, shall in any Degree lessen or diminish my most profound Duty to his Majesty and your R. H. but that I do with all imaginable Obedience submit to your good Pleasure in all Things.

God preserve your R. H. and keep me in your Favour.

SIR,

Your R. H. most humble

and obedient Servant,

C L A R E N D O N.



*The Earl of C L A R E N D O N's Letter  
to the Dutchess of Y O R K.*



YOU have much Reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an Argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to my self: But as no Distance of Place that is between us, in respect of Residence, or the greater Distance in respect of the high Condition you are in, can make me less your Father, or absolve me from performing those Obligations which that Relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible Advertisement of what reflects upon

upon you, in Point of Honour, Conscience, or Discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such Advice to you, as to my Understanding seems reasonable, and which I must still hope will have some Credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many Months since, upon those Reproaches which I told you were generally reported concerning your Defection in Religion, gave me so much Satisfaction that I believ'd them to proceed from that id Spirit of the Time that delights in Slander and Calumny. But I must tell you, the same Report increas'd late very much, and I my self saw a Letter the last Week from *Paris*, from a Person who said the English Ambassador assur'd him the Day before, That the Dutchesse was become a *Roman Catholick*; and which makes greater Impression upon me, I am ab-sur'd that many good Men in *England*, who have great Affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible, than that there should be such a Change in you, are at present under much Affliction, with the Observation of great Change in your Course of Life and the constant Exercise of that Devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent Discourses, that you have not the same Reverence and Veneration, which you use to have, for the Church of *England*, the Church in which you were baptiz'd, and the Church the best constituted, and the most free from Errors, of any Christian Church the Day in the World; and that some Persons, by their Insinuations, have prevail'd with you to have a better Opinion of that which is most opposite to the Church of *Rome*, than the Integrity thereof deserves. It is not yet in my Power to believe that your Wit and Understanding (with God's Blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than

*A Letter to the Duchess of York,* 191

with melancholic Reflections upon the Iniquity and Wickedness of the Age we live in, which discredits Religion, and which, with equal Licence, breaks up the Professors of all, and prevails upon the Members of all Churches, and whose Manners will have no Benefit from the Faith of any Church.

I presume you do not entangle your self in the particular Controversies between the *Romanists* and us, or think your self a competent Judge of all Difficulties which occur therein; and therefore it must be some fallacious Argument of Antiquity and Universality, confidently urg'd by Men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believ'd by you, that can raise any Doubts or Scruples in you; and if you will with equal Temper hear those who are well able to inform you in such Particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that Poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you, by stopping your own Ears, and shutting your own Eyes. There are but two Persons in the World who have greater Authority with you than I can pretend to, and am sure they both suffer more in this Rumour, and would suffer much more if there were Ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlikely to be deceiv'd myself, or to deceive you, as any Man who endeavours to pervert you in your Religion: And therefore I beseech you, let me have so much Credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any Doubts or Scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an Impression upon you. The common Argument, That there is no Salvation out of the Church, and that the Church of Rome is that only true Church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many Churches in which Salvation may be attain'd as well as in any one of them; and were

many

many even in the Apostles Time, otherwise they would not have directed their Epistles to so many several Churches, in which there were different Opinions received, and very different Doctrines taught. There is indeed but one Faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast Belief of the Birth, Passion, and Resurrection of our Saviour ; and every Church, that receives and embraces that Faith, is in a State of Salvation. If the Apostles preach'd true Doctrines, the Reception and Retention of many Errors does not destroy the Essence of a Church ; if it did, the Church of *Rome* would be in as ill, if not in a worse Condition, than most other Christian Churches, because its Errors are of a greater Magnitude, and more destructive to Religion. Let not the canting Discourse of the Universality and Extent of that Church, which has as little of Truth as the rest, prevail over you : They who will imitate the greatest Part of the World, must turn Heathens, for it is generally believ'd that above half the World is possess'd by them, and that the *Mahometans* possess more than half the Remainder. There is as little question that of the rest which is inhabited by Christians, one Part of four is not of the Communion of the Church of *Rome*, and God knows in that very Communion there is as great Discord in Opinion, and in Matters of as great Moment, as is between the other Christians.

I hear you do in publick Discourses dislike some Things in the Church of *England*, as the Marriage of the Clergy, which is a Point that no *Roman Catholic* will pretend to be of the Essence of Religion, and is in use in many Places which are of the Communion of the Church of *Rome* ; as in *Bohemia*, and those Parts of the *Greek* Church which submit to the *Roman* : And all Men know, that in the late Council of *Trent*, the Sacrament of both Kinds,

and

ed Liberty of the Clergy to marry, was very passionately pres'd both by the Emperor and King of France for their Dominions; and it is was afterward granted to *Germany*, tho' under such Conditions as made it ineffectual; which however shews that it was not, nor ever can be, look'd upon as Matter of Religion. Christianity was may hundred Years old before such a Restraint was ever heard of in the Church; and when it was endeavour'd, it met with great Opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive Inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, & the Inconveniences which result from thence will, upon a just Disquisition, be found superior to those which attend the Liberty which the Christian Religion permits. Those Arguments which are not strong enough to draw Persons from the Roman Communion into that of the Church of *England*, when Custom and Education, and a long stupid Resignation of all their Faculties to their Teachers, usually puts out all Reason to the contrary, may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptiz'd and bred, and instructed in the Grounds and Principles of that Religion, which are in Truth not only founded upon the clear Authority of the Scriptures, but upon the Consent of Antiquity, and the Practice of the primitive Church; and Men who look into Antiquity, know well by what Corruption and Violence, and with what constant and continual Opposition, those Opinions which are contrary to ours were brought into the World; and how unwarrantably the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome*, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail, who has no more pretence of Authority and Power in *England*, than the Bishop of *Paris* or *Toledo* can as reasonably lay claim to, and is so far from being Matter of Catholic Religion, that the Pope has so much, and no more to do in *France* or *Spain*, or any other Catholic

lick Dominion, than the Crown, and Laws and Constitutions of several Kingdoms gave him Leaves which makes him so little (if at all) consider'd in France, and so much in Spain: And therefore the English Catholicks, which attribute so much to him make themselves very unwarrantably of another Religion than the Catholick Church professes; and without doubt they who desert the Church of England, of which they are Members, and become thereby disobedient to the Ecclesiastical and Civil Laws of their Country, and therein renounce the Subjection to the State, as well as to the Church (which are grievous Sins) had need of a better Excuse than the meeting with some Doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest Evidence that their Salvation is desperate in that Communion, cannot serve their turn: And they, who imagine they have such an Evidence, ought rather to suspect that their Understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the Church, which is replenish'd with all Learning and Piety requisite, can betray them to Perdition. beseech you to consider, (which I hope will overrule those ordinary Doubts and Objections which may be infused into you) that if you change your Religion, you renounce all Obedience and Affection to your Father, who loves you so tenderly that such an odious Mutation would break his Heart; you condemn your Father and your Mother, (whose incomparable Virtue and Piety, and Devotion, I placed her in Heaven) for having impiously educated you; and you declare the Church and State, both which you owe Reverence and Subjection to be in your Judgment Antichristian: You bring infinite Dishonour, Scandal and Prejudice to the Duke your Husband, to whom you ought to pay every imaginable Duty, and whom I presume is much

e precious to you than your own Life ; and all  
ble Ruin to your Children, of whose Company  
Conversation you must look to be depriv'd ; for  
forbid that after such an Apostacy, you should  
any Power in Education of your Children.  
have many Enemies, whom you herein would  
dantly gratify ; and some Friends, whom you  
thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly  
roy ; and afflict many others who have deserv'd  
of you.

I know you are not inclin'd to any part of this  
hief, and therefore offer those Considerations,  
ll those Particulars would be the infallible Con-  
ence of such a Conclusion. It is to me the sad-  
Circumstance of my Banishment, that I may not  
admitted, in such a Season as this, to confer  
in you ; when I am confident I could satisfy you  
ll your Doubts, and make it appear to you, that  
re are many Absurdities in the *Roman Religion*  
nsistent with your Judgment and Understanding,  
many Impieties inconsistent with your Con-  
ence : So that before you can submit to the Obli-  
tions of Faith, you must divest your self of your  
atural Reason, and common Sense, and captivate  
eDictates of your own Conscience, to the Impos-  
tions of an Authority which has not any Pretence  
oblige or advise you. If you will not with Free-  
a communicate the Doubts which occur to you  
those near you, of whose Learning and Piety  
I have had such Experience, let me conjure you  
impart them to me, and to expect my Answer be-  
e you suffer them to prevail over you.

G O D blesse you and yours.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S ANSWER  
TO THE EARL OF CLARENCE.

## The Duchess of YORK's Answer to the Earl of CLARENCE.

**A**Hereas I have been ever from my fancy bred up in the *English* Protestant Religion, and have had very able Persons to instruct me in the Great thereof; and I doubt not but I exposed to the Censure of an infinite Number Persons, that are astonish'd at my quitting of it, embrace the Religion of the *Roman Catholicks*, to which I have ever professed a great Aversion: And therefore I have thought fit to give some Satisfaction to my Friends, by declaring unto them the Reason upon which I have been mov'd to do it, without engaging my self in long and unprofitable Disputation touching that Matter. I protest therefore before God, that since my coming into *England*, no Person either Man or Woman, hath at any time per lud me to alter my Religion, or hath us'd any Discouragement upon that Subject. It hath been only a particular Favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the Prayers I daily made unto him both in *France* and *Flanders*, whilst I was there, That he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true Church before I died, in case I was not in the Right. And it was the Devotion I observed in the Catholicks there which induced me to make that Prayer altho' my own Devotion, during all that time, was very slender. I did notwithstanding, during all the Time I was in those Countries, believe I was in the true Religion; neither had I the least Scruple of Conscience until November last; at which time, reading Dr. H

: History of the Reformation, which had been  
ly recommended to me, I was so far from find-  
the Satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing  
Sacrileges; and looking over the Reasons there-  
at down, which had caused the Separation of the  
Church of *England* from that of *Rome*, I read three  
of which, to me, seemed great Impieties.

The First was, That King *Henry VIII.* had cast  
the Pope's Authority, because he would not per-  
mit him to quit his Wife, and marry another.

The Second, during the Minority of *Edward VI.*  
Uncle, the Duke of *Somerset*, who then govern'd  
and was the Principal in that Alteration, did  
greatly enrich himself with the Goods of the Church  
which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, That Queen *Eliz-  
abeth* not being rightful Heir to the Crown, could  
not keep it, but by renouncing a Church which  
could never have allow'd of such Injustice. I  
could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever  
make use of such Motives as these were to  
urge Religion; and was astonish'd that the  
Bishops, if they had no other Intention but to re-  
-establish the Doctrine of the primitive Church, had  
attempted it before the Schism of *Henry VIII.*  
which was grounded upon such unjustifiable Pre-  
tences.

Being troubled with these Scruples, I began to  
make some Reflections upon the Points of Doctrine  
wherein we differ'd from the Catholicks, and to that  
purpose had Recourse to the Holy Scripture. And  
as I pretended not to be able perfectly to under-  
stand it, I found notwithstanding several Points  
which to me seem'd very plain, and I cannot but  
admit that I remain'd so long time without taking  
any notice of them. Amongst these were the real Pres-  
ence of our Saviour in the Sacrament, the Infalli-  
bility

bility of the Church, Confession, and Prayers for Dead. I treated of these Particulars severally w<sup>t</sup> two of the most learned Bish<sup>ps</sup> of *England*, discussing upon these Subjects, they both told That it was to be wished that the Church of *Eng*land had retained several Things it altered: As Example, Confession, which without doubt is Divine Institution. They told me also, That Pra for the Dead had been used in the primitive Chu during the first Centuries; and that they themself did daily observe those Things, tho' they did not publickly to own these Doctrines. And hav prested one of them something earnestly touch these Things, he frankly told me, That if he had been bred up in the Catholick Religion, he shd not have left it; but now, being a Member of t Church which believed all the Articles necessary Salvation, he thought he shd do ill to quit because he was beholden to that Church for Baptism, and he should thereby give Occasion great Scandal to others. All these Discourses w<sup>t</sup> a Means to increase the Desire I had to embrace *Roman Catholick* Religion, and added much to inward Trouble of my Mind; but the Fear I had to be hasty in a Matter of that Importance, made me act warily, with all Precautions necessary in such a Case: I pray'd incessantly to God, that He would be pleased to inform me in the Truth of these Points whereof I doubted. Upon *Christmas-Day*, going to receive at the King's Chappel, I found my self in greater Trouble than ever I had been in; neit was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had cover'd my self to a certain Catholick, who presently brought me a Priest. He was the first them with whom I ever conversed; and the more I conversed with him, the more I found my self to be confirmed in the Resolution I had taken. It w

I thought, impossible to doubt of these Words, *This is my Body;* and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is Truth it self, and hath promised to continue with his Church to the World's end, would never suffer these holy Mysteries to be communicated to the Laity only under one Kind, if it were inconsistent with his Institution of that Sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these Thirgs with any Body; and if I were, I would not go about to do it: But I content my self to have wrote this, to justify the Change I have made of my Religion; and call God to witness I had not done it, had I believ'd I could haye been saved in that Church, whereof till then I was a Member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this by any worldly Interest or Motives; neither can the Truth of this my Protestation be rationally doubted by any Person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my Friends, and very much prejudiced my Reputation: But having seriously consider'd with my self, whether I ought to renounce my Portion in the other World, to enjoy the Advantages of my present Being here; I assure you, I found no Difficulty at all to resolve the contrary; for which I render Thanks to God, who is the Author of all Goodness.

My only Prayer to him is, That the poor Catholicks of this Kingdom may not be persecuted upon my Account; and I beseech God to grant me Patience in my own Afflictions; and that what Tribulations soever his Goodnes has appointed for me, I may so go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a Happiness for all Eternity.

*Given at St. James's the  
20th of August, 1670.*

K 4

King

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES II.

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

Whitehall, Febr. 23



Have already given you my Reasons at large why I think it fit that you should absent your self for some time beyond Sea. As I am truly sorry for the Occasion, so you may be sure I shall never desire it longer than it will be absolutely necessary both for your Good and my Service. In the mean time I think it proper to give you under my Hand, that I expect this Compliance from you, and desire it may be as soon as conveniently you can. You may easily believe with what Trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant Kindness you have ever had for me; and I hope you are so just to me, as to be assured that no Ablence, or any thing else, can ever change me from ever being truly and kindly,

Tcurs,

CHARLES R.



To



Augustissimi CAROLI  
Grata ANGLIAE  
FRANCIAE ET  
Bona agere & mala

Secundi DE  
SCOTIAE  
HIBERNIAE RE  
pati Regium  
Parisi



## To the Earl of MIDDLETON.

Written by Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE,  
when he was Ambassador at Ratisbone in  
Germany, June 10. 1686.



Ince Love and Verse, as well as Wine,  
Are brisker where the Sun does shine,  
'Tis something to lose two Degrees,  
Now Age it self begins to freeze :  
Let this I patiently could bear,  
If the rough *Danube's* Beauties were ; }  
But only two Degrees less fair,  
Than the bright Nymphs of Gentle *Thames*,  
Who warm me neither with their Beams.  
Such Pow'r they have, they can dispense,  
Five hundred Miles their Influence :  
But Hunger forces Men to eat,  
Tho' no Temptation's in the Meat,  
How wou'd the ogling Sparks despise,  
The darling Damsel of my Eyes,  
hou'd they behold her at a Play,  
Is she's trick'd up on Holy-day ;

When the whole Family combine,  
For publick Pride, to make her shine.  
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,  
Are on this Day comb'd out, and plaited.  
A Diamond Bodkin in each Tress,  
The Badges of her Nobleness :  
For every Stone, as well as she,  
Can boast an ancient Pedigree.  
These form'd the Jewelerst did grace,  
The Cap of the first Grave o'th' Race,  
Preferr'd by *Graffin Marrian*,  
T' adorn the Handle of her Fan;  
And, as by old Record appears,  
Worn since in *Reniganda's* Ears.  
Now sparkling in the Frokin's Hair;  
No Serpent breaking in the Air,  
Can with her starry Head compare.  
Such Ropes of Pearl her Arms incumber,  
She scarce can deal her Cards at Ombre:  
So many Rings each Finger freight,  
They tremble with the mighty Weight.  
The like in *England* ne'er was seen,  
Since *Holben* drew *Hall* and his Queen,  
But, after these fantastick Flights,  
The Lustre's meaner than the Lights.

The Thing that bears this glitt'ring Pomp,  
Is but a taudry, ill-bred Ramp;  
Whose brawny Limbs, and martial Face,  
Proclaim her of the *Gothic* Race,  
More than the painted Pageantry  
Of all the Fathers Heraldry.

But there's another sort of Creatures,  
Whose ruddy Look, and grotesque Features,  
Are so much out of Nature's Way;  
You'd think 'em stamp't on other Clay.  
No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*;

'Mongst these, behold a City Madam,  
With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,  
A dapper Cloak, and a reverend Russ;  
No Farce so pleasant as this Maukin,

The pretty Jet she has in Walking,  
And the soft Sound of *High-Dutch* Talking.

Here, unattended by the Graces,  
The Queen of Love in a sad Cafe is,

Nature, her active Minister,  
Neglects Affairs, and will not stir;

Thinks it not worth the while to please,  
But when she does it for her Ease,

Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,  
With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her,

And

And, when I'm making an Oblation,  
 Am fain to spur Imagination  
 With some sham *London* Inclination.  
 The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,  
 The Arrow flies at *English* Game.  
 Kindness, that can Indiff'rence warm,  
 And blow that Calm into a Storm,  
 Has, in the very tender'st Hour,  
 Over my Gentleness no Power:  
 True to my Country-Woman's Charms,  
 When kiss'd, and press'd in Foreign Arms.



*Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE's second Letter to the Earl of MIDDLETON.*



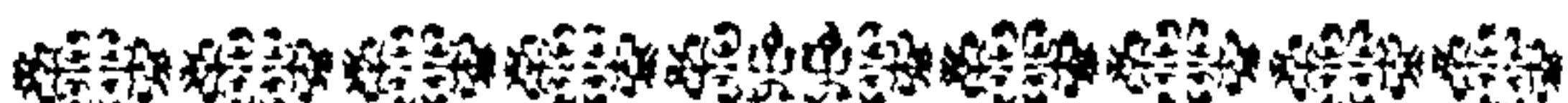
ROM hunting Whores, and haunting  
 [Play,  
 And minding nothing else all Day,  
 And all the Night too, you will say,  
 To make grave Legs in formal Fetter,  
 Converse with Fools, and write dull Letters;  
 To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,  
 And sleep away my precious Time,

In

In such a sneaking idle Place,  
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,  
And in a troublesome Disguise,  
The Wife seems honest, Husband wise ;  
For Pleasure here has the same Fate  
Which does attend Affairs of State ;  
The Plague of Ceremony infects,  
Ev'n in Love, the softer Sex,  
Who an Essential will neglect,  
Rather than lose the least Respect.  
In regular Approach we storm,  
And never visit but in Form :  
That is, sending to know before,  
At what a Clock she'll play the Whore.  
The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,  
One scarce can guess who 'tis they drive at.  
This seems to me a scurvy Fashion,  
Who have been bred in a free Nation,  
With Liberty of Speech and Passion : }  
Yet I cannot forbear to spark it,  
And make the best of a bad Market.  
Meeting with one, by chance, kind-hearted,  
Who no Preliminaries started ;

I en-

I enter'd, beyond Expectation,  
 Into a close Negotiation ;  
 Of which, hereafter a Relation.  
 }  
 Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,  
 I still was pleas'd with what she gave ;  
 And, with a firm and cheerful Mind,  
 I steer my Course with every Wind,  
 To all the Ports she has design'd.  
 }



*An INVERSION of Mr. Dryden's  
 Answer to Sir George Etheridge's  
 Letter to the Earl of Middleton.*

---

*By Way of ESSAY.*

---



O you who hang (like *Mecha's Tomb*)  
 'Twixt *Malmesbury* and *Helicon*,  
 Nor does at all for those attone,  
 By ogling with the Whore of *Rome*,  
 Sure all Impostures should be fit,  
 From *Brahman* down to *Mahomet* ;  
 Since in your snaky Constitution,  
 No Person suffer Diminution.

Yours

Your Muse, grown old in Pagan Strains,  
Rome with young Venom fills your Veins,  
And makes you to your Country shew  
The Rancour of a *Bastefeu*.

Like mighty *Rablaɪs* you duel,  
Add *Hudibras*, add *Pantagruel* ;  
And *Bellarmino* himself outdo,  
*Cum Gladio Poetico.*

A Work of wonderous Merit (tro,)  
So much pretend, so little do ;  
And all to vend new canting Farce,  
Where Sound of *Dryden* is mine A——se,

More you'd atchieve, had you been sent,  
As far as *Don Diego* went,  
To prech Conversion to the Moon a,  
And done the Business full as soon a;

That might prove real Charity,  
Since there perchance *Moor Calves* do lie,  
Gaping for Nonsense from the Sky :

But here, alas, your spotted Sun,  
's too dark for our clear Horizon.

What Barber's Shop i'th' Town so dull,  
That's not of your Adventures full?

*Alcides*

*Alcides* gave (so sung old *Mob*)  
 Blows plenty from his Crab-tree Club.  
 But, spight of all such old Poke-farters,  
 He ne'er beat up *Johannes Quarters*:  
 No, that was left in Time's due Space  
 To be performed by his Grace,  
 Who broke your Pate with as much ease  
 As his Rehearsal tore your Bays.

From *Hesiod*, and the Heathen Gods,  
*Lucretius*, *Machiavel*, and *Hobbs*,  
 You now aspire to Popish Jobs;  
 To join in one (*sans* Care who know it)  
 An Atheist, Popish Priest, and Poet.  
 Now *Romish* Legends wash the round,  
 With holy Bays your Muse is crown'd,  
 And Scarlet Conclave is so jolly,  
 There will be made, for your Sake solely,  
 An Order new of Poets Holy;  
 With many a lusty rhyming Fryer,  
 But *John* the Abbot, or the Prior.

These cloister'd Glories, mention'd last,  
 Us'd not to please your free Tast:

Yet

Yet since a Saintship's for you voted,  
Who would not be like you bigotted?  
Nor need that Name your Wonder breed;  
For now you are a Saint indeed,  
For holy Rhiming, holy Lying;  
A Saint in every thing but dying.  
What if you sometimes fast and pray?  
(Tho' 'gainst your Will I dare well say)  
Gold can that Grievance take-away.



But see, the Men of Gospel Leaven,  
Will needs be pulling you from Heaven:  
Nay wish, since now new Plays are scarce,  
You of your self would make a Farce:  
Or that, like *Mariton Latroon*,  
You'd your own Saintship's Life make known.  
This may perhaps stir up your Passion,  
But would oblige a certain Nation,  
Next to a *Tiburn* Expiation.



Or, if you think it too great Shame,  
Has not a Wight of equal Fame,  
The pious *Guzman*, done the same?  
If that you do not care for *Spain* a,  
Take Measures from your Friend *Elcana*.



For

For you, who much excel that Looby,  
Won't sure fall short in *Palinudy*:  
Or end the Course you have began,  
And be more odious if you can.  
Yet flourish, till that fatal Hour,  
You hear the *Belgic Lion* roar.



## M E M O I R S



# MEMOIRS OF THE *Fair Eloisa, a Nun,* AND *Abelard, a Monk.*

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*Translated by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

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In order the better to understand all the Beauties of the following Letter, it is necessary to know the Characters of *Eloisa* and *Abelard*, as also what sort of Commerce they held together, and consequently to give an Abridgment of both their Lives.

*Abelard* liv'd in the Year 1170, under the Reign of *Lewis the Young*, and was very famous for his Wit and Gallantry. He is reported to be the Inventor of Scholastick Philosophy, which is a very difficult

difficult Amusement. Others say, that he was also the Author of the Romance of the Rose, a very agreeable Description of Love. The said Romance being in Vogue to this very Day, and the said Philosophy still profess'd, might suffice to give us a very great and noble Idea of him. But besides that, he has shown in most of his Works, and in the whole Conduct of his Life, a surprising Clearness of Mind, an universal Capacity, a Greatness of Soul, which nothing could overcome, much Delicacy in the Passions, and a great deal of Firmness in his Misfortunes. In fine, that which composes the best and most excellent part of the Merit of great Men, is the true Character of *Abelard*.

*Eloisa* was a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, about eighteen Years of Age, very witty and sprightly, who had Beauty enough to move the most insensible: Her Parents being very rich, resolv'd to add an extraordinary Education to these natural Endowments. An Uncle of hers, who was Cannon of the Church of Paris, apply'd himself most carefully about it; and as he lov'd her entirely, he spar'd neither Cost nor Care to effect it; and prov'd so successful therein, that the World was fill'd with the Praise of his Niece's Beauty and Accomplishments.

Such admirable Qualifications soon captivated the Inclinations of all those that knew her. *Abelard* was one of the first that felt the Power of her Charms, and became passionately in Love with her. His Philosophy was not capable to defend his Heart against those Perfections he has describ'd himself under the Name of *Beauty* in his Romance of the Rose: Neither did he in the least endeavour to contend with his Passion. On the contrary, being wholly taken up with his Love, he abandon'd himself entirely to it, and only study'd how to declare it to the Person he ador'd. He being very well shap'd,

shap'd, young, and having a high Reputation in the World, did not question but his Declaration would meet with all the Success he could expect; he tells us himself, *Tanti quippe tunc nominis eram, & jaeventutis & forme præeminebam, ut quamcunque seminarum nostro dignarer amore, nullam vererer refusam.* That whatever Woman he could have fallen in Love with at that time, he had reason to hope for every thing, and to undertake all, without the least fear of a Refusal.

Being thus confident of Success, he only long'd for an Opportunity to make his Addresses to that lovely Maid. He flatter'd himself, that if he could once be introduc'd into her Uncle's House, by some of his Friends, he would soon obtain the End of all his Wishes. He apply'd himself immediately about it; and the Friends, he made use of, easily obtain'd what he desir'd of *Faibert*, (that was *Elija*'s Uncle's Name) who was extreamly covetous, and yet desir'd nothing so much as the Advancement of his Niece, by reaion that he could not possibly give her a better Master, or one that was less self-interested than *abélard*. Therefore he receiv'd him joyfully into his House, and committed *Elija* to his Tuition and Care, desiring him, as if he had design'd to serve him in his Love, to take an absolute Empire over his Niece, and to allow towards her Education all the Time he could spare from the Publick, to be with her Day and Night, to have a continual Eye upon her Conduct, and even to make use of the Authority he gave him, whenever he should find her remiss, or disobedient. *Faibert* shew'd a Simplicity without Example in all this; since that by confiding thus in young People, and furnishing them himself with a thousand Opportunities, it was almost impossible for them not to fall in Love with one another. But the Uncle's Affection towards the Niece  
was

was so strong and so blind, and *Abelard's* Reputation was so well establish'd throughout the Kingdom, that not harbouring the least Suspicion of their Virtue, he thought himself absolutely secure.

*Abelard*, who easily promis'd whatever *Fulbert* requir'd of him, did not fail to improve the Liberty he had of seeing the lovely *Eloisa* at all convenient Hours and Moments. He acquainted her with his Passion, and did it so well that she hearken'd to it with Pleasure. It is easie to persuade a young Maid about eighteen to love ; and *Abelard* was too charming, and had too much Wit, not to make a considerable Progress in her Heart in a short time. She soon lov'd him so tenderly, that she could no longer refuse him any thing ; insomuch that being wholly taken up by a thousand reciprocal Caresses, in the Enjoyment of those delights the Passion he had inspir'd her with afforded him, being continually with her, he often forgot his most serious and most important Affairs. A Philosopher in Love is no wiser than another Man ; and however desirous to preserve his Reputation, he sooner or later commits Faults that are blam'd by every Body, tho' every Man would be guilty of the same.

The World soon perceiv'd this Intrigue between the Master and the Scholar, so great an Affiduity in their Conversation, together with the Tendernets and Passion that appear'd in all their Actions soon discover'd that Philosophy was not always their Theme.

*Fulbert* was the only Person that had no Eyes to see what every Body else perceiv'd ; and whatever Advices he receiv'd about it, he was so preposseis'd with a good Opinion of *Abelard* and *Eloisa's* Virtue, that it made no manner of Impression upon him. Finally, our Lovers keeping no Measures in their Love, Things went so far through their Imprudence,

that

that the Uncle, being at last undeceiv'd, resolv'd to part them, to prevent the ill Consequences of their intrigue. But it prov'd too late, for *Eloisa* soon discovering something extraordinary in her self, she acquainted *Abelard* therewith, who thereupon came back imminedately to *Paris*, and stole her by Night, in order to marry her privately, until her Relations would allow it publickly.

*Fulbert*, who lov'd *Eloisa* to that Degree that he could not live without her, was extreamly troubled at her Flight ; and being moreover very sensible of the Affront *Abelard* had put upon him in abusing the Liberty he had given him, he was transported to that Excess of Rage, that he swore to be reveng'd on him. *Abelard*, who was conscious of the Guilt, and could not forbear looking upon his own Behaviour, as a Piece of Treachery, resolv'd to go back to *Paris*, in order to use his utmost Endeavours to appease *Fulbert's* Fury. To that End he made use of all the Intreaties, Submissions, and Promises, he could think on. He beg'd of him above all things to reflect on the Force of Love, and on the Faults that that Tyrant of our Souls has often caus'd the greatest Men to commit. *Fulbert* dissembled his Repentment, and pretended to be overcome by his Reasons, and to consent to all. He even embrac'd him closely, the better to deceive him, and to secure his own Revenge.

*Abelard*, being overjoy'd at *Fulbert's* Consent, went back to the Place where he had left his dear *Eloisa*, whom he marry'd ; but with so much Repugnancy on that fair one's Part, that it prov'd a very difficult Task to perswade her. As her Sentiments were ver' nice, she could not endure the Necessity she should be under of loving him, nor the Injury he was going to do himself by marrying her. She could not endure to think he should be indebted to any

any thing for the Love she bore him, but to Love it felt; and his Quality of Philosopher seem'd to her so inconsistent with the Design of marrying her, that she had rather a thousand Times been looked upon as his Mistress, than to become his Wife at the Cost of his Reputation and Glory. And whereas *Abelard* had represented to her, that it would be the only way to appease *Fulbert's* Anger, and to avoid the Revenge he meditated; she assur'd him that he flatter'd himself in vain, and that knowing her Uncle as well as she did, she could safely swear to him, that it was impossible to appease him, and that sooner or later he would endeavour to ruin him. However, these Reasons not being able to perswade *Abelard*, she yielded to his Desires, only out of Fear of displeasing him by her Resistance. And it was not without Tears and Sighs that she consented to marry a Man she lov'd beyond Expression, and by whom she was as tenderly belov'd.

*Elisa* was not deceiv'd in the Opinion she had of her Uncle. That cruel Man still persevering in his Design of Vengeance against *Abelard*, notwithstanding his Marriage with his Niece, found Means to corrupt one of his Servants to admit Russians into his Master's Chamber, who drawing near his Bed, while he was asleep, at one Stroke divided the Man from the Lover. That Action was too black and too tragical to remain unpunish'd. The Uncle's Estate was confiscated by a Decree from the Court; and one of the Assassins, together with the Servant who had admitted him, were condemn'd to lose their Eyes, and to suffer the same Punishment by the Hangman's Hand, which they had dared to attempt upon another. After such a Misfortune, our Philosopher, in order to take such Measures as were most suitable to the wretched Condition to which he was reduc'd, lock'd himself up in a Monastery, and caus'd

caus'd *Eloisa* to retire into a Convent, and (whether out of Jealousie or Love) engag'd her to enter into Orders, before he had resolv'd to do the same himself.

In the mean time, to keep up the Reputation he had acquir'd of being the most Learned Man of Europe, he explain'd the Acts of the Apostles to the Monks of the Abby of St. *Dennis*, among whom he liv'd. And happening to have an Occasion to speak of that Saint, he chanc'd to say, whether accidentally, or out of a Capricio, *That Dennis the Areopagite never was in Francee.* It is very well known, that to entertain any Sentiments in those Days contrary to that of the Monks, was sufficient to be reputed an Apostate or Heretick. Learning could authorize nothing, and those who scar'd a little above the common Level, as soon as it was known, were lik'd to condemn themselves to a voluntary Exile to avoid the publick Persecution of the Monks. St. *Bernard* was one of those that declar'd against *Abelard*, not for the same Reason for which the Monks of St. *Dennis* did it, but only because so much Wit, tend'd to a worldly Conduct, seem'd dangerous to man. He concluded, *That a Man's Wit must necessarily stain the Heart when the Heart was not pure.*

During this Storm, *Abelard*, who really possess'd the Qualifications that compose a great Man, yet was not so perfect as to be a Saint; incens'd to many Misfortunes and Injuries, resolv'd to fly from the Monks, and to retire into a Desart near *gent*. The Learned were scarce in that Age, and the desire of Learning began to spread. For that Reason *Abelard* was sought after in his Exile; and being com'd out, was loaden with Presents by those who were desirous to hear his Lessons. Those Presents were so considerable as to enable him to build a house, and a Chapel, which he dedicated under

the Name of *Paraclet*, the first that ever had that Name in *France*: Which was represented by some as a Novelty which might have dangerous Consequences, though in reality it was only a Monument of the Consultations he had receiv'd from the Grace of God in that Place, by a more serious Application to his Study, and a more absolute Resignation of his Mistress. But Men of Merit, though never so retir'd, are nevertheless expos'd to Envy. He was hardly well settl'd in his Solitude, when he was accus'd of dangerous Designs against the Government. In order to justify himself, he desir'd Leave to quit it, and intreat the Archbishop of *Troye* to permit him to settle some Nuns there, and to assign his Chapel and his Estate to them. This Settlement being promis'd, he sent for *Eloisa* to govern the Monastery which having committed to her Care, he retir'd elsewhere. Happy if he had still been able to fly her.

It was during that Absence that a Letter which he wrote to a Friend near *Paraclet*, in which he gave a large Account of the Persecutions he had endur'd fell accidentally into the Hands of that new Abbess. She open'd it, and finding a thousand Things in it in which she was highly concern'd, she took an Occasion from that to write the following Letter to him, to complain of his Conduct, and to ask him whether it was just for a nice Lover to abandon her to the *false Ideas* which so long a Silence might create in her. That Letter (says he who has collected the Works of *Abelard*) is very proper to shew how far a Woman is capable to carry the Sentiments of her Heart, when she joyns a violent Passion to a good Education.



## The NUN'S LOVE-LETTER.

*Translated by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*



IS to her Master, and to her Father ;  
 'tis to her Brother, and to her Husband, that a Maid, a Daughter, a Sister,  
 a Wife, and to include in one Word, all  
 that is Sublime, Respectful, Tender and  
 sweet in those Names ; 'tis to her *Abelard*, *Elisa*  
*nites*.

A Letter of Consolation, written by you to a friend, lately fell into my Hands. Knowing the character, and being in Love with the Style, my heart joyning with my Curiosity, forc'd me to open it. As an Apology for the Liberty I took, i flatter'd myself with the Sovereign Right I ought to have over all that comes from you, and I made a Scruple to believe that there could be any Laws of *Decorum* ought to observe when I had the Means in my power to hear from you. But my Curiosity cost me my dear ! What Anguish did it exposè me to ? And what could equal my Surprize, when I found that Letter only contain'd a sad and long Account of your Misfortunes ? I found my Name a hundred times in it : I never met with it without Fear : The Misfortune ever follow'd it. I also read yours which was no happier. Those fatal and dear Evils disturb'd me to that Degree, that I thought you did too much to comfort a Friend to whom you write about some inconsiderable Afflictions, in giving

giving him a particular Account of our Misfortune and Crosses. Heavens ! What Reflexions did I make that Moment ? I began anew to recollect my self, was seiz'd with the same Grief that overwhelm'd me when we began to be unhappy. And though Time ought to have lessen'd the Smart of our Misfortunes, the seeing them written by your Hand was sufficient to make me feel it afresh to the very Bottom of my Heart. No, nothing will ever blot out of my Mind what you have suffer'd to defend your Sentiments. I shall ever remember the Envy of *Aberick* and *Latulf* against you. I shall ever behold cruel Uncle, an abus'd Lover, and an Assassin. I shall never forget how many Enemies your Wit created you ; and how many were jealous of your Glory. I will ever call to mind that high Reputation you had so justly acquir'd, which expos'd you to the Hatred and Malice of the Pretenders to Learning. Your Book of Divinity was publickly condemn'd by the Flames. You were threatned with a perpetual Prison. It was in vain for you to plead your Innocence, and to prove you were impos'd upon, and that you were accus'd of Things you had never said or thought. You condemn'd them your self, but yet all this avail'd nothing towards your Justification, they would needs have you to be an Heretick right or wrong. Those two false Prophets, who inveighed so bitterly against you at the Council of Rheims, omitted nothing to ruin you. What Scandals did they not fix on the Name of *Paraclet* which you gave to the Chapel you built ? What Storm did those treacherous Monks, you honour'd with the Name of Brothers, raise against you ? That Chain of Misfortunes has drawn Blood even from the very Bottom of my Heart. My Tears, which I could no way stop, have blotted Part of your Letter. I could wish they had been able to blot out all the Characters

in the same Manner, to send it you back thus. If I could but have kept it a little longer, it would have satisfy'd me; but it was taken too soon from

However, it is most certain, and I own it to you, that I was much calmer before I read it; but as soon as I had run it over, all my Griefs renew'd. I have been too long without Complaining; since the Rage of our Enemies is still alive; since Time, which commonly disarms the most mortal Hatred, cannot disarm them; since your Virtue must needs be persecuted till the Grave serves you for a Shelter, tho' perhaps even there their Rage will rake your Ashes, will keep your Misfortunes for ever present to my mind: I will publish them throughout the World, disgrace this Age that has not understood you. I will hope for nothing, since all Things are against you; and that the World takes a Delight in persecuting your Innocence. What? must my Memory be ever full of your past Misfortunes? Must I still dread to see you involv'd in new ones? Must my dear Abel never be mention'd without Tears? Shall his Name never be pronounc'd without a Heart-breaking Sigh? Pray consider the Condition to which you have reduc'd me. Wretched, afflicted, without the least Consolation, unless it comes from you. Therefore I do conjure you, do not refuse it me, but give me a faithful Account of all that relates to you. I desire to know it, tho' never so sad or moving. Perhaps the Mixture of my Sighs with yours will ease me, if it be true as 'tis commonly reported, that Fictions that are shar'd by others become the more supportable.

Do not tell me for an Excuse that you are willing to spare our Tears: The Tears of *Recluse Maids* in mournful Abode of Penance are not to be spar'd. Besides, should you tarry to write to us until you

had some agreeable News to send us, you would tarry too long. Fortune seldom sides with the Virtuous; and she is so blind, that it is not to be expected she should distinguish one wise Man among Crowd of Fools. I therefore write to us without fearing those kind of Miracles: They are too rare and we are destin'd to too many Misfortunes to expect a Change. I propose to my self a World Satisfaction in opening one of your Letters, tho' were only to convince me that you have not forgave me. *Seneca* (which you have often made me read) was so sensible, tho' a Stick, of that kind of Joy that whenever he open'd any from *Lucilla*, he fancy'd he enjoy'd all the same Pleasure, he did when with her.

I have observ'd since our Absence, that we are much more delighted with the Pictures of those we love, when at a great Distance from us, than when they are nearer. Nay more, the farther they are from us, their Pictures seem to me to become more like them; at least, our Imagination, which draws them continually out of a Desire to see them again, makes them appear so to us. By an Error which is peculiar to Love, vain Colours, and a lifeless Cloth seem animated to us as soon as the belov'd Object returns. I have your Picture, and never pass it without stooping before it; whereas I hardly minded it when you were here. If Painting, which is but a mute Representation of Objects, affords so much pleasure: What Joys do not Letters inspire? They are animated; they speak; they have a Genius which explains the Motions of the Heart; they inclose within them the Fire of our Passion; they make them as sensible as when we see one another; they express whatever we could say that is soft and tender, when we are together; and besides sometimes somewhat bolder, they utter more.

We may write to one another ; that innocent Pleasure is not forbidden us. Let us not, by our own Neglect, lose the only Satisfaction we have remaining, and which perhaps is the only one our Persecutors cannot deprive us of. I will say that you are my Husband ; you shall behold me speak like a Wife, and in spight of all your Misfortunes, you shall be whatever you please in a Letter. Letters were invented for the Relief of *Recluse* Persons like my self : Having lost the real Pleasure of seeing and possessing you, I will find it again, in some Measure, in those you shall write to me. I shall read your most secret Thoughts in them ; I will carry them continually about me. In fine, if you are capable of any Jealousie, let it only be by the Careless I shall make them ; and never grow a Rival, unless it be to the Happiness of your Letters : And to avoid all manner of Constraint, write to me without Application, and with Negligence. I would have your Heart speak to me, and not your Wit. I cannot live, unless you tell me that you love me still. That language must needs be so natural to you, that do not think you could utter any other to me without Violence : Besides, it is very reasonable you should close up those Wounds, by some Marks of a instant Affection, which you have open'd again in my Soul, by the doleful Account you gave your friend : Not that I blame the innocent Artifice you owe us'd to comfort one in Distress, by comparing his Misery to a greater. Charity is ingenious, and raise-worthy in those pious Flights : But do you it owe somewhat more to your self, than to that friend, whatever Friendship you may have contract'd with him ? We are call'd your Sisters ; we are our selves your Daughters ; and if there were no engaging Terms in Nature, we would use him to express our being devoted to you, as also

what you owe unto us. Altho' a prudent Silence should cloak our just Acknowledgments, this Church, these Altars, and these Places, would declare it sufficiently. But, without suffering Stones and Marble to speak, I confess, and will ever be proud to tell the World, that you are the only Founder of this House. Your coming to this Place has render'd it famous, whereas it was only known before for the Robberies and Murders that were committed in it. It was a Den of Thieves and Rogues; but you have made it a House of Prayer. These Cloisters are no beholding to publick Alms. The Sins of Publicans are not fix'd on their Walls, nor their Vices bury'd in their Foundations. The God, whom we serve in this Place, beholds nothing there but innocent Riches, and simple Maids, wherewith you have fill'd it. And therefore this young Plantation is wholly indebted to you for what it is: You ought to cultivate it, and to afford it all your Cares: You ought to make it one of the principal Applications of your Life. Altho' the Grace of Devotion seems to be intai'd upon it on all Parts, by our Cloisters and our Vows; tho' the Points of our Grates are so many Bulwarks to defend the Approaches of it; yet whereas the Bark is only cover'd in us, that Sap of *Adam*, which rises imperceptibly in the Heart, produces Distempers, which wither, and absolutely ruin the Trees which seem to promise most, unless they be continually grafted. Virtue among us remains ever grafted upon Nature, which is weak and inconstant. To plant the *Vine of the Lord* is not an Ordinary Piece of Work, it requires more than a Day; and when it is once planted, it requires a constant Application to preserve it. Does not the Apostle as great a Workman as he was, tell us, That he has planted, that *Apollos* has water'd, and that God has bless'd the Work, and has made it to grow. *Pax*

had planted the Faith among the *Corinthians*, by ho-  
ly and fervent Predications; *Apollos*, a zealous Disci-  
ples of that great Master, cultivated that Faith, by  
mild and frequent Exhortations; and the Grace of  
God, which their continual Cares sollicitated so pow-  
erfully to descend upon that People, answer'd their  
Expectation.

This Example ought to regulate your Conduct to-  
wards us: I am sensible that you are not idle; but  
tho' you labour, you do not labour for us. You  
labour for People whose Thoughts are wholly bent  
on Earth, and never soar above it; and you refuse  
your Assistance to Persons of a nicer Tast, who are  
reeling, and do use their utmost Endeavours not to  
fall. You throw the Riches of the Gospel before  
Swine, in speaking to People that are fill'd with  
the Riches of this World, and fatten'd with the  
Juice of the Earth; and at the same time neglect in-  
nocent Sheep, who, as nice as they are, would fol-  
low you into Deserts, and over Mountains. Why  
do you labour so much for ingrateful Persons, and  
forget poor Maids, who would neither think them-  
selves sufficiently grateful? Must I be afraid to speak  
in my own Name, and must I employ other Prayers  
than my own, to obtain something of you? That  
*Augustinus*, *Tertullianus*, *Jerome*, have written to *Eg-  
ilda's*, *Paula's* and *Melanie's*; and when you read  
those Names, tho' Saints, can you forget mine?  
Would it be a Crime for you to direct me like  
St. *Jerome*, to preach to me like *Tertullian*, and to  
discourse of Grace to me with St. *Augustin*? Your  
Learning and your Sentè ought not to be a barren  
Soil for me. In writing to me, you write to a Wife;  
Sacrament has render'd that Commerce lawful:  
And since it is in your Power to satisfie me without  
committing the least Scandal, why should you not  
do it? I have a barbarous Uncle, whose Inhumanity

only serves to endear you to my Heart: It serves me instead of all that the Tenderness and Remembrance of your Pleasures could inspire us with, to make us love each other. You are no longer to be fear'd, do not fly me. Hearken to my Sighs, your being a Witness of them, will suffice. If I have put my self into a Cloister out of Reason, persuade me to tarry in it out of Devotion. You are the Cause of all my Sufferings, how should another ease me?

You must needs remember, for those that have lov'd can never forget, with what Delight I spent whole Days in hearing you? How I us'd to steal away from every Body, when we were not together, to write to you? What Disquiets did a *Billet* cost me, before it came to your Hands? And what Shifts were we reduc'd to, to gain People to be our Confidants? I am sensible these Particulars do surprize you. You dread to hear the Sequel, but I do no longer blush at it, since my Passion for you has no Bounds. I have out-done all this for you this Day: I have hated my self to love you. I have lost my self here to make you live in quiet. Nothing but Virtue joyn'd to a Passion, free from Sensuality, could produce such Effects. Those, who love Pleasures love the Living, not the Dead. We are soon weary of Burning for those that are no longer in a Condition to burn for it. My cruel Uncle was sensible of this: He imagin'd, that being like other Women, I lov'd your Sex better than your Person, but his Crime is vain. I love you more than ever, I am reveng'd of him, by overwhelming you with all my Stock of Tenderness. If the Passion, I formerly had for you, was not so pure as it is at present: If at that time the Mind and Body divided in me the Pleasure of loving you; I have told it you a thousand Times, I have always been more pleas'd with

the Possession of your Heart, than with the Enjoyment of all that which is the Object of the Felicity of our Sex; and of all that was in you, Man was not that which pleas'd me most.

You ought to be sufficiently convine'd of it, by the great Repugnancy I expreis'd for Marriage. For tho' I was sensible that Name was august amongst Men, and holy in Religion, the Thought of ceasing to be free by it hindred me from finding any Charms in it. The Bonds of Marriage, tho' never so honourable, are attended with a necessary Engagement, whose Ties seem to ravish the Glory of Loving; and I was desirous to free a Man, who perhaps would not always love me, from the Necessity of Loving. I despis'd the Name of Wife, to live happy with that of a Mistress. Those Niceties of a Maid who lov'd you, with so much Tenderness, and yet not so much as she desir'd, were not unknown to you, since you entertain'd your Friend with them in the Letter I have surpriz'd. You told him very well, that I found nothing but what was very insipid in all those publick Engagements, that form Bonds which nothing but Death can break, and create a dismal Necessity of Life and Love: But you did not add, That I have protested to you a thousand Times, that it was infinitely more pleasing to me to live with *Abelard* as his Mistrels, than to be Empres with *Augustus*; and that I preferr'd the Happiness of obeying you, before the captivation of the Master of the Universe in Matrimonial letter. Riches and Grandeur are none of the Charms of Love. A real Passion divides the Lover from that is not himself, and lays aside his Fortune, his rank, his Imployments, to consider him only. Those who seek for an Estate and Dignities, in the cold Embraces of a careless Husband, do not see. They aim much more in such a Marriage, to satisfy

satisfie their Ambition than their Love. I grant that such a mercenary Ingagement may be attended with some Honour and Fortune; but I can never believe, that it is possible thus to enjoy the sensible Pleasures of a tender Union, or to feel the secret and charming Emotions of two Hearts that have been long in Search of each other to unite themselves. The Martyrs of Marriage hourly sigh for better Settlements, which they think they have lost. The Wife sees Husbands richer than her own. The Husband, Wives with better Fortunes than his. Mercenary Ingagements create Regrets, and those Regrets Discord. They design to be parted, or at least they wish it. That insatiate, devouring Desire is the Avenger of Love, which they injure in expecting to meet a Happiness by Love, besides Love it self. If there be any real Felicity on Earth, I am perswaded, that it is only to be found in the Union of two Persons, who love each other with Freedom, whom a secret Inclination has join'd, and whom an equal Merit has satisfy'd. Then there is no Vacuity in their Hearts; all is at rest there, because all is contain'd.

Could I believe you were as well perswaded of my Merit, as I am of yours, I would tell you, that there was a Time in which we might have been reckon'd in the Number of those happy Ones. Ah! How could I chuse but be perswaded of your Merit Tho' I had been willing to question it, the universal Esteem, the World had for you, would have convinc'd me. Is there a Country, Province or City that has not desir'd to have you? Did you ever remove from any Place, without being attended with the Heart and Eyes of those you left behind you. Every Body was proud of saying. *I have seen Absalom to Day.* The very Women, notwithstanding the rigid Laws the World has impos'd upon them, cou-

not forbear expressing, that they felt something for you beyond common Esteem. I have known some, who prais'd their Husbands exceedingly, and yet were jealous of my Joys, and shew'd sufficiently that you might have expected every Thing from them. And indeed, who was capable to resist you? Your Reputation, which flatter'd the Vanity of our Sex; your Air, your Behaviour, those lively Eyes in which your Soul was so admirably drawn; your Conversation, which a natural Simplicity and Delicacy render'd so agreeable and insinuating: In fine, every Thing spoke in Favour of you. Very different in that from those, who by knowing too much have not Art to trifle agreeably; and who with all their Wit cannot gain the Hearts of Women, who have not near so great a Share of it as they.

With what Ease did you compose Verses? And yet those Learned Amusements, which only serv'd to refresh you after a more serious Study, are the Delight of the most Ingenious; and there are none among them, who do not judge you worthy of that Rose you have so ingeniously explain'd: Even the most inconsiderable Songs, and other Trifles you have written for me, have a thousand Charms, and a thousand Beauties in them. I will make them last, while Lovers endure. Thus what you only design'd for me, will be sung for others; and those Words, so natural and so tender, which were Witnesses of your Love in Couplets, and little Songs, will serve others to explain themselves much better than otherwise they could have done. How many Rivals have those kind of Gallantries created me? How many Beauties have endeavour'd to apply them to themselves? It was an Homage which Self-love render'd to their Charms. How many have I seen who declare themselves for you by their Sight, when they were told, after an ordinary Visit you had made

made them, that they were the *Sylvia's* of your Verses? Others out of Despair have often reproachfully told me, that I had no other Beauty but what your Poetry gave me, nor any Advantages over them, but that of being belov'd by you. Notwithstanding Self-love, which is so natural in all Women, I thought my self happy in a Lover to whom I was indebted for all my Charms; and I was transported with Joy to think, that I was serv'd by a Man who had the Power to make a Goddess of his Mistress. Flattering my self with your Glory, I read, with Complaisance, the Charms you gave me, and often without consulting, found my self what you were pleas'd to speak me, the better to please you.

But alas! that Time is past; I now weep for the Loss of my Lover, and the only Thing that is remaining of all my Joys, is but a Remembrance which kills me. You, who were jealous of my Happiness, know that he whom you envy'd me, is no longer for you, nor for me. I have lov'd him; my Love is his Crime, and has occasion'd his Ruin. My small Perfections had charm'd him; pleas'd with each other, we liv'd happy and quietly, and pass'd the fairest of our Days. If it was a Crime to live thus, that Crime pleases me still; and my only Despair is to find my self innocent. But my Misfortune is to have had unjust Parents, whose Rage and Hatred have disturb'd the Calm in which we liv'd. Had those Barbarians call'd back their Reason, I should now be in quiet with my Husband. What Cruelty could equal theirs, when a blind Fury engag'd them to hire a Murtherer to surprize you asleep? Had I been with you, I would have defended you at the Cost of my own Life: My Cries alone would have stopp'd his Arm. But in this Place Love is offended, and my Modesty join'd to my Despair stops my Tongue. It is not proper

proper for me to say all I think upon that Subject ; and tho' it were lawful, I could not do it. Besides, there is a great deal of Eloquence in Silence, when Misfortunes are too great to be express'd.

Tell me only, for this is one of my greatest Afflictions, why you have begun to neglect me, since my Profession ? You know that I had no other Inducements for it, but your Misfortunes ; nor other Consent for it, but what you gave me. Let us hear the Cause of your Coldness, or at least permit me to discover my Thoughts to you. Is it not, perhaps, that Pleasure only was your Aim, in applying your self to me, and that my Passion, which left no Room for Desires in you, has diminish'd your Flame ? Thou didst please unfortunate *Eloisa*, when thou didst not desire to please : Thou didst deserve Assiduities, when thou ought'st to have rejected them ; add Incense, when thou didst push back the Arm that offer'd it to thee. But since thy Heart has suffer'd it self to be mov'd, is grown soft, and has surrender'd it self ; since thou has sacrific'd thy self, since thou hast bury'd thy self alive, thou art forsaken, thou art forgotten. A woful Experience has convinc'd me, that People fly those they are too much oblig'd to, and that the greatest Favours sooner create Coldness in Men, than Gratitude. And indeed, this weak Heart made too slight a Defence to be long dear to you. You took it with ease, you quit it in the same manner. But, ingrateful as you are, I will never consent to it ; and tho' I ought not to have a Will in this Place, I have nevertheless preserv'd that of being belov'd by you. In pronouncing my sad Vows, I had the *Last Will* you writ to me about me ; by which you assur'd me you would ever be mine, and that you would only live to love me. Therefore it was to you I offer'd my self : You had my Heart ; I had yours ; de

do not require any thing back from me, and suffer my Passion, as a Thing that is yours, and which you cannot part from.

Alas ! How weak am I to talk thus ; Our Object here is God, and I only speak of a Man : You force me to it, Cruel ! by your Behaviour : You are the only Cause of my Fault. False Man ! Was it just thus to cease to love me all of a sudden ? Why did you not deceive me a while, instead of abandoning me absolutely ? Had you only given me some weak Signs of a dying Passion, I should have endeavour'd to deceive my self, to believe you had some Constancy. But after the Rate you use me, what Opinion can I have of you ? What can I think of a Forgetfulness like yours ? And by a Forgetfulness of this Nature, do not you even take away from me all Means of writing to you ? I passionately desire to see you ; but if I am forbidden to hope it, I will content my self with a few Lines from your Hand. Is it then so hard a Task to write to what we love, if it be true that you still love me ? I desire none of your Learned Letters, on which your Reputation depends. I only desire some of those *Billets* that proceed from the Heart, which the Pen can hardly follow, and Wit has nothing to do with. How was I deceiv'd, when I thought you wholly mine, in receiving the *Veil*, and by engaging my self to live eternally under your Laws. For in making my Vows, I only meant to be entirely yours ; and I voluntarily submitted to the Desire you exprest'd to see me lock'd up for ever. Therefore nothing but Death can make me abandon the Place in which you plac'd me : Nay, my very Ashes will remain in it, in Expectation of yours, or the longer to shew you my Obedience. Why should I conceal the Secret of my Vocation ? You know it ; it was neither my Zeal, nor my Devotion that placed me in a Cloister.

Your

Your Conscience is too faithful a Witness of it for you to disown it. Yes, it was the Flesh, and not the Spirit, that transported me into this Place. I am in it; I live in it; I remain in it; an unfortunate Love, and cruel Parents condemn me to it; and if I have not the Continuation of your Cares, if I lose your Friendship, what will be the Fruit of my Prison? What Recompence can I hope for? The unfortunate Consequences of a criminal Conduct, and your particular Disgraces, have cover'd me with a chaste Habit; but not with a sincere Desire of a real Repentance. Thus I combat and labour in vain. I am among the Spouses of a God, the Servant of a Man; among the generous Slaves of his Cross, the weak Captive of a profane Love. I am at the Head of a Community of Nuns, only devoted to *Abelard*. My God! Why do you not direct me? Is it your Grace that makes me speak these Words, or is it only my Despair that forces them from me? At least I feel my self in the Temple of Chastity only cover'd with the Fire that has inflam'd us. I view my self in it, I confess like a Sinner; but one who, far from weeping for her Sins, only weeps for her Lover, and through a Weakness unworthy her present Condition, only calls to mind her past Actions, not being able to reflect on any others.

Oh Heavens! What dismal Reflections are these? I upbraid my self with my Faults, I accuse you of yours; and why all this? *Veil'd* as I am, what Disorders do you occasion? It is a cruel Task always to struggle for Duty against Inclination. I am very sensible of what I owe to the *Veil* that covers me; but I feel much better yet, what a long Habit of Loving can effect on a sensible Heart. I am subdued; I am vanquish'd by my Inclination. My Passion disorders my Mind and Will. One Moment

I listen to the Sentiments of Piety that arise within me, and the next I suffer all the Charms of my Tenderness to reign in my Imagination. I tell a Thousand Things I would not have told you Yesterday. I was resolved no longer to love you; I consider'd that I had made Vows, that I was *veil'd*, dead, and, as it were, buried: But there arises by Degrees from the Bottom of my Heart, a Trouble which destroys all those Sentiments, and clouds my Reason and my Piety. You reign in Places so concealed, and so imperceptible in that Heart, that I cannot attack you in them; and when I think of breaking the Bonds that engage me to you, I flatter my self, and all the Efforts, I am capable of, only serve to tie 'em closer. Oh! for Pity sake, assist a Wretch to renounce her Desires, her self and you, if possible. If you are a Lover, if you are a Father, succour a Mistress, comfort a Daughter. Cannot those Names, those tender Names, move you? Yield, Oh yield to pity, or to Love! If you consent to it, I am ready to be a *real Nun*, and will no longer prophane my Vocation. I am ready to humble my self with you before the Riches of the Providence of my God, who makes use of all things for our Sanctification, who through an Effect of his Grace purifies whatever is vicious and corrupted in our Principles, who through an Abundance of inconceivable Mercy, worthy of him alone, almost forces us, and opens our Eyes to give us a Glimpse of so many Favours which we refus'd to know.

I design'd to end here; but while I am angry with you, I must disburthen my Heart, and tell you how far it suspects, how much it upbraids you. I must needs confess to you, that it shook my very Soul to find, that, after we had both resolv'd to consecrate our selves to God, you engag'd me to do it, before you. What? said I, does he fear to see the

the Example of *Lot's* Wife, who look'd behind her in quitting *Sodom*, reviv'd in me? If my Youth, and my Sex, could make you fearful that I might go back to the World, especially *Paris*, not being yet on Fire, nor reduc'd to Ashes, my Behaviour, my Fidelity, and this Heart, which you too well knew, ought to have cur'd you of all those Sorts of Suspicious. That suspicious Precaution touches me sensibly. What? cry'd I, heretofore my bare Word suffic'd to assure him, and now can nothing less than a God and Vows secure him that I will be true.

What Cause have I ever given him to suspect me of the least Fickleness? I never refus'd to meet him at all his Rendezvous; and should I scruple to follow him in Houses of Sanctity! What; I who have made my self the *Victim* of Pleasure to satisfie him, could I have refus'd to be an *Oblation* of Honour to obey him! Has Vice then such Charnis over well-born Souls, that after having drank in the *Cup* of Sins, one would not receive the *Chalice* of Sanctity without Regret? Or else did you think your self a better Master for Vice than for Virtue? Did you think that it was easier to perswade me to the first than to the latter? No that Doubt will be too injurious to us both. Virtue is too beautiful not to embrace it where it is met; and Vice is too ugly not to shun it, when you make it known. All Things are charming to me which you desire: Nothing is dreadful or difficult to me when you appear: I am only weak when you do not guide me: Therefore 'tis in your Power to mould me as you please. Had you any Thing to fear, you would be less negligent. I have done too much, and I must now triumph over your Ingratitude. While we liv'd happy, you might have Reason to doubt, whether it was not Pleasure that engag'd me to you, rather than Friendship: But now the Place from whence I write decides.

cides it. I love you here at least as much as I did in the World. Had I been in Love with Voluptuousness, after your Misfortune, I might easily have found wherewith to have satisfied my self. I was then but 20 Years of Age, and there were still Men enough remaining whom I might have hop'd to please; but *Abelard* was gone, and I desir'd no other: Therefore 'tis only for your Sake, that in an Age so proper for Love, I triumph over Love it self, by burying my self in a Monastery. It is to you I dedicate these Remainders of Beauty which the literary Days and Nights, I pass, hasten to tarnish: But since you cannot enjoy them, I take them back from you to offer them to God, and thus make him a second Present of my Heart, of my Days, and of my Life.

I enlarge a little too much in this Place, and I ought not to put you so much in mind of your Misfortunes, and of what I suffer for your Sake. We tarnish the Splendor of the greatest Actions, when we make the tedious Panegyrick of them our selves: But that when we are to deal with Persons who are doz'd by a base Ingratitude, we can never repeat what we have done for them too much. Were you of that Number, that Reproach would tell you a World of Things. But I do not direct it to you, lest you should prove one of them. Wavering as I am, I am sensible that I love you still. However, I can hope for nothing; I have renounc'd Life: Yet, tho' depriv'd of all, I feel that I have not renounc'd *Abelard* in losing my Lover. I preserve all my Love in a Monastery, where I keep all my Vows. Our rigid Laws have not deprived me of Humanity. You have not turn'd me into Marble, by making me change my Habit. My Heart is not harden'd, tho' you are absent from me. I am as sensible as I was heretofore; and yet I ought no longer to be so.

Suffer,

Suffer, without Blemish to your Empire, that my Lover may exhort me to live under your Laws. Your Yoke will be lighter, if his Hand supports it. Our Exercises will become lovely to me, if he will vouchsafe to shew me the Usefulness of them. Retirement, Solitude, you will be no longer dismal, if I may hear that I have a Place in his Remembrance. A Heart, that has been sensible as mine, cannot easily resolve to grow indifferent. We hate, we love, several Times before we can attain Tranquility; and we still preserve some distant Hopes of not being absolutely forgotten.

Yes, *Abelard*, I do conjure thee, by the Chains I drag in this Place, to ease the Weight of them, and to render them as pleasing to me as I could wish them. Give me Maxims of holy Love: After having quitted thee, I am proud of being the Spouse of a God; my Heart adores that Title, and despairs all others; teach me how that divine Love is bred, maintain'd, and purifies it self more and more. When we were both in the Sea of this World, your Vein was continually employ'd to acquaint the World with our Joys and Pleasures; but now we are in the Harbour of Grace, is it not reasonable you should speak with me of my Happiness, and teach me what may increase it? Have the same Complaisance for me in my present Condition, as you had in the World. Without changing our Hearts, let us change our Object. Laying aside profane Songs, let us sing divine Hymns. Let us elevate our Hearts to God, and let us have no Transports but for his Glory.

I expect this from you, as a Thing you cannot refuse. Heaven has a peculiar Right over the Hearts of the great Men he has form'd: Whenever he touches them, he transports them, and they languish for, and talk of nothing but him: Until that Moment

Moment of God arrives, think on me, and do not forget me: Remember my Affection, my Fidelity, and my Constancy. Love a Mistress, cherish a Daughter, a Sister, a Spouse. Consider that I love you still, and that I combat no longer to love you. Heaven! What a Word is this? What Design? I tremble; my Heart revolts against my Words, and being ready to blot them out, I conclude this long Letter, bidding you, if you desire it (and would to God I could do it my self) Farewel for ever.



*A LETTER sent from the Right Honourable JAMES Earl of DERBY, to Commissary General IRETON, in Answer to the Summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of M A N.*

SIR,



HAVE received your Letter with Indignation, and with Scorn return you this Answer, That I cannot but wonder, whence you should gather any Hopes, that I should prove like you, treacherous to my Sovereign. Since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest Candor of my former Actings in his late Majesty's Service, from which Principles of Loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your Proffer; I disdain your Favour; I abhor your Treason; and am so far from delivering up this Island to your Advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my Power, and,



JOHN Duke of  
BUCKINGHAM.

and, I hope, to your Destruction. Take this for your final Answer, and forbear any further Sollicitations ; for if you trouble me with any more Messages of this Nature, I will burn your Paper, and hang up your Messenger. This is the immutable Resolution, and shall be the undoubted Practice of him who accounts it his chiefest Glory to be, his Majesty's most Loyal and Obedient Subject,

D E R S Y.

From Castle-Town  
this 12th of July,  
1649.



The Duke of BUCKINGHAM's  
*Letter to the Right Honourable the  
Earl of ARLINGTON, Principal  
Secretary of State to his MA-  
JESTY.*

*Written by his Grace when he was Ambassador  
at the Court of FRANCE.*

St. Germains, August 15. 1670.

My LORD,



If I had had the good Fortune to bring my Lord Faulconbridge's Secretary with me, he would have entertain'd your Lordship with a whole Sheet of Paper full of the Particulars of my Reception here; for I have had more Honours done me, than ever were given to any Subject. You will receive, in two or three Days, a Proposition from

from this Court, concerning *the making War upon Holland only*, which you may enlarge as you please. Monsier de Lienne shew'd me the Model of it last Night, and I shall see the Particulars before they are sent.

In the mean time, having not your Cypher, I shall only tell you in general, that nothing but our being Mealy-mouth'd can hinder us from finding our Accounts in this Matter: *For you may almost ask what you please.* I have written more at large in Cypher to my Lord Ashley, and when you have discoursed together, if you think my Stay here will be of Use to his Majesty, let me know it; if not, I will come away.

*I am, my Lord,  
Your Lordship's most Humble,  
and most Faithful Servant,*

BUCKINGHAM.



## To my Lord BERKLEY.

*My LORD,*



Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse for not waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons; the first is, because Mrs.—refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind of Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am: The other, That Sir Robert C—is to go into the Country upon *Monday*, and has desired me to stay within to Morrow, about signing some Papers, which must be dispatch'd, for the clearing so much of my Estate, as (in spight of my own Negligence, and the

the extraordinary Perquittes I have received from the Court) is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend, not to give me leave to look after my Temporal Affairs, if you but consider how little I am like to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. B—— be very much in the wrong: Pray tell her, I am resolv'd hereafter never to swear by any other but by \* Jo. Ab; \* A Box-and if that be a Sin, it's as odd a one keeper of the as ever she heard of. *Play-house.*

I am, my L O R D,  
Your Lordship's most Humble,  
and most Faithful Servant,  
BUCKINGHAM.



A LETTER from Sir GEORGE  
ETHEREGE, to his Grace the  
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

My L O R D,

Ratisbone, Octob. 2. 1689.



Never enjoy'd my self so much, as when I can steal a few Moments from the Hurry of publick Business, to write to my Friends in England; and as there is none there to whom I pay a profounder Respect than to your Grace, wonder not if I afford my self the Satisfaction of conversing with you by Way of Letters (the only Relief I have left me to support your Absence at this Distance) as often as I can find an Opportunity.

[Vol. I.]

M

You

You my gues's by my last, whether I don't pass my Time very comfortably here; forc'd, as I am by Character, to spend the better Part of my Time in squabbling and deliberating with Persons of Beard and Gravity, how to preserve the Balance of Christendom, which would go well enough of it self, if the Divines and Ministers of Princes would let it alone: And when I come home spent and weary from the *Diet*, I have no Lord *D----t's*, or Sir *Charles S----y's* to sport away the Evening with, no Madam *I----*, or my Lady *A----s*; in short, none of those kind charming Creatures *London* affords, in whose Embraces I might make my self amends for so many Hours murdered in impertinent Debates; so that not to magnifie my Sufferings to your Grace, they really want a greater Stock of Christian Patience to support them, than I can pretend to be Master of.

I have been long enough in this Town (one would think) to have made Acquaintance enough with Persons of both Sexes, so as never to be at a Loss how to pass the few vacant Hours I can allow my self: But the terrible Drinking, that accompanies all our Visits, hinders me from conversing with the Men so often as I would otherwise do; and the *German* Ladies are so intolerably reserv'd and virtuous (with Tears in my Eyes I speak it to your Grace) that 'tis next to an Impossibility to carry on an Intrigue with them: A Man hath so many Scruples to conquer, and so many Difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least Success, that, for my Part, I have given over all Pursuits of this Nature: Besides, there is so universal a Spirit of Censoriousness reigns in this Town, that a Man and Woman cannot be seen at *Ombre* or *Picquet* together; but 'tis immediately concluded some other Game has been played between them; and

and as this renders all manner of Access to the Ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their Reputation to the Mercy of ill-natur'd Neighbours, so it makes an innocent Piece of Gallantry often pass for a criminal Correspondence.

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

I have been happy in my Acquaintance with this Family for some Months, when an ill-favour'd Accident robb'd me of the greatest Happiness I had hitherto enjoy'd in *Germany*, the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur *Hffman*, about three Weeks ago, going to make merry with some Friends (at a Village some three Leagues from this Place) upon the *Danube*, by the Unskilfulness or Negligence of the Water-men, the Boat, wherein he was, unfortunately chanc'd to overfet, and of some twenty Persons not one escaped to bring home the News, but a Boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the Rudder, and so by the Rapidity of the Current was cast upon the other Shore.

M?

I was

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

About a fortnight after this cruel Loss (for I thought it would be Labour lost to attack her Grief in its first Vehemence) I thought my self oblig'd, in Point of Honour and Gratitude to the Memory of my deceas'd Friend, to make her a small Visit, and condole her Ladyship upon this unhappy Occasion: And tho' I had been told that she had refused to see several Persons who had gone to wait on her with the same Errant, yet I presumed so much upon the Friendship her late Husband had always express'd for me, (not to mention the particular Civilities I received from her self) as to think I should be admitted to have a Sight of her: Accordingly I came to her House, sent up my Name, and Word was immediately brought me, that if I pleas'd, I might go up to her.

When I came into the Room, I fancy'd my self in the Territories of Death, every thing look'd so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave *Lutheran Minister* with her, that omitted no

Argu-

Arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian Disposition of Mind. Madam, (say he) you don't consider, that by abandoning your self thus to Despair, you actually rebel against Providence. I can't help it, (says she) Providence may e'en thank it self, for laying so insupportable a Load upon me. O fie, Madam, (cries the other) this is down-right Impiety: What would you say now, if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary Visitation? That is impossible, replies the Lady, sighing; and since it hath robb'd me of the only Delight I had in this World, the only Favour it can do me, is to level a Thunder-bolt at my Head, and put an End to all my Sufferings. The Parson finding her in this extravagant Strain, and seeing no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better Temper, got up from his Seat, and took his Leave of her.

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

Madam, says I to her, next to my Concern for your worthy Husband's untimely Death, I am grieved to see what an Alteration the Bemoaning of his Loss has occasion'd in you. These Words raising her Curiosity to know what this Alteration was, I thus continued my Discourse: In endeavouring, Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your Grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful Woman, I intend a publick Benefit; for if the Publick is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving a beautiful Face, that Man does the Publick no little Service who contributes most to its Preservation.

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

How! reply'd our disconsolate Widow, with a Sigh that came from the Bottom of her Heart: And is it possible that my just Concern for my dear Husband has wrought so cruel an Effect upon me in a short Time! With that she order'd her Gentlewoman to bring the Locking-glass to her; and having survey'd her self a few Minutes in it, she told me she was perfectly convinced that my Notions were true; but, cries she, what wculd you have us poor Women to do in these Cases? For something, continues she, we owe to the Memory of the deceased, and something too to the World, which expects at least the common Appearance of Grief from us.

By your leave, Madam, says I, all this is a Mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your Husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your Lamentation: Besides, could you shēd an Ocean of Tears upon his Hearse, it would not do him the least Service; much less do you lie under such Obligations to the World, as to spoil a good Face only to comply with its Tyrannick Customs: No, Madam, take care to preserve your Beauty, and then let the World say what it pleases; your Ladyship may be revenged upon the World when e'er you see fit. I am resolved, answers she, to be entirely govern'd by you; therefore tell me frankly what sort of a Course you'd have me steer? Why, Madam, says I, in the first place forget the Defunct; and in order to bring that about, relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite Meats, and the most generous Wines. Upon Condition you'll sup with me, cries our afflicted Lady, I will submit to your Prescription. But why should I trouble your Grace with a Narration of every Particular? In short, we had a noble Regale that Evening in her Bed-chamber, and our good Widow push'd the Glass so strenuously about, that her Comforter (meaning niv self) could hardly find the Way to his Coach. To conclude this Farce (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your Grace) this *Phænix* of her Sex, this Pattern of conjugal Fidelity, two Mornings ago was marry'd to a smooth-chin'd Ensign of Count Trautmandorf's Regiment, that had not a Farthing in the World but his Pay to depend upon. I assisted at the Ceremony, tho' I little imagin'd the Lady would take the Matrimonial Receipt so soon.

I was the easier persuaded to give your Grace a large Account of this Tragi-comedy, not only because I wanted better Matter to entertain you with at this lazy Conjuncture, but also to shew your Grace, that

not only *Ephesus* in ancient, and *England* in later Times have afforded such phantastical Widows, but even *Germany* it self; where, if the Ladies have not more Virtue than those of their Sex in other Countries, yet they pretend, at least, a greater Management of the out-side of it.

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

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

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

*My LORD,  
Your Grace's most Obedient,  
and most Obliged Servant,*

**G. ETHEREGE.**

: .  
: .

**A LET-**



## *A LETTER to his Friend on the Ruins after the Fire of LONDON.*

*My Worthy and Honour'd Master,*

 IS a strange Thing to consider how insensibly the Omission of three or four Intercourses of Letters indisposes a Man to set to it again ; nothing else, I am confident, could have so long kept you from the Trouble of my Papers : For, as for my Heart you know it deservedly yours ; my Hand too has had its Pride in doing you some Service formerly ; and therefore its Ambition's less mortal. 'Twas my Hap, Sir, by a sudden Emergency to be exempted from the Number of the Spectators of the late great Calamity, I was then in *Suffolk*, and have not been above ten Days here since my Return ; Time, truly, little enough for a Man to collect his Spirits after so dismal and amazing Spectacle. Ah, Master ! *Fuit Illum*, and the very Ruins of that beautiful City appear not unlovely ; there is somewhat of Grandeur in its Rubbish, and of Surprizal, as well as Horror, in its Ashes. Please you, Sir, to accept of this Letter instead of a Superscription to my next ; for I am just now hasten'd to go about a Picture ; and thus hoping for more Time against next Return, I can at present send you, and my dear Scholar, my hearty

250 Mr. FLATMAN's Letter with his Picture.  
ty Thanks and Respects; and without Trope or Fi-  
gure, conclude my self,

Honoured Master,

Your humble Servant,

T. FLATMAN.

P. S. Pray, Sir, favour me in your next, with one  
Word concerning Mr. Briet, what's become of him,  
when he returns, &c.



## 'A LETTER with his PICTURE.

Honoured Master,

HO' I am not so vain to think my Face  
worth drawing, nor my Picture worth  
hanging amongst, your other Rarities,  
(such a one as 'tis) I have made  
bold to send it, hoping it my serve,  
at least, for a Foil to the rest. Pray,  
therefore, be pleased to accept it, and entertain it  
kindly; for though there be little of Attraction or  
Pleasure in the Features; yet there is, I assure you, a  
great deal of generous Kindness and humble Defe-  
rence for you in the Heart of,

June 24,  
1669.

SIR,

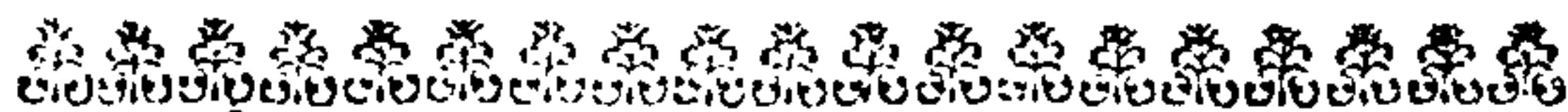
Your real, affectionate,  
And thankful Friend and Servant,

T. FLATMAN.

P. S. I

P. S. I had waited on you Yesterday, but that (having set up all Night before, I was overtaken with Drowsiness after Dinner, and slept soundly all the Afternoon: To Morrow in the Evening I hope to see you, being engag'd to meet some Cantabrigian Acquaintance this Afternoon at the *White Heart.*

Mr. Cradock will be at Dr. Patrick's to Day.



LETTER of Thanks for a Poem.  
receiv'd.

---

By Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

---

London, Aug. 16. 1666.

Honour'd MADAM,



F Ingenuity were of equal Power with Valour, which inspires Men to fear least when the Swords of their Enemy afford most Reason for it. My Writing to you after the Receipt of so inimitable, so excellent a Piece of Poetry, were an Apology very rational and commendable: But really, Madam, I am too much a Coward to admit the Metaphor. In plain Terms therefore, Madam, though every Consideration and Reflection on me carries in it great Convictions of the Unfitness of the Writer; yet, methoughts, something in my Heart told me, I could not justly be reproach'd for being thankful, though my Gratitude were not so ceremonious as it ought. Give me leave to send you ten thousand Thanks for that which merits twenty Millions; and let me tell you what

252 A LETTER of *Thanks for a Poem*

what Operation your Poesy has on me; it puts me into a Condition, which truly I cannot more aptly resemble to any Thing, than that of them, whom the Oracle of old had inspir'd, beginning with a Phrensie, and ending with a Rapture: So that (to continue the Allegory) if I be hereafter dumb, 'tis you have silenc'd me; and if you should hear that I renounce my beloved Colours, if it be not voluntary (as the *Mahumetans* put out their Eyes when they have seen their Prophet's Tomb) you may conclude me dazzled with your Perfections, and so rendered unfit for an Employment that requires unastonish'd Eyes. And now, Madam, I think I have troubled you and my Master enough of all Conscience, for one Time. 'Twould take up a great deal of Time and Paper to excuse my Boldness in presuming to write to a Lady so every Way accomplish'd; therefore I think 'twill be as well taken, if I leave that to another Opportunity, and at present only present her with my best Service, and assure her I am still

*Her most humble Servant,*

T. FLATMAN.



*A Con-*



## *A Consolatory LETTER on the Death of a FRIEND.*

*Honoured Master,*



O convince you that neither Honour, nor Happiness, adverse or prosperous Fortune, can make any Alteration in the Breast of the poor and meanest Servant, you see I must continue your weekly Trouble, even when, indeed, I have least list, and am the most unqualified Person in the World. Ah, Master! among all my Misfortunes, and the Varieties of Perplexities I have run through, this last Week has burthen'd me with one too insupportable. Friends are, without all Question, Treasures invaluable, the sweetest Satisfactions of our Lives, and the only *Alexipharmacæ* against all the saddest Casualties we are born to; living Friends are so: But when the Objects of our Loves and Admiration become those of our Pity and Aversation; when the Necessity of Nature makes us stand at a Distance from those we could incessantly gaze on, and passionately embrace; certainly the Impressions must be great, and the Confusions very many. Not to hold you any longer in suspence, my Noble, my Generous Friend, the Glory of the Sea, the Astonishment of all the World, is dead. When I have told you this, you cannot be ignorant of the Person I mean; he has a Name too big to be concealed from any Body that ever heard of Wonders on the Deep, or understands what 'tis to be brave, to be valiant, to

be loyal, to be kind and honourable; more than all this is too little to describe Sir Christopher Myngs. Guess, my dearest Master, the Disturbance so irreparable a Loss must create in one often honour'd with his Conversation, and many Ways oblig'd by him. We have nothing left of him now, but poor sorrowful Syl. Taylour, that other Half of his Soul, who is now resolv'd for Retirement, and will run no more Hazards at Sea. Many more Things I might misemploy you with; but this great Load must be first removed, which, I think, will not be, till I have vented my Grief in a Pindarique, and done the last Office of Kindness for the Dead. If I can make my Sorrows any thing legible, expect to bear a Part in them. My dear Master, your Self and worthy Lady must give me leave to give you now all the Services and Respects, I had for my dead Friend; and I'll assure you, I know no Persons living that can rob you of the least Particle of my Soul, which I must acknowledge, 'spite of Philosophy, was once divided. This seriously said, I hope you believe me,

*London, June 15.*

1666.

*Your most heartily*

*Humble Servant*

THOMAS FLATMAN.



T



To the Right Honourable the **L O R D**  
**P R I V Y - S E A L** at Windsor.

*A Relation of the dreadful Fire of London,  
Septemb. 2d. 1666. being a short Survey of  
the Ruins, written five Days after it be-  
gan.*

---

By Mr. CLIFFORD.

---

My **L O R D**,

**A**Ccording to your Command, I have ta-  
ken a short Prospect of this Desola-  
tion: I was all over it Yesterday, there's  
not a House standing between Tower-  
Dock and the *Inner-Temple-Hall*, where  
it stay'd; as likewise it stay'd at *Fetter-Lane* End  
in *Fleet-street*, so that the Church and *Clifford's Inn*  
are all safe: It burn'd up *Fetter-Lane* on both Sides,  
to near or at the Inn call'd *the Mag-pye*, and so *Shoe-*  
*Lane* to near *Holbourn*, at *Holbourn-bridge* it stopp'd  
very miraculously; but all up the Hill it consum'd  
on both Sides: *Hosier-Lane*, on the Left-hand, is most  
of it burnt. The Fire was again stopp'd at *Pye-*  
*Corner*, but destroy'd all in a strait Line to *Alders-*  
*gate*, leaving the *Lame-Hospital* and *Little-Britain*  
standing; but *Christ-Church* consum'd: At *Aldersgate*  
it stay'd; but it has burnt all to *Coleman-Street* with-  
in the Walls, except a few Houses by *Sion-College*  
stand-

standing ; all Coleman-Street burnt ; but from More-gate to Broad-street secured by London-Wall. Broad-Street and Bishopsgate-Street not burnt ; but at the South-end at Leaden-Hill the Fire had a Check, which sav'd all that End of the Town towards Aldgate. Gracious-Street consum'd, and so down Fenchurch-Street to New Market-Lane : Nothing on Tower-hill standing but Barking-Church : All within this Compass, both Houses, Halls, Churches, Exchange, Prisons, and all Wood and Lead consum'd, to the Amazement of the Beholders, it's so prodigious. We talk of Fire-balls and Fooleries ; but sober Men find nothing in it but the immediate Hand of God ; yet I fear we have been too cruel to some French and Dutch ; God fit us for whatsoever he is pleased to lay upon us, and then all is welcome that he sends. I am,

*London, Sept. 8.  
1666.*

*My L O R D,*

*Your Honour's most Obedient Servant,*

MAT. CLIFFORD.



F I N I S.



S<sup>r</sup> G. Kneller Pinx.

M. vor Gucht Sculp.

M<sup>r</sup> John Dryden

Title. Vol. II. Anno. 1693. Ætat. 50.

The SECOND VOLUME

OF

Familiar Letters

OF

LOVE, GALLANTRY

And several OCCASIONS,

BY THE

WITS of the Last and Present Age.

With the best of VOITURE's Letters, Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. T. BROWN.

ALSO THE

R E M A I N S

Of the Celebrated

Mr. T. BROWN;

BEING

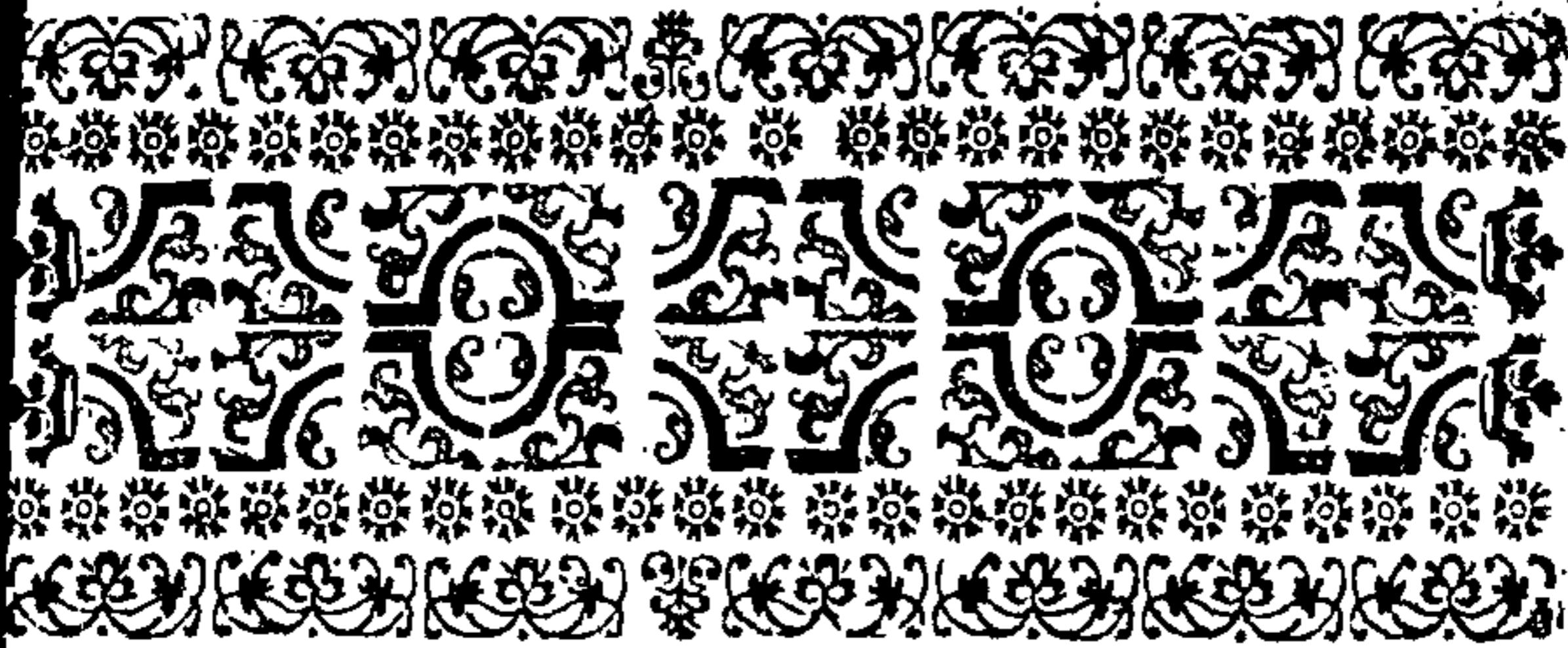
LETTERS, POEMS and DIalogues  
on the TIMES, not Printed in his  
WORKS.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for SAM. BRASCO. 1718.

---



T O T H E

# READER.

**B**Y the Desire of several  
Worthy Persons of Wit and  
Learning, I have here Printed  
the *Remains* of the Late Celebrated  
Mr. Tho. Brown, which were  
not Incerted in the Works of  
that Author, to do Justice to the  
Buyers, rather than make those  
Editions that are Sold Imperfect;

A and

## To the Reader.

and I must farther Acquaint the Reader, that the *Dialogue*, formerly *Privately* printed at Oxford, and incerted in these *Remains*, was written by a *Learned Friend* of Mr. Brown's, as I am now Informed.

And since I have finished this *Collection of Letters*, I have received several *Original Letters*, and *Poems* of Mr. Dryden, never before printed ; and several *Letters* of Mr. Wycherleys, and other *Great Men*; and *Letters* written by the Immortal Queen Elizabeth : And the Earl of Essex: Therefore, if the *Lovers* and Encouragers of *Wit* and *Learning*, will Oblige Me and the *Publick* with any *Original Letters* that are Entertaining, they shall receive full Satisfaction,

## To the Reader.

be gratefully receiv'd, and carefully Incerted in the Next *Volume*, if Directed to Mr. Morphew's, near *Stationers Hall*,

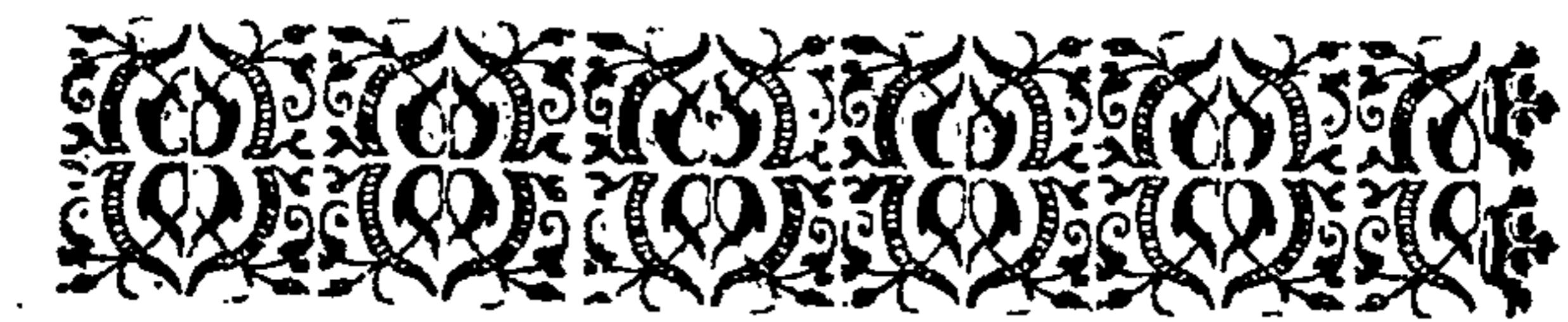
For

Your Servant,

Sam. Briscoe.

A 2

The



THE  
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OF THE  
Second VOLUME  
O.F  
LETTERS.

*A Collection of the Best Letters, Written by Mounfieur Voiture, to Persons of Quality of both Sex, in the Court of France.*

---

Translated by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Dennis, and  
Mr. Thomas Brown.

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THE  
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Of the Late Celebrated  
**Mr. THO. BROWN:**  
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on the Times; not Printed in  
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ICONIS. CHOTIURE.

BY J. B. LAMBERT, M.D. LONDON: Printed for the Author, by J. DODS, 1750.



The Second VOLUME of a  
**COLLECTION**  
Of the Best  
**LETTERS**

Written by Mons. *VOITURE*,  
To Persons of the greatest Wit, Ho-  
nour and Quality of both Sex, in  
the Court of *France*.

---

The FOURTH EDITION.

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*Made English by several Eminent Hands.*

---

*To my Lord Cardinal DE LA VALETTE.*  
*A Description of a Country Journey.*

---

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

---

*My LORD,*

 Am satisfy'd, that you old Cardinals take more Authority upon you, than those of the last Promotion, because, having written many Letters to you, without receiving one from you, yet you complain of my Neglect. In the mean time, seeing so many well-bred Men, who assure me that [Vol. II.] B you

you do me too much Honour to think of me at all, and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgments, I am resolved to take their Counsel, and to pass over all sorts of Difficulties and Considerations of my own Interest. This then will give you to understand, that six Days after the Eclipse, and a Fortnight after my Decease, Madam the Princess, Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, Madam *du Vigean*, Madam *Aubry*, Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*, Mademoiselle *Paulet*, Monsieur *de Chaudébonne*, and my self, left Paris about six in the Evening, and went to *La Barre*, where Madam *du Vigean* was to give a Collation to the Princess. In our Way thither we found nothing worth our Observation ; but only that at *Ormeisson*, an *English* Matiff came up to the Boot of the Coach, to make his Compliment to me. Be pleased to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I express my self in the Plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be understand, that I spake in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at *La Barre*, and enter'd a Hall, where we trod upon nothing but Roses and Orange-flowers. Madam the Princess, after she had sufficiently admir'd this Magnificence, had a mind to see the Walks before Supper : The Sun was then just sitting in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, and gave us no larger a Share of his Beams, than to supply a soft and pleasing Light ; the Air was not disturb'd either with Wind or Heat, and it seem'd that Heaven and Earth were conspiring with Madam *du Vigean* in her treating the fairest Princess upon Earth. After she had pass'd through a great Parterre and Gardens full of Orange-Trees, she arrived at the Entrance of an enchanted Wood, so thick and shady, that Authors conclude the Sun, since the Day of his Birth, never enter'd it. till now that he

he waited on her Highness thither. At the end of an Alley, which carried the Sight out of distance, we found a Fountain, which alone cast up a greater Quantity of Water, than all those of *Tivoli* together: About it were plac'd four and twenty Violins, which had much ado to make themselves be heard, for the rumbling of the Streams in falling. When we were got near enough, we discover'd, in a certain Nich, within a Pallisade, a *Diana*, of about eleven or twelve Years of Age, and fairer than the Forests of *Greece* and *Theffaly* had ever seen: She bore her Bow and Arrows in her Eycs, and was encompass'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far distant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to pass for one of her Train. Those who are not given to believe Fables, took them for Mademoiselles *de Bourbon* and *la Priande*; and, to confess the Truth, they resembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring so many different Objects, which at once astonish'd their Eyes and Ears, when on a sudden the Goddess leap'd down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impossible to be describ'd, began a Ball, which lasted for some time about the Fountain. 'Twas somewhat strange, my Lord, that in the midst of so many Pleasures, which were sufficient to engage the whole Attention of their Spirits, who enjoy'd them, yet we could not forbear to think of you; and it was generally concluded, that something was wanting to our Happiness, since neither you, nor Madam *de Rambouillet*, were present. Then I took up a Harp, and sung his *Spanish Stanza*;

*Pues quisco mi suerte dura,  
Que faltando mi señor  
Tambien faltasse mi Dama.*

B 2

And

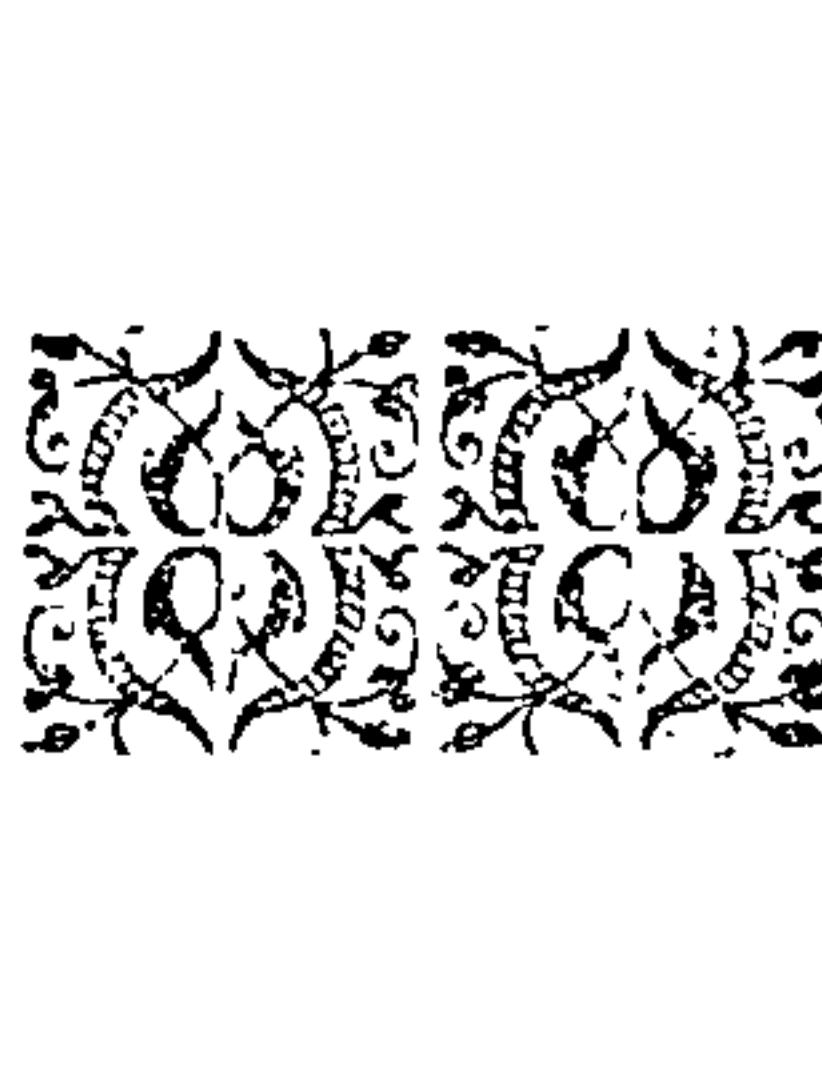
And continued the rest of the Song so very melodiously, and with such an Air of Sadness, that there was not one of the Company but the Tears came into their Eyes, and they wept abundantly. Their Sorrow had endur'd much longer, had not the Violins struck up a Sarabrand, with great Speed and Presence of Mind; upon which the Company got upon their Feet, with as much Gaiety as if nothing in the World had happen'd, and fell into the Dance. Thus leaping, capering, turning round, and hopping, we returned to the House, where we found a Table already spread, and serv'd as if it had been serv'd by Fairies. This, my Lord, is one Passage of the Adventure, which is so stupendous, that no Words are capable of expressing it: For there are neither Colours of Speech, nor Figures in the Art of Rhetoric, which can describe six several sorts of Potages, which were at once presented to the Sight. And what was particularly remarkable, that there being none but Goddesses, and two Demi-Gods at the Table, (*viz.*) Monsieur *Chaudébonne* and I, yet every one eat as heartily, and with as good Appetites, as if we had been neither more nor less than plain Mortals: And, to confess the Truth, a better Treat could not have been provided. Amongst other things, there were twelve Dishes, besides other Eatables in disguise, which were never seen before on any human Table, and whose very Names have never been so much as mention'd in any History. This Circumstance, my Lord, by some disastrous Accident, has been related to Madam *la Mareschalle* —, and though, immediately upon it, she took twelve Drams of Opium, beyond her ordinary Dose, yet she has never been able to close her Eyes from that fatal Moment. During the first Course, there was not so much as one single Cup went round to your Health, the Company was so intent

tent upon the present Affair ; and at the Desert, we quite forgot it. I beg your Permission, my Lord, to relate all things as they pass'd, like a faithful Historian as I am, and without Flattery ; for I would not for the World, that Posterity should mistake one thing for another, and that at the end of two thousand Years hence, or thereabouts, Posterity should imagine your Health was drunk, when really there was no such thing in Nature. Yet I must give this Testimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Memory : For, during all Supper-time, you were often mention'd ; all the Ladies wish'd you there, and some of them very heartily, or I am much mislaken. As we rose from Table, the Sound of the Violins summon'd us up Stairs, where we found a Chamber so gloriously lighted up, that it look'd as if the Day, which was now below the Earth, had retired hither, and was assembled in one Body of Light. Here the Ball began again, in better Order and with more Grace, than it had been danc'd about the Fountain ; and the most magnificent Part of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it there in Person. Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, I must confess, was of Opinion, that I danc'd awkwardly ; but she concluded, to my Advantage, that I must be allowed to fence well ; because, that at the end of every Cadence, I put my self upon my Guard. The Ball continued with much Pleasure, till all of a sudden a great Noise, which was heard without Doors, caused the Company to look out at the Windows ; where, from a great Wood, which was about three-hundred Paces from the House, we beheld so vast a Number of Fire-works issuing out, that we verily believ'd all the Branches and Trunks of the Trees had been metamorphos'd into Guns ; that all the Stars were falling from the Firmament, and that the Element of Fire was descending into the middle Region

gion of the Air. Here, my Lord, are three Hyperboles tack'd together, which being valued at a moderate Price, are worth three dozen of Fusees at the least. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Extasy, into which so many Miracles had plung'd us, we resolv'd on our Departure, and took the Way to *Paris* by the Light of twenty Flambeaux : We pass'd through all the *Ormessonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Espinay*, without Resistance, and went through the middle of *St. Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach by the Side of Madam — I said a whole *Miserere* to her on your Behalf ; to which she reply'd, with much Gallantry, and no less Civility : We sung in our Journey a world of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundlays, Lampoons, and Ballads, and were now half a League beyond *St. Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning precisely ; the Fatigue of the Journey, Watching, Walking, and the painful Exercise of the Ball, having made me somewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd would have been my total Ruin : There is a certain little Village, situate, say the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and *St. Dennis*, and vulgarly call'd, *La Valette*. At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches, in which were those Numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon, Satan entring into the Spirit of Mademoiselle, she commanded them to follow us, and to give Serenades all Night long to the poor innocent People of *Paris*, who were asleep, and dreamt not of her Malice. This diabolical Proposition made my Hair rise an end upon my Head ; yet all the Company pass'd a Vote in Favour of it ; and the Word was just ready to be given, but by a signal Providence they had left their Violins behind them at *La Barre* ; for which the Lord reward them. From hence, my Lord, you may reasonably conclude,

clude, that Mademoiselle is a dangerous Person in the Night, if ever there was any in the World ; and that I had great Reason at Madam —'s House to say, that the Violins ought to be turn'd out of Doors, when that pestilent Lady was in Company. Well, we continued our Way happily enough, but only that as we enter'd the *Fauxbourgh*, we met six lusty Fellows, as naked as ever they were born, who pass'd directly by the Coach, to the Terror of the Ladies. In fine, we arrived at *Paris* ; and what I am now going to relate is indeed prodigious : Could you imagine it, my Lord ? The Obscurity was so great, that it cover'd all that vast City ; and, instead of what we left it, not full seven Hours before, fill'd with Noise, and with a Crowd of Men, Women, Horses, and Coaches, we found nothing but a deep Silence, a dismal Desart, a frightful Solitude, dispeopled Streets, not meeting with any mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Lustre of our Torches. But the remaining Part of the Adventure you shall have, my Lord, another time : As *Boyando* tells you,

*Qui e il fin del Canto ; e torno ad Orlando,  
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.*





## To Mademoiselle PAULET.

MADAM,



O great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no less Consolation than that which I lately receiv'd from you ; and I look'd on your Letter as a Pardon which Heaven granted me after my Sentence ; I can call by no other Name the News which oblig'd me to return to this Place, and I can assure you that the Sentence of Death is oftentimes less rigorous. But since, in the midst of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour to be remember'd by you, to complain would be ill-becoming of me ; for methinks he may dispense with the Favours of Fortune, who is happy enough to obtain yours. This is the Reason that I shall make use of to comfort my self, for the Necessity of remaining here, and not that which you urg'd in yours, That it is better to be an Exile in a Foreign Land, than to be a Prisoner in one's own Country : For, alas ! you know but one half of my Mifery, if you are not convinc'd that I am both together ; and if you judge of the Matter rightly, you will find that a thing, which seems very inconsistent, is to be found in me, which is to be banish'd from the same Person by whom I am kept a Prisoner. You will find it difficult to interpret this Riddle, unless you call to mind, that I have always been us'd to mingle a Dram of Love in my Letters : For if, as you say, I am allow'd some Liberty here, of which I should be depriv'd in France, I beseech you let it be that of assuring you, that there is a great deal

deal of Passion mix'd with the Affection which I express for your Service. I should indeed be ungrateful, if I should discover but an ordinary Friendship for a Person who does such extraordinary Things for me ; and I am obliged to fall in Love at least with your Generosity. I have been acquainted what Care a Gentleman and a Lady has taken to enquire of my Welfare, which is an additional Obligation to one whom they had extreamly oblig'd before. For all the rest, they have seem'd buried in so profound a Silence, that for six Months together I have heard not the least mention of them. Whether this comes from their Forgetfulness, or from their Prudence, I am unable to determine : Yet Forgetfulness may be allow'd an Excuse for Silence ; but a dumb Remembrance is without Defence. I leave you to conclude, Madam, how much Lustre this reflects upon what you have done for me, and how much I am oblig'd to you for a long Letter at a time, when others have been afraid to send me their Service. Therefore let me assure you, that tho' I am unable to make suitable Returns to such Goodness, I esteem it at least, and extol it as it deserves, and that I am as much as a Man can possibly be,

*MADAM,*

*Yours, &c.*





## To Monsieur DE CHAUDEBONNE.

Writ to you ten or twelve Days ago,  
and return'd you Thanks for the two  
Letters, which I have at length re-  
ceiv'd from you. If you were but  
sensible of the Satisfaction they brought  
with them, you would be sorry for  
not having writ to me oftner, and for not frequent-  
ly repeating the Consolation, of which I had so  
much need. *Madrid*, which is the agreeablest Place  
in the World, for those who at once are lusty and  
Libertines, is the most disconsolate for those who  
are Regular, or those who are Indisposed. And in  
*Lent*, which is the Players Vacation, I do not know  
so much as one Pleasure that a Man can enjoy with  
Conscience. My Melancholy here, and my want of  
Company, have produc'd a good Effect in me ; for  
they have reconcil'd me to Books, which I had for  
a time forsaken ; and being able to meet with no  
other Pleasures, I have been forc'd to taste and to  
relish that of Reading. Prepare then to see me a  
Philosopher as great as your self ; and consider how  
fast a Man must come on, who for seven whole  
Months has studied, or has been sick : For if one of  
the chief Things that Philosophy aims at, is a Con-  
tempt of Life ; the Stone-Cholic is certainly the  
best of Masters, and *Plato* and *Socrates* perswades  
us less efficaciously. It has lately read me a Lecture,  
that lasted seventeen Days, and which I shall not  
quickly forget ; and which has often made me con-  
sider how very feeble we are, since three Grains of

Sand

Sand are sufficient to cast us down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it shall not at least be that which maintains that Pain is not an Evil ; and that he who is wise, is at all times happy. But whatever befalls me, I can neither be happy nor wise, without being near to you, and nothing can make me one or the other, so much as your Presence or your Example. Yet am I very uncertain when I shall be able to leave this Place, and expecting both Money and Men, which are coming by Sea, and which are two things that do not always keep touch with us. I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wish ; therefore I make it my humble Request to you, That you would not forget me so long as you have done, and that you would testify, by doing me the Honour of writing to me, that you are convinc'd of the real Affection with which

I am yours, &c.



## To Monsieur DE GODEAU.

SIR,

YOU ought to give me Time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me to write to you : For it appears to me to be something absurd, that I, who have been now so long a Foreigner, and but just come from breathing the Air of *Barbary*, should presume to expose my Letters to one of the most eloquent Men in *France*. This Consideration has kept me silent till now. But tho' I forbear to answer your Challenges, I cannot refuse

refuse to return your Civilities. By these you have found a Way to vanquish me, in spight of all my Evasions. In my present Condition, it is more reputabile to you to conquer me this way, than to overcome me by Force: You would have acquir'd but small Glory by vigorously attacking a Man, who is already driven to Extremity, and to whom Fortune has given so many Blows, that the least may satisfy to overwhelm him. Amidst the Darkness in which she hath plac'd us, we can have no Defence; but here all our Art and our Skill in Parring are useles. The Case perhaps might be otherwise, if you had set before my Eyes the Sun of which you make mention; and, as dejected as you see me now, I should grow daring enough to enter the Lists against you, if the Light of that were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to have that alone on your side, than all the rest of Heaven. The Beauties which sparkle in all that you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the Influence of her Rays on you which produces so many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more lively, than those which you scatter on every thing that comes from you. I have seen them upon the Ocean's extreamest Shores, and in Places where Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Grafs. I have receiv'd Nosegays of them, which made me meet in Desarts with the choicest Delicacies of *Greece* and of fruitful *Italy*. And tho' they had been carried four hundred Leagues, neither the Length of Way nor of Time had in the least diminished their Lustre. They are indeed immortal and cannot decay, and so vastly different from all Terrestrial Productions, that it is with a great deal of Justice that you have offer'd them up to Heaven; for Altars alone are worthy of them. Believe me, Sir, in what I am saying, I speak but my real Sentiments: When my Curiosity, as you say,

say, had oblig'd me to pass the Bounds of the ancient World, to find out rare and surprising Objects, your Works were the wonderfulllest Things that I saw, and *Africa* could show me nothing more new, and no more extraordinary Sight. Reading them under the Shade of its Palms, I wish'd you crown'd with them all ; and at the very time that I saw that I had gone beyond *Hercules*, I found I came short of you. All this, which was capable of producing Envy in any Man's Soul but mine, fill'd mine with so much Esteem and Affection, that you then took the Place there which you are now desiring, and perfectly finish'd what you think you are still to begin. After the Knowledge which I have had of you, how can I form such an Image of you, as you are willing to give me ? How can I fancy you to be that little Creature you say you are ? How could I comprehend that Heaven could place such mighty Things in so small a Space ? When I give my Imagination a Loosè, it gives you four Yards at least, and represents you of the Stature of Men engender'd by Angels. Yet I shall be very glad to find that it is as you would have me believe. Amongst the rest of the Advantages which I expect to derive from you, I am in hopes that you will bring our Stature into some Credit, and that it is ours which hence-forward will be accounted the noblest, and that by you we shall be exalted above those who believe themselves higher than we. As we pour the most exquisite Essences into the smallest Bottles, Nature infuseth the divinest Souls into the smallest Bodies, and mixes more or less of Matter with them, as they have more or less in them of their Almighty Original. She seems to place the most shining Souls, as Jewellers set the most sparkling Stones, who make use of as little Gold as they can with them, and no more than just suffices to bind them.

By

By you the World will be undeceiv'd of that sottish Error of valuing Men by their Weight, and my Littleness, with which I have been so often upbraided by Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*, for the future may recommend me to her. For what remains, the Affection is very just which you tell me she has for you, and with her six more of the loveliest Creatures that illustrate the Light. But I wonder that you should think to get mine by such a Discovery, and to gain it by the very Means which were sufficient to make you lose it. You had need to have a high Opinion of my Goodness, to believe that I can love a Man who enjoys my Right, and who has obtained the Confiscation of my most valued Possessions : But yet I am so just, that even this shall be no Impediment, and I believe you to have so much Justice on your side, that I do not despair but that we may accommodate even this Matter between us. They may very well have given you my Place, without your putting me out of it, and my room in their Hearts was but very small, if it cannot contain us both. As for my part, I shall do my utmost that I may not incommod you there ; and shall take care to take up my Station so that we may not clash, since so powerful an Interest cannot make me cease to be yours, you may believe, that in spight of the worst of Accidents, I shall be eternally

Yours, &c.



B I L-

Madame de Saintot to Monsieur de Voiture.

BILLET from Madam de Saintot  
to Monsieur de Voiture,

Have promis'd to bestow you for a Gallant upon two fine Women, my Friends. I am confident that you will not find the Exploit too many for you, and do not doubt but that you will confirm my Promise, as soon as you have but seen them.

The Answer of Mons. D.E VOITURE.

LET me see what I love as soon as you can ; for I die with Impatience till that happy Moment. And since, at your Command, I have fallen in Love, it behoves you to take some Care that I am belov'd too. I have thought all Night upon the two Ladies that — In short, upon you know whom. I write this Billet to one of them ; deliver it, I beseech you, to her, whom you believe that I love the more passionately of the two. In Acknowledgment of the good Offices which I receive from you, I assure you, that you shall always dispose of my Affections ; and that I will never love any one so much as your self, till I am convinc'd that you have in good earnest a Mind that I should.

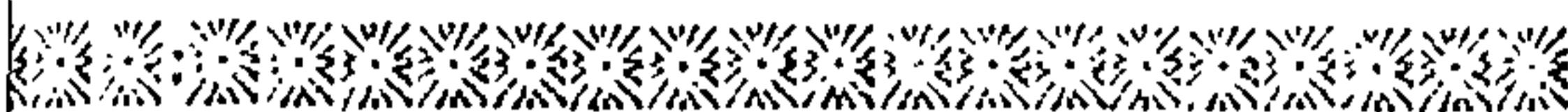
To



## To his unknown MISTRESS.

AS there ever so extraordinary a Passion as that which I have for you. For my part, I do not know any thing of you ; and to my Knowledge I never so much as heard of you ; and yet I Gad, I am desperately in Love with you ; and it is now a whole Day since I have sigh'd and look'd silly, languish'd and dy'd, and all that for you. Without having even seen your Face, I am taken with its Beauty ; and am charm'd with your Wit, tho' I never have heard one Syllable of it. I am ravish'd with your every Action, and fancy in you a kind of I know not what, that makes me passionately in Love with I know not whom. Sometimes I fancy you Fair, and at other times Black ; now you appear Tall to me, by and by Short ; now with a Nose of the *Roman Shape*, and anon with a Nose turn'd up : But in whatever Form I describe you, you appear the loveliest of Creatures to me ; and though I am ignorant what sort of Beauty yours is, I am ready to pawn my Soul that it is the most bewitching of all of them. If it be your Luck to know me as little, and to love me as much, then Thanks be to Love and the Stars. But lest you should a little impose upon your self, in fancying me a tall fair Fellow, and so be surpriz'd at the Sight of me, I care not for once if I venture to send you my Picture : My Stature is three Inches below the middle one ; my Head appears tolerable enough, and is decently fet off with a large grey Head

ead of Hair ; then with Eyes that languish a little, yet are something hagard ; I have a sort of a sudden-cast of a Face : But in Requital one of your Friends will tell you, that I am the honestest Fellow in the World ; and that for loving faithfully in five or six Places at a time, there is no Man alive comes near me. If you think that all this will accommodate you, it shall be at your Service as soon as I see you. Till that long, long'd-for Time, I shall think of you ; that is, of I know not whom. But if any one should chance to ask me for whom I sigh, don't be afraid, I warrant to keep the Secret : I would in see any one catch me at naming you to him.



## To Mademoiselle PAULET.

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By Mr. DENNIS.

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MADAM,

Here was only one thing wanting to your Adventures, and that was to be a Prisoner of State : I have given you here the happy Occasion of being such ; Fortune, who has omitted no Opportunity of bringing you into Lay, will, in all probability, make her Advantage of this. I know very well, that I bring you into Danger by writing to you ; yet cannot even that Reflection restrain me. From whence you may conclude, that there is no Risk which I would refuse to run to refresh your Remembrance of me, since I can resolve

resolve to endanger even you, you who are dear and  
valuable above all the rest of the World to me.  
I tell you this, Madam, at a time when I would not  
lie, no, not in a Compliment: For I would have  
you to know, that I am much the better for the Dis-  
temper which I have lately had: It has caused me  
to assume such good Resolutions, that if I had them  
not, I could be contented to purchase them with all  
my Health. I plainly foresee, that this will but di-  
vert you, you that are conscious to so much of my  
Weakness, and who will never believe that I can  
keep single Resolutions, I who have broken so  
many Vows: Yet nothing is more certain, than that  
I have hitherto beheld the *Spanish* Beauties with a  
much Indifference, as I did the *Flemish* at Brussells;  
and I hope to grow a Convert in the very Place of  
the World in which the Tempter is strongest, and  
where the Devil resumes as glorious Shapes as what  
he put off when he fell. The Reformation is so  
great in me, that I have but one Scruple remaining,  
which is, that I think too often of you, and that  
desire to see you again with a little too much Im-  
petience. I who have moderated the rest of my  
Passions, have been unable to reduce that which I  
have for you, to the Measure with which we are  
permitted to love our Neighbours; that is to say, as  
much as we do our selves; and I fear you have a  
larger Share in my Soul, than I ought to allow a  
Creature. Look out, I beseech you, for a Remedy  
for this, or rather for an Excuse for it; for as for a  
Remedy, I believe there is none, and that I must be  
always, with utmost Passion,

MADAM, Yours.

T



To the Marchioness of RAMBOUILLET,  
in Answer to a Letter of Thanks of  
hers.

MADAM,

H O' my Liberality should, as you tell me, surpass the Bounty of *Alexander*, it would nevertheless be richly recompenc'd, by the Thanks which you have return'd me for it. He himself, as boundless as his Ambition was, would have confin'd it to so rare a Favour. He would have set more Value upon this Honour, than he did on the *Persian Diadem*; and he would never have envied *Achilles* the Praise which he received from *Homer*, if he could but himself have obtain'd yours. Thus, Madam, on this Pinacle of Glory on which I stand, if I bear any Envy to his, 'tis not so much to that which he acquir'd himself, as to that which you have bestow'd upon him, and he has receiv'd no Honours, which I do not hold inferior to mine, unless it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Gallant. Neither his Vanity, nor the rest of his Flatterers, could ever perswade him to believe any thing that was so advantageus to him, and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon* was by much less glorious to him than this. But if any thing comforts me for the Jealousie which it has rais'd in me, 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well assur'd, that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not so much up-

on the Account of his having been the Greatest of Mankind, as of his having been now these two thousand Years no more. However, we here find Cause to admire the Greatness of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forsake him so many Years after his Death, has added to his Conquests a Person that gives them more Lustre than the Daughters and Wife of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a Mind more great than the World he conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, after your Example of Writing in too lofty a Style. But how can the Writer be too sublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander*? humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe that I have equal Passion for you, with that which you shew for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues will oblige me to be always,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

VOITURE



An Imitation of Monsieur de Voiture's Letter to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; being an Answer to that by which she had inform'd him, who was then with Monsieur in Exile, that the Academy designed to abolish the Particle Car. [For.]

That the Reader may be diverted with this Letter, he is desir'd to suppose, that there is a Club of Wits erected in London for the Regulation of the Tongue, who have a Design to abolish it.

MADAM,



O R, being of so great Importance in our Tongue as it is, I extreamly approve of the Resentment you shew for the Wrong they design to do it; and I must needs declare, that I expect no Good from this Club of Wits which you mention, since they are resolved to establish themselves by so great an Oppression; even at a time like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all Europe. I can behold nothing so deserving of Pity, as when I see they are ready to arraign and to banish a Word, which has so faithfully serv'd this Monarchy; and which, amidst all our English Confusions, has always been of the Side of those who were

were truly *English*. For my part, I cannot for my Heart comprehend what Reason they can alledge against a Word, whose only Busines is to go before Reason, and which has no other Employment than to usher it in. I cannot imagine what Interest can oblige them to take away that which belongs to *for*, to give it to *Because that*; nor why they have a mind to say with three Syllables, that which they say with threec Letters. That which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, That after they have been guilty of this one Injustice, they will not scruple at more; perhaps they may have the Impudence to attack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be any longer secure. So that after they have depriv'd us of all those Words, whose Busines it is to bring others together, the Wits will reduce us to the Language of Angels: Or, if they cannot do that, they will at least oblige us to speak only by Signs. And here I must confess, that your Observation is true, *viz.* That no Example can more clearly shew us the Instability of humane Affairs. He who had told me some Years ago, that I should have outliv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd me a longer Life than the Patriarchs. And yet we see, that after he has maintain'd himself for some Hundreds of Years in full Force and Authority, after he has been employ'd in the most important Treaties, and has assisted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a sudden fallen into Disgrace, and threaten'd with a violent End. I now expect nothing less, than to be terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the Air, declaring to the World, that the Great *For* is dead: For the Death of the Great *Cam*, or of the Great *Pan*, was, in my mind, less important. I know if we consult one of the finest Wits of the Age, and one whom I esteem with Passion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn an Innovation like this; that we ought to use the

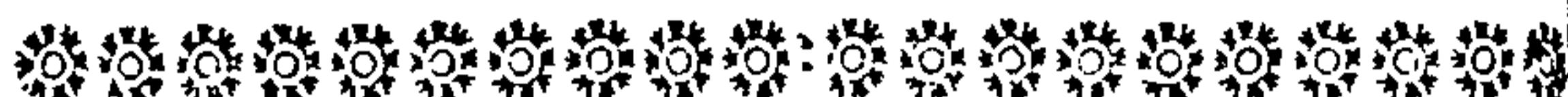
*For*

of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their Soil, and that we should by no means banish a Lord which was in the Mouths of our *Edwards* and of our *Henries*. But you, Madam, are the Person who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Protection : For, since the supreme Grace, and the sovereign Beauty of the *English Tongue* lies in yours, you ought to command here with an absolute Sway, and with a Smile or a Frown, give Life or give Death to Syllables, as uncontroul'd as you do to Men. For this, I believe you have already secur'd from the imminent Danger which threaten'd it, and by vouchsafing it a Place in your Letter, have fix'd it in a Sanctuary and a Mansion of Glory, to which neither Envy nor Time can reach. But here, Madam, I beg Leave to assure you, that I could not but be surpriz'd to see how fantastick your Favours are ; I could not but think it strange that you, who without Compassion could see a thousand Lovers expire, should not have a Heart to see a Syllable die. If you had but had half the Care of me, which you have shewn of *For*, I should then have been happy in spight of ill Fortune : Then Poverty, Exile and Grief, would scarce have had Force to come near me. If you had not deliver'd me from these Evils themselves, you had freed me at least from the Sense of them. But at a time that I expected to receive Consolation from yours, I found that your Kindness was only design'd to *For*, and that his Banishment troubled you more than ours. I must confess, Madam, it is but just you should undertake his Defence ; but you ought to have taken some Care of me too, that People might not object to you, that you forsake your Friends for a Word, you make no Answer at all to that which I write about ; you take not the least Notice of that which so much concerns me : In three or four Pages you

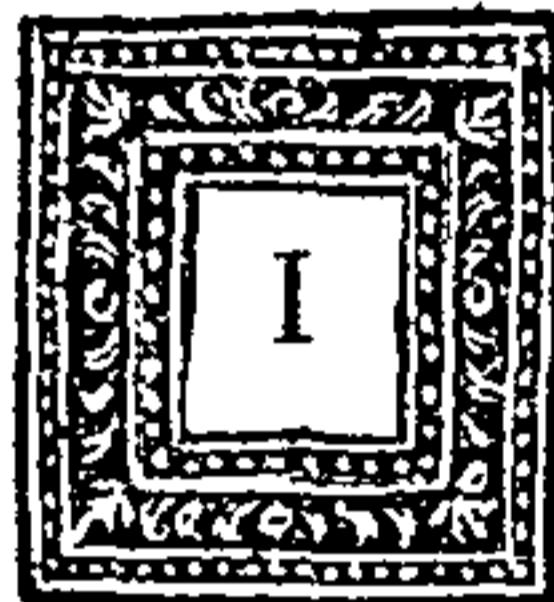
scarce

scarce remember me once ; and the Reason of this  
is For. Be pleased to consider me a little more for  
the future, and when you undertake the Defence of  
the Afflicted, remember that I am of the Number,  
I shall always make use of him himself, to oblige  
you to grant me this Favour, and to convince you  
that it is but my Due : For

*I am, &c.*



*To the Duke of ENGUIEN, upon his  
Taking of DUNKIRK.*



Am so far from wondering that you  
have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you  
could take the Moon by the Teeth if  
you did but once attempt it. Nothing  
can be impossible to you ; I am only  
uneasie about what I shall say to your Highness on  
this Occasion, and am thinking by what extraordi-  
nary Terms I may bring you to reach my Concep-  
tions of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that Height of  
Glory, to which you have now attain'd, the Honour  
of your Favour is a singular Happiness ; but it is a  
troublesome thing to us Writers, who are oblig'd to  
congratulate you upon every good Success, to be per-  
petually upon the Hunt for Words whose Force may  
answer your Actions, and to be every Day inventing  
of new Panegyricks. If you would but have the  
Goodness to suffer your self to be beat sometime,  
or to rise from before some Town, the Variety  
of the Matter might help to support us, and we  
should find out some fine thing or other to say to  
you

you, upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory that is gotten by bearing her Malice bravely. But having, from the very first of your Actions, rank'd you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you rising upon us continually ; upon my word, my Lord, we are at a loss what to do, either with you or our selves. Nothing that we can say, can come up to that which you do, and the very Flights of our Fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which magnifies smallest things, cannot reach the Height of those which you do ; no, not by its boldest Figures. And that which is call'd Hyperbole on other occasions, is but a cold way of speaking when it comes to be apply'd to you. Indeed it is different to comprehend, how your Highness each Summer has still found out means to augment that Glory, which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection ; and that having begun so greatly, and gone on more greatly, still your last Actions should crown the rest, and be found the most Amazing. For my own par', my Lord, I congratulate your Success, as I am in Duty oblig'd ; but I plainly foresee, the very thing that augments your Reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from after-Ages ; and that so many great and important Actions, done in so short a space, may render your Life incredible to future Times, and make your History be thought a Romance by Posterity. Be pleased, then, my Lord, to set some Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate your self to the Capacity of Human Reason, and not to go further than Common Belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and secure, at least for a time, and suffer *France*, which is eternally alarm'd for your safety, to enjoy serenely, for a few Months, the Glory which you have acquired for her. In the mean time, I beseech you to believe, that among

so many Millions of Men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it, with so much Joy, with so much Zeal and Veneration, as I, who am,

*My L O R D,*

*Your Highness's, &c.*



*To Mademoiselle PAULET, what he saw  
most Remarkable in and about Granada.*

*By Mr. THO. BROWN.*

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*M A D A M,*



H A V E now one of the finest Subjects in the World to furnish me with a Love Letter ; for without wronging my Conscience , I may safely tell you, that I pass my Days without Light, and my Nights without Sleep : At least this has been my constant Course of Life ever since I left Madrid. In ten Nights I have a shift to perform ten Days Journey, and am arrived at *Granada* without seeing the Sun, unless it were just as he was rising in the Morning, or a little before he went to Bed at Night. He is so very dangerous here, that the Comparison which some of our Poets make between his Rays and their Mistresses Eyes, will hold good no longer ; for what they perform only by Figure and Allegory, he actually effects in this Climate.

mate. In short, he burns every thing that beholds him, and any living Creature that can look upon him without Roasting for it, may for all I know be able to live comfortably in a Furnace. However, I have had the good Luck to escape him, for which I am beholden to the Night; for I always took care to keep the whole Earth between his Worship and me. At present I pass my time most deliciously in the Shade of a Mountain of Snow, which does this City the Honour to cover it. Three Days ago in *Sierra Morena* I saw the individual Place where *Don Quixote*, of blessed Memory, and *Cardenio* met upon the Road; and the very same Day I suft at the Inn where the famous Adventures of *Dorothea* were accomplish'd. This Morning I took a turn in the ancient *Alhambra*, crost the noted Square of *Vivarambla*, and the Street where I lodge boasts a Name ten times longer than a Welch Pedegree, for 'tis call'd, *La Calle de Abenamer Muley Benand Moro de la Morera*. You can't imagine what a great Satisfaction it was to me, to see these things which I had so often thought of; but, Madam, it was infinitely more Pleasure to me to think on certain things which I had sometimes seen. Tho' I must own, that the Objects that daily present 'emselves to my Eyes are extremely beautiful and fine, yet my Imagination perpetually obliges me with something which is infinitely brighter; so that I would not change the Images my Memory furnishes me with, for all the richest Sights in the Universe. Yesterday casting my Eyes on the Walks and Fountains of *Generalifa*, and wishing I could be so happy as to meet those celebrated Beauties of the Romantick Age, *Galiana*, *Zaida*, and *Daxara*, just in the very Equipage and Habit as they were when they liv'd in this sinful World, I could not forbear to wish the good Company of another Person,

who, to do her Justice, is a thousand times more Charming and Amiable, and would Eclipse the greatest Beauties in the World, should they presume to appear in the same Hemisphere with her. By these Tokens, as I take it, Madam, I have sufficiently described her to you; but is it not a most horrid and lamentable thing, that I should be forced to observe so much Artifice in my Language, and that I dare not say for my Life, that it is your Ladyship I mean all this while? For your Comfort, Madam, you may give me leave to display some of my Complements now, being at the Fountain-head of Gallantry, from whence it has spread it self all over the Earth. From this Place I design in four Days to reach *Gibraltar*, and from thence to make a small Trip to *Ceuta*, in order to visit the Place of your Nativity, and pay my Respects to your noble Parents, the lawful and undoubted Monarchs of all the Forests and Desarts of that spacious Country. Now, Madam, as I shall give them a full Account of your Ladyship, so I humbly desire you to do the same for me to all your Friends, and particularly to assure three of them, that let Fortune dispose of me where she pleases, my better Part, meaning my Soul, shall be everlastingly with them. As for your self, Madam, I need not at this time of day give my self the trouble to inform you, that no Man Respects and Honours you more than my self, for you cannot but know, that I am but too much,

M A D A M,

Your humble Servant, &c.

To

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET, containing a pleasant Description of his Travelling by Water from Vienna to Valentia.

---

By the same.

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MADAM,

Could have wish'd you had seen me the other Day, to satisfie you what a pickle I was in from *Vienna* to *Valentia*. The Sun had newly put on his Morning-Gown and Slippers, so that he was hardly able to gild the Mountain Tops, when we found our selves upon the *Rhose*; it was one of those Days on which *Apollo* uses to spruce himself more than ordinary, and which are seldom seen at *Paris* but in the midst of Summer. My Companions entertain'd themselves, sometimes with looking upon the Mountains of *Dau bin*, that lay some ten or twelve Leagues on the left Hand, all covered with Snow, and sometimes on the Hills, on both sides the *Rhose*, loaden with Vines, or on the Vallies that were adorn'd with green and verdent Trees, as far as the sight and reach. While they thus diverted themselves, I stole from my Company, and got upon the Cabin of Boughs that covered our Vessel; and leaving them to their admiring the beautiful Variety of the

Landskip that lay before them, I was reflecting upon what I had left behind me. I fixed my right Elbow on the covering of our Bark, which supported my Head; my left Hand was carelesly stretcht out, holding a Book, which you must know I took up to serve me as a Pretence of being alone; my Eyes were stedfastly fixed upon the River, tho' at the same time I dare not tell you I saw it, when immediately there fell from my Eyes a Shower of Tears, but of that enormous Bulk and Magnitude, that the River was considerably swell'd by them. These Tears were attended by a Storm of Sighs, so loud and violent, that you would almost have swore that every individual Sigh fetch'd up some part of my Soul along with it; and every other Minute there slipt certain Words from me, but pronounced with so much Disorder and Confusion, that the People about me could make nothing of them, tho' I shall make no scruple to explain them to your Ladyship, whenever you command me. What I have here written to you, would have appeared with ten times more Grace and Advantage in Verse; for I can assure you, the Water-Nymphs commiserated my Condition, and the God of the River was troubled at my Affliction; but the Mischief on't is, that all these fine things are murder'd in Prose. But to proceed with my Story, I remain'd in this Religious Posture seven Hours by the Clock, without stirring Hand or Foot, so that had you seen me, Madam, in this Plight, it would have animated your Devotion. The Master of the Vessel solemnly protested, that he had carried in his time, at least ten thousand Men between *Lyons* and *Beausaire*, but never carried the Fellow of me before now: And having now dress'd up this pretty Story, something whispers me in the Ear, that your Ladiship does not believe one Syllable of it to be true, but takes it to be Matter of

Inven-

Invention, meerly contrived to fill up a Letter. Why? Madam, if it be so, methinks you may very well excuse me; for not to conceal our InfirmitieS from you, a Man finds himself plaguily puzzled what to say; and were it not for the Benefit of this Invention, or Table, I can't imagine how two Persons, that are not in Love with one another, or have not some extraordinary Business that passes between them, can often write to one another. However, Madam, to deal ingeniously with you, whatever I have told you of my sighing and crying, all that is true to a Tittle; but I will not so far over-strain my Conscience, as to swear that the Water-Nymphs and the God of the River were so mightily concern'd for me, as I told you they were. These Thoughts entertain'd me a whole Morning, without the least Remission; during which time, I must confess, I thought two or three times upon a certain Lady that shall be nameless, the rest I totally devoted to your Mother and your self. I promised you, if I travelled by Water, that I would soon get out of your Debt, if always thinking of you would do it; and indeed, I have so punctually performed my Promise, that if I fall into the same Fits again, the first Sun that shines on me in *Languedoc*, will certainly fire my Constitution. 'Tis already so excessive hot here at *Avignon*, that we can hardly endure it; tho' Winter domineers in your Quarters, I can assure you that it is Spring with us, and that there is great plenty of Fleas and Violets. I wish you store of both with all my Heart, Madam, for as I should be glad that you did not sleep over-much in my Absence, so I cannot but wish all that is fine and beautiful wherever I see it, as being,

*M A D A M;*

*Your Servant, &c.*

## POSTSCRIPT.

WE had a very fine Sight in our Streets last Night, for all our Windows were illuminated with Torches and Candles, in Honour of my Lord Cardinal, who made his Entrance into the City about seven in the Evening. It was as light as at Mid-day, and if his Holiness himself had come hither in Person, he could not have been more magnificently received. They gave him a Thousand Benedictions as he past along, a Commodity of which the People of this Countrey are extremely liberal, for you must know 'tis a Papal Territory.



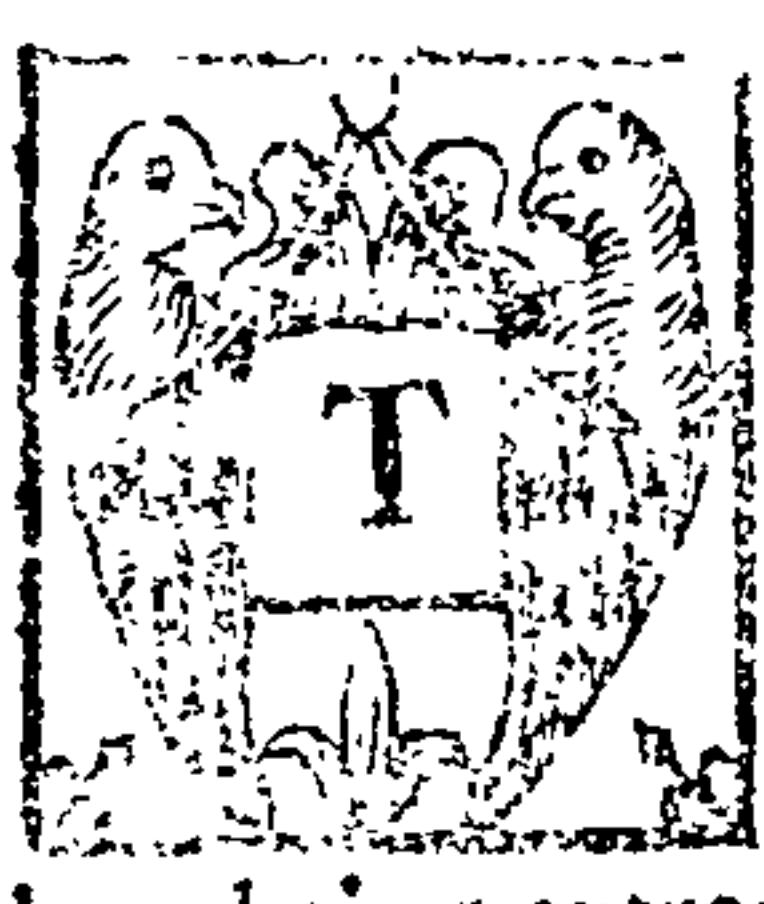
To the Count de GUICHE. In which he Complements him upon his Gallant Exploits in the Army.

---

By the same.

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MY LORD,



HO' now it is become so familiar to us, to see you perform the greatest Actions, that we scarce wonder at them ; and for fifteen Years together, you have accustomed us to talk of you, as we do at this present ; yet I cannot forbear being extremely surprized, when I hear of any new Performances of your Valour ; and your Reputa-

putation is so dear to me, that I am extremely pleased to find it each day increase. I dare engage, that the most ambitious Person in the Universe, would sit down satisfied with what you have so lately acquired, and content himself with that Esteem which all the World conspires to pay to your Lordship. But, my Lord, by all the Observations I can make, you set your self no Limits, as to this point, and as if you were jealous of the Reputation you have already acquired, and of the Actions you have formerly performed, you seem every Year resolved to surpass your self, and to do something above your former Exploits. For my part, whatever esteem I may have for your former Actions, I shall not be sorry to see them eclipsed by those you are yet to perform, and that your Exploits in *Flanders* should darken all that you have done in *France*, *Germany* and *Italy*. All my fear is, that this immoderate Thirst of Glory will carry you beyond your due Bounds; and indeed your Behaviour in the last Battle, wherein the Marshal *de la Meilleray*, defeated the Enemy, as it gives me just occasion of Joy, so it alarms me with some Apprehensions. The signal Proofs you gave there of your Gallantry and Courage, furnished Matter of universal Admiration here: "And indeed, my Lord, if we consult the most extravagant Romances, we shall hardly find any thing more surprizing, or more worthy to be celebrated. But, my Lord, give me leave to represent to you, that since we have lost the Invention of enchanted Armour; and it is no longer fashionable for Heroes to make themselves invulnerable; a Man is not allow'd to perform such Actions as these often in his Life, neither ought he to trespass too much upon his good Fortune; who, tho' she has delivered him for this time, gives him no Security to rely always upon her. I beg you,

therefore to consider, that Fortitude has its Extremes as well as the rest of the Vertues, and ought, like them, to be always attended by Prudence. This, if you seriously consider it, will convince you, that a Marshal of the Field, and a Generalissimo, ought by no means to expose himself to the Chances of a private Soldier and Volunteer ; or to make bold with a Life on which that of so many thousands depends. I can't tell how you will relish this Freedom of mine ; but certain I am, that you can't accuse me of interposing in a Business wherein I have no manner of Concern : Nay, you must be sensible that none can be more so, if you reflect with what Zeal and Passion I have ever been,

Paris, Oct. 6.

1640.

MY LORD,

Your Servant.



To the same, upon his being promoted to  
the Dignity of a Marshal of France.

By the same. \*

MR. LORD,

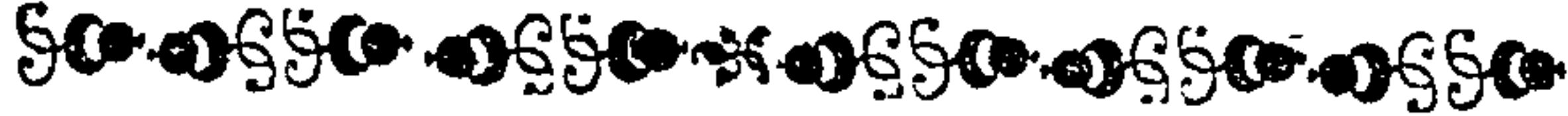


If I have said any thing disrespectful of War in my last, I now beg pardon with all my heart : For since your Lordship owes your late Honour and Promotion to that fickle Mistress, I am perfectly reconciled to her, and will take care to speak honourably of her in all Companies here.

hereafter. I have indeed long ago been of opinion, that so great Valour and Services in a Man of your Quality, and a Person so respected by all the World, must 'ere long be rewarded : But as there is a vast difference between what ought to be, and what is actually done, I could not but be extremely transported to hear of your Lordship's being promoted : And this News as much affected and surprized me, as if I had never expected it. I make no question, my Lord, but that the principal Recompence of your Actions is the immortal Glory you have acquired by them ; and yet, methinks it should be no little Satisfaction to you to arrive so early at that Honour, which is the highest and greatest that the Fortune of War can bestow upon her Favourites : But then, if you consider on the other hand, how many Dangers you run thro' to carry this Point, to how many Hazards you have expos'd your self and how many gallant Men you have seen fall by your side, who started at the same time, and ran the same Race with you, you can't but think your self something indebted to Fortune, which has so long preserv'd you, and at last rewarded your Labour. Among the many Reasons I have to Congratulate your Happiness, I have one, of which your Lordship cannot be unsensible ; and which, in reality, at least in my Opinion, far exceeds all the rest : I mean, by the Voluntary and Hearty Acclamations of all the World, to find that your Glory is free from all Envy ; and to see that all People are as glad at your Prosperity, as if it concern'd themselves. This universal Joy at your good Fortune, is a certain Prefage to me, that it will be attended by many more : And I doubt not but you will shortly crown that Honour you have received from the King, with some new Atchievements ; which, as it is wholly in your Power to effect, so it is the most

most Real and Solid. I flatter my self that you believe I heartily wish it ; since I need not now inform you how many Thousand Obligations I have upon me, to be with all manner of Respect and Sincerity,

*Your Lordship's humble Servant.*



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,  
*what happen'd to him in his Journey.*

By the same.

MADAM,



Cannot positively say that I am come to *Turin* ; for I have brought but one half of my self with me. You imagine my Meaning is, that I have left the other half with you : But give me leave to tell you, you are mistaken. All that I understand by it is, that of a hundred and four pounds, which I weigh'd at my coming out of *Paris*, I now weigh but fifty two. In short, I am fallen away exceedingly, and am so much alter'd for the worse, that I believe my nearest Acquaintance would *hardly* know me, should they see me in this Condition. An ill-natur'd Intruder, a Fever, staid me a day at *Rom*. Upon its first Attack, I concluded with my self, that I should be laid up for a Month or two ; and therefore with the humblest Resignation of a good Christian, expected a Sickness of a long continuance. What vex'd me most of all, was, that I imagin'd you would hardly believe it proceeded from

from my Grief in parting from you ; but ascribe it to my riding Post : And indeed, Madam, had you made that Inference, I could not condemn you. For to tell you the truth, the three last Horses I mounted, very much gall'd that Part of my Body, which *History* tells us *Brunel* once upon a time shew'd *Marpisa*. This I mention'd to a certain great Person in *Roan*, who being, as I was afterwards inform'd, an *Apothecary* by Trade, was so complaisant and civil, as to bring me something of his own composing, which gave me present Relief. When you see my Lady Dutches's next, pray inform her of this Matter, and likewise tell her, that I have received no other Hurt, as yet, save only that which proceeds from my not seeing you. But alas, there is no *Remedy* for that : Neither *Acids*, nor *Alcali's*, nor *Acrimony*, nor *Chymical Salts*, will help me. Within a few Days I shall pursue my Journey to *Rome*, whither, if you please to direct any of your Letters to me, I shall behold the Curiosities of that famous Place with more Delight and Satisfaction ; and pass away my time more agreeably, who am,

M A D A M,

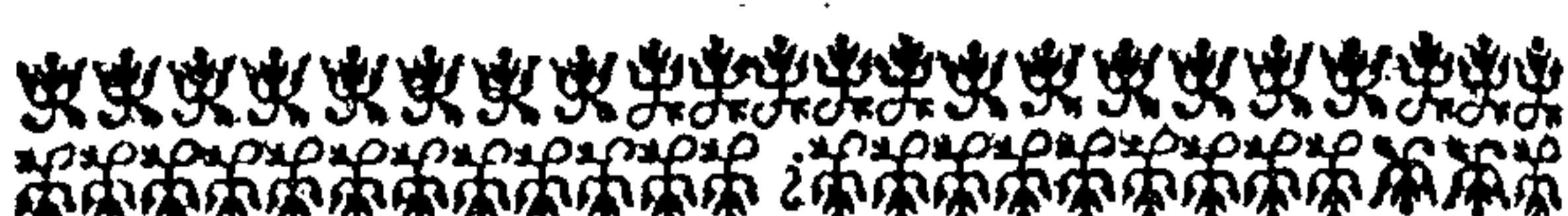
Turin, Sept. 8.

1638.

Your humble Servant, &c.



To



To my Lady Marchioness de RAMBOUILLET. A merry Description of an Italian Palace.

By the same.

MADAM,



OR your sake I have given my self the trouble to see *la Valentin*; and that with much more Curiosity than ever I saw any thing in my whole Life. Since you expect a Description of it, I shall give it you in as exact a manner as I can. But, Madam, be pleas'd to consider, that when I have done this, and executed your other Commission at *Rome*, I shall have done for you two of the hardest things in the World, which is, to talk of Buildings and Business. To begin then, Madam, with *la Valentin*, I must inform you, that it is a pleasant House, within a quarter of a League of *Turin*, situated in a Meadow on the River *Po*. As you come up to it, the first thing that presents it self to your sight, the Duce take me if I know what it is; but, as I was saying before, the first thing you see is a Lodge. No, no, it is a Portal. No, I am mistaken, it is certainly a Lodge. After all, I seriously profess to you, I know not whether it is a Portal or a Lodge. Not an Hour ago I had every thing as perfect as might be; but

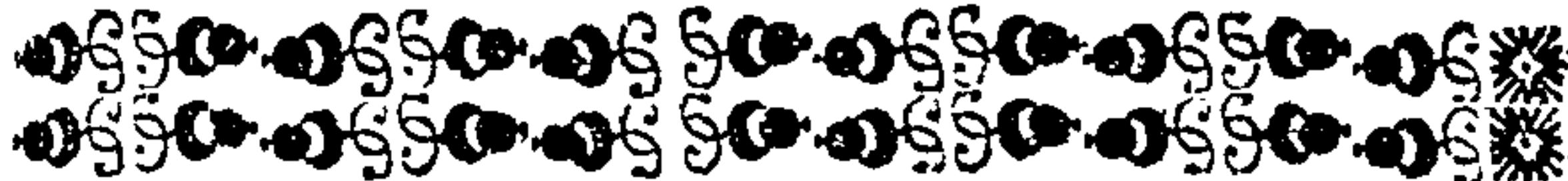
but this wicked Memory of mine uses now and then to play me a Jade's Trick, and leave me in the lurch. But at my Return I shall take better Notice, and not fail to give you a punctual Account of all. I am,

MADAM,

Genoa, Oct. 7.

1638.

Your Servant.



To Monsieur COSTART: A Letter of  
Complement.

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By the same.

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SIR;

Was Yesterday entertain'd in one of the most magnificent Palaces in the World. For my Lodgings, I had a spacious Hall, two Anti-Chambers, and a Chamber hang'd with Tapestry, all over deaub'd with Gold, and was attended by some Twenty or Thirty tall Servants in Liveries; and to Day I find my self in one of the wretched'st Inns that ever was seen, and have only One Boy to wait upon me. To banish so surprizing an Alteration of the Scene out of my Head, and raise my self to as great a degree of Happiness, as I enjoyed Yesterday, I call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, on purpose to write to you: And may I be abandon'd

don'd by all the World, if amidst the Honours I received, suitable to the Person that I then represented, and amidst all the Dainties I was then regaled with, I found so much Pleasure as I do at this present. Besides the Satisfaction I take in entertaining you, I had a much stronger Reason to incline me to write ; and that was, that the Cause of my maintaining a constant Correspondence with you, does not proceed from any Advantage I propose to my self by the Exchange, since at this present Moment, when I cannot hope for any Answer from you, I yet take an infinite pleasure to write to you, and likewise to assure you of my Readiness to serve you, whenever any Occasion presents it self. Within three Weeks I hope to take my Farewel of *Rome*, and if I can meet with the *Conveyance* of a Vessel, to sail directly for *Marseilles*, you that are so well acquainted with the Winds, if you have any Command over them, be so kind as to lock them up, all but one or two, that will send me homewards. As for them, there is no great danger, should they storm and bluster a little. I don't care a Farthing for a little Tossing of the Sea, provided I make the more speed ; for I long exceedingly to be at *Paris*, and particularly to kiss your Hands there. I am,

*Rome, Nov.*

15. 1638.

*Your most humble Servant:*



To



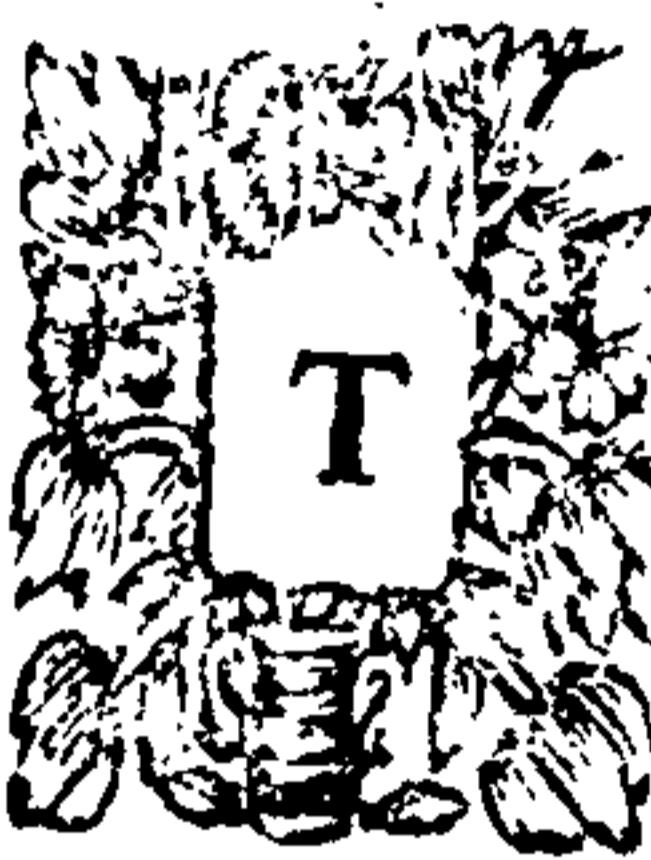
To Monsieur CHAPELAIN.

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By the same.

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SIR,



T

HIS comes to tell you, that I shall *punctually* put your Orders in execution. Whether 'tis for your own or M. *de Balzac*'s sake that I do it, the duce take me if I know, nor indeed do I think I shall be able to resolve the Question, tho' I studied it Twenty four Hours by the Clock. The *Authority* that both of You have over me, is so *equally* divided, that if at the same time one of You should command me to eat, and the other to drink, in my Conscience I shou'd be starv'd, at least, according to the nice Notion of our Philosophers; for I shou'd never find any Reason to comply with the one more than the other: But as my good Stars order it, You agree so well in Your Sentiments, that You will never impose any contrary Commands upon me: And Your Interests are so mutually interwoven, that when ever I satisfie one of You, I cannot fail of satisfying the other. I am,

SIR,

Aug. 10.  
1639.

Your Humble Servant.

To



To Mademoiselle de ROMBOUILLET  
wherein he gives a pleasant Account  
of his Death.

By the same.

MADAM,

 Am the only Man, at least, as far as I can yet inform my self, that has died of Distemper which has not yet got Footing in our weekly Bills ; that is to say, o Your Absence : Neither do I much fear to tell it You plainly, because I am satisfied You will not be much concerned at it. I was, You know a very jocular Companion, and a Batchellor into the Bargain ; and were it not, that I was somewhat addicted in my Nature to wrangling, and being as refractory and obstinate as your Ladyship, I wou'd not care a Farthing, if my other Imperfections were proclaim'd to all the World. You are therefore to understand, Madam, that ever since last Wednesday the Fatal Day of Your Departure, I have not eaten a Jot of any thing ; neither have I once opened my Mouth or my Eyes : And indeed there is nothing, as to the Ceremony of my Funeral, but that I am still above Ground ; that is to say, unburied. I thought it convenient to have this last Ceremony deferr'd a while, for certain Political Reasons : As, in the first place, because I have ever from my Infancy had a strange Aversion to Church-Yards ; and Secondly, as

my

ny Affairs stand at present, it may be something prejudicial to them, if the Report of my Death hou'd be spread abroad so soon: For which Consideration, I put the best Face I can upon the Matter, to keep the World still in Suspence. For, Madam, shou'd the Malicious World remember, that this *unlucky* Accident befel me, just in the very Nick of Your Departure, they would *immediately* whip us both into a Ballad; From which may Heaven deliver us. Were I again in the World, one of the greatest Plagues I shou'd find there, wou'd be to see, what a *mighty* deal of Pains abundance of People *daily* take to advance and propagate all manner of Stories, tho' they are never so absurd and ridiculous. The Living, in my Opinion, are not so troublesome in any thing as they are in this: Nay, they don't suffer us that are dead, to be quiet; but persecute us even in our very Grave. But, Madam, take heed that You don't laugh when You read this: For I can assure You, it has been always reckoned an impious and inhumane thing to insult over the Dead: Nay, were You in my Condition, You would not take it well to be so served. I therefore conjure You to take Compassion on me: And since it is not in Your Power to do any thing else for me, have a Care of my Soul; for upon my Word it suffers unspeakable Torments. When we parted last, it *immediately* took the Road to *Chartres*; then it flew strait to *la Motte*; and now, while You are reading this Letter, 'tis perch'd upon Your Shoulder, and will be this Night in Your Bed-Chamber. If I thought it would not spoil Your Sleeping, it should give You five or six handsome Out-cries about One; for when she is in her Fits, she makes such a hellish Stir, that You would swear the House was throwing out at the Windows. It was once in my Thoughts to send You my *Body* down by the Carrier;

Carrier; but I soon consider'd that it was so *bung-  
ingly* put together; that it wou'd have been jolted  
all to pieces, before it could have come down to  
You: and besides, was afraid lest the Heat of the  
Weather wou'd have spoil'd it. And now, Madam,  
You will honour me exceedingly, if you will tell  
the two excellent Principals, with whom You are  
(and if they please to consult their Memories, I am  
sure they cannot but remember it) that while I  
lived, I was their most humble Servant; and that I  
cannot shake off that Passion, even after Death:  
For notwithstanding the Condition I am in at pre-  
sent, I assure You, I preserve that very same Esteem  
and Honour for 'em as ever I had. Therefore I  
shall not only venture to affirm, that there is not  
any one of the *Dead* so much their Slave as I am.  
But will justifie it to all the World, that none of  
the *Living* is more at their Devotion, or that can  
be more than,

MADAM,

Your Humble Servant.



To the same, A Description of Tours.

By the same.

MADAM,



Have travelled so far, that at last I came  
into a *Country*, where there is not the least  
Talk of War, or Plunder, Free Quarcer,  
or Taxes, or any such Pagan things; and  
where all the Conversation of the People,  
from the highest to the lowest, runs upo. *Love and  
Gal.*

Gallantry, Plays, Balls, Serenades, and so forth : And how I fancy You imagine I am got the Lord knows where, into some strange Romantick Country, beyond *Popocampesche*; or that Fortune has brought me to the invisible Island of *Alcidians*. To indeceive You then, the Place where the aforesaid Wonders are to be heard and seen, is at no very great distance from You: 'Tis a City seated upon the Bank of the *Loyre*, where the *Cher* discharges its self into that River. The Inhabitants speak a sort of *Tourain French*; and as for their Stature and Complexion, they somewhat resemble those of *France*. To be serious with You, Madam, I can assure You, that since the *Moors* were turned out of *Granada*, no Place in the World could boast of so much Gallantry and Magnificence as this. *Tours*, formerly called *the Garden of France*, may now stile it self *the Paradise of the Earth*: There passes not a Day over our Heads, wherein we have not Musick, Balls and Entertainments. All that is nice and delicious, may be had here in abundance; Oranges come tumbling in from all Parts; we have whole Caravans loaded with *Bon chrestien Pears*; and all the adjacent Countries are exhausted to furnish us. The High-ways from *Paris* hither, are all strew'd with *Violins* and *Hautboys*, *Musicians* and *Dancers*, *Masques* and *Patches*, *Ribbons* and *Top-knots*, *Cloth of Silver* and *Embroidery*, which come thronging into this City. Last Night by Seven in the Evening, came in by Torch-light six Coaches full of Love and Laughter, Allurements and Charms, Attractions and Invitations, who came from all Parts of the World to honour this *Assembly* with their Presence. Nay, 'tis confidently reported, that some of 'em are come from the remotest Parts of *Norway*, as indeed may be reasonably concluded from the late blustering Weather we have had; and many grave Folks here believe, that there is not a Man

Man or a Woman left in the World, but that they are all come hither; and yet, Madam, I make no question, but the People You us'd to converse with staid behind; For among the vast Crouds I daily behold, I have not seen one of them, nor indeed any that resemble them. This prodigious Confluence of Strangers, has produc'd wonderful Effects all over the City. The Air is become infinitely more mild and serene; the Men are all up to the Ears in Love, the Women are all become as beautiful as Angels; and the Lady President, whom You saw at *Richelieu*, is now one of the gayest, busiest Women in all *France*. But Madam, what is the strangest of all (by the same Token perhaps You will not think it credible) amidst all this Mirth and Jollity, all this Feasting and Entertaining, I hardly know how to pass away the Hours, they move so heavy and dull. Among so many thousand Ladies, the Devil of one is fallen to my share: Neither dare I pretend to make my Addresses to 'em: So that while all the rest of our Gallants have their Hands so full of Love, that they hardly know where to turn themselves, and are so elevated with their good Fortune, that they are resolved to live here *eternally*; I, for my part heartily wish my self at Your Fire-side with *Mademoiselle d' Intan*, or to have a Glimpse of You at least through a Glass-Window with your Lady Mother. What I shou'd ascribe this to, I can't tell but this is certain, that I never found my self possess with so Ardent a Desire to see You both as now: And the Philosophical Reason for it is plain for I place my whole Felicity in it. This, Madam I humbly conjure You to believe; as likewise that I am

Tours, Jan. 8.

1638.

Your Servant

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To my Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE;  
wherein he describes a pretty Young  
Lady.

By the same.

My L O R D,

**Y**OU are of the Opinion, it seems, it is the easiest thing in the World to write and speak as contemptibly of it, as a Man who has nothing else to do than to command ten thousand Men and oppose thirty : But if we had you upon the same Spot here with us, and shew'd you some of our topping Beauies, you would find abundance of other Work. Were you in my place, my Lord, you would think our time as precious as I do ; and I could wish with all my Heart, you were, that we might see whether that profound Conduct for which you are so much celebrated, and that miraculous Prudence, by which you have escap'd so many other Dangers, would preserve you here. I am to acquaint your Lordship beforehand, that when you have put a Conclusion to the present Wars, you will be drawn into another of more dangerous Consequence. In short, you must expect to deal with an Adversary more

resolute and stubborn than the *Germans*: And You my Lord, who have deliver'd so many Thousand will find it a hard matter to escape your self. The Person I speak of, is fair Hair'd, of a very clear Complexion, more gay and chearful than the fair Weather of this Season. No Armour can keep off her Blows; nor are the Cruelties of the *Croats* to be compared to hers. She has a Pair of *Eyes*, wherein all the Light of the World seems to unite and Centre; a Complexion that carries all Hearts before it, and a Mouth which those of all the World beside cannot sufficiently commend. by this Description You will easily conclude her a *Beauty*; but, what is most wonderful, she has the greatest Talent at Stealing of any of her Sex. In her very *Infancy* she rob'd Snow and Ivory of their Whiteness, and Pearls of their Vivacity and Lustre. She took Beauty and Light from the Stars, and yet there passes not a Day but she steals a Ray from the Sun, and is not ashamed to adorn her self with it in the Face of all the World. Not long ago, at a great Assembly at the *Louvre*, she stole away all the Charms and Graces from the rest of the Ladies; nay, from the very Diamonds that cover'd 'em; and spar'd not even the Crown-Jewels on her Majesty's Head; but plunder'd them of all their Beauty and Splendor. In the mean time, tho' the whole World sees her commit these Actions of Violence, she does what she pleases, without any Fear of Punishment; and not a Man dares presume to lay hold on her. But not to persecute You too long with so terrible a Subject, we can't endure at *Paris* that you should live so pleasantly at *Metz*; and since we are not able to hinder the Diversions You *enjoy*, we endeavour what we can to interrupt 'em: Yet I should not have been guilty of this Presumption, had I not been commanded to it by the above-mentioned *Lady*, who

who will not be denied any thing, and whom, even those, to whom *mighty Armies* and their Generals submit, would make no great Difficulty to obey. I can assure your Lordship, that when ever I fancy I see You with eight or ten Great Officers about You, I pity *Terence*, *Virgil* and my self; and no less am I troubled for your poor Friends here, who are so ambitious to see You; and yet I am confident there is not a Bastion belonging to the Garrison where You are, so inconsiderable, but You value it a thousand times more than You do me. However, it is not for such as me to murmur. I consider, there are many more who have greater Reason to quarrel with You: Nor am I in the least fond of being at difference with a Man, who, as I am told, has the Disposal of all our Forces. But since I have presum'd to make so familiar with you, I shall venture to tell You, that it's a very mortifying thing, that your Affection, which not long since, was divided amongst the most excellent Persons in the World, shou'd be now become the Plunder of a parcel of Red-coats. I can hardly contain my self; nay, all my Patience abandons me, when I think that the Place, which the most adorable Creature in the World had in your Heart, is now taken up for the Quarters of Colonel *Ebron*, that Madam *de C—* and Madam *de R—* have theirs taken up by some *Commissary* or *Major*, and that You have bestow'd mine upon some Scoundril of a *Serjeant*. This Consideration, my Lord, has thrown all your Friends here into an inexpressible Grief. Only the *Fair Lady* above-mention'd has a better Opinion of You than the rest, and would perswade us not to believe You can be guilty of so great an Injustice. But I advise you as a Friend to answere her Expectations *exactly*; and above all things, to maintain a fair Correspondence with [Vol. II.] D lier:

her : For if once she sets her Heart to do You a Mischief, your Life-Guards and your Troops will not secure your Person : Even Metz it self, as strong as it is, will not be able to shelter You from her Power. But, my Lord, I forget that I have trespass'd too much upon your Patience ; and that if I should make my Letter any longer, You must in your own Defence adjourn the reading of it till the Cafè is concluded. This wou'd be a most sensible Mortification to me, it so *nearly* concerning me in point of Interest, that You shou'd see the End of that Letter, wherein I profess to You, that of all the Persons whom You have so much oblig'd, none honours and esteems You more than,

*My Lord,*

*Your most oblig'd and  
most humble Servant.*



To Mademoiselle PAULET. He gives her an Account of his Behaviour in the Army.

By the same.

MADAM,

 Was the greatest Happiness in the World to me to receive your Letter, just before I left Brussels : and with it so much Consolation on the very Eve of my Departure. Since that blessed Moment I have, known no

no Disturbance, tho' I have suffer'd a great deal of Pain. For I wou'd not have it said that a Man, for whom You were pleased to shew some Concern, can be *unhappy*; and I shou'd be ashame'd to shew my Face again, should I suffer Fortune to have a greater Influence over me than Your self. I have travell'd ten Days without 'the least Interruption from Morning till Night. I have pass'd through Countries where Wheat is as great a Curiosity as a Warming-Pan under the *Line*, and where Apples are preserv'd, with as much Tenderness as Oranges in *France*. I have visited Places, where the most ancient Inhabitants cannot remember they ever beheld a Bed; and to my unspeakable Comfort I am at this present writing, in that School of Virtue and Industry, call'd an *Army*, where the stoutest are wearied out and founder'd: Yet, Madam, I am still alive and lusty, and don't believe there is a Man in all the Troops in better Health than my self. I am at a Loss what to ascribe such a miraculous Strength of Constitution to, unless it be to some Divine Power in your Letter; and methinks my Case resembles that of those Men, who perform more than Human Actions, after they have fortified themselves with certain Charming Characters. As soon as I came hither, by the Favour of Monsieur *de Chauderonne*, I got my self listed in a Troop of *Gentlemen-Raparees*. I can assure You, Madam, without the least *Vanity*, that I have behav'd my self as gallantly as any of my Comrades. The Truth on't is, I have not as yet ravish'd either Matron, or Wife, or Maid; because, to deal ingenuously with you, I have not as yet recover'd my full Strength, nor made my Carcais amends for the Fatigue of my Journey. So all that I could do, was to set two or three Houses on fire; but I grow stronger and stronger every Day, and within this

little while you may expect to hear Miracles of me. To be serious with you, I am another fort or Man than when you last saw me ; and I find my Valour so *strangely* improved, that *Almanzor* himself would have a hard time to escape me : And yet I believe that how terrible foever I represent my self, you don't take me for such a sort of a Monster, but conclude I am not much to be fear'd, especially by you, Madam, since you know you've an Absolute Ascendant over me ; and that I am with the utmost Respect,

M A D A M,

Your humble Servant.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.  
Wherein he thanks her for all her Favours.

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By the same.

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M A D A M,

IS a thousand pities you don't take pleasure in doing good oftner ; since whenever you undertake it, none can do it with so obliging an Air. I received the late Compliment you made with all the Deference I ought ; and you have not only alleviated my Misfortune, but have

have put me in some doubt whether I shall call it so. For since you have told me, that your Kindness for me shall last no longer than my Unhappiness, you have almost forced me to wish it may never end. See, Madam, how much my Fate is at your Disposal ; you have, by the bare inserting of three Words, so chang'd two Contraries, I mean, your Presence, and your Absence (One of which is certainly the greatest Good, and the Other the greatest Ill in the World) that I know not which is the Good, or which is the Ill, and consequently, which of them to chuse. However, since I must suffer One way or other, I had rather do it in your Presence ; and tho' you are never so cruel, yet in my Opinion, you can shew it no way so effectually, as by refusing to see me. I must confess, Madam, I fear you beyond what you can imagine, and more than any thing in Nature ; but without forfeiting the Respect I owe you, I *Love you* (if I may so express my self) much more than I *Fear you*. Tho' you frighten me a little sometimes, yet I am *infinitely* pleas'd to see you in all your Shapes : Nay, should you be chang'd once a Week into a *Dragon*, I believe I should fall in love with your Scales and Claws. By what Alterations I have observ'd in you, I believe this *Metamorphosis* may one day happen ; and whereas you tell me, that three Days in a Month you are not to be convers'd with ; Methinks that seems some Disposition to such a Change. I am of M. C———'s Opinion, that you will come to some strange End, and then we shall know what Judgment to pass upon you. In the mean time, be what you will, all the World must own, you are a most amiable Creature ; and while you continue under your present Shape, as your whole

## VOITURE to

Sex can shew nothing so Divine and Perfect, so no  
Man shall be with more Zeal than I am,

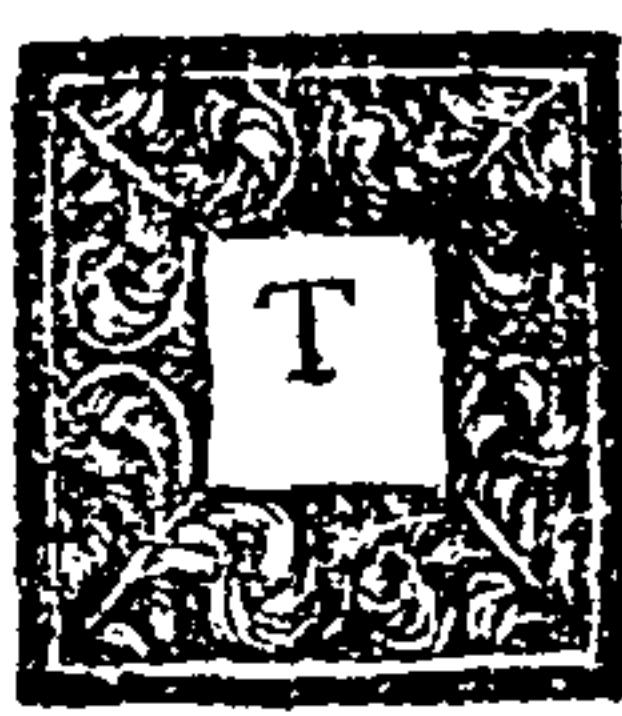
MADAM;

Your, &c.



To my Lord Marquis de SOURDIAC, at  
London: Wherein he conjures his Lord-  
ship to write to him.

By the same.



H O' the constant Persecution of my ill Fortune had rendred me insensible to all sorts of Affliction, yet I could not digest that of not hearing sometimes from you; and methinks the want of your Letters is an Unhappiness able to shake the *Constancy* of the most resolv'd *Philosophers*. I have, with much Impatience, long expected an Answer to my last; which I put into the Hands of your *Noble Lady*: But now my Stock is quite exhausted, and I can no longer adjourn my humble *Petition*, that you would put me out of Pain, and let me know what fatal Accident has depriv'd me of that Happiness. You see, my Lord, with what Assurance I challenge your *Promise*; and what an *Opinion* I have of your *Goodness*,

when

when I so boldly beg this *Favour* of you, which I importune you to pay with as much Confidence, as if it were a just Debt, tho' 'tis only the meer Effect of your Indulgence and Liberality. And since you have always so great an Inclination to that Virtue, I flatter my self that you will not be displeased with me for giving you an Opportunity to exercise it. All that I can assure you, is, that it shall be well employ'd, and heartily acknowledg'd ; and that you cannot possibly make a greater Demonstration of it, than by condescending to shew it to,

*My L O R D,*

*Your very humble Servant.*



*To Mademoiselle de ROMBOUILLET,  
Upon presenting her with a Posy.*

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*By the same.*

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*M A D A M,*



Ince my Addresses to you are all Honourably meant, I think there is no sort of Gallantry which I may not safely practice ; and having troubled you formerly with my Verses, I conclude there can be no great harm in sending you a Posy. 'Tis a Present which the Gods have sometimes vouchsafed to receive from Men : And since

*Flowers*

*Flowers* are the purest and *nobleſt Productions* of the Earth, to whom can they be offer'd with more Juſtice, than to your ſelf? At leaſt, you ought to love them for this Consideration, that there is not one Flower amongſt them all, whose Beauty is not ac- companyed by ſome Efficacious Virtue: But tho' they are the Daughters of *Sol* and *Aurora*, and Out-Rival Pearls and Diamonds in their Lustre; I am confident they will lose all their Brightneſs as ſoon as they come near you, you'll ſoon make it appear, that the Beauties of the Earth are not to be com-pared with thoſe of Heaven. I presume, Madam, that you'll give me leave to call yours ſo: And, ſince you represent Heaven in every reſpect, that you'll not deny it the Honour of having produced ſo excellent a Person. It were *too* great an Advantage to the things below to liſt you in the number; and ſince we are commanded to despife them, is it not reasonable to believe you are not to be reckon'd a-mong them, ſince you command the Esteem and Affection of all that ſee you, and make all ſubmit to your Yoak, that pretend to be Rational. I ſee what Consequence you may draw from this, if you think me one of that Clafs; but Madam, I conju-re you to believe, that the highest Effect your Charms have produced in me, is that of Admiration; and that I am, with the profoundeſt Reſpect,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.





To the Same.  
A Letter of Complement.

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By the same.

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M A D A M,



Without borrowing any Citations, either from Sacred or Prophane History, whatever you write is admirable. I lay up the least Billets that fall from your Hand, as I wou'd the Leaves of a *Sybil*; and out of them I study that unaffected, but Majestick Eloquence which all the World is ambitious to attain; and without which, 'tis absolutely impossible to speak worthily of you. And if it be true, as you would flatter me, that I have done it, I may presume to have perform'd the most difficult thing in the World, and which, as much as lay in my Power, was eternally in my Wishes. For be assured, Madam, there is nothing I ever desired more passionately, than to acquaint the World with the two greatest Instances produc'd of an accomplished Virtue and a perfect Affection, by letting it know how much you are esteem'd by all that know you, and how much I am,

M A D A M;

Your Obedient Servant, &c.

To



To my Lord Cardinal de la Valette,  
Upon his great Exploits.

By the same.

MY LORD,

**F**OR several Reasons I did not expect any Letters from you so soon; for it was natural to conclude, that a Person who had so much Business upon his Hands, could hardly find time to write much. I was content to hear your Name and Victories cry'd up every Week in the Streets; and to buy up all the News that I could learn of you. The Honour you did me, came at a very favourable Juncture; for some insolent People had maliciously given out that my Kingdom would be soon at an end; and that they should shortly see me reduc'd to the obscure Condition of a private Person: Nay, some of them took this Opportunity to tempt my Fidelity. You would hardly believe, my Lord, what Advantages I have been profer'd to induce me to quit your Party this Winter, and to declare open War against you: And though these Offers have been made by the most bewitching Lady in the World; yet I have heroically slighted them, as I own I was oblig'd to do, out of respect to the Person to whom I have so many Obligations, and whose Humour is so agreeable to that of mine, that the

tho' he had ever hated me, I could not but esteem and love him. So that altho' I have abundance of pretty Intrigues to make me fond of *Paris*, which People never want in this good natur'd Town, who trouble not themselves with the Conduct of Armies, and are not capable of those high Passions which at present take up the better part of your Soul; yet I am ready to sacrifice all my *Engagements* here, whenever You think fit to command me; and to wait on you, shall quit a Mistress that is young and sprightly as an Angel, and black as the Night, I only want a handsome *Pretence* to put this in Execution; and if your *Enemies*, as I am perswaded will needs have their Walls between you and 'em, and oblige you to a *Siege*, I shall not fail to be with you. Besides, not to flutter your Lordship, I had rather be a *Sieger*, than *besieged*; and the Spaniards are gotten so near *Paris*, that tho' I did not leave it for your sake, I should for my own. All the Bridges near it are broken down, the Citizens are ready every Moment to draw up their Chains; and at the same time when we are formidable upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, we cannot call our selves safe upon those of the *Seine*. Amidst the *Uneasiness* that this Disorder gives me, 'tis some Consolation to me, my Lord, to see, that when our Affairs decline on every side, the prosper on yours; and while our Army in *Picardy* shrinks into Garrisons, that in *Burgundy* moulders away in the *Trenches*, and the same ill Success attends us in *Italy*, you have baffl'd all the Designs of the *Enemy*, and taken Places from him, while he contented himself with the humble Honour of being a *Spectator*. In a Word, not to magnifie Matters more than they deserve, all the Progress we have made this Year, is intirely due to your Conduct.

*Te Copias, te Consilium, & tuos præbente Divos.*

Command

Command me, my Lord, to come and share in your Prosperity, and to pay my Respects to your good Fortune, in that only Quarter she is to be seen at present. I am, my Lord,

*Your humble Servant*

### POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this *Letter*, a *Messenge* is arriv'd here, who brings us Advice of you being at *Colmar*. This *News* I assure you, has caus'd greater Rejoycing at Court than all the Balls that are now on foot. The Absence of Friends is sup portable, when they perform such glorious Exploits as you do : And as much as your Company is desir'd here, there is not a Man that heartily loves you, but rather than have you here, is content that you should tarry a little longer where you are. To be free with you, my Lord, your *Relieving* the King's Allies in spite of the *Season* and *Enemy*, was a Performance that can never be sufficiently applauded ; and will be always mention'd to your Commendation, that you should bear no part in the publick Joy, who is the only Person to whom we are indebted for it.

*The End of Mr. T. Brown's Translation of Voiture's Letters.*





V O L. II.

A  
**COLLECTION**  
 OF  
**LETTERS**  
 ON  
 Several Occasions, &c.

*Original LETTERS from the Island of  
 New ATLANTIS.*

**LETTER I.**

 Am going to fatigue my self with a long Letter to you, Madam, in hopes of entertaining you for an Hour. I wish I may not be disappointed, and in giving my self Pain, afford your Ladyship no Pleasure. The truth or probability I leave to your Censure. I have nothing to offer against either but a Woman's Malice, which, Vol. II. A a when

when animated by Revenge, is generally powerful enough to make her blacken the most Innocent.

The little Interest I have in the World must always be at the Devotion of the fair Sex ; and it has been my good Fortune sometimes to render 'em Services. A young Lady, who has it in her power of commanding me as she pleases, not long since recommended to me an Affair of an elderly Gentlewoman's, who had been a Favourite ( in a late Reign ) of the then She-Favourite, but has since been abandon'd by her, (whether grown out of use, or for some other Reason) Disgust and Neglect has succeeded her Care and Kindness ; nor could all her former secret Services oblige her to remember her as she ought, tho' in an Occasion where it was to do herself no hurt : She ungratefully refus'd to use her Interest to the Lord Keeper in a Cause she had depending, ( where I had the Opportunity of serving her) as she might easily have done, without any Prejudice to her self. This so transported the old Lady (with Anger and Resentment) that I think there is nothing she would not attempt for her Revenge. She told me in her Rage a thousand dangerous Secrets, against my Lady . . . . ; pretended Gratitude to me, set her upon paying my Score at her Cost. One part of her Entertainment I here present your Ladyship. But before you imagine her the Speaker, allow me to say something by way of Introduction.

You must remember, Madam, that some Years since, one Mr. *W---l---*, (who was known about the Town by the Name of Beau *W---l---n*) from very mean Circumstances and an obscure Condition, set up an Equipage, and made a Figure beyond many of the Nobility. After blazing some few Years, (I can't exactly tell how long) he was Kill'd by one Mr. *L.* going to fight a Duel with him ; the report ran that *L.* murder'd him before he could draw his Sword : Nor could it ever be discover'd, either

either before or since his Death, who it was that supported him in all that Grandeur. Most certain it is, that being a younger Brother, his Friends had procur'd him a Colours, and in that Post he was sent to serve in *Flanders*; where he had not long continu'd, but he was Broke, as some report, for Cowardice. But be it as it would, he might well say with *Themistocles*, *That he had been lost if he had not been lost*: For such were his Necessities, that then Colonel (but since, by the Death of his Father, a Baronet) lent (but as he thought, gave) him forty Shillings to serve him in his Passage back for *England*. Here, within a small time, he appear'd the brightest Star in the Hemisphere: His Coaches, Saddle, Hunting, Race Horses, Equipage, Dress and Table, were admiration of the World, and continu'd such when they saw him continue them, and that they could not assign any support to all this Glory. He never Play'd, or but inconsiderably; entertain'd with Profuseness all who visited him; Himself drank liberally; but in all Hours, as well sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his Words; tho' several were either employ'd by the Curiosity of others, or their own, to take him at his looser Moments, and persuade him to reveal his Secret. But he so inviolably preserv'd it, that even their Guesses were but at random, and without probability or foundation. He was not known to be an admirer of Ladies; for amidst all his Diversions, we (that way) hear no news of his Pleasures; tho' he might, doubtless, have had the good Fortune to have pleased, his Person being no ways despicable. What adds to our Surprize, is, that he appropriated none of his Hours, he was at all times to be found, ever and with some of his People; seemingly open in Conversation, free from Spleen or Chagrin: In a word, he had that settl'd Air, as if he were assur'd his good Fortune would for ever continue. One of his Friends advis'd him to Purchase whilst

he had Money. Mr. W—— thank'd him, and said, He did not forget the future in the present, he was oblig'd to him for his Counsel, but whilst he liv'd it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be Master of such a Sum of Money. This more and more confounded the World: For if they would say he deriv'd his good Fortune from the Ladies, there was scarce any rich enough to support him, neither did he bestow any of his Time unaccounted for; and 'tis not to be believ'd that the fair Sex, being such rigid Creditors in Love, would not at least, expect Use-fruit for their Money, especially for such considerable Sums. Those who pretend to gues s better, have recourse to Chymistry, (I mean such as have Faith in the *Hermesick Philosophy*) and said he had found *The Grand Secret*, and was Master of that unvaluable *Transmuting Stone*, at least of a Powder that had Power to make Gold of Silver. But whence should he have this Discovery? Who could be found so obliging to bestow such a Fortune upon an obscure Person, unacquainted to the whole Set of Pretenders in *Trismegistus's Art*? What *Raymundus Lullius* would impart this darling Secret to an Useless, Illiterate, Unknown? Or say, were it bestow'd upon him, when did he find time for the Operation? Or if he had, during his being Private, wrought sufficient for his Life, why did he not Purchase with it? Or what became of that precious Metal? an inconsiderable Sum being all that could be found after his Death. This may also be urged to those who blasted his Reputation with the Report, that he must once have robb'd a *Holland Mail* of a considerable quantity of rough Diamonds; tho' another Person suffer'd for it, and deny'd the Fact to the last. Others would have it, that the *Jews* kept him, (I don't find they can tell for what) it being very unlikely that a Set of Men should agree to maintain the Riots of an useless Person; neither did he frequent

frequent the Conversation in Publick. And, as we have before observ'd, the grand Objection continues still in force, in that Mr. W—— was never wanting, nor had he any particular known Confident; or if he had, they have been rigorously just, not only to him, but to his Memory. Thus is this great Secret like to continue such; for neither Time nor Chance, which are reported for the certain Discoverers of all Things, have yet reveal'd it to us, unless by the following Relation you will allow the Riddle to be at length expounded, which you must do me the Favour to imagine you hear a malicious Person making to me. I do not promise to give it you either in or all her Words, yet in her Circumstances, and in the gross 'tis thus.

Forcing the Tears, (to make her Treachery Tolerated.) *Ungrateful Lady!* cry'd she, her Handkerchief at her Eyes: But 'tis the Temper of the Great, they hate whom they have trusted, and those by whom they have been much obliged; nay, sooner would they forgive and serve a mortal Enemy, being in nothing more perfect than Ingratitude. Once I was below'd, trusted and Favour'd, or I had not been a manager of guilty Secrets. All the time of the late King's Life, I was indeed consider'd, but 'tis past, and I am forgotten; but transported with my Resentments, I delay to shew you, that if I had been base, 'twas more than once in my Power to ruin her, this ungrateful Lady! This Person accomplish'd in Ingratitude.

After her Attendance was over in the King's Closet, she took me one Evening to walk with her in the Gardens at — The Season was hot, and the Air refreshing. In one of the most retired Walks, we found there lying upon the Ground, a Person whom we afterward knew to be one Mr. —, a Cadet of a Gentleman's Family, but in his Circumstances unfortunate; his Posture was melancholy, his Looks dejected, and so buried in Thought, that he rais'd not his Eyes to us, tho' my Lady —  
A a 3 (who)

(who is now) made a full stop, and staid some Moments to consider him. She saw something either in his Air or Face, or both, that irresistably charm'd her; tho' perhaps he ought not to be reckon'd amongst those Beauties that strike all those who look on 'em with Love and Wonder, yet he might very well be said to be a pretty Man: However, with Mr. Dryden, we may say;

*The Cause of Love can never be assign'd ;  
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

Whether her amorous Star had then the Ascendant, that she could not resist her Fate, or wishing herself to give into the Pleasures of Love in all Amour of Secrecy, or any other Cause, but we pass'd and repass'd him several times (tying close our Hoods, and pulling 'em as much as could be to hide our Faces) without raising his Person or Curiosity; therefore leaving me at the Garden Gate, with Instructions, she took Coach for London, and bid me try to discover who he was. I went and seated my self so near, that he could no longer avoid turning his Looks towards me; whereupon he rose, and saluting me with a Bow civil enough, walk'd away. I got up and follow'd him, keeping so close that he could not but fancy I had a desire to speak with him: But that seem'd none of his Concern. He was going as fast as he could to that Door which opens into Hide-Park, when I call'd, *Stay, Sir, have you no curiosity to hear what can be said to you ? None at all, Madam,* he answer'd, unless the Goddess of Fortune should call upon me to offer some of those Favours. I very much stand in need of. Perhaps I am she, reply'd I, for 'tis known that blind Deity bestows her Blessings at random, and therefore not always to the most deserving. You saw the Lady who not long since parted with me; no Goddess could have sent you so invaluable a Present as is her Heart. The News perhaps  
(answer'd.

answer'd my careless Gentleman) would not be unpleasing to those who have any inclination to Toys, but I stand in need of more substantial Favours; my broken Fortunes are not fit for Ladies; this Night I mean to pass in the Neighbouring Park, to determine with myself what to do: Death is my Refuge, the manner of it is only the Debate: Tho' when the thing is once resolv'd on, a Moment or two more of Pain being the only difference, ought not to keep us long in suspence; therefore, Madam, you cannot but find me the most improper Person alive for yours or any 'other fair Lady's Occasions. To conclude, upon my pressing and encouraging him, he told me, he had been Broke in *Flanders*, and was undone, not only in his Fortunes, but Reputation, which had been blasted by Malice, and Mistake; and that being denied Revenge upon his too powerful Enemies, he was determin'd to turn it upon himself. I said all I could to dissuade him from Despair; told him his better Angel had lately, in the Form of my Friend, appear'd to him; that if he would live but till to Morrow Night, I would engage to ease him of part of his Misfortunes. My Spark was no otherwise out of conceit with Life, but because he had not the means of living in it with Pleasures, or rather Conveniency, so moderate was he before the affluence of Fortune, I thought it improper to leave him, lest by means of any of the Gardners he might discover us: So that I told him, if he would but walk to the Gravel-Walk in the *Park*, I would come round and take him up in a Hackney-Coach, and carry him to *London*. That there might be no return for him that way, I took care to shut the Garden Door after him. When I had got a Coach, I went to look for my Soldier: I found him at his Post upon my Duty. I took him up, and bid him have courage, for Fortune had done more for him than he cou'd have had the presumption to desire. He put on a more pleasing Air, and entertaining me (till we

came to London) with Rallery upon our Adventure, press'd me close to discover to him who we were, I told him 'twas Fairy Land, which whenever reveal'd, would fly before him; but charg'd him to attend the next Night at Twelve (if it did not Rain, as there was then little probability of any) at the Rail that goes into St. James's-Park, at the end of the Walk, by Madam Mazarine's Lodgings. He fail'd not his Assignation, nor we to meet him. The custom of the Place permitting Masks, the Moon shone bright, and the Centuries were civil. My Lady was so charm'd with her Lover, that till two of the Clock she did not think of retiring. She had no interruption in her Amour, but discours'd him so much to her Satisfaction, that at parting she put into his Hands a Bill for Five Hundred Pounds upon Sir F— C—; then ordering him to stay with me for a quarter of an Hour, she struck, unseen by him, into Madam Mazarine's, where her Chair and People waited. The greatness of the Present amaz'd him, he could scarce believe his own Eyes, nor that Moon which lent him Light to read his good Fortune. But I must do him the Justice to say, that he bore it handsomly. *You are indeed, Madam, said he, the Goddess you spoke of, and 'tis but just that at your Shrine, I offer part of what, by your means, I have receiv'd.* I told him, that the Lady who had bestow'd that upon him, took care to let Persons that serv'd her stand in no need of dividing her Favours. We took Coach at St. James's Gate, and I sent him home to his own Lodgings near Hippolito's, for fear he should return and ask what Ladies were at Madam Mazarine's; tho' ours was got Home before me, but so transported, and so in Love, that I was surpriz'd, who found no such Inclinations in my self of admiration for the Person who had charm'd her. How often did she Embrace and Kiss me? I believe in Imagination that 'twas Mr. W—. She begg'd my Conduct and

and Secrecy in the management of an Affair upon which her Pleasure and her Interest (two considerable Points) depended. She said, she was resolv'd to shew what a Fortune it was to be her Favourite; that she intended to abundantly exceed the Hopes I had given him, and would be the very Goddess of Bounty to him. He had Principles and Virtue, with a Soul deserving the noblest Favours; that could he be but Secret, (which she would not doubt) her Pride should be to raise his Fortunes equal to his Merit. When I waited on her in the Morning, her thoughts were rather more inflamed. She arose to her strong Box, and gave me a Bag of a thousand Guineas, with an Order upon the same Banker for five Hundred more. So that laden with Riches and Instructions, I took a Chair to the Piazza. Discharging it there, I walk'd to a Coach, which carry'd me to Mr. W——'s Lodgings, who was not yet stirring. After a little waiting, I was introduced to his Bed-side. 'Twas then that I could not chuse but make some Reflections upon the Vicissitudes of Human Affairs. The Chamber was two pair of Stairs, dark and dirty, the Furniture old and poor: *Rise, Sir; said I to him, and meet your good Genius; I am sent as the God of Riches was to Timon; there's fifteen hundred Guinea's thrown up on your Bed for your Morning's Welcom: 'Tis your Lady's Pleasure that you should immediately put your self in a Condition fitting the Favourite of Love and hers. Take the handsomest Lodgings (till a House can be furnish'd) that the Town affords; form your Equipage according to the nicest, richest Fancy; be every thing that's Great and Noble. To those that have Money all things may be perform'd with Expedition. She is impatient till your Fortune Shines equal to the Opinion that is had of your Merit. Rest assured that hers are no transitory Favours; they are not for a Day, but for Ever. All you have to perform on your part, is to reserve your self intirely for her, and never by any indiscreet Curiosity, endeavour to discover.*

discover her ; perhaps Time and Experience may bring her to trust the mighty Secret with you ; till then, if you enquire, and succeed in that Enquiry, you must not only lose Her, but your Life also. Beware, lest like the Psyche in Apuleius, you seek not to behold the dangerous Cupid. These Lines are recommended for your Motto, from Sir William Davenant :

Ask not Bodies (doom'd to die)  
to what Abode they go,  
Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,  
it is not safe to know.

'Amuse the World, and let 'em in vain enquire whence you derive this Fortune. It is not to be told ; for in telling the Principles are destroy'd, and you remove far from you, Her, the Foundation upon which you stand. 'Twill also be her Ruin, and the heighth of Baseness in you, to level that by which you were rais'd. This and more your Indiscretion (if you are guilty of any) will bring to pass. But because we with difficulty believe ill of those we resolve to favour, she has not half my Apprehensions of your Indiscretion, and therefore orders you to come this Night at Twelve of the Clock to the Two — Posts in the Pall-Mall. Ask no Questions, nor will you need, for I shall take care to be there to introduce you. But because Instructions may be then unproper, take 'em now : You will find my Lady in Bed, there shall be but one Light in the Chamber, but do not (by it) endeavour to see her Face ; be satisfy'd that she's Young, and by some thought the Handsomest. Make use of your Fortune. I suppose Sleep will not be your Business. When the Clock strikes Two, rise and be gone, a Chair shall wait to carry you Home. Thus may you be bless'd both with Riches and Beauty, and for the continuation of both, that intirely depends on your self, whilst you please you shall be the only Favourite. These Experiments are too dangerous and expensive for Repetition, neither will she be able, without difficulty, to steal those happy Hours allotted you. I suppose when you are together, you will take

take Measures for future Favours. Farewel, and remember to be, if possible, (what is difficult in this turn of Fortune) Discreet.

Thus, for a long time, did our happy Lovers taste uninterruptedlly the Sweets of Love. Mr. W—— took a House and furnish'd it splendidly, appearing to all Eyes the Wonder of his Time : My Lady's Opportunities were few, which the better help'd to conceal the Mystery ; her Hours always late, so that Mr. W—— having the Keys brought every Night into his own Chamber, without acquainting any of his Servants, he would rise and dress himself, and go in or out unknown to any of 'em, a Chair, by my directions, always waiting to carry him. Thus (when the World would wonder that he never absented himself from publick Views) has this great Secret pass'd. His Expences were so vast, that, as the Town said, none but a Queen could support, without ruining herself ; which confounded all Penetration ; and well deserves to be set down as a principal Article in the account of Secret Services, &c.

One Night returning with me from the Rendezvous, my Lady—— told me, she was undone, for that Fool W—— would be knowing. She had in vain warn'd him against himself and that destroying Devil, Curiosity ; he seem'd resolv'd, and had gone so far as to tell her, that if it cost whatever was dearest to him, he could not be easy till she had given him that last Proof of her Love. Ah, my Dear, cries she, what things these Men are ? Whilst we yet have any Reserve, we still are importun'd ; 'tis a supply to Conversation, which without a Theme languishes : Love, however Omnipotent he be counted, abates much of his Divinity when he comes to full Enjoyment. I must either see this Creature no more, or resolve to disclose my self. I cannot wisely do the latter ; for W—— seems to be too weak a Vessel to trust my Secret.

Secret to ; the Fumes of his good Fortune has turn'd his Brain. Is he not satisfied that I love him more than I ought, without I love him as much as I can ? Ah, this might have succeeded when Love was young, and Desire stronger ; whilst my Passion had yet the glofs of Novelty ; but I see him now with the Eyes of Custom ; I have taken Leisure to view him with Consideration ; he is undone by it, for his Defects ballances his Possessions, and he, at least, wants as many Vertues as he enjoys. Nothing can be more disagreeable than Importunity. I am tir'd by it ; my softer Moments are fatigu'd with it. What Opinion can a Person have of our Understanding, when we yield that to impertinent Sollicitations, which we have refus'd to Reason ? Were I but secure, that he would never come to the Knowledge of who I am, I could be well contented to let the Affair end here ; and would take care (for the Dignity of my former Passion) to see him so well provided for, that he might end his Days with Splendor, More just in this than Fortune, (that fickle Goddess) who makes her Sport out of the Ruins of her Favourites, and rejoices as much at the Calamity of those she abandons, as ever she did at the Prosperity of whom she raises. That I have not hitherto thought fit to bestow supernumerary Sums of Money for him to purchase any great Estate with, was because he should have a more immediate dependence upon my Bounty : Neither did I refrain his natural inclinations to Expence; because that manner of living more refin'd his Conversation, and brought him so much nearer my Taste. But now that the matter is otherwise, you shall meet him the next time in my Place, and give him what Advice I think necessary for both our sakes.

I went accordingly, he took me for his Lady ; tho' instead of being in Bed, I sat within the Curtains upon the Bed-side : after some little Silence;

*Madam,*

Madam, (said he) are you come with more favourable Inclinations to your Slave? Or are you resolved to persevere in your cruel Denial? Better by much to refuse all, than grant by halves. How can I whisper to my Heart that I'm beloved, when treated with such Reserve? Is not the sight of the Person enjoy'd, half the Pleasure? When I have you in my Arms know I what Idea's to fill my Mind with? 'Tis true, your Wit and Conversation have a thousand Charms; but where the lovely Face is wanting, Enjoyment must be Imperfect. Where is that noble Confidence which ought to snatch hence those forbidding Reserves to the Person loving and being beloved? My Happiness is so imperfect, that I know not how properly, it can be called such; if I am to be undone by the Sin of Knowledge, 'twas the loss of Paradise, and must be mine. Whether Push'd, or by my evil Genius, or some more irresistible unaccountable Power, I am resolved this Night shall end my Pain; (if you do not think fit your self to oblige me with the Discovery) thus (clasping your lovely Body in my Arms) will I expect the Morning, Day will confess the Charmer; but if your Face happen to be unknown to me (as 'tis scarce possible, since the late opportunities I have had of seeing those Persons who have it in their Power to do as you have done) I'll follow you this moment like your Shadow; till I explore that Secret you have so long, so disobligringly, and so religiously kept; and to which you can have no other Motive, but vile distrust of my Honour, or have too great an opinion of my Vanity. Pray guess how obliging this must be to a Lover, who would die to serve, but never can deceive you. Ungrateful! Interrupted I, discovering my self, Fool and Traytor both to thy own Fortune, and those Conditions thou at first mad'st with me, and wer't sworn to observe: Came not this Lady to thee, like thy better Fortune, with flowing Love and lavish Bounty, at the last of all thy Hours, when every Star had abandon'd thee, and thy Despair was precipitating thee into eternal Ruin? Hast thou not, by her waste of Passion, her prodigality of Love, shone like a blazing Meteor, the Wonder and the Envy of the most Happy?

Happy? Would'st thou with Baseness requite Favours so invaluable? Not naming the possession of her own lovely Person, a Glory Kings would pride themselves in.... Go...., she shall never see thee more, from this Moment thy better Fortune turns her Face from thee, her own propitious Star had not forsaken her, she had Warnings or Presages of thy Villanies, and will no longer trust herself with one so ungrateful; even now she ravishes from thee, the Continuation of those Blessings she had bestow'd; despised and poor, gather up the Shipwrecks of thy ruin'd Fortune, depart a Country where thou hast only blazed, and if thou art Wise, will vanish from....Never, Madam, (interrupted he briskly) so long as our happy Monarch Reigns, and my Goddess possesses his Favour. See, Madam, if I had any occasion to be obliged to her, or you, for the Knowledge of....'Tis some time since I had the good luck to discover her; but I'm perswaded, had I ever been where she was, Instinct must have done it. Our Coaches once met in Hide-Park, she was then speaking as we pass'd, and the Tone and Mode of her Voice are too particular to be conceal'd; besides, her Hand unglov'd rested upon the Window, and she had upon her Finger that large Diamond Ring, which, for its particular Beauty, she was pleas'd to accept and Wear as my Present; My Heart confess'd the Charmer, and flew after her Chariot Wheels. Let her but recollect how long since that happen'd, and from thence assure herself of my Discretion, and that she has no occasion to distrust her most faithful Slave. As for you, Madam, I remember well, my Life was to be the price of this important Secret; if you please, 'tis yours to take, tho' Chance made the forfeit, I can't well fear such fair Enemies: I therefore, with my Knees to the Ground, beg of you to intercede for (and with) me to my Goddess, that she may permit me to serve her out of Love, as before out of Gratitude. My Ardours have been much redoubled, since touch'd with that noble Passion, my Transports have had a more exalted Motive; for to a Heart like mine, interest can never act like Love. You have Power to do all things with her; make her easy under this

this Discovery. What I pretend to from hence, is, but a greater freedom in the Enjoyment of her my Soul is fond of, that all constraint may vanish, I may see her Face, her Air and Shape, her Motions; and every other Grace, sometimes Eat with her; (no remote Pleasure in Love) and in short, make it appear that I can value and adore her as I ought. Can I be properly said to have Passion for her whilst she was unknown? 'Tis only then since she was reveal'd to me, that mine can be call'd such, from thence it begins its Æra, and shall continue to the end of my Life. If (as all agree) the noblest Pleasure must be in P'leasing, my Princess must have wanted that Pleasure, since I could not, with good Sense, pretend to love what I did not know; she might, for what I could tell, be Old, or very Ugly. 'Tis true, I was grateful to my Benefactress no more . . . . But there are other Transports due to Love, not to be imitated, and impossible to be conceal'd. Will she not have reason to be better satisfy'd with me, when my Heart, fill'd with her fair Image, has voluntary Fondness? When all my Transports are excited by her Beauty; and that I consider nothing in the Possession of her but her own Charms? Here he left speaking, and me in an irrecoverable Amazement. I rose and ask'd his leave to retire, for what had newly happen'd was so unforeseen, that I had no Commission to treat upon it, but the next Night, if he pleas'd (to be in the same Place) I might wait upon him with such Commands as might decide his Destiny.

Nor you, nor any living Soul can guess the Lady's Grief and Rage; she wept, she sobb'd, she travers'd the Lodging. Disdain and Fury fill'd her Eyes and Motions; she accus'd her own Indiscretion, or, to call it better, Folly. When the height of her Indignation was abated; ' See (says she) the just Reward of ingrateful, new and sudden Passions; I am going to pay dearly for mine. Oh Duty! how powerfully dost thou revenge thy self for our neglect of thee? W—— shall never see me more, that Vain-glorious Fool, who even to my self, cou'd

' cou'd not forbear boasting of his good Fortune;  
 ' Will he be more discreet to others? No, 'tis im-  
 ' possible, the Wretch must die, that's certain; but  
 ' the manner, ay, there's the difficulty. Oh! *Italy!*  
 ' *Italy!* thy Poisons or thy *Banditti*, my whole E-  
 ' state for Revenge. What do I say, for Revenge?  
 ' For Security: I can never be safe whilst such a  
 ' dangerous Secret is log'd in so loose a Breast.  
 ' What shall I do? Dissimulation does but increase  
 ' my Torment; But till I find an opportunity to  
 ' securely Punish, it must be so . . . Go to him,  
 ' and tell him he may thank himself for seeing  
 ' me no more. I had set it down for a Rule, never  
 ' after this Discovery to converse with him, when-  
 ' ever he should prefer Vanity to me; but if he  
 ' betrays me, he shall die, like *Alexander*. I mean  
 ' with my own Hands, to taste the sweets of Mur-  
 ' der and Revenge. Were I to meet with him in  
 ' the King's Closet on such an Errand, it should be  
 ' thus. But if his Discovery be made to others, I  
 ' have Money, and Rage has Industry, to find out  
 ' needy Villains to dispatch the Traytor. But if  
 ' he prove a Man of Honour, and conceal me, he  
 ' shall still live and flourish, tho' I no more con-  
 ' verse with him; If in Publick Places he should  
 ' meet me, (tho' if he be wise he will avoid 'em)  
 ' bid him beware lest he cast a glance of acquaint-  
 ' ed Love; I forbid a Smile, a Bow, the least sha-  
 ' dow of what has been; nay, if the Secret be  
 ' blown abroad, or but whisper'd, he dies for it,  
 ' since it can only come from him (thee I am well  
 ' assured on.) Is not the whole Nation upon En-  
 ' quiry whence he derives his Fortune? Should  
 ' they but think he knew me, 'twere all unravell'd;  
 ' for who but the Queen and me could support a  
 ' Favourite at such a shining height? 'Twill, ay,  
 ' 'twill be too easily believ'd. But if he be Discreet,  
 ' and engage himself in no Amour, (not that I va-  
 ' lue the Conquest of such a rawdry vain-glorious

Heart,



Santerre pinc.

R. Gucht Scul.

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' Heart, or can be jealous of what I think fit no  
 ' longer to possess, but the Creature on whom he be-  
 ' stows it may exact my Secret) my Bounty shall  
 ' know no other Period but his Life; care shall be  
 ' taken to supply him successively with Bills of Ex-  
 ' change. If he be wise, he'll go out of *England*, or  
 ' retire into the Country; not that I exact either  
 ' from him; but as to the rest, his Choice won't  
 ' sure be difficult to make between Poverty and  
 ' Wealth, Death and Life.

Mr. W——— was forc'd (when he saw  
 he could get no better) to agree to these Condi-  
 tions. My Lady, tho' she constantly supply'd him,  
 as before, yet would never again by any means  
 be brought to see him. What I have hitherto re-  
 lated is Matter of Fact, and from the Original;  
 what follows is Circumstantial only, but enough  
 to blacken her with the Suspicion of the monstrous  
 cruellest of Actions. Poor Mr. W———, thou  
 surely deserv'st better Usage; 'twas her pleasure to  
 raise him, he could not seek it, 'twas the Work of  
 her own Hands, he kept her Secret religiously, de-  
 nying himself any Converse with Ladies, lest he  
 should give her occasion of Complaint against him.  
 His Vanity indeed still kept him Company; for  
 whereas a wise Man might easily have guess'd, that a  
 Fool only could be content to maintain (for always)  
 such an unprofitable Expence, he shou'd therefore  
 have retrench'd his, and have consider'd of some  
 solid Establishment in the World; but he still had  
 some weak ray of Hope, that his Perseverance and  
 Obedience wou'd allay her Passion of Anger, and  
 restore him to her Favour again. But alas! 'twas  
 but ill-grounded, for there had pass'd too much Time  
 and he might well conclude she lov'd him not,  
 when she cou'd be contented to live so long with-  
 out what she lov'd. In short, my self thought him  
 despised and forgotten, his Name being but rarely  
 mention'd, and that only when her Bounty was  
 concern'd.

I imagin'd one Night that she had pick'd up a new Favourite, but where I cou'd not tell ; my Orders were to go to the short Piazza, and take up a Gentleman I should find walking there, (and who wou'd come to the Coach) his Gloves hanging out of his Coat-Pocket. This Spark I was to introduce by the Park Door up the back Stairs into the Dressing-Room. She pres'd my Hand, begging me to retire, and to take care she was not over-hear'd by any of her own People. Her faithful Centinel obey'd ; and after a Conference of two Hours, I heard her go into the Bed-Chamber with him, open her strong Box, and in a Voice louder than before, (for she seem'd for that Moment to have forgot I was her Neighbour) said to him, *Take this, and your Work done, depend upon another Thousand, and my Favour for ever.* Then I was call'd, and order'd to reconduct him to the Place I took him up at. I wou'd have enter'd into some Discourse with him in the Coach, but he was upon the Reserve, and methought something abrupt in his Departure. This was a Secret which I was not to be let into. The Wretch was Young, well Dress'd, and Handsome enough, and it seem'd to me, that he was going to succeed Mr. *W*— in the good Fortune of My Lady's Favour ; but I began to change my Mind when I saw him no more, nor ever heard her mention him. My guess was, that he had not pleas'd her, and was only a Favourite of a Night.

Not long after, the News surpriz'd and reach'd me, of poor Mr. *W*—'s being Kill'd upon the Place appointed by him to fight a Duel with Mr. — A Name I had never known ; the Quarrel an inconsiderable Pretence about Mr. *W*—'s Sister. I, all innocent of Revenge, to acquaint my Lady — with it. Nor did I right well know what temper her Soul might be in, and whether 'twere best to Condole or Congratulate her. She receiv'd the News with an Air so unmoy'd, that I could not

not make any judgment of her Thoughts. After some Silence, she cry'd out, *Poor vain-glorious W----!* *And is it true that thou art dead? I have kept my Word with thee; my Bounty has no other Period but thy Life.* Thus indifferently did she take the Death of one whom she with such an eagerness of Passion had lov'd, such a magnificence of Favour. Now did the Town redouble its Curiosity, imagining to have it gratify'd by Mr. *W* ----'s Papers; and that the hid Secret would be discover'd. But they were as silent as his Grave, and as I should ever have been, had I not been used after so cruel and unprecedent-ed a manner,

When the Gentleman's Tryal came on who had Kill'd Mr. *W* ----, my Curiosity carry'd me to hear it, because I had been so well acquainted with the Deceased. I did not mention my Design to my Lady ---, or she would doubtless have prevented me. My Surprize was inexpressible, when I saw that the Gentleman brought to the Bar was the same who I told you I had once introduc'd *Incognito* to my Lady---. I almost imagin'd my self a remote Accessary; and shudring with Dread and Guilt, my Knees knock'd together, my Nose gush'd out vio-lently with Blood, or I had Swooned upon the Place. His Indictment beginning to be read, I found my self unable to hear it, therefore way was made for me, with much difficulty, and I recover'd (half Dead) the Coach that waited for me. Whilst they were carrying me Home, I reflected on what a Per-son I had to deal with, and saw, that if I had any Value for my Life, I must not let her know the Discovery I had made; for such a dangerous Secret to one steep'd in Blood, would not have been long suffer'd to Sleep in my Breast. Therefore I men-tion'd nothing of my Suspicion; nor knows she to this Day that I was at the Tryal, or knew Mr. ----- was the same Person that had a private Audi-ence of her Ladyship. Nothing could have been manag'd

manag'd with more address ; for I am still ignorant how she came acquainted with him, and of the means she found of procuring a Person so fit for her Business.

'Tis needless to repeat to you how the Tryal pass'd : Mr. L ——— was Condemn'd, and all Endeavours used to get his Pardon. But the King was always inexorable upon the account of Murder. My Lady never seem'd to appear in it, and therefore pitched upon a Method that as well serv'd her Ends. Doubtless her Remorse would not have been great should the Criminal have suffer'd, could there have been any Security of his persisting to the last in Secrecy and Silence : But the Gallows is a general and dangerous Confessional ; and had he come to that, what might he not have discovered ? How exclaim'd against the Ingratitude and Treachery of those who set him to work ? It is to be imagin'd he had not engag'd himself without an assurance either of Pardon or an Equivalent to it. All the World knows how Miraculously he escap'd out of Prison. I say, miraculously ! for nothing but the force of Gold could have prevail'd over his inflexible Irons. His Arrival in the *Low-Countries*, and continu'd Expenses ; his Appearance like a Man of Quality and Estate, tho' 'twas known that he had not the value of a Groat of his own, and liv'd before that fatal Duel, upon the Favours his good Fortune procur'd him from the Ladies. I find she can either keep her Word with him, or he has been wise enough to secure a Sum sufficient to arm him against Ingratitude. With me 'tis not so well ; Affairs have chang'd Faces ; the King is dead, she no longer fears him ; and concerning not herself with the discretionary part, leaves me at liberty to say what I please, after the thousand Protestations she has a thousand times made me, she would never else dare to abandon me as she has done.

Thus,

Thus, Madam, in as succinct a manner as the Story would permit, have I told your Ladyship what the good old Gentlewoman was three Hours in relating. I subscribe implicitly to your Opinion, as to the Truth of it, and desire in the next that you will favour me with the knowledge of it. 'Tis certain Mr. W ——'s Supply was wonderful; and if this was not the real, 'tis at least a probable way.

*I am, Madam, your Ladyship's most dutiful,  
most faithful, and sincere Servant.*



## LETTER II.

T length, my dear Sister, (all transported with a fond Bridegroom's Joy) I may with assurance tell you, that I'm upon the Point of being entirely bless'd, my charming Mistress has this Night consented, her Father has consented, to my unutterable Happiness; to Morrow makes me Master of my Desires; the Thought hurries me beyond my self: I could see my very Enemies with Joy; therefore to expect any thing but Rapture, to expect plain Sense from me at this time, is thinking below the Dignity of my Passion: Nor wants it any heightning, by looking back upon the dreadful Precipice I've past, the Difficulties I have struggl'd with, the almost Impossibilities that I have vanquish'd, the Rack of Mind, the Obstacles of a rich and powerful Rival, and consequently the Reserve of Parents. Love alone was for me; my charming Mistress was all Kind and constant; she help'd me to support my ardent

ardent Longings; for what can be more exquisite than delay'd Enjoyment, when two Hearts mutually burning, mutually languishing, for what Love and Nature boldly dictates, finds so many Bars to cross their Happiness.

Do not you (my dear Sister) join with the Fordid World, in blaming me for preferring Merit to Riches; I look'd beyond it for my Happiness. The Hinge of Interest, upon which at present the whole Nation turns in their Marriages, makes so many of 'em unfortunate. 'Tis true, I could have had a Wife with an ample Fortune; but perhaps to me scanty in Charms, in that Harmony of Minds from which only Happiness arises. She whom I shall present you for a Sister, has a Tenderness for me beyond all other Value. To please her, you must begin by me; should I frown, or be out of Temper, her whole Frame would be in Disorder: Then she has a Voice and Words that can cure Despair, can charm displeasing Melancholy. Oh! 'tis impossible to hear her Speak, and know a Pain. How true, how noble is her Soul! How eminent her Wit! Her Sense, how solid! How soft, how sweet her Love! I figure my self returning home fatigu'd with Busines; where I meet, with open Arms, this dear, this faithful Wife, who knows how to charm my Cares, how to time her Kindness, and even to wait for mine, and without impatience to stay till those Sallies of ill Temper be blown over, which Disappointment hath perhaps occasion'd. No Hours can ever be tedious in her Company. This I speak not like a Lover, the whole World that knew her, will Echo this eternal Truth. When you've search'd the round of Conversation abroad, to be justly pleased, you must return to her; for in this point, all agree, is united whatever can be pleasing or instructive. None ever yet went from her pall'd or undelighted: I speak of those who have Sense to make a true Judgment of Things, and dwell longer

on her Mind, into which I have conducted you, that you may know and value it. 'Tis upon that my solid Happiness is fix'd, that unalterable Beauty, which is known to flourish in its highest perfection, at an Age when but the Memory remains, or scarce that, of outward Charms. I prepare you then, my dear Sister, to be ravish'd with the Beauty of hers, and believe so well of your Brother's Understanding, that he knows how to choose for Happiness, Cards, publick Conversation, Mufick, the Playhouse, Visits, and the busines of Visits, Detractions and Ill-nature, are none of her Diversions; I shall be sure to find her always employ'd, always at Home, careful of her Family, entertaining me when present, either with reading, or her own more pleasing Conversation, or wishing for me when absent. Her Temper is like her Nature, perfectly Good, free from vain Expences, my Interest her only pursuit, and all her Desires regulated by that; nay, she so perfectly loves me, that I may answer for her Soul; she would choose common Conveniencies with me, rather than Place, Distinction, Title and Observance with another. Is there on Earth a Type of our hereafter Happiness or Misery? 'Tis surely in the married State. What must he expect that chooses only for Interest, a Woman haughty of the Advantages she brought you, seeking to be pleased rather than please? And where you take no other Consideration along with you, 'tis impossible to make one's Duty one's Delight. Must I submit my Hours to the uneasy jangling of an impertinent, proud, senseless Woman, full of Noise and Vanity? Must I clasp her to my Bosom, and pay the Rights of Love with or without Inclination, or run the hazard of blowing up her weak suspicious Mind with jealousie that her Duties are bestow'd upon another? Must I, when I want one Companion, take a Legion? For so many will be her Gossips; Tea-Tables and Chat, Detraction and Folly, which if but with

a piece of Face I should seem to dislike, 'twere running the Gantlet through all the round of Tongues where she Visits, and of whom she is visited; to set the whole Herd upon me, and at me. With such a Wife a sensible Man will be sure not to dispute; his best way will be to suffer in Silence; and as a proof of his Wisdom, admit her Impertinence to govern. Then if you strike at Forms, or pretend to retrench any of those vain Expences, of which she finds sufficient Precedents amongst her the Friends, as to Drefs, Entertainment, stately Child-birth, and her whole Artillery of Follies, 'twill make her hate and wish you dead; for the first thing such a Woman thinks of after she is Married, is how to become a Widow. Oh, 'twere endless to reckon you up all the Inconveniencies arising from Marriage made only upon the Score of Interest. And what are their Advantages? What Enjoyments have you of 'em? Do you eat, or drink, or sleep more for being richer? are you not as happy with plain clean Cloaths, as if you were every Night dres'd for the Drawing-Room? Ay, but some fancy a Pleasure in hoarding Money. To a Man so weak, Reason will be lost, and therefore I shall not pretend to argue with him. And as to our care of Posterity, I have seen hundreds more considerable, with just enough to teach 'em how to live, than others whose Fathers have left 'em great Estates. Human Nature loves Action; and, generally speaking, those who have not Business to employ themselves with, throw away their Time in Folly. To those whose Natures are idle and extravagant, Abundance does but heighten their Misfortune, and make 'em the more Eminently Vicious. But how have I wander'd whence I first set out? But 'tis, my dear Sister, with design to make you approve my Choice; tho' 'twere but showing you my Wife, to make you entirely of my Opinion; the sight of her would have sayed me this Labour,

her

her Conversation have Charm'd even you (all lovely as you are) to an envy of my Happiness; next to enjoying her my self. I'm impatient to present her to your Arms. I please my self with thinking what a harmony of Mind will arise between you ; for in giving you her Character, she has but sat for yours ; and were you not my Sister, next my Mistress, I could of all Woman-kind be only charm'd with you : Shew me in Nature two so fit for Esteem, so fit for Happiness. That Word recals to Morrow to me : I conjure you, Sister, by our Friendship, in your Imagination, to time my Joys, when all transported I shall naked clasp her fair, soft, sweet, enchanting Body to my Bosom : Where, O where then must the Rapture carry me, when the bare Thought can give such Extasie to thy eternally loving and happy Brother ! Adieu.

### LETTER III.

SIR,

Have been so fatigu'd with the impertinent Addresses of the Men, that I could not find time to answer yours before. I thank you for your Advice. 'Tis true, I would marry, but not yet ; 'tis time enough when I come to be a stale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with some grave Country Justice, where I may rule the Family and the Peace too. I fancies in five or six Years time I shall grow weary of the Town ; but as yet the Gaieties and Gallantries of Love are very taking. You counfel me, Sir, against the danger of losing my

Reputation by these Freedoms; but, Sir, you are mistaken; for the only way to lose that, is to be too solicitous about it. Scandals in the Country are pieces of innocent Diversions here; and one may as well pretend to live without *fine Cloaths*, as without an *Intrigue*. I have half a score upon my hands at this time, and keep 'em all in suspence; give one a favourable Look, another a Smile; a third my Hand to Kiss: But then, to keep them at their due distance, the next time I see 'em, frown on the first, rail at the second, wonder at the sauciness of the third, if he attempt the same Freedom again. Oh, Sir, you know not how pleasant a sight 'tis, to see this Beau cringe and screw his Body into an hundred Shapes, in hopes to make himself appear amiable to me; that Spark sighing, with a languishing dying Air, in hopes to make me sigh by Sympathy; that Wit racking his Brains to write taking *Billet-douces*; but Wits are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, they are commonly Vain-glorious, and brag of more than they can obtain. That which vexes me most, is, my Allowance is but small; I have new Cloaths but twice a Year; so that I am forced to turn and twine 'em, that I may not be known by them; fine Cloaths have wonderful Charms with the Men; and one had as good be ugly as ill dres'd. But, Sir, if you please, I will give you a Catalogue of my Lovers. I have a young Doctor of Physick that makes honourable Addresses to me; but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me: I have a young Counsellor of the *Temple*, furnish'd with more Law than Sense: A young Merchant, finer than a *Covent-Garden Beau*, and more demure than my Chamber-Maid; he courts me, not by *Billet-douces*, but by Bills of Exchange, and Stock-Jobbing; but I have no mind to venture my self on his dangerous Bottom. So much for my matrimonial Pretenders. I have another sort,

fort, who are for nothing but love, and abominate the *Pagan* Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of Interest in the Priest, to stifle the free-born Joys of Love : Among these is a young Lord just arrived to his Estate and Honour, and wants only the Qualification of keeping a Mistress with greater Grandeur than ever he will his Wife. I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, blush at his Addresses, and seem pleased at his no Jest ; but never give encouragement to so scandalous a Motion. He's very handsom, dresses and dances well. I should like his Company at a Ball, the Box in a Play-House, in the *Mall*, or *Hide-Park*, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss ; but he's not at all fit for an Intrigue. Next I have a Beau of *Tom's* Coffee-House, a Man of War, he Swears much, Fights little, and Prays less, is an irreconcileable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony : I never admit him but when I am Idle, or have no other Company, for he is a very nauceous Fop. Then I have a finical Courtier, monstrously in Love, who Swears, if 'twere not for Scandal of it, he has Passion enough to marry me : He's damn'd a thousand Fathom, if there be any of the Maids of Honour comparable to me. But amongst the rest, there's an ingenuous younger Brother to a certain Baronet of our Acquaintance, who dresses neat and free from Foppery, a genteel and unaffected Air, a Tongue able to seduce a Vestal Virgin, tho' sure to die for yielding. This Man, I confess, Sir, has such an ascendant over me, that I wish he were not wild ; I fear I have heard him say too much for my Quiet ; but by my own natural Gaiety, I endeavour to forget these serious Follies, and by the abundance of Noise and Fools I'm daily conversant with, I am now, Sir, perfectly tired with this Subject, and shall here only farther add the constant Esteem and Respect where-with I am,

*Your obliged humble Servant.*



## LETTER IV.

*A Renunciation of Chymistry.*

THIS is to me, since my late Reflections and self Discourses, a plain Illusion of some evil Spirit, that any Body of Sense believes in Chymistry ; nor can I otherwise imagine how your Scrub should be yet Venerable. I am heartily glad I am cur'd of all those hopes, and prefer Jealousie of my Mistress to the Torment of a Philosophick Doubt, and think that a less fantastick Affliction than this : How can you let Scrub still mislead you ? How can the Devil delude in his own Shape ? If I come to Town time enough, and may be admitted of your Politick Council, we will contrive a part in a Play for *Roxana* ; where she's drawn affecting, and unfit for those very Airs she would be thought in reality to have, it would, methinks, be miraculously Surprizing, to turn all her natural Faults to stupid Deformities, and make the awkward Woman a skilful Actress. I long to see Dr. Garth's Nine days Wonder ; of that date I think you say was the Edition. You tell me you long to see what I have done ; when you do, you'll find it like all other strong Desires, end in disappointment ; for there is neither Love, Galantry, or Poetry in it ; but what to me, surpasses at present, the Charms of 'em all, downright Religion, which all you Wits laugh at, but indeed laugh at for want of Reflection ; for if you'd allow it your Consider-

# LETTERS of Love, &c. VOL

Consideration, you'd all be Votaries, it has so much of your only good Pleasure: I assure you I am going to my Prayers, which profusion of Delight is imbibter'd only by the Thought, that you, and all my Friends, will not share in it.

## LETTER V.

### *A Letter of Friendship.*

THE first Visit I should have made in Town had been to you, but that I have some Vexations to remove before I can be at Rest and

Liberty: Besides, Mrs. P———, (now my greatest Terror) has prevented my venturing to you. Be pleas'd to send me a Billet, wherein I may know I am in your Favour, and that you'll assist me with your usual, seasonable, and habile Friendship, on this occasion, and you will extremely oblige,

Madam;

Your most obedient Servant,

R——— St——— le,



## LETTER VI.

*Consisting of various Heads.*

Dear Madam,

Ours of Saturday Night I just now receiv'd, and am oblig'd to you for your Condolance of my lost Mistress, but you make up the misfortune on the account of your Recovery, tho' you tell me my other is also vanish'd. 'Tis very generous of the Princefs to forgive me so far, as to send me her Service; as much Roxana as she is on the Stage, she is *Statira* elsewhere: I would, methinks, write Panegyrick on so great an Heroine, as a Woman that can forgive an Injury, an Injury done to her Beauty; be pleas'd, Madam, to preserve yours with your Health, and stay as long as you can before you are Immortal, which your Genius has ensur'd you. I heartily pray for you; and have, while I invoke your Happiness, a reason for Devotion, out of which you cannot rally me. I am,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient and*

*most humble Servant,*

R—St — le.

I shall be relief'd here, I think to morrow, and  
be commanded to *Greenwich*.

# LETTER VII.

# *A Congratulation on the Encrease of the Lady's Riches.*

IS an hour, I would say an Age, since my  
last to you ; and I find that Joy has some-  
thing in it, as troublesome as Grief can  
bring. Your Acceßion of Wealth, you'll  
be apt to think the occasion of my repeated Imper-  
tinence : 'Tis, methinks, an injury to me that you  
are so rich, since your Fortune may lessen the sin-  
cerity of my professing an Admiration for you :  
But, Madam, a Truth in the search of Nature  
could be found only by your Industry, who are  
your self the best Pattern of what she can do : All  
I can say to you is, may you ever live in the (till  
now imagin'd) Riches of Chymistry, and adorn'd  
with all the Panegyrick of Poetry, in any thing in the  
latter can add the Author of so excellent Pieces as  
your own : Nothing but the News in yours could  
inspire me to so much calmness of Mind, as to be-  
able to tell you, I am,

*Madam,*

Your most obedient humble Servant, .

R ————— St. ————— le,

B b 4

LET



## LETTER VIII.

*An Answer to a Lady that had a desire to make him a Visit in the Country.*

A T E would have exerted its utmost Severity, had it loaded me with your unkindness, after a Misfortune which nothing but that can equal; I mean the death of an Uncle, who was to me instead of a Father: I have been with him during part of his Illness, and staid to see him Interr'd, which was the occasion of my having but just now found your Letter, in which I can never sufficiently admire the Generosity of your Temper; who, tho' you had seemingly a real Cause to be angry, could yet bestow new Favours, when the Balance was already so much on your side. I could with Transport accept the Offer you make, were it not for some Relations we have with us, and some other Reasons I could tell you, which make it at present not so convenient, but will, I hope, shortly be otherwise. Tho' my Absence prevented me from hearing of you, it should not however have made me thus forgetful of Writing, had my Thoughts not been disturb'd with so sad an Object, as render'd them unfit for Love and you, who producing only the most pleasing Ideas, should, *Halcyon-like*, Brood upon a Calm. Pray think of me as one who has the greatest Esteem in the World for you, and who assures you of it without Art, but with a great deal of Sincerity. I am,

Henry Blount.

LET.

## LETTER IX.

*Two Letters of Love, by the late  
D— of D—shire.*

Avish'd with reflecting on past Delights, and more with Expectation of those to come; for some time after I left you, I found no room for any Thoughts but Joy: At last your going out of Town like a black ful- len Storm, dash'd all my pleasing Hopes, and struck me worse than Thunder. If this cruel Journey cannot be put off, let me at least live in hopes of seeing you in the Country, and that it may be sud- denly, else I shall wish I had never tasted of Joys, which serve only to make me the more unhappy, by losing them as soon as I know how much they are to be valu'd.

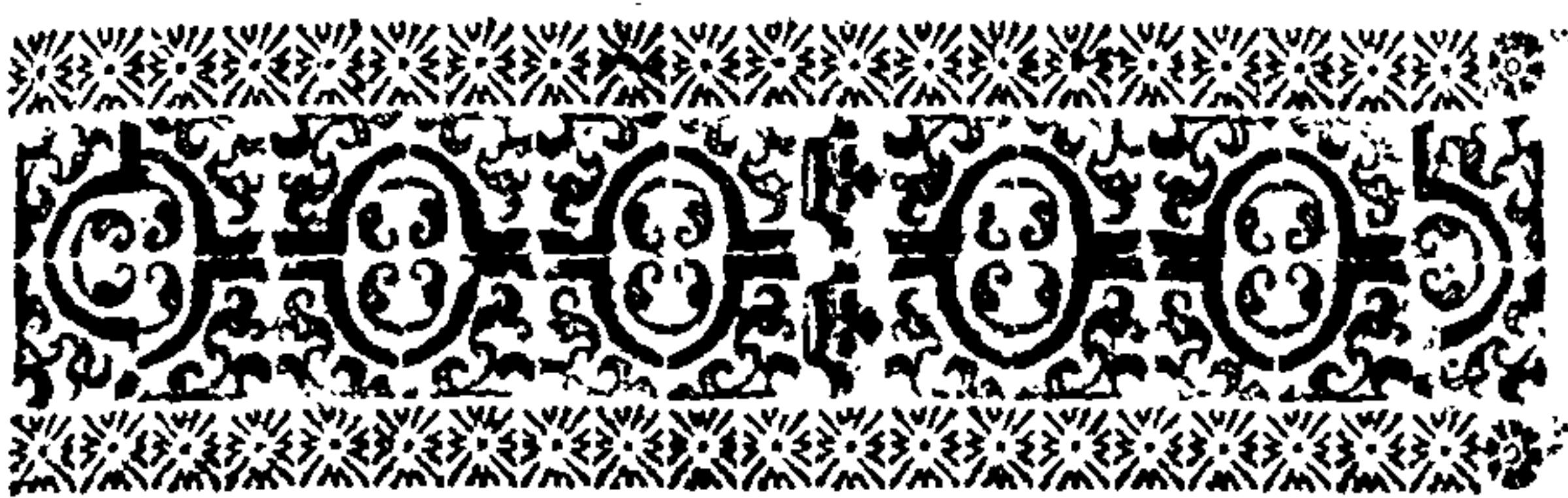
## LETTER X.

THE News your Letter brought me, and T which I did not receive till Midnight, made me fall into a Distemper as much worse than the former, as the Pains of the mind exceed those of the Body, since we are come to that cruel point of Time, that separates me from the only Pleasure I wou'd live to taste. Give me your Permission, and as I told you in my last, I will find a means to come down in some Disguise;

I here send you my Picture; there was another doing, which wou'd haye been better. Now I will burn it, and at the same time curse my hard Fate, for depriving me of so many happy Moments, which (my Dear) nothing but your return can restore.



AMOURS



# A M O U R S O F Mrs. S———.

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## LETTER XI.

Used to be pretty lucky in discovering Secrets, and I have now, Madam, found one worthy your Ladyships Curiosity. A young Woman, with whom I diverted myself, did me the favour to go with me into the Country for a Week, during the heat of the Season: There ought to be a cessation of Pleasure, as well as Business, to make us the more eagerly to return to our Bent. One Morning I left my fair Lady in Bed; and rising at Five of the Clock, took a Book in my Pocket, and resolv'd to divert myself with walking farther than I could have done with my soft Companion. The Place we were at, was —, twelve Miles from London. I cross'd over the Lanes and Fields, pleas'd with the irregularity;

gularity of my Walk, for my design was only Exercise and the Air. I found my self, by Seven of the Clock, wander'd far from the place whence I set out, and some distance from any Road, but near a neat little Brick House built at the extremity of a Field. I made up to it, with a design to rest my self upon a Bench that was placed at the Garden-Gate, which had a Trilo that gave the Prospect of the Country. 'Twas open, and I found the satisfaction of viewing a very pretty Place, wonderfully neat, and adorned with Pots and Greens sufficient to give me an Opinion of the Genius of the Person who was the Owner. I shut the Gate, because I was not willing to be seen by any from the House, who would perhaps have reckon'd me an Intruder, tho' I exceeded not the liberty of the Bench: Where resting my self, I was going to continue my Diversion of Reading; but I had not been there twenty Minutes, when I saw from the other end of the Field, a Lady advancing towards the House. She had on a white Silver Stuff Night-Gown, hanging loose, or lap'd about her, lin'd with a full Rose-colour'd Sattin; a Wastcoat that, at the Bosom, shew'd a quantity of fine *Flander's* Lace, with a Shift and Cuffs of the same; her Night-Linnen clean and fine as possible, ty'd with Cherry and Silver Ribbons, and over that a fine *Dutch* Straw-Hat, lin'd with Green, mounted with a Carnation Feather, and cock'd behind. Upon her Arm she had a little Basket, which held a Book, her Netting, and some few Orange, Limon, Jassemin and Myrtle Sprigs, which she had (as I suppose) gather'd before she went into the Field. Her Hat being pull'd over her Eyes, to screen the Sun, she saw me not: Which I took the advantage of; and before she gain'd the Bench, I slip'd to the turning of the Garden-Wall, which was not ten Paces from the Place where I had sat; she took the Seat I had quitted, and it being shady, pull'd

pull'd off that disobliging Hat which had hinder'd me from seeing the lovely Face. After she had rested a little while, she took the Greens out of the Basket, and made a Nosegay, which she fix'd in her Bosom ; and then searching to the bottom of her Basket, pull'd out a Paper, which I quickly perceiv'd, (by looking over her Shoulder) to be a Song set to Notes, which promis'd some Musick, from my lovely Charmer ; and indeed I was not deceiv'd, for in an enchanting Strain she sung *Rosie Bowers*. I was so bewitch'd with her Air and Voice, that I durst hardly breath for fear of interrupting her ; tho' I dy'd with impatience to have a full view of her Face, which as yet I had not seen ; but I trembled, lest my appearance might cause the lovely Vision to vanish. The song was of a length sufficient to give me time to make many Reflections, however chain'd my Senses were to the Musick of her Voice. I saw with Wonder, a Lady of her Air and Dress in so remote a Place ; for I could not imagine (the Garden excepted) that the House promis'd any thing but bare Conveniences, and not suitable to the Dress of her who seem'd to be the shining Mistress of it. The Song ended, she took out her Netting-work ; at which Diversion she continu'd but a small time, when throwing it back into her Basket, as who shou'd say, you are not for my purpose at this time, I heard her sigh more than once, and in no little Romantick Tone, repeat these Verses from *Oroonoko*, (for I remembred to have read 'em there) :

*This Place, this spot of Earth is more to me.*

*Than the extended Plains of my great Father's*

[Kingdom]

*Here we shall reign in Joys, to Power unknown ;*

*Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne.*

Then,

Then, as if inspir'd by what she had said, (or the Thought that had occasion'd those Words) she rose up all of a sudden, and turn'd so short upon me, that I had not time to abscond far enough behind my Wall, she gave a great Skreek at the Surprize of seeing an unknown Person there, and shew'd so much danger of Swooning, that it gave even my Modesty a just Excuse to run and catch that lovely Body in my Arms to prevent its falling upon the Gras. I may boldly confess to your Ladyship, that in that moment I felt more Delight than I imagin'd was in the Power of the whole Sex to give me. I could not forbear pressing her slyly to my Bosom, her Body yielding to my touches, being only guarded with a loose Gown and a Holland Waft-coat, (just as if risen from Bed) with only one Petticoat on, that all the lovely Limbs and Shape were to be discern'd, and the rest imagin'd. But long I could not enjoy the envied Pleasure, for reassuring her self she gain'd the Bench, and then in an obliging fashionable manner, ask'd my pardon for her Surprize. But being so little used to Company, especially Persons of my Appearance, and at that early Hour, it might (if any thing could) be an excuse for the Disorder she had been in. Then continuing her Discourse, she ask'd me, with a charming Address, if I pleas'd to sit and repose my self, and tell her if I had any Commands there, or business with Mr. King, which she imagin'd, because that was no place for chance Passengers, like me, her little Cottage being directly out of any Road ; and tho' it was her Husband's Misfortune to be then at *London*, she would faithfully discharge any Commission to him. Whilit she was thus delivering her self, my whole Soul and Faculties were charm'd by her ; but Wonder giving place to Memory, methought this lovely Unknown was no longer so to me: *Good Heav'n's!* (cry'd I out) *is it possible the charming Mrs. S-----, who has been*

*dead*

'dead to all the World for almost these three Years, forgetful of her Youth, her Family, her Charms and Fortune, can bury herself in a place so unworthy of her! — More I could not say, but was forced to run to the Assistance of the afflicted Beauty. She did now in reality what before she was only like to do, and fell back on the Arm of the Bench in a confirm'd Swoon. I curs'd my indiscreet Discovery, rav'd, beg'd, intreated her to return to Life, wept upon her lovely Face, press'd mine close to her, did all, but in vain, that was necessary to recal her Senses. At length, finding it no work of mine, I had recourse to the Garden-Gate, and knock'd so loud, that that alone might have recall'd her. At length a Gardener came to me, whose Assistance I desir'd, to help me convey his Mistress in, who was there in a fainting Fit; we brought her between us into the House, and carrying her into a Room upon the Ground-floor, we laid her upon a Day-bed. Presently a Gentlewoman and two under Servants came to her Assistance, one with a Bottle of Harts-horn and another with fair Water; we threw some on her Face, which, with the help of Spirits, recover'd her; but her Memory did not so immediately return. At length casting her lovely black Eyes upon me, they immediately fill'd with Tears, and in so fast a quantity, that they seem'd like Fire in Water, contending which shou'd have the Mastery; silently upbraiding me for what I had discover'd. I must confess, I was so throwly enraged against my self, that had not her People been about us, I believe I shou'd have fall'n upon my Sword, before her, to have aton'd that way for my Indiscretion. That Scene of Silence cou'd not but give cause of Reflection to all that were present. Grief and Surprize were painted to the life upon her Face; Remorse and Despair upon mine; Wonder and Respect upon the Servants, who seeing their Lady pretty well recover'd of her Illness, left the

Room

Room to us, that knew not how to improve the Opportunity, or where to begin the Discourse; Shame and Confusion had seiz'd us both. At length I thought it my Duty to endeavour the reassuring of her Mind; so that putting one Knee to the Ground by her Bed-side, *Can you forgive me, Madam, an innocent and unintended Crime?* Fortune has had a mind to oblige me, by giving me an Opportunity to shew the charming Mrs. S—— how true a Respect and Admiration I have for her; and how well I can keep her Secret. What has happen'd this Morning shall pass untold, or like a Dream, that endeavouring to remember, we but the more forget. I am neither of Birth or Character for doing base or little things, my Name, Madam, is —————, which I hope will in some sort reconcile you to that irrevocable Misfortune that has so lately happen'd. I give you my Word and Honour never to disclose it, so long as you shall think fit to have any confidence in my Secrecy; a farther distrust will be as disobligeing; as the Opportunity of being acquainted with a Lady of your Beauty and Merit was charming. —— I had thought, (said that languishing fair One) my self so little known to the World, that I might without danger have almost ventur'd any where. —— You forget, Madam, interrupted I her hastily, that Persons of your Form make not only swift but deep Impressions. You could not shine at the Bath a whole Season, and yet hope to be unknown: Then your vanishing from the Eyes of all your Noble Relations and Acquaintance, was a Theme as wonderful as Melancholy. —— What do they say of me in the World? interrupted she: I am contented to hear it. —— Their Opinions were different, Madam, I answer'd. For, what could they imagine of a Lady of your Beauty and Fortune, leaving the latter untouched, and a Noble Brother, who was passionately fond of a Sister so deserving? Leaving, I say, my Lord without Knowledge or Consolation for your departure? It was found that you were come to London to his Stewards House; but vanishing from thence, they could trace you

you no farther. That faithful Servant has discharged his Duty to you as he ought; for my Lord could never bring him to confess that he had any Knowledge of the Place where you were, or what course you had taken. There were not wanting those who gave him the glory of such a Conquest, and his being a married Man, might oblige you to concealment: But others, better acquainted with your Soul, said, you could never make a Choice so unworthy of your self, in which they were confirm'd by time, when no demands of Money were made, either by Letter, or otherwise, from or in your Name. Others concluded you suddenly dead in some place where you were unknown, or that you had been murder'd. But all this was Nonsense; for without some powerful motive what could have obliged you to be unknown, tho' but for a Day, and that motive might be still in force; therefore the most intelligible part of the World did not fail to guess some happy young married Man of Fortune had had the glory of pleasing you at the Bath, and that with him (unenvying all other Delights) you were withdrawn to taste uninterruptedly the Sweets of mutual Love.

Here she turn'd her Face upon the Pillow, from me, and fetching a great Sigh, we continued silent for near a quarter of an Hour, I very well saw I was a Guest that was no way welcom, and was (as in Wisdom I ought) going several times to take my leave, and retire: But chain'd by inevitable Inclination, methought it was doing my self a violence I could by no means consent to. If ever any Person could be truly said to be suddenly wounded, it was me. I lov'd to a height of Uneasiness, Envy and Jealousie, and was resolv'd to find and know this happy Mr. King, (as she call'd him) and dispute his Title to her. How often could I have thrown my self down on the Bed by her, and smother'd her with a thousand Kisses and Embraces! But Respect and Awe, the sure attendants of Love had seiz'd upon my Soul, and methought it was more easie for me to die, than to displease her.

There-

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Therefore, that at length prevailing, I rose up to take my leave, and conjur'd her to believe, that her Secret was safe with me; nay, so safe, that if I once distrusted my power of keeping it, I would sacrifice my self before her Face to secure her Fears. She could not chuse but receive this Assurance (which I was not obliged to make) with a gracious Air; and after she had return'd me Thanks for it, ask'd me from what place I came that Morning? I told her, from ——— How, cry'd she, that is Eight Miles wide of this House: How could you wander thus? How do you propose to return? The Sun is of a great height; 'twill be impossible for you to walk without killing your self with Heat. I see, pursu'd she with a charming Smile, that you are intail'd upon me for some Hours; I can't without being inhospitable, thrust you out of my House till the Evening, then I have a Chaise at your Service, which sometimes serves me to take the Air. In the mean time, I believe you will find some Refreshment necessary after your early rising and your great Walk. Then reaching me her delicious Hand to help her from off the Bed, she call'd her Woman, and order'd her to bring in Chocolate, and the Fruit she bid the Gardener gather in the cool of the Morning. Guess you, Madam, how I was ravish'd with her Proposal: I needed not a second entreaty. During our Breakfast, she desir'd me to entertain her with the News of the Town; not only with what I call'd new, but what had pass'd for these last three Years; for to her that had been buried (in that little Solitude) all things were so. I did not fail to flourish as far as my weak Capacity permitted, upon what I thought would divert her. Good Manners carried her above any farther show of discontent of the Morning's Adventure. She seem'd pleas'd at my Discourse, and ask'd me if I would give her leave to go into her Dressing-Room, to put her self in a Posture less capable

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capable of frightening me? And how would I dispose of my self in the mean time? She carry'd me into the next Room, and shew'd me a noble Library in glass Cases; if I thought fit to divert my self there, or endeavour to recover my Fatigue of Walking, by a little Sleep upon the Bed she had quitted? I chose the latter, that I might throw my Body upon the place her lovely Body had press'd. She took her leave, and left me to my Reflections, which were numerous and disorder'd. I began violently to love without hopes of a return: I kiss'd a thousand times the Pillows on which her Head had rested; and where I imagin'd it wet with her Tears, I could almost have mingled my own with 'em. I was passionate, I was despairing, I was ravingly Amorous! In short, all that the feign'd Hero's of Romances are said to feel, I in reality was sensible of. Who was Mr. King, that happy Mr. King? I wanted much to know. The Furniture of that little Box was like a Cabinet, so fine, so clean, so well suited, so fitted for Love and Solitude. In short, not able to obtain the intermission of a moment's Sleep, I rose and pass'd into the beautiful Garden. I was weary of my self, and long'd to see charming Mrs. King again. I found a Gardner at work, and ask'd him when he expected his Master home? The Fellow answer'd me, He had been gone but that Morning, and he believ'd would not return till the next. Respect to my beauteous Angel hinder'd me from enquiring farther. I return'd to the House, surveying all the Windows, in hopes she would see that I was not asleep: 'Tis true, I had a Book in my Hand, but with Thoughts wandering as mine were, that was of little use. I walk'd back to the Bench, where first my Pain began. There I found the pretty Hat, and was such a Fool to kiss it over and over, and talk to it of my Pain. In a word, I resolv'd, if I could hand-somely, to steal it, as a Relick of my Saint; therefore

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fore brought it back and hid it in the Room under the Bed where I had lain. Two Hours (that is to say two Ages) had pass'd since her absence. How often did I curse the Invention of Dressing, nor did imagine that she could put on any thing more charming than what I had seen her in. Restless every where, I return'd again to my Garden, my Eyes never off the Windows, whence I believ'd my Satisfaction must come. The Sashes were all up, but the Curtains down; at length I saw a lovely Hand (which by the Diamond on the Finger I knew to be hers) raise one of 'em, and she her self appear'd dazzling beyond imagination. I immediately cry'd out War, and told her, she had maliciously been arming her Eyes and Form, to revenge upon me my presumption for treading that forbidden Ground. She smil'd at what she only believ'd a piece of Gallantry, and ask'd me obligingly, if I would come up, and she would send her Woman to shew me the way. I flew after my Conductress; but became immovable at the sight of that noble Air with which charming Mrs. King appear'd; so graceful, her Height so just, so commanding, her lovely Neck in all its due proportion, her Shape so perfect, her Hair so fine; in short, who says that a *Dishabile* can charm, when it conceals so much more Beauty than the Dress reveals? Doubtless she saw the Impression she had made upon my Mind; and to help me out of my apparent Confusion, desir'd to know if she should entertain me at Piquet till Dinner. I was, you may be sure all Obedience; but I watch'd her Eyes a thousand times more than the Cards. She laugh'd at my Play, and told me I minded not the Game, and that she should gain no honour by Conquering. But what should I say? Alas! I was no longer my self, all I did favour'd of Distraction; and I am a thousand times wild at thinking how mean an opinion I must have given her of my Wit, in giving her so many proofs of my

Love,

Love. Dinner staid for us below, I had the pleasure of leading her into a pretty Hall floor'd with Marble, the sides hung with large *Indian Pictures*, and so high as the Chairs, lin'd with *Dutch Tiles*, a Fountain in a corner of the Room joining the Buffet, wash'd and cool'd our Glasses; nothing could be better order'd than her Table. The first Service was in Plate, the second Gilt, the last China. Her Woman and two Girls of about twelve Years old (one of them a Black, habited after the manner of the Dancers at the Play-House) were all the Attendants we had; other Servants, as I guess'd, waited without, to bring and receive the Dishes, &c. But, what was all that Feast to me? My Eyes and Senses were only fix'd upon charming Mrs. King. She obligingly carry'd to me, when she saw I would not help my self; all she could get me to eat was a piece of a Melon cool'd with Ice, and some Sallad, which she told me was of her own raising. Nor is your Ladyship to wonder at my naming Ice; there were Reservoiries, and in short, all the convenience of a Palace in this little House. Our Wine was delicate, her Conversation charming; and had I had but liberty of improving my Happiness without constraint, and she kind, yielding and pleas'd, the whole Creation could not have furnished out such another Scene of Delight.

This little Country Entertainment put me in mind of *Erasmus's Spiritual Feast*; for Variety, I'll recite part of it to your Ladyship by way of Dialogue. She ask'd me (when we rose from Table) how we should pass the remainder of the Day? for Cards she did not see me fond of: Do you love Fishing, Sir? We have a large Brook runs at the bottom of a Meadow, where we catch excellent Trout; the Bank is shady after twelve a Clock; and I believe I cant offer you a Diversion that seems better to suit your Temper; you may be as Thoughtful and Contemplative as you please, I shall

shall be sure not to interrupt you, because that em-  
ployment never fails to have those Effects upon me.  
The Girls shall bring down our Fishing-Tackle,  
and wait at a distance fitted for Service, but not  
Interruption. Bring hither the Umbrella's tho'  
we have no farther use of 'em than crossing the Mea-  
dow; and shall find it shady and cool upon the  
Banks. One of you run before with Cushions, and  
all things necessary for our Diversion. Have I not  
told you true, Sir? Cou'd you imagine any thing  
pleasanter for the Season? There's your Rod, cast  
in your Line, and let us wager who shall catch  
the first or most Fish.

*He.* All you shew me, and all I have seen and  
heard to Day, Madam, are so wonderful, that I am  
doubting whether I am awake, or if awake, whe-  
ther not Inchanted, and in some of those delight-  
ful Castles of Old, where every thing exceeds Ima-  
gination. Whilst we with our Lines and Baits are  
seeking to delude the poor harmless Fish, methinks  
it were not improper to begin a Discourse of that  
Passion you can so well inspire. I can make you  
no greater a Compliment than putting you upon a  
Subje&t which I am sure you are the intire Mistress  
of. Is it possible, Madam, to find Sweets in Love,  
capable of recompencing the loss of all other De-  
lights? And do not you think Friends, Relations,  
Cards, Plays, Balls, and in short, every Diversion  
proper for your Youth and Fortune, much under-  
fold by this Choice that you have made? I do not  
reflect upon happy Mr. King's Charms; I know  
him not; but pardon me if I do not think any  
mortal Merit can deserve so great a Sacrifice, after  
the generous and hospitable Entertainment you have  
made me, and in good Manners I ought to wave  
any Discourse upon this Subje&t. But, Madam, I  
have a nearer concern for you than what relates to  
Custom and Ceremony. I wou'd argue you out of  
this wrong way you are in, restore you to your  
Family

Family and Fortune ; such a Beauty as yours was design'd to adorn a Court, not guild a Cottage. I judge what you are able to do upon others, by what I feel you have done upon me. Therefore it is that I would have you shine where Fortune and your Birth seems to call you, and to leave this inglorious Solitude, where the best that can be said of your Pleasures, are, that they be not Pains, those excepted which you tast when your happy Lover is with you.

*Sh.* The Priviledge you have taken in choosing such a Subject as this (however ungrateful it be to me) shall at this time be forgiven, because I believe you attempt the Argument out of Friendship ; for I know you so true a Judge of what is fit, that upon any other account you would not have been guilty of it ; but whence is it that you mistake so far, to think I do not enjoy more Happiness than if I were in a Court ? Those Divisions you have nam'd, are but Noise and Hurry, and may indeed please the Senses, but never the Mind, in *that* lies all our Enjoyment, 'tis there that we place all our most affecting Delights, our most ravishing Sweets ; 'tis that only that can endear our Possessions to us ; for shou'd the mind be fix'd upon another Object, a Monarch with his Crown wou'd be but impertinent Ambition, and a Glory no more pleasing than Vanity can be truly call'd Merit, or extream old Age a Blessing.

*He.* And yet, Madam, was I not this Happy Morning a witness how many ways you sought to delude those Hours that apparently hung upon your Hands ? Solitude is doubtless sometimes good to those who have Souls capable of tasting it : 'Tis the excess of it is only blameable. We naturally desire Conversation, and variety in Conversation ; for being always confin'd to one, is but a degree beyond conversing with our selves. Mistake me not, I do not argue against that enchanting Pleasure only

only to be tasted between happy Lovers, but would learn from your Experience, if continuance and length of time does not take off the Delight, the transporting Ardours which are heighten'd by Difficulties, as much as it seems to me they shou'd be pall'd by too constant use, or too easie an accession of 'em.

*She.* I shou'd belie the Truth, Sir, or personate the Virtue of the Stoicks, did I pretend never to have found some Hours of Solitude burthensome; but how am I sure I shou'd not have receiv'd as much or more disgust from Conversation and the Business of the World; are any thing more feign'd than your Friendships; more false than you Lovers; more impertinent than Gossips; more censorious than Relations; more dull than many that are call'd Wits; or so insipid or tasteless as Conversation, when Love, Scandal, and Busines are away? Then, as for what you call Diversions from Balls, Cards, and Plays; the latter can as well, with a little help of the Imagination, entertain me in my Closet or Garden, as if I were at either of the Houses. Balls are much disused, and were ever made upon some particular Design, and not always with too much Innocency. Cards are so dangerous a Diversion, that I should never have done, did I recount half the ruin and disorder they have occasion'd; even in my Solitude, I have heard what but the other Day happen'd upon this account. A young Lady of a good Family in the Country, and married to a Gentleman who will have a handsom Estate when his Father's Dead, came up to London, and fell into so ill Hands, and so great a lover of Play, that she quickly lost all her ready Money, and made away her Dressing-Plate, Jewels, &c. for a supply; that gone too, her last Stake was a pair of Diamond Ear-Rings of my Lady —— her Mother's, which she gave her to have new set; she under-pawn'd 'em for a great deal less than they were

were worth ; fifty Pound was the sum she got upon 'em, with which she hoped to retrieve the rest, and turn the run of her ill Fortune ; but she quickly lost that too ; if she had had a Million, in the ill Hands she was in, 'twould have all flown the same way. What shou'd she do ? Her Husband was in the Country, her Mother severe and covetous, with two Daughters upon her Hands ; their Father dying without a Will, they had hopes of no other Fortune but what my Lady cou'd save 'em out of her Joyniture ; therefore in all probability, she wou'd be extreme angry at this Extravagancy in her married Daughter. A mortal Melancholy succeeded : She complain'd to one that had been her Mother's Woman, a fatal Counsellor ; who bid her be of good Comfort, 'twould be a strange thing for a young Lady, Handsom and Innocent, to want Money in a World like this. Then taking Pen and Paper, she be-thought her of offering her to my Lord of S—, at the Price of the Ear-Rings. The young Lady had seen him at a Race in her own Country, and consented at the expence of her Vertue, to be made a Sacrifice by that detestable Creature. But his Grace (who loves Money too well) refus'd the offer, unless he could first see the young Lady ; nor would promise then to like her, because he was already engag'd ; tho' 'tis thought the fifty Pieces were his Mistress. See then if any thing can be more pernicious than Gaming. I could name you several Instances diverting enough to those who have no Friendship or Relation to the Unfortunate. I think the King of France had done well, if in forbidding *Basset*, he had also forbid all Ladies under Thirty, to play for above such a Sum of Money ; and that other Governments wou'd do the same thing.

*He.* You almost argue me Madam, out of my ill opinion of Solitude ; not but ~~if~~ Conversation be an Evil, I dare boldly maintain 'tis an Evil we can-

not be without, and where the Good (notwithstanding all your Ladyship has said) surmounts the Bad ; but this is but half of my request, you have not answered me to that Part ; Whether too easie, and unintermitting an Enjoyment, does not pall the Ardour and lessen the Delight ?

*She.* You are very curious, methinks, and will let me catch no Fish ; if we don't succeed, I can't tell what you will do for Supper ; you have, as yet, eat nothing, and 'twill be barbarous to fend you hence half starv'd ; at this rate you wou'd have but little reason to boast of your Adventure. Ah ! see, I have caught the first, 'tis a lovely Trout : Oh poor Creature, how it struggles and pants now 'tis out of its Element.

Here *Mynæ*, take care of this poor Wretch ; where's the Net to put it in ? Oh don't hurt it. So, tie it close that it may not get out ; bait my Hook again, and go to your Companion.

*He.* How happy are you, Madam, that can be thus amuzed, that is, so cheaply pleas'd ? Ah, 'tis impossible that any great Passion can possess a Soul so serenely calm. I, who pretended all my Life to that happy Indifference, and who but yesterday cou'd have been as easily diverted, feel it otherwise now. I watch your lovely Eye instead of the Fishing-Line, and am caught my self, instead of catching others.

*She.* This Gallantry makes you Men so impertinent. Pray tell me, do you think we expect these sort of Courtships ? It must certainly be so, else upon all occasions, and to all Persons, you wou'd never thus promiscuously use 'em.

*He.* I cou'd easily convince you, Madam, that you are treated by me in a particular manner to what other Ladies are ; but it wou'd be too great a presumption for a Stranger, till by my Services I may have merited the liberty of Speaking. I wou'd begin by restoring you to the World, to your Family  
and

and Fame, which I must sincerely tell you, suffers all things by your unaccountable Absence. I shall appear rather a Divine than a Gallant in what I am going to say ; your Friend I surely am, and wou'd shew what others perhaps may but speak. Answer me, Madam, to what I not long since ask'd you ; is it possible that the Ardour of your first flames feels no decay ? Upon that I ground my Proposition, if you please to be sincere, I shall be proud to think my self not impertinent ; otherwise upon this Subject I must be for ever dumb before you.

*She.* You put me strangely to it ; for if I assert my Constancy, you will be apt to call it Dissimulation ; if I admit an Abatement, or what you call a Decay, my Principles will be taxed : But certain it is, were it to do again, I should prefer my Fame and Family before all things. But how can I return ? What account shall I give of my Absence ? Who will believe that I have been Innocent whilst absent ? Relieve me from this Difficulty, and I will admit you to be the Friend you profess.

*He.* The matter, Madam, is not so hard as you imagine ; if you'll depend upon my method, I'll engage to find you one that shall succeed. Pretend a change of Religion, retire your self into some Catholick Country, Pension your self in a Monastery, write to your Friends from thence, that you have seen your Error, and are willing to return to your Mother Church ; Money can do all things, and that you need never want, without touching your own Fortune. We may easily make it be believ'd that you have been out of *England* these three Years, and that your Jewels have more than answer'd your religious Expences ; but not finding that Satisfaction in your change which you propos'd, you design a return contrary to your reslove when you went out of *England* ; that the Grief you knew your Conversion would cause to my Lord —————

and the rest of your Relations, was the only reason that made you conceal not only that, but the place of your Abode.

*She.* Is it lawful, think you, for our private ends to trifle with Religion, and make the greatest Good a cover for our Ill?

*He.* Not if Religion suffer'd by our Pretences; but, Madam, when all things are sacred to us that should be so, we ought not to scruple at small things: The good People of the Monastery, as we may order it, will certify that you have been there such a time, if they are but well paid for it: tho' I do not think there will be any occasion for the Question, your Affair having pass'd already with that Secrecy. Besides, 'twill be the Interest of your Family, not themselves, to look too near, but to aid those Designs that shall endeavour to restore you clear to the opinion of the World.

*She.* But my charming Solitude, my dearer, quiet, delightful Moments, how can I part with ye for ever?

*He.* Consider, Madam, you do but leave that which will inevitably forsake you: The time repeated that you have been here, (or long before) and all these Pleasures will flie before you, even now (or I deceive my Judgnient) they appear but as the Ghosts of what they have been, when Desire was new, your Joys in their first Bloom, and Fame, and Honour, abundantly less esteem'd.

*She.* Hold, do not wound me in that tender Part; there, I confess, I lie too open to your Assault: I would retrieve my Glory at the price of my Life; but Love is still beyond 'em both.

*He.* God forbid, Madam, that so elevated a Soul should be capable of so criminal a Weakness, especially after three Years Possession. Consider by your longer stay you will lose the opportunity of returning to your Fame and Family: Whilst Youth and Beauty are of our Sides, all things will be the more easily believ'd. Let me conjure you to enter into your self, and examine but your own Breast:

Breast: Cannot those heroick Companions to noble Birth, overcome a Frailty, which Custom and Opinion has render'd the Scandal and Weakness of your Sex, and the Contempt of ours? Figure to your self there may come a time (all charming as you are) when this happy Lover, this unknown Mr. King, may himself be weary of those Joys which he possesses with too great a calm: Fore-stal him, Madam, fore-stal the natural Inconstancy of our Sex, and shew that you dare boldly strike for Glory, tho' by it all your Delights are levell'd with common Pleasures.

*She.* I will consider deeply on what you offer, and in the mean time return you a thousand Thanks for what you have said: You must have friendly Care of me, or you would not have taken this Pains in my Conversion; but for the present let us wave this Argument, and only think how we shall pass the rest of the Day in Pleasures less severe than this Conversation. I thought, Madam, to have gain'd a mighty Point in staggering her Inclination to Solitude, and that cou'd I but once draw her into the World, I shou'd have many opportunities (as being necessary to her Service) to insinuate my Passion, which every moment receiv'd addition by her lovely Person; her graceful Motions, her all-commanding Glances, and ten thousand inimitable unscribable Graces. The rest of the Evening we spent in Galantry; I told her all that I cou'd to divert and give her an opinion of my Conversation: Methought she seem'd to taste it with some Pleasure, and that however she profess'd her self a Lover of Solitude, she was no real Enemy to Company..

She wou'd keep me to Supper; the Moon shone, and the Chaise she said, wou'd quickly carry me Eight Miles. I was transported at her Civility, and almost began to think that Solitude being a Friend to Love, those few opportunities she had of conversing, gave her a higher Relish; and that

it wou'd be no hard matter by a Repetition of my Visits, to gain her Favour. I ask'd her not the Permission, because those are things which by a Lover ought to be taken ; and he is worthy to be deny'd who attempts to beg what he should boldly seize. When the Moment of Separation came, it was as if my Soul and Body parted ; I kiss'd her Hand with a profound Sigh, telling her I carry'd along with me her charming Image, which wou'd continually play before my Sight, and suffer me to have no other pleasure but Reflection, till I repeated my Happiness by seeing her again.

All the time I was in the Chaise, I may very well say, I knew not who I was, nor where I was going ; but buried in a profound Contemplation, my whole Thoughts ran upon charming Mrs. King, and we were come to the end of the Town before I consider'd of it. There was no Foot-man with me, so that the Chaise stopping, the Coachman alighted, and coming up with much Civility, told me, he hop'd I wou'd not take it ill, for his Commission ended here, having no Orders to go into the Town. This rouz'd me from my Pensiveness ; I in a moment found the fair Lady had been too cunning for me, that she had only kept me till Night, on purpose that I should not know the Road I was carry'd, nor any of those Villages we went through : And I may safely protest, that all pass'd as if it had been a Dream to me. However, I did not fail to obey her seeming Orders, and in quitting the Chaise, return'd my Thanks and Duty to the Lady ; I guess'd 'twas in vain to ask Questions of the Coachman. However, I cou'd not chuse but curse my own Folly. Had any one ask'd me of my Adventures, all the account I cou'd give, was that I had been in a pretty House, one Mr. King's, seated far from any common Road ; but where or how the Place was call'd, or any near it, I could not tell, nor was it the least part of the Address of my lovely Charmer,

Charmer, by which I found my Vanity mortify'd, and my self deceiv'd. I imagin'd she tasted no Pleasure in my Conversation, since by this last Action she apparently shew'd, that she did not desire the continuance of it. Home I walk'd to my fair Maid, whom I had left behind. She imagin'd me lost (as indeed I was to my self) or that some Misfortune had befallen me. Her Questions and Kindness were both insipid and impertinent. I went to Bed upon pretence of weariness, to avoid her; where my last Adventure came fresh into my Mind, and during a short interval of Sleep, I possess'd my lovely Charmer in my Thoughts, all melting, full of Rapture and Delight. The Transport awak'd me, and soon made me sensible, not only of my Mistake, but of the cruel Separation we had so lately suffer'd.

The next Day I went to *London*, to endeavour, if possible, to divert in Company this new uneasiness of Heart. But in vain, I cou'd not hinder the bent of my Mind from returning to the Object that had charm'd it, nor my Person from being hurried by my Inclinations, back to— I left my fair Companion in *London*, so that uninterrupted I cou'd taste the height of Melancholy and Contemplation. Early the next Morning, I rose, and dressing with a more than ordinary Care, I put my self upon repeating my former Adventure. I attempted to find the way to Mr. King's House, cross'd over Lanes and Fields, but in vain, I believ'd, instead of Eight, I went Thirty Miles, here and there, wandering without a Guide, describing the House, and asking of all I met with for it, by his Name, but no Tidings cou'd I get. So that oppress'd and weary, I was forc'd to take into an Inn to refresh my self. There I eat what the place cou'd afford, and laid me down on a Bed to sleep; but that was a vain endeavour, to rest me then, whilst the heat of the Day lasted. That o-

ver,

ver, I began again my fruitless search ; and by that time it was dark, found my self at a Village Eighteen Miles from *London*, and Fourteen from the Place I had set out from. You may guess, Madam, that next Morning I was forced to search for some better Conveniency for Travelling, than I had had the Day before. I procur'd a Coach for *London* ; where I was no sooner arriv'd, than I order'd my Horses with two Servants to be brought. I mounted and return'd back to——. From whence I again set out upon my Search, obstinate to find what seem'd so difficult. We took different Roads ; and not to tire your Patience, sought almost over the whole Country before my Curiosity was gratify'd. At length 'twas my own good Fortune to recover the House. I knock'd, but there was no body to open, the Shutters were close, and 'not the least sign of any living Creature ; I compass'd the House, and coming to the Garden-Gate, found the Windows of the Trillo close ; I knock'd, but with no better success. I try'd all the Lanes near the House ; one led me to a small Village about a quarter of a Mile distance, where my Curiosity was referr'd to a little Ale-House on the right-hand, near where Mr. King had liv'd. I was not long in finding it ; I alighted and went to examine my Landlady ; but alas, from her I gain'd but the confirmation of that Misfortune, which I before too justly fear'd. She told me they were gone away, (the Day of their removal I found to be the next but one of my Adventure) but where she cou'd not tell ; the whole Furniture of the House being carried thence, it was not likely that they propos'd to return. I ask'd her, if she had ever seen Mr. King ? She told me often, and drew a Person I cou'd no ways guess at. Then her Husband was call'd to help out his Wife's ill Painting ; their Descriptions were not the same in any one Feature ; next the Son and Daughter came under Examination ; but

but not any of 'em agreed so much as in the colour of Mr. King's Perriwig ; unless it were in this one Article, that neither he nor his Lady, in all the time they liv'd there, were ever known to go to Church ; that they were very proud Folk, for they wou'd not be acquainted with any of their Neighbours, and carried their Heads very high, for all he was but a Mr. Tho' belike a Servant in a Livery calling to drink one Day at their House, and seeing Mr. King pass by in a Chaife, said he was a Lord ! my Lord, my Lord, of the Lord knows what ; for they had forgot. How could I have curst their happy Stupidity ; what wou'd I not have given to have had 'em recal that one little act of Memory, that bare Word, that consequence of my Lord ————— the Lord knows what, my Lord, the Lord knows who ; for thus in their proper Dialect did they think fit to seize me. I learn'd from 'em that Mr. King had purchas'd that little House, and now they were departed, 'twas lock'd up without any intention of its being Let. There's a rare Garden (cries the Female Brute) and choice Fruit ; I would Roger would let our John try to get over the Garden-Wall and gather Master some. I clos'd in with the good Woman, and got leave for our John, tho' my busines. was to have him open the back Gate ; I wanted me-thought to wander in those Walks alone, where I had been once blest with my cruel fugitive. I cou'd have out-rav'd Oroondates, out-talk'd all the Heroes of Antiquity, in complaining on my more obdurate Statira. To be short, our John succeeded beyond Imagination, for whether thro' chance or forgetfulness, the Key was left on the inside the Door. When I saw it open to me, I thought myself as happy as if I were entring Paradise. But alas ! that Joy was but of small duration ; I found there no footsteps of my lovely Charmer, nor a likelihood of her return : for all the fine Pots and

Greens were gone, the Garden in great disorder, and an apparent neglect of every thing. I ascended the Terras., leaving John to the Fruit, and went to sit me down on a Seat rais'd with Turf, and cover'd with Camomile, at the extremity of the Walk, in that very place where once I had rested with my Charmer. I threw my self like a fond amorous Fool, at my length upon the Seat ; I kiss'd, I talk'd to those happy insensible Vegetables, as if they could have given me an account of my loss ; At length growing a little cooler, I gave my thoughts and Eyes leave to consider upon a piece of Camomile, of about a Foot square, cut and cemented again. I took a Pen-knife from my *Eney*, and parting the Earth, follow'd the impression that had been made before, and quickly found it but a cover to a Hole that had been digg'd there. I continu'd to remove the Earth, till I discover'd, and with a little labour, took up a small *Indian* Trunk ; by the lightness I guess'd there cou'd be nothing of value in it ; I weigh'd long with my self whether I shou'd open it ; I could not easily, (being so self-interested) determine whether it was a base Action or not. At length, all transported with Curiosity, I found a means, by the help of some of my Tools, to force the Lock ; there was nothing in it but Papers ; but what, think you, were those Papers ? Why indeed happy Mr. King's Love-Letters, and her Answers ; there was neither Name nor Address to any of them ; they seem'd as if they had all came inclos'd, so that my Curiosity was as much at a loss as before. However, I resolv'd upon that piece of Revenge, to bear 'em away with me ; I soon emptied the Trunk, and return'd that to its Repository, cover'd it with Earth as before, and fix'd upon it the Camomile piece of Earth as I first found it.

Away

Away I carry'd my Treasure *Trojue*. Discharging our *John* and his Mother, I took two or three Peaches and Nectarins, mounted my Horse, and got me into the Road for *London*; but my Curiosity gave me no intermission till I had struck into a shady Place, where alighting, I took out my fatal Cargo, and fell to reading those mortifying, transporting Papers. How did I envy the happy Fortune of that bless'd unknown Mr. *King*! Oh, what tender unimaginable Softness were there in her Letters! the very Soul of Love, as if the God had took up his Residence in her Heart, and from thence inspir'd those inimitable Lines. I shall not in the least speak maliciously, when I tell you, that my Rivals were much inferior; methought there was a poorness of Stile, a mean-ness of Expression, a studied Passion in his; whilst hers were full of luxuriant Nature, rich in Love and Beauty. I read so long, till I almost lost the small remainder of my Senses, which had never been very perfect, since I had first seen Mrs. *King*. What shall I say? Thus have I remain'd, and am likely to do, till I retrieve that adorable Wanderer. There is nothing, no means unessay'd by me to recover her; I have Emissaries in every part of *London* and near it, to bring me the Description of all that are reputed Strangers: I cou'd lavish with joy my whole Estate upon the Search, had I but a Certainty at last of succeeding— Oh forgive me for thus long burthening you with my Misfortunes: I write for Ease and Consolation; there's not another Friend upon Earth who shou'd share this Secret with me; not that I conceive my self bound by any Promise of mine to Mrs. *King*, since she so ingratefully refus'd to confide in me; but Love and Respect makes me wish her Fault may for ever be a Secret to the World. Wrong not the Confidence.

fidence ( I conjure you ) that I have in your Virtue and Science ; keep it inviolable, preserve it as you wou'd the Heart of your happiest Lover : So may you never know the anguish of a Disappointment, never feel the Pangs with which charming Mrs. King's unalterable Adorer exerts himself,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

most humble, and most

— devoted Servant.



Olinda's

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## *Olinda's Adventures :*

OR THE

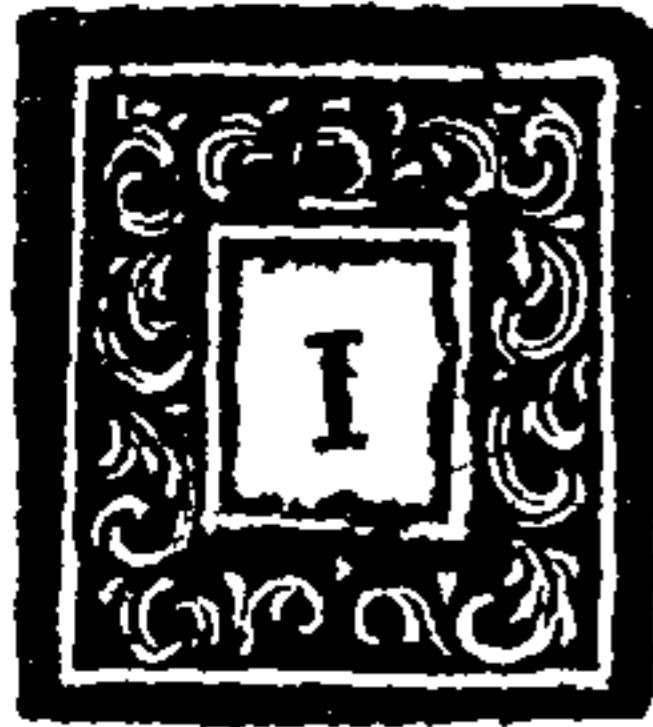
# A M O U R S

## Of a Young LADY.

*By Mrs. TROTTER.*

### LETTER I.

Dear Cleander,



Hope I need not tell you how uneasy this tedious Absence makes me ; for I must confess as troublesome as I find it, and as much as I Value you, I can't but wish you may be able to guess at it by what you suffer your self : A strange Effect of the highest degree of Friendship ; for if I had less for you, I shou'd not so earnestly desire to hear you are in Pain ; but such Contradictions are no Mysteries to you,

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you, who understand so well the little Niceties of Friendship. That you may see I study nothing more in this Solitude than to oblige you; I've resolv'd to employ most part of my time in complying with that Request you've often made me, of giving you a particular account of all that has happen'd to me in my Life; tho' I fear I shall lose part of that Esteem which you have hitherto preserved for me, by acquainting you with some Passages of it, which yet I hope have nothing in 'em so ill, that the kindness of a Friend mayn't find out something in the Circumstances of the Story to Excuse: For tho' perhaps I have not always been so nicely cautious as a Woman in strictness ought, I have never gone beyond the bounds of solid Virtue. To put all to the hazard then, I will give you a faithful Account of all my Weaknesses. My Father dying, left me when I was very young, to the Tuition of a Mother, who as you know is qualify'd for such a Charge equal to any of her Sex; and she indeed perform'd her part as well as her small Fortune wou'd permit her, which was scarce sufficient to maintain her, in that Rank her Birth had placed her. However, she gave me all the Education that was necessary; but I believe you'll excuse me if I pass over all that occur'd till I was Thirteen; for about that time I began to fancy my self a Woman, and the more to persuade me to it, I happen'd to be acquainted with a Gentleman whose Name was *Licydon*, whom the first or second time I saw him, seem'd to have so much confidence in me, that he told me a long story of his Love, and ever after shew'd me all the Letters he either Writ to, or received from his Mistress: This you must think did not a little please me, and I thought my self as Wife as the Gravest Politician, when he ask'd my Advice in any of his Affairs, especially when I heard him commended by many for a Man of great Parts.

One

One day that we were by our selves, we fell into a Discourse of Womens making Love ; he Argu'd that 'twas very unjust to deprive 'em of the satisfaction of discovering a Passion, which they were as much subject to as Men : I said as much against him as I cou'd, but he had more dexterity to manage his Argument than I ; so that I was easily brought to agree with him ; but said 'twas well that custom was observ'd, since the complaisance which was paid by their Sex to ours, would sometimes oblige 'em to comply contrary to their Inclination ; for I cou'd not imagine how they cou'd civilly refuse a Lady's Intreaties. He told me if I wou'd write a Declaration of Love to him, he wou'd shew me how it might be Answer'd with a great deal of Respect, without any Love. I consented to do it, and accordingly did the next day, and he return'd me an Answer which satisfied me : This, tho' it may seem a trivial thing, you will find by the sequel, had like to have produc'd but ill Effects. Some time after this, he brought a Friend of his to Visit us, who was of a good Family ; but according to the English custom of breeding the younger Sons to Trades ; he was a Goldsmith, but a great *Beaux*, and one who seem'd to have a Soul above his calling : He ask'd *Licydon* if he had any pretensions to me, which when he assur'd him he had not, he told him he was very glad he had not a Rival in a Friend ; for he was hugely smitten, and shou'd need his Assistance in his design ; for he had observ'd such an intimacy between us, as gave him Reason to think he had great influence over me ; and he was sure he wou'd not deny him, if he was not my Lover. *Licydon* assur'd him he had only a Friendship for me, and that he wou'd use all his Credit with me to perswade me to receive all his Addresses favourably ; which he did as soon as he had an opportunity. He said all of him that he could imagine

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imagine most engaging, and especially of the Violence of his Passion. I was well enough pleas'd with the Love, tho' not with the Lover; for 'tis natural at that unthinking Age to covet a croud of Admirers, tho' we despise them: But I believe I need not confine that Vanity to Youth, many of our Sex are troubled with it, when one wou'd think they were Old enough to be sensible of the Folly, and inconvenience of being continually Courted, and haunted by Men they have an indifference, or perhaps an aversion for. For my part I think there is no greater Torment; but I was of another Opinion then; and therefore Rally'd at the Love, and seem'd not to bleieve it; which I warrant you gave great Encouragement to my new Lover, when he heard of it; for 'tis a great Sign one wou'd be convinc'd. So I'd best prepare my self for an Attack, which I did not expect long: It was begun by a *Billet Doux*, which came first to my Mother's Hands; and when she gave it me, she ask'd what Answer I wou'd return. I told her I was wholly to be Govern'd by her; but if I was to follow my own inclination I wou'd not answer it at all: My Mother reply'd, she thought it fit I shou'd Answer it; for she believ'd I cou'd have no aversion to him, and she did not think it an ill Match, considering my Circumstances: Then I desir'd her to indite a Letter for me, for I saw well enough I shou'd not please her. She gave me a Copy of one, that without saying any thing that was kind, gave him cause enough to despair; but I cou'd not dissemble my Looks and Actions, in which he observ'd so much Coldness, that tho' several Letters pass'd between us, that wou'd have given hopes to a Man the least apt to presume; he was often half an hour with me alone, without speaking one Word to me. At laſt he complain'd to *Licydon* of the strange contradictions in what I did, and what I Writ; for whenever he began to speak



11. 1<sup>re</sup> Gucht Sculp.

Olinda.

Tol. 2.

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speak to me of his Love, I check'd him with such fervent Looks, and turn'd the Discourse in such a manner, that he durst proceed no further, tho' my Letters seem'd much to his Advantage. *Licydon* perswaded him (as perhaps he thought himself) that 'twas only my Modesty, and that perhaps I shou'd be more emboldned, if he cou'd get my Mother's consent to his Proposals. *Berontus*, for that was his Name, was as well satisfy'd with this, as if I had told him so my self; and away goes he immediately to my Mother, and tells her he's stark staring mad in Love with her Daughter: The next thing they talk of is Joynture, and Settlements, &c. and in fine they agree; So I am call'd for, and commanded to look upon this Spark as one that must shortly be my Husband; to give us the more freedom, my Mother leaves us together. 'Well, ' Madam, (says he) I have no Opposites to struggle with, your Mother has given me her consent, ' and you have given me hopes that you will not ' refuse me yours. What shou'd I do in this perplexity? I had a firm Resolution never to Marry him; but I found my Mother so much set upon it, that I durst not let it be known; besides, I had engag'd my self so far in Obedience to her, that I did not know how to come off; but for the present I wou'd be whimsical, and take time to consider what I shou'd do hereafter. So I put on a pet, and said, *Berontus*, I don't know what advantage you think you have more than before; but I'm sure a Lover wou'd have found another way of Courting his Mistress, than by her Mother; and it may be you'll find your self never the nearer my Heart for having gain'd her: I hate a Man that will depend upon any other for my Favour than my self. 'Cruel Creature, says he, what pleasure do you take in tormenting me? You know that I love you with the greatest respect imaginable, and that I can't be happy but by you alone. I never had

' had Recourse to your Mother till you had en.  
' courag'd me, and gave me leave to say it ; your  
' usage of me is very unjust. I knew well enough  
he was in the Right ; but I wou'd not know it :  
So that we parted both much dissatisfied. How  
his Thoughts were employ'd I can't pretend to  
tell you ; but I was continually contriving how to  
get out of this troublesome Affair. I cou'd find  
no way but to tell him sincerely, that all that I  
had writ in his favour was by constraint ; that I  
was too young to think of Love, or Marriage, and  
so trust to his Generosity ; and prevail with him,  
if possible, to let it fall of his side. The first time  
I had an opportunity of putting my design in Exe-  
cution, I thought the poor Lover wou'd never  
have liv'd to see me beyond those Years which  
serv'd for a pretence for my refusal ; but he was  
Wise enough to baulk me, ' If, says he (after he  
was come out of his Dumps ; for he was a quarter  
of an hour without saying any thing. You see he  
was much given to silence) ' If I did not imagine  
' it your Hate that only study'd an Excuse, I  
' shou'd wait with a great deal of satisfaction, till  
' you were pleas'd to make me happy : But as it  
' is, I shall die a thousand times with fear, that  
' some other more happy in your inclinations than  
' I, will rob me of you for ever. He said in fine,  
abundance of fine things, to perswade me to en-  
gage my self to him ; but I wou'd not consent to  
it ; and all I could say to him, was as little preva-  
lent to make him desist his suit. He wou'd wait  
the Patriarch's Prenticeship rather than lose his An-  
gel : Would it not be a sad Business if he should  
lose her after all ? But I am afraid he's like, for  
her thoughts cannot be brought so low ; they towre  
a little above his Shop, perhaps too high for her  
Fortune ; but she's something too young to consi-  
der that, or to prefer her Interest to her Humour.  
But to go on with my Story ; my Mother was  
well

well enough satisfied to have the Match delay'd ; so that I thought I had nothing to do for a Year or two, but to wish some Accident might inter-vene to hinder it. But it was not long before a Servant we had in the House found me other Em-ployment ; I had complain'd of some Negligences she had been guilty of, when my Mother was out of Town, which were occasion'd by a fondness she had for one that waited upon *Licydon* : Upon which she had been like to be turn'd away, and being of a revengeful Spirit, she cou'd never forgive it. She had observ'd, that *Licydon* often gave me, and I him, Letters in private ; for when he had no other opportunity, he us'd to give me those he sent, or receiv'd from his Mistress, as we were ta-king leave, when I conducted him to the Door ; which I often did, whilst my Mother was enter-taining other Company ; and I return'd 'em when I saw him again. This malicious Wench hoping to find something in 'em that might prejudice me, to *Licydon's* Man (over whom it seems she had a great Influence) that she heard his Master was a great Poet, and that she had a great mind to see some of his Works, if he could contrive to let her into his Closet when he was abroad : The Servant who suspected nothing, promis'd her he wou'd let her know the first time his Master left his Key, which he very seldom did. He kept his Word with her, and after she had look'd over all his Pa-pers, at last she found that Letter which I spoke-of at the beginning. She knew my Hand well e-nough, and no doubt with Joy, put it into her Pocket, without being perceiv'd by the Fellow ; and to lose no time, went presently to *Berontus* ; to whom she said, That she was extreamly concern'd to see him deceiv'd by two that he rely'd so much upon, as her young Mistress and *Licydon* : And therefore she could not forbear telling him, that she had discover'd an Intrigue between 'em, and  
that

that they were so familiar, that if they were not Married already, she was sure they wou'd be very suddenly; with abundance of Circumstances of her own Invention, to make the Story more plausible. He did not believe her at first; but when she show'd him the Letter, it put him beyond doubt; so that after he had given her his Word, whatever Measures he took, not to discover her, she went away very well pleas'd; that she had depriv'd me of a Husband, and receiv'd a good Reward for it. *Berontus* did not give his Rage and Grief leave to abate; but in the height of both, writ a Letter to *Licydon*, and another to me. You can't imagine how much I was surprized when I read it; and found it was a Challenge, (for in that Confusion he had mistaken the Direction) to one whom he accus'd of betraying him in what was dearer to him than his Life: I cou'd not guess who it was design'd for, till *Licydon* came in, and show'd me a Letter he had just receiv'd, which he believ'd was for me; and desir'd me to tell him who that happy Man was *Berontus* complain'd so much of. I saw plainly then he was jealous of *Licydon*; but was not able to Divine the Cause: He gave me the Letter which contain'd these Words;

*Wou'd to Heaven you had told me Truth, when you said you were too young to think of Love; you have thought of it too much Olinda, for my quiet; but you were born to torment me. It is my Fate, why do I complain of you? Pity me, if I fall by my happy Rivals Hand, and if you can, forgive me if I survive him. This is the last time I design to trouble you: I wish he may be more faithful to you than he has been to me: Adieu, Madam, pity the unfortunate Berontus.*

The Letter seem'd so full of Distraction, that I cou'd not chuse but pity him ; for I really thought him Mad : But I did not think fit to shew *Licydon* that which was design'd for him. When he was gone I sent for *Berontus*, but he refus'd to come, and 'twas with much ado after three or four times sending he was prevail'd with. I told him by what means I had seen both his Letters ; but that they appear'd so great Mysteries to me, that I sent for him to explain 'em. 'Twas long before he wou'd let me know the Cause of his suspicions ; but I was so importunate, that at laſt he show'd me the Love Letter I had writ to *Licydon* : Can I have a greater Proof than this, says he ? I confess, reply'd I, you have Reason to think as you do ; but you are much deceiv'd ; and then I told him upon what occasion it was writ : I saw very well he did not believe me, and I knew not how to convince him, unless I cou'd find *Licydon's Answer*, which at laſt wou'd clear him. I found it by good Fortune, and brought it to *Berontus*. Read this, said I, and you'll see whether it be true, that I Writ to *Licydon* in earnest : You have nothing to accuse him of. After he had read it, he cry'd out in a violent manner, I have wrong'd the innocent *Olinda*, and I deserve to be hated by her for ever. Be not so transported, I return'd coldly enough, I may love *Licydon*, tho' he be so indifferent : The Postscript fully clears you, reply'd *Berontus*, and makes me not dare to ask you to forgive me : Upon which I took it, and read these Words, which I had quite forgot. *I did not think one cou'd write so prettily of Love, and be so insensible of it ; How happy wou'd that Man be, that shou'd receive such a one dictated by your Heart, as well as Hand.* I am ſure none cou'd return ſuch an Answer to *Olinda*. This Complement did me ſo much Kindneſs, that one wou'd think I shou'd be a better Friend to 'em than you know I am. *Berontus* left me almost as angry

angry at himself, as he was before at us ; and did not come near me for some time after. When I told *Licydon* what had pass'd between us, he was amaz'd : He Examin'd his Man, who had been in the Chamber, who confess'd the Truth ; and our Servant, when she was tax'd with it, hardly deny'd it ; and thus the whole Matter was discover'd ; which had it not been for a happy Mistake, had probably cost one, or both of them, their Lives, and me my Honour. Two days after *Licydon* was Married, and so our Acquaintance broke off ; for tho' his Wife came to see me and often press'd me to keep a Correspondence with her ; I never did, for I knew she had been very Jealous of me before she Marry'd, and I would not hazard the reviving it. *Berontus* easily obtain'd his Pardon of me (for you know I'm very good Natur'd) and so he continu'd to Visit me, taking all the pains he could to please me, without any thing remarkable happening, till three Monthes after his Elder Brother, who had been at his Travels, and was reported to be dead, return'd ; so that he was no longer able to keep the Conditions he had made with my Mother ; for he had nothing to live upon but his Trade ; which I afterwards heard he neglected very much, and took to that usual remedy of Cares, Drinking : He said it was to cure his Grief for the loss of his Mistress, and truly that is to be lamented, when the loss of a good Estate is the Cause of it. However he is comforted for both now, and Married to a Woman with a great Fortune. I was very glad to be rid of my Lover, tho' I was sorry 'twas by his misfortune.

Thus *Cleander*, you have an account of the first Adventures of my Life ; which made me early know some uneasie Hours: By the next Post I'll acquaint you with a Catalogue of Lovers (that is they were my *En passant*, in taking their Rounds and

and serv'd better to divert me than the most Romantick Constancy, without giving themselves, or me any trouble) but it's indeed time to make an end. Adieu my Friend, think of me always, and, Write as often as you can to Olinda.

## LETTER V.

O proceed in Order to my Relation, I must begin with one, who in respect of his Years as well as the time in which I knew him, demands the Pre-eminence. He was a *Dutch* Coll. about Threescore ; Don't you think one of his Country and Years, will make a pretty Lover ? But Old as he was, he had a Mistress in the House with him. I was younger than she, and I believe I may say, without Vanity, I had some other Advantages over her ; so that the Old Spark had a Month's mind to me ; and I, partly to plague her, and partly to divert my self, receiv'd all his Addresses with a great deal of complaisance. I cou'd perceive her fret within her self, tho' she durst not shew it. She was in great fear of losing him ; for the Man's Money had such Charms as aton'd for his want of 'em, tho' he was Ugliness in perfection ; (if that ben't Nonsense) and 'twas the best Jest in the World to me, to see him squint an Amorous Glance upon me with one Eye, whilst 'tother was watching whether she took Notice of him ; for we Lodg'd in one House together ; so that I cou'd not

not avoid often being with them both, nor indeed did I endeavour it; for I took a malicious pleasure in laughing at their Follies: Since there's nothing so ridiculous as an Antiquated Lover, who has the Vanity to believe he is belov'd, and a Jealous Woman, who has not Discretion enough to hide it. That I might be sufficiently entertain'd with both, one day I began a Discourse of Young and old Lovers, preferring the last as more Constant, more Fond, and more Solid than the First: He Smil'd, and took me by the Hand, and gave me a thousand Commendations for the Wisdom of my choice; Nay, and so far forgot himself, that he apply'd it to himself, and said such passionate things as wou'd have been extravagant from a young Fellow. She with a great deal of Heat contradicted all I had said, and told all the Impertinences and Inconveniences one finds in an Old Man (which she experimentally knew better than I) without considering how far it touch'd him, she was so earnest against me. This made him so Angry, and her so out of Countenance when she reflected so upon what she had said, that I was never better diverted: So she did not know what Excuse to make for her self; and in fine, the Dispute grew so high, that at last they parted. Upon this the Coll. was hotter upon me than ever; he pester'd me continually with his Visits, and the Brute so little understood my Raillery, that he pretended an Interest in me, and wou'd check me when he saw any body younger than himself with me; but I gave him such Answers, that he did not know what to make of me. When he had Orders for *Flanders*, he told me I must prepare my self to go with him, and I should live as great and happy as a Queen; I said I wou'd go withal my Heart, upon Condition his

Son

Son should be always with us : The Old Man started, my Son, Child, what would you do with him ? I think he is fitter company for me than you, says I, and so I left him, so ashamed, that he shunn'd seeing me ever after. He e'en went to *Flanders* without me, and vow'd, young as he was, he wou'd never have any thing to do with Woman more. Thus I was rid of my Old Impertinent, whose place was soon supply'd by one of those gay youths who never wait for the slow gifts of pity, but Ravish little Favours from us, as if they were their due ; who make it impossible for us to think it a Crime to give what they ask with so much boldness ; and who are always endeavouring to divert her they design to please. He Courted me with Balls, Musick, and Entertainments, and in the midst of 'em wou'd now and then whisper some pretty Love Maggots. I was first acquainted with him at a Relations of mine at *Greenwich* : He was an Officer in the Army, and was then in the Camp upon *Black-Heath* ; and being very well known in the House where I was, he came often there. He had heard several things of me to my Advantage, (for Fame generally flatters or detracts) as, that I sung well, was Handsom, and so forth : And I was told, that he was very well accomplish'd, and the Neatest, Prettiest, Gentilest young fellow that was to be seen in the whole Army : So that we had both a great desire to see one another, and were very well acquainted the first time we met : He told me he had a violent Passion for me, and he did not doubt but I had a little Love for him ; he came to see me every Day whilst I was there ; carried me to all the Diversions that were to be had about the Country ; and when I was going to *London*, he told me he would soon follow me : But as soon as you come to Town, Faith *Olinda*, you shall Write to me, as you hope to see me again ; for I can't live without hearing you Arriv'd safe. So I.

Writ a thousand little mad things, and he Answer'd me at the same Rate, only a great deal of Airy Love mingled with it. The following Week he came to see me, and from that day I was never suffered to rest for one frolick or other: All the time he staid, I liv'd a pleasant sort of a Life, till he went to Fight abroad, and got two or three new Mistresses to divert, for those sort of Men never remember the Absent; their Love never enters the Heart, nor do they often gain ours; they seldom fail to please indeed, and they force us to think of 'em sometimes whether we will or not; but they are neither Discreet, nor Constant enough to go any further: I suppose he forgot me as soon as he left me, and I was not much behindhand with him. After he was gone, I had scarce a breathing time before another of his Profession, more serious, and more designing, succeeded him: He had a good Estate, and pass'd in the World for a Man of Honour, and therefore was Received by my Mother favourably enough. I neither lik'd, nor dislick'd him; but treated him with Civility, till I found out that his designs were not very Honourable; and then I thought it time to alter my Behaviour: I forbid him to see me, and when he came to our Lodgings, I was deny'd to him, tho' he knew I was at home; upon which he left off coming, and when some of his Comrades ask'd him the Reason, he told them, he knew me too well, and that he did not think a Creature so young cou'd be so Lew'd. Observe, my Friend, how unhappy Women are, who are thus expos'd to lose either their Virtue, or their Honour; if I had comply'd with him, perhaps none wou'd have been more careful of my Fame than he: But how much my Choice is to be preferri'd, none but those who have experienced the unexpressible satisfaction it gives can know. I heard of it with a great deal of indifference, and did not so much as hate the Author of the scandal. The next

in waiting was a *French Beau*: He had a great stock of Wit, but more Vanity, a mighty Flatterer, and one who took much pains to perswade credulous Women that he lov'd them; and if he succeeded, he always forsook 'em, and sometimes gratify'd his Vanity to their Cost, who had been indiscreet enough to give him occasion. He laid his Baits to catch me, he Vow'd, and Swore, and Danc'd, and Sung eternally by turns; but I was too wary to be caught, tho' he made me a hundred Protestations, I was the only Woman he ever did, or ever cou'd Love; follow'd me where ever I went, and in spight of the greatest Rigour I cou'd use, wou'd not forbear haunting me. I did not know how to free my self from the Impertinence of this Fop; but I thought if I cou'd convince him of one Act of Inconstancy, he wou'd not have the Confidence to trouble me any more: I had many contrivances in Order to it, but at last I fix'd upon one that was probable enough to take with one of his Humour. I Writ a Letter (disguising my Hand) as from a Woman extreamly in Love with him, and desir'd him to tell me sincerely whither he was engag'd or not; for I was too just to rob any Woman of his Heart, and too nice to be content with a part of it. I told him if he was free, I wou'd meet him, the next day at the Bird-Gage in the Park: He sent a very obliging answer to the unknown Lady; and said, he was passionately in Love with her Wit; that if her Beauty were Answerable, he must be undone; however 'twould be such a pleasing Ruin, that he waited with the highest impatience for the appointed hour, when he might assure her by word of Mouth, his Heart was wholly at her dispose. Just as I had done Reading this Letter he came in, and for a Proof of his Constancy, shew'd me that which I had sent him, with another, which he said was the Answer he design'd to send; wherein he told her, he was already so deeply in Love, 'twas impossible for

him to change; with abundance of fine things of the Person he Lov'd. This was good sport for me, and I had much ado to keep my Countenance; I us'd all my Rhetorick to perswade him to stay with me; a thing I had never desir'd of him before, and now 'twas in vain: He pretended earnest business, and went long before the Hour, he was so very impatient. When he was gone, I chang'd my Clothes, took a Lady with me, who was Privy to the Affair, and went to the aforesaid Place. We were in Masks, and it being duskish, he did not know us; but after I had banter'd him for some time, I discover'd my self: I cannot describe to you the different Passions that affected him; sometimes he was in a Rage with me for putting such a Deceit upon him, sometimes he wou'd frame weak Excuses for what he had done, and sometimes he was not able to speak at all for Grief, that he was not only disappointed of a new Mistress, but had lost all hopes of gaining one he had Courted so long, with so much Assiduity. I went home, as well pleas'd with losing one, as I have sometimes been with making a Conquest, in full hopes I shou'd be plagued with him no more, and I was not deceiv'd. You see, *Cleander*, what a Miscellany of Lovers, if I may call 'em so, I have had, all of different humours, but none that had found out the Secret to please me: They have done enough if they contribute any thing to your diversion, and made a sufficient Recompence for all their former Impertinence to

*Your faithful Friend*

*Olinda.*

*LET.*

## LETTER III.

My Friend,

THE Reflections you made upon my two  
T last are so Just, so Profitable, and so Plea-  
sant, that thro' them I see the Author's  
great Capacity, that can make so good  
use of such little things; and while I read, bless  
my kind Fate that made you my Friend, when the  
Good and Wise are so scarce; and wonder how so  
particular a Blessing came to be my Lot; which  
more than doubly satisfies for all I suffer'd by  
*Clarinda's* falsehood. I believe you think it strange  
I never mention'd her, in any of the Passages of my  
Life, since it was before many that I have told  
you of, that I knew and lov'd her: But I could  
not have Nam'd her without some Marks of kind-  
ness, that I either show'd, or receiv'd from her,  
which I would willingly forget, and cou'd not now  
speak of her, but when I put your Friendship in  
compensation with her Ingratitude. But since I  
am fall'n upon this Subject, I will let you know a  
little better than you do, the only Woman that I  
ever trusted, not with any Secret, for you see I  
then had none of consequence; but with my Love,  
and in that she betray'd me. Her Sister often told  
me, she was sorry to see so sincere a Friendship be-  
stow'd upon one that knew so little how to Value  
it; that *Clarinda* was the same to all, which she  
pretended to be only for me: That she was always  
fondest of her new acquaintance, and wou'd Sa-  
D d 3 crifice,

150 *Olinda's Adventures: Or,*  
Sacrifice, or Ridicule the Old, the better to Care's  
'em: But I knew there had been some Quarrels be-  
twixt them, and therefore wou'd not believe it, till  
I found it too true; and then my partiality for her,  
chang'd into as great an Error on the other hand,  
for I involv'd the whole Sex in her Faults, and  
with *Aristotle* (I hope one may condemn ones self  
with *Aristotle*) Repented that I had ever Trusted a  
Woman. I don't know whether I forgot I was  
one, or whither I had the Vanity to think my self  
more perfect than the rest; but I resolv'd none of  
the Sex was capable of Friendship; and continu'd  
in that Opinion till I knew *Ambrisia*, who (if one  
may judge by the Rule of Contraries, convinces me  
of injustice) for she is just *Clarinda's* Antipodes.  
*Clarinda* loves new Faces, and professes a particular  
kindness at first sight; *Ambrisia* is a long time be-  
fore she goes beyond Civility, and never does but  
to those whom she has well observ'd, and found  
'em Worthy: *Clarinda* will Rail at one Friend to  
engage another: *Ambrisia* cant hear an innocent  
person, tho' her Enemy, accus'd without defending  
'em: *Clarinda* will be one day fond to extravagance,  
and the next as indifferent for the same person:  
*Ambrisia* is always the same, and where once she  
loves, she never changes: *Clarinda* is easily angry:  
*Ambrisia* is perhaps too mild. *Clarinda* has Wit in-  
deed, but 'tis not temper'd by Judgment, so that it  
makes her often do, and say a hundred things that  
call her discretion in question: *Ambrisia* has a So-  
lid and piercing Judgment, one wou'd thing all she  
says was the Result of premeditation, she speaks  
such Wise and such surprizing things, and yet her  
Answers are so ready, that one wou'd Swear she  
did not think at all; her Actions are always most  
regular; I believe she never cou'd accuse her self  
of an imprudent one. This is a true and unpreju-  
dic'd Character of both; and if you wonder how I  
cou'd love a Woman with such gross Faults, I  
must

must tell you, some of them I did not know then; some I excus'd, for I did not expect perfection, and some my partial kindness made me cover with the Name of some Neighbouring Virtue. You know, *Ambrisia* has as great advantages of *Clarinda* in Body as in Mind: I have often heard you praise her outward Beauty, and now I have shew'd you the Beauties of her Soul, tho' they are far greater than I can express, give me leave to wish her yours. Forgive me if I mingle a little self-Interest in my wishes for you, I can't resist a thought of joy for the hopes of finding two Noble Friends in one, by such a happy Union: Think of it *Cleander*; you only deserve one another. I know you will bid me take your advice, and shew you the way; but I shall tell you things that will convince you, my refusal is reasonable. I was just fifteen years old when a particular Friend of my Mothers buried her Husband; whose Grief was so great, that my Mother durst hardly leave her; she staid with her Night and Day, and manag'd all her Affairs for her. She went to *Cloridon's*, who had had a Friendship for the Deceas'd; (for they were forc'd to make use of that, and his Authority in a business, wherein the Widdow had lik'd to be wrong'd) but Men of his Quality are not always at Leisure, and must be waited on; so that tho' my Mother went two or three times, she did not see him, and having other Affairs of her own, and her Friends in hand, besides being oblig'd to be much with her, she cou'd not Watch his Hours: However 'twas a thing of too great consequence to be neglected: So she Writ a Letter to him, and Order'd me to carry it, and to deliver it into his own Hand. I went often to his Lodgings before I cou'd speak with him, and carry'd *Clarinda* with me: At last I was appointed an hour when I shou'd certainly meet with him, and she happen'd to be so engag'd, she cou'd not possibly go with me. I knew no body else I cou'd use so much freedom with, and was

forc'd to go alone. I did not wait long before I was admitted, and he approach'd me with that awful Majesty which is peculiar to him; and that commands respect from all that see him. Whilst he held the Letter I gave him, I look'd at him sometimes; but still I met his Eyes, so that I cou'd not view him well, tho' I saw enough to think him the Charming'st Man in the World: He ask'd my Name, and whose Daughter I was? which when I told him, he said he knew my Father very well; that he was a Worthy Man, and that for his sake he wou'd do any thing for me that lay within his Power. I thank'd him, tho' I took it for a Courtier's Complement, and desir'd an Answer to the business I came about. *I will go my self instantly, says he, to see what can be done in it, and give you an Account of it in the Afternoon; but there's so much Company at my Lodgings, that 'tis not a convenient place for you: Can't you come somewhere else?* Yes my Lord, says I, very innocently, where you please: If you will be in a Hackney Coach then, at Five a Clock by Covent-Garden Church, I will come to you, and let you know what I can do for your Friend. I told him I would, and went away very well satisfy'd with him, for I had no apprehensions of any design, from a Man of his Character. You know all the World thinks him the fondest Husband upon Earth, and that he never had a thought of any Woman but his Wife, since he Marry'd her: This made me secure, and I did not fail to go at the appointed hour. My Mother knew nothing of it till afterwards; for I did not see her that day. When he came to me, he told me, what he had done; inform'd himself of some things that were necessary for him to know, that related to the business, and assur'd me he wou'd do the Widow Justice. Then he renew'd his Promise to me with Protestations, that I shou'd command him as far as his Authority or Interest cou'd go; and beg'd me to make use of him either for my Relations,

or

or my self, when ever I had occasion. After he had made me some Speeches of my Wit and Beauty, we parted, and as soon as I saw my Mother, I told her all that pass'd between us. She was extremely pleas'd to have so great a Man her Friend; especially, one that she had no Reason to suspect of any ill Design, since he had taken no advantage of so favourable an opportunity as I had given him to discover himself, if he had any; nor had not so much as desir'd to continue the Correspondence. The next day the business was concluded more to our satisfaction than was expected. Sometime after this, a Gentleman of my Mothers acquaintance told her, he had a mind for a Commission in the Army, and that he would give a considerable sum of Money to any Body that would procure it. My Mother said she'd try her Interest, and made me Write to *Cloridon* about it. He sent me an obliging Answer, and desir'd to see me at the same Place where we met before, that I might give him an exact Account of the Person I recommended, and Answer some Questions about him more particularly than I cou'd do by Writing. I did so in the first part of our Conversation; and then he began to talk of the many ills that Attend greatness, of which he said Flattery was the chief; for it was the greatest Unhappiness to be foorth'd in ones Faults: But *Olinda*, continu'd he, *in you I see all that Sincerity and Ingenuity that is requisite for a Friend, and I shou'd think my self very Happy, if you wou'd let me see you sometimes; if you wou'd tell me of my Faults, and what the World says of me.* You Honour me to much my Lord, says I, but you have taken such care to make all Virtues your own, that there's no room left for Flattery, or Correction. To be short, after a great many Compliments of this Nature he told me, 'twou'd be an Act of so great goodness, that he was sure I cou'd not deny him. But what will the World think, says I, of such.

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such private Meetings? If neither you, nor I, tell it, it won't be known, says he, as it should if I came to Visit: you. So that I may have the same Innocent Pleasure of seeing you, which you wou'd not deny me in Publick, without making any Noise: And since I assure you I have only a Friendship for you, it can't shock your Virtue. I neither granted, nor deny'd him his Request; for I did not know whither I shou'd do the first, and cou'd not resolve to do the last; both because it might be a hindrance to our business, and because I was very well pleas'd with his Conversation. Nothing cou'd be more agreeable; he is a Man of as much Sense, and as great Address, as any I ever knew: But what is more to be commended and wondred at in a Statesman, he never promis'd any thing that he did not perform. He gave me his Word for the Commission I desir'd; appointed me a day when I shou'd meet him to receive it; and kept it punctually. These were such great Obligations, that I cou'd not but have some acknowledgments for 'em. There was nothing talk'd of in our House, but Cloridon's Generosity; and about that time, all the Town rung of some great Actions he had then perform'd: So that all things Contributed to encrease my Esteem of him. I Writ him a Letter of Thanks, and he told me in his Answer, that he desir'd no other Recompence for all he cou'd do for me, but to see me sometimes. I consider'd, that there was no danger in seeing a Man, that was so great a Lover of his Lady; and that profess'd only a Friendship for me: That if ever he shou'd change, I cou'd easily forbear it, and that whatever happen'd, my Virtue was a sufficient Guard. So I consented to it, without letting my Mother know any thing of it. But I must delay telling you what these secret Meetings produc'd; for time and Paper fails me, and will scarce give me leave to assure you that I am

*Your tenderest Friend*

Olinda.  
L E T.

## LETTER IV.

YOU wou'd pity rather than chide me, Cleander, if you knew the Cause of my not writing to you all this while. I have not been one moment alone for this Fortnight past, but condemn'd to entertain a mix'd company, all of different Humours, different ways of Living, and of Conversing; so that 'twas almost impossible to please one without Contradicting another's Humour. You may judge how uneasie this was to me; for I've often told you, I had rather be all my Life alone, than with a Company that is not chosen: That I sometimes prefer Solitude even to the best, and that I had now retir'd to avoid the World: But I find one never enjoys any thing without disturbance that one places one's happiness in; and I was to blame to expect a singular Fate shou'd be cut out for me. But whatever Accident deprives me of any thing else I Love, I can never be unfortunate, if Cleander continues to be my Friend. You may remember I broke off my last, where I had resolv'd to see Cloridion, as he desir'd. We met as often as we cou'd, extreamly to both our satisfactions: He told me all his little uneasinesses, and had so great a Confidence in me, that he discover'd some Intreagues of State to me, that are yet unknown to some that think they are not strangers to the most secret transactions of the Court; and he never undertook any of his own Affairs of greatest moment, without asking my Advice. Thus we liv'd for two Months, and nothing past that gave me Reason to repent an Action

Action, that was not ill in it self; but might be so by the Consequences of it, till one day; when he had been telling me several things which concern'd him nearly: But there's one Secret, says he, Olinda, that I have never told you yet, tho' it takes up all my Heart: But 'tis that I believe you know it too well already. I said, I cou'd not so much as gueſſ at it. What, Olinda interrupted, is it possible you shou'd be Ignorant, that I am the most in Love of any Man in the World? How cou'd you imagine, I that knew you so well cou'd have only a Cold Respect or Friendship for you? No no, Olinda, I Love you; I love you Ardently; I cannot live unless you give me leave to tell you so; and to hope that you will one day return it. I was so amaz'd at this Discourse, I did not know what to Answer: It vex'd me to be oblig'd to alter my way of Living with him; but I did not find my self so Angry at his Lovè as I ought. However, I disguis'd my thoughts, and put on all the Severity that is needful in such Cases. I have more Reason to be displeas'd with such a Declaration from you my Lord, said I, than any other: You that say you knew me so well; What have you seen in me to Encourage it? Have I ever given you occasion to suspect my Virtue? Or is it that you are tired with my Conversation, and therefore take this most effectual means to be freed from it? Inhumane Fair! said he, Must you hate me because I love you? can you Resolve not to let me see you, only because you know I desir'd it more than before? In short, he said the most passionate things that a Lover can imagine; and tho' I found he mov'd my Heart too much, I dissembled well enough to hide it from him. Nothing he said, cou'd prevail with me to see him, and I hop'd Absence wou'd help me to forget him. He Writ many melancholly Letters to me, telling me all the Court took notice of his Grief; that it would shortly be his death, if I would not see him; and beg'd me to live with him as I had done, and

and he wou'd never speak to me of his Love. But still I refus'd, tho' unwillingly. I was Angry at my self for thinking of him, and for being pleas'd, when some told in Company where I was, that he had been so out of Humour for some time, that no Body durst speak to him of Busineſſ. I lov'd to think it was for me, and ask'd a hundred Questions about him. But now the Publick Affairs oblig'd him to go to *Flanders*, where he perform'd Actions Worthy of himself. His Valour, Generosity, and Liberality were talk'd of everywhere, which still more and more engag'd me. I cou'd not but have ſome Inclination for ſo fine a Man, when I consider'd that he lov'd me too: However, I believ'd I had only that Esteem for him which I thought due to his Merit, and that Gratitude which the Obligations I had to him requir'd. But I grew insensibly more Melancholy than Usual. One Evening that my Mother and I were taking a ſerious Walk by the Canal in St. James's Park, a Gentleman of her Country, and Acquaintance, ſeeing us at a distance, came to bear us Company: The Air being pretty Cool, we wore our Masks, and after we had made two or three Turns, he ſaw a Friend of his, of the same Nation, coming towards us. *That, says he, is Antonio, Son to my Lord* ——— *He is a very well Accomplish'd Gentleman, and has a good Estate, I wish he were Married to Olinda.* I know the Family, and have hear'd of him, *Replied my Mother*, I shou'd not dislike the Match. By this time he was come up to us, and after having beg'd Pardon for intruding, and leave to Walk with us, he turn'd of my ſide. He had not ſeen my Face, for it was duskish, and I only made a Fashion of lifting my Mask upon our first Compliments; but yet he ſaid abundance of fine things, of my Beauty and Charms. After half an Hours Conversation we were going home, and they would needs wait upon us, but one of his Servants met him, and told him he had been looking

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looking for him a long time; some Friends of his  
that were going out of *England* the next day, staid  
for him in the Mall, and must speak with him im-  
mediately. So he left us to the tothers Care, and  
went back. The first time *Antonio* met with his  
Friend, with whom he had seen us; he told him, he  
was so Charm'd with the Ladies Conversation,  
that he could not rest till he saw her again. He  
*Answer'd*, that he wou'd not like her if he had seen  
her, but he wou'd carry him to Visit one, whose  
Beauty wou'd soon make him forget her. *Antonio*  
said, that Wit and good Humour had far greater  
Charms for him, than the finest Face in the World:  
But that you mayn't think me obstinate, I will see  
her upon condition, that if her Eyes have not that  
influence which you expect, you will make me ac-  
quainted with that Lady whose Wit has engag'd  
me more perhaps than you imagine. He promis'd  
he wou'd, and so left him, and came to our Lodg-  
ing: He gave us an Account of this Conversation,  
and desir'd us to continue the Humour, and not let  
him know we had seen him before; for he fancy'd  
a great deal of Pleasure in seeing me Rival my self.  
We agreed to it, and when they came, I entertain'd  
him with the greatest simplicity imaginable: For  
you must know I had an Aversion for him, which  
I cou'd give no Reason for (that Passion is as unac-  
countable as Love) and therefore I was pleas'd he  
shou'd think me a Fool, that he might not desire to  
see me again. I was glad to perceive he was un-  
easie in my Company, and to make him the more  
so, I talk'd very much, and very little to the pur-  
pose. When he was gone, he said to his Friend;  
*That if Olinda had the other Ladies Soul, she wou'd be*  
*a dangerous Person; but that as she was, he cou'd no more*  
*Love her than a fair Picture: That her Folly had only*  
*made him the more eager to see the unknown, and there-*  
*fore he claim'd his Promise.* He *Answer'd*, that he did  
not know what a second sight of *Olinda* might do;  
but

but however not to be worse than his Word, he wou'd endeavour to contrive a Meeting, but he cou'd not promise he shou'd see her Face, for she was very shy of that, as she had some Reason. I was extreamly averse to seeing him again, but this Gentleman was so earnest with me, and my Mother said so much for it, for she was desirous to have us acquainted, that I was almost forc'd to go; but Resolv'd not to shew my Face. He carry'd *Antonio* to the Park, at an appointed hour, when he said, he heard the Lady say she wou'd be there; and we met 'em as if by chance. We had a Conversation that wou'd have been diverting enough, if my Hatred for him had not made me think, all he did or said disagreeable: He told me I had been continually in his thoughts since he saw me, and that I had made such an Impression in his Heart, as cou'd never be alter'd. I said he must have a strange Opinion of my Credulity if he thought I cou'd believe he was in Love with a Woman he never saw. *Ah! Madam*, says he, how much more Charming are you *Veil'd* as you are, than a Beautiful Fool that can only please ones Eyes: Such a one as my Friend here made me Visit the other day; and then he gave me a long Description of *Olinda*, and Related all her Discourse; which indeed was very insipid. We made some Satirical Remarks upon the poor Lady, and then we parted, tho' *Antonio* wou'd fain have gone home with us; but we wou'd not permit him. He was very importunate with his Friend after this, to make him acquainted with the unknown; but he said, he durst not carry him to see her without her leave; but he wou'd try to gain it, if he continu'd to desire it, after seeing *Olinda* two or three times. He Reply'd, he wou'd endure so much Mortification, in hopes of so great a Blessing as he promis'd him, but it must be speedy, for a Lover was impatient; and he shou'd be better satisfied with seeing the Ugliest Face he could imagine; than with that doubt.

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doubt he was in. In short, he brought him to our Lodgings several times, and still I acted the Foolish part; but yet he confess'd to his Friend, that I had mov'd him a little; and he Refus'd to see me again for fear he said, that he shou'd Love a Woman that he cou'd not Esteem: But one moments interview with his other Charmer wou'd deprive *Olinda* of that little part she had gain'd of his Heart. A little after some young Ladies that I knew, were going to the Play, and begg'd me to go with them: I was so chagrin, I cou'd not think of any diversions; but that made them the more pressing, urging it wou'd cure my Melancholy. So I went with them, and the first sight I saw was *Antonio* and his Friend. The last seeing a Lady that was not handsome with me; it came into his thoughts to say, that was she that *Antonio* was in Love with. He gaz'd upon her with the greatest eagerness imaginable, for a long time; then turning to another that was with them; which of those two, says he, (pointing to her and me) do you like best? You amaze me with that Question, Returned he, for I think there is too great a Disparity between them, to leave any doubt that it must be *Olinda*: (for he new my Name.) You wou'd alter your Opinion, says *Antonio*, if you knew them both as well as I; for *Olinda's* Beauty is more than doubly Valu'd by the others Wit, and solid Judgment. But *Olinda* has both, Replyed the Gentleman; which I believe you can't but know if you have ever talk'd with, or heard of her: For every body gives her that Character. They Wrong her extreamly, says *Antonio*, for she is really Foolish to deserve Pity; I never Convers'd with a Woman whose Company was so tiresome; she talks Eternally, and not one Word of Common Sense. 'Tis impossible your Friend here, who is a very good Judge, has often said such things of her to me, that I must think you mistake the Woman. I have been too often with her for that;

that, says *Antonio*, you may rather believe my Friend Jear'd her. Then they question'd him about it ; but he Laugh'd, and said, He never saw a pretty Woman, but he thought she had Wit enough ; so that they did not know what to make of him ; but *Antonio*, who would not have been sorry to find as much Wit in *Olinda*, as he imagin'd in one, whose outside did not please him so well ; took some pleasure in fancying himself deceiv'd ; tho' when he consider'd it seriously, he could not believe it. However he enquired diligently of all that cou'd inform him any thing of me, which did more confound him : For they agreed, that I was far from being a Fool, and he cou'd not imagine to what end I shou'd pretend it : But was Resolv'd to find it out. He came often to see us, and still found me the same Fool, till one day when we had a great deal of Company, I was extreamly put to it ; for I did not care for making my self ridiculous to so many ; and 'twas not good Manners to be silent ; however, I chose rather to be Rude, than undeceive him : I often made as if I did not hear when I was spoke to ; but I was obliged to Answer, when one said to me, what's the matter with you *Olinda*, that you are Dumb of a sudden ? I am sure you ought not ; for if it were pardonable in any Woman to talk always, 'twould be in you, that do it so well. I was so confused at this Compliment, that came so *male a propos* ; that I believe I did not Answer it over wisely ; but as my ill Fate would have it, a Lady in the Company took a Paper out of her Pocket, saying, *I am resolved to make Olinda speak whether she will or not ; and I will leave you to judge, whether she does not do it well in this Song.* So she read one that I had Writ at her desire ; for she sung very well. I would fain have denied it ; but I saw it was in vain, for Wit will out one way or other. *Antonio* seemed overjoyed at this Discovery, and I was as much grieved : For no Woman had ever

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ever a greater desire to be thought Wise, than I to  
be thought otherwise. He came to see me every day  
from that time, and when his Friend told him, that  
he hoped he would not dispute *Olinda's* Power any  
longer, since she made him so absolutely forget  
her, whom he had once preferred so much to her;  
he said, that it was not the same *Olinda* whom he  
loved, for she had chang'd her Soul: Nor had he  
forgot the other, for it was that Wit, that same  
turn of Thought, and agreeable Conversation which  
he admir'd in her, that he ador'd in *Olinda*. I  
do not know, whether he ever knew, that they  
were both one Person, but he did not desire to see  
the other. When he discovered his Love to me, I  
entertained it so coldly, that he could have little  
hopes, but that is the last thing that quite forsakes a  
Lover: And it did not hinder him from persisting.  
He watched his opportunity, when he saw any  
thing had pleased me, but still he was Repulsed  
with greater Scorn. I took delight when he was  
with me, to Repeat often those Words in *Sopho-*  
*nisba*; *The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege, there*  
*is one for you too mighty entered in; the Haughtiest,*  
*Bravest, Foremost Man on Earth.* He importuned me  
extreamly to know who this Happy Man was; and  
Vowed if I would tell him, he'd never mention  
his Passion to me again; but I told him, if there  
was such a Man, it was the same Reason he should  
trouble me no more, as if he knew who he was;  
since that could make no alteration in my heart:  
And perhaps it was a Secret; however, that I  
would hear no more of his Love. He Begg'd, and  
Sigh'd, and Whin'd, an Hour or two to make me  
Reverse my Doom; but in vain; and I was pleas'd  
that he believed me in Love, tho' I did not think  
it my self. He continued to Visit me without  
saying any thing of particular to me; and without  
suspecting the Object of my Love; 'till my Mo-  
ther and some Company were talking of the great  
Actions

Actions *Cloridon* had done; just as they Named him, he looked at me, (by chance it may be) but I being a little Guilty, thought it was designed, Blushed, looked down, and was confused, which made me blush the more; and that was enough to fix a Jealousie that had long possest him, and that Watched for the least shadow of Reason to place it upon any particular person. I was so ashamed of my self, that I was not able to stay in the Room, and when I was gone, *Antonio* kept up the Discourse of *Cloridon*; begun to praise his Person, and ask'd my Mother what she thought of him. She said, 'twas so long since she had seen him, that she had almost forgot him; but that her Daughter had seen him lately, (and so told upon what occasion) and that she Extolled him for the finest Man she ever saw. This confirmed his Jealousie; and the first Opportunity he had with me, he told me some News of *Cloridon*: And then asked me if I had ever seen him, and how I liked him. I knew nothing of what my Mother had said; and not being willing he should believe what I found he suspe&ed; I answered, that I had seen him two or three times in Walks at a distance: That I thought he was well enough, but not so handsome as Fame had made him. There needed no more to remove all doubt that he was his Rival; but how to know the particular Terms we were in, was the difficulty; he knew his Character, and thought me Virtuous, and therefore could not fear any thing Criminal betwixt us; but he resolved to try if my Affections were strongly engaged; and to that end he shew'd me a Letter from *Flanders*, wherein it was told him, that *Cloridon* (to the great wonder of all there) had a young Lady disguised in Men's Cloaths with him all the Campagne, and that it was discovered by an Accident, which he gave a large Account of. I found my self seized with an unusual I know not what, and did all my endeavours

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vours to conceal it, but I changed Colour two or three times, and he having his Eyes continually upon me 'twas impossible but he must observe my concern: However, he said nothing of it to me, and I forced my self to talk of things indifferent. As soon as I was alone, I examined my self upon the matter. Why should this trouble me (said I within my self) who would not entertain his Love, when it was offered me, and I have often Resolved never to see him, even when I thought him Constant? How comes it then, that I am so Grieved and Angry that he loves another? And that I wish with such impatience for his Return? In fine, I discovered, that what I had called Esteem and Gratitude was Love; and I was as much ashamed of the Discovery, as if it had been known to all the World. I fancyed every one that saw me, read it in my Eyes; And I hated my self, when Jealousie would give me leave to Reason, for my extravagant thoughts and wishes: Mean while *Antonio* would not be Idle, he thought this was the time for him; when my Anger was Raised against *Cleridon*; that that and my Obedience to my Mother (if he could get her of his side, which he did not much doubt) would induce me to Marry him; and then he did not fear, but Reason and Duty would overcome my Love. Accordingly he had my Mother's Consent, and entreated her to intercede for him; but all this was so far from having that effect which he expected, that I hated him the more: I was so unjust as to look upon him as the Cause of my Affliction, and I was so Angry to see him take such Measures, as I foresaw must make me very uneasie, that I treated him ill, even to Rudeness. But I will leave him and *Olinda* equally unhappy, till the next Post; and then give you an Account of some Alteration in their Affairs, which if it gave her ease, I believe a little encreased his pains. In the mean time believe, that I remain

*Your Friend, Olinda.*  
L E T.

## LETTER V.

IS not possible for you to imagine, much less for me to express what I endur'd, by my own Jealousie, and *Antonio's* Persecution: Either of 'em wou'd have been grievous enough, but together they were intolerable; and I cou'd expect no Remedy, for I knew not what I wou'd have. I did not continue one moment in the same Mind; I long'd for *Cloridon's* Return, and yet I resolv'd not to see him, tho' when I thought that perhaps he would not desire it, I almost dy'd with the Fear; but that was soon over, for a Week after *Antonio* had shew'd me the Letter I mention'd in my last, he came to Town, and sent me a Letter the first Night, fill'd with the tenderest expressions of Love, and Vows, that all his Fortune and Conquests abroad could not give him the least Joy, whilst I remain'd inexorable; and a hundred Entreaties to see him once, and he shou'd die contented. This was some satisfaction to me; but 'twas but imperfect: Sometimes I believ'd all he said, and presently after call'd him false and Perjur'd: One while I resolv'd not to answer him, and the next Minute chang'd my Mind; but I was long before I cou'd fix upon what to say. At last I writ with a great deal of affected coldness, only I gave him some dark Hints of the Lady I had heard was with him, which in his Answer he said, he did not understand. He writ several times to me by private Direction, which I had given him when I believ'd

believ'd he was only my Friend; but a little after he sent to our Lodgings, to tell me, that he had a Place at his disposal, which if I had any Friend that wou'd accept of it, was at my Service. My Mother made me return him Thanks, and tell him, that I had a Relation who was very fit for the Employment, who shou'd wait upon him, but he was not now in Town. *Cloridon*, who desir'd no better occasion, sent me word, that if I wou'd let him see me, he wou'd tell me what was to be done in it; for it was not a thing to be neglected, because there were a great many pretended to it, who might get it by some other means, since it did not wholly depend on him. I did not know what pretence to make to hinder my going, for I durst not tell my Mother of our Meeting without her knowledge: And perhaps I was glad of the necessity of seeing him, since it took away the Fault, and serv'd for an excuse both to my self and him; tho' I was sorry to be forc'd to receive new Obligations from him. I never saw a Man in such an extasie of Joy, as he appear'd to be in at this Interview: He was Speechless and Motionless for a long time, and when he spoke, 'twas with so passionate and charming Words and Air, that I was not able to say those severe things I design'd. I check'd him for obliging me to see him, after I had refus'd him so often, that he might know 'twas contrary to my Inclinations; but (as he told me since) he saw something in my Eyes which made him think, I was not very Angry with him: And when I explain'd that part of my Letter which hinted of the Lady, I did it in such a manner, that he believ'd me Jealous. At first he seem'd amaz'd at what I told him, but afterwards he deny'd it so coldly, and took so little pains to perswade me 'twas false, that I was enrag'd; which still discover'd my Weakness the more. He found one pretence or other for delay-

ing

ing the Busines, and for seeing me two or three times, and took pleasure in heightning my Jealousie; till he thought, if he trifled with me any longer, he might lose me for ever: And then he began to protest seriously, There was no such thing; that it must be the invention of some particular Enemy of his; for if I wou'd give my self the trouble to enquire, I should find it was no general Report, and 'twere impossible it shou'd not be known by every Body, if what I had heard was true. We easily believe what we wish; and when I consider'd from whom I had the Story, I much doubted the truth of it: And whilst I saw him, and heard him Swear, he had never had the least inclination for any other Woman since he saw me. I was firmly perswaded of his Fidelity; but my suspicions return'd a little, as soon as I left him. He told me, he cou'd willingly forgive the Invention, since it had occasion'd the discovery of my Sentiments, which were to his Advantage; but reply'd, That he need not much boast of what my Weakness had reveal'd; for tho' I cou'd not now deny that my Heart took too great a part in what concern'd him, yet since he knew it, nothing shou'd prevail with me to see him again; and so I left him: But I cou'd not forbear saying at parting, that he had made me very unhappy, and I wish'd I had never seen him, tho' I condemn'd my self a hundred times for it afterwards. I ask'd of all I knew that had been in *Flanders*, or had any Correspondence there, if they heard of *Cloridon's* having a Lady Disguis'd with him; but they assur'd me, there was not so much as the least Report of it, which pretty well satisfied me as to that: For every Action of a Man of his Quality, and in his Post, is so narrowly observ'd, that a thing so extraordinary cou'd not have been a Secret; but yet I was very desirous to know upon what ground that Letter was writ to *Antonio*. However I wou'd

not

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not examine him about it, because I saw he sus-  
pected my Love already, tho' he had never told  
me; but still continued my most assiduous Humble  
Servant and Tormentor: And I think I was not  
much in his Debt, for I really treated the poor  
Man Barbarously. My Mother gave him all the  
opportunities she could, and one day that she had  
some business that would keep her out till Night;  
she left me at home, and gave Orders that no body  
should be admitted to see me but *Antonio*. I was  
so vexed at this Command, that I resolved to re-  
venge my self upon him, and when I heard the  
Noise of one coming up Stairs, I prepared to give  
him the rudest Reception I could: I sat Reading  
with my back towards the Door, and did not rise  
when he came in, till I saw a Man kneeling by my  
side; and then without looking towards him, I got  
up and walked to the other end of the Room. *What,*  
*Madam, says he, is my Offence so great? Or do you hate*  
*me so much, that you will not hear me ask for Pardon?*  
I found something in the Voice soft, and moving,  
which struck me like one I was accustomed to be  
pleased with; and turning about, I was amazed,  
*Good God, cryed I, is it possible? Are you Cloridon;*  
*or do I Dream? How could you come here? —,*  
*How could I forbear coming so long?* interruppted he, or  
*how can I live a moment from you? I must see you Olin-*  
*da, whatever I hazard, and since you refused to let me*  
*a securer way, how could I neglect so favourable an op-*  
*portunity?* Then I desired to know by what means  
he knew, that I was alone; and he told me, that since  
the last time he saw me, and that I had been so  
good as to own my self sensible of his Love, he had  
had a hundred Plots and Contrivances to see me;  
but found none so feasible as that, which he had put  
in Execution. He sent a Servant whom he confided  
much in, and Ordered him to try all means possi-  
ble to know my Motions when I went out, and  
when I was at home alone; and he had found the  
way

way to gain the favour of a Servant that belonged to the Landlord of the House, (no doubt he feed her well,) and she had engaged to be secret, and to send him word when I was alone; but she did not know for whom she did this Service; only he had told her, that it was a Man of Quality that was in Love with me, and desired to see me privately, to know how I was affected towards him, before he declared himself publickly. He came to her that morning, and she told him, my Mother was gone out, and that she heard her say, she should not come Home 'till Night; so that if he would come with the Person that was to see me, she would be at the Door to conduct him to me: When they came, she told them, that a Gentleman that courted me had been there just now, but she denied that I was at home on purpose to oblige him. I was angry that he should take so little care of my Reputation; but he said, that it was not at all in danger, for no body knew of it but that Servant who would not tell it for her own sake; or if she did, she saw that 'twas all without my Knowledge. That if I would not give my Consent to see him abroad, he should do something more extravagant that might expose both me and him: But if I would, he'd promise never to speak of his Love to me. In fine, by Threatnings and Intreaties, and my own Inclination, I was prevailed with, after I had made him swear not to mention his pretended Passion. Forgive my Frailty, dear *Cleander*, it was not possible for me to refuse the Man I loved any thing that could admit of excuse, and I found or made Arguments enough to sooth my Inclination, and persuade me it was no Fault only to see him. I hastned him away for fear he should be seen with me, but he lingred on for two or three hours, and just as he was going I heard *Antonio's* Voice asking for me, so that he could not go out without

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meeting him. I was extreamly vexed, but this was no time to fret or chide. I desired him to step into a Closet, which I had in the Room; where I kept my Books, and told him I would contrive a way to be rid of the other quickly. When I had Locked him in, I took my Hoods and seemed to be putting them on, in order to go abroad, so that *Antonio* could not in good Manners stay; but he desired, since he was so unhappy as to be deprived of that satisfaction he expected in my Company, that I would lend him some Book to divert his Melancholy. I told him, that he would have found so little in my Company, that he needed not much mourn for the loss of it: But as my ill Fate would have it, he was so pressing to borrow a Book, that I knew not how to refuse it; I turned the Discourse and sat down, and said, I had altered my Resolution, and would stay at home. *Antonio* wondred at this mighty Favour, he was so unuse'd to receive any from me, that he was Transported at it: He thanked me for it a hundred times, and I believe presaged no little good Fortune for him from such a Change, tho' my way of entertaining him, gave him no great encouragement. If I should give you a particular Account of our Conversation, it would be as impertinent to you, as it was troublesome to me; I will only tell you, I never passed an Hour with half so much pain as that, having for addition to the usual uneasiness his Company made me endure, that of the unseasonableness of the time. Whilst I was fretting at this unhappy Accident, and fearing he would not go away till my Mother came home, our Landlord's Maid came to tell me, there was one below would speak with me: I went down and saw it was that Servant of *Cloridon's*, which he had spoke of to me; he told me, that the King had sent twice for his Lord, and desired me to tell him, he must of necessity go presently, for the busines

siness was of importance. This was a new Vexation ; and I staid some time to deliberate what I should do, and at last, resolved to say I was sent for by a Lady that was Sick, that so *Antonio* might be obliged to leave me. But how was I surprized, when I returned and found *Cloridon* in the Room ! I needed not dissemble an astonishment, for I was as much amazed to see him thiere, as if I had not known he was in the House. He advanced towards me, with a Ceremonious Bow, saying, *You have Reason, Madam, to wonder, and to be Angry at me? but when you know, that it is the general Frailty of Mankind that brought me hither, your goodness sure will pardon me : I mean Love, Madam, Love which makes the Wisest Men guilty of the greatest Irregularities.* I blushed at what he said, not apprehending his design, and told him his being there, and his Discourse were both so mysterious to me, that I did not know what to answer him. He said, he thought himself obliged to tell the Truth, since my Reputation would be in danger by concealing it : But first he must beg me to pardon the Servant of the House, and not to let her Master know of it ; for he having taken a fancy to her, had wheedled her into a Consent, to let him come and see her, tho' the Wench was very honest : That our Family being all abroad, she had brought him into that Room, and hearing me returned, she had put him into the Closet, believing I would go out again : But finding I staid long, he had entertained himself with my Books, and in removing some had thrown down others, the noise of which had made *Antonio* open the Door ; and since it was his Fortune to be discovered in a Foolish thing, he hop'd the Gentleman and I, would let it go no further. We gave him our Word for it ; and when he was gone, we both sat silent for a long time, each expecting what t'other would say : At last he begun. *Cloridon* was hard put to it, to be forced to discover

such a secret; he that has acquired the Reputation of Chast, found out to be so little Nice, as to take such pains, for one of so mean Quality, and one that has not many things to recommend her. You have the Luck, *said I*, to find out Cloridon's Intrigues, when no body else knows any thing of 'em: And he may thank his Good Stars his secret falls into such hands; if you are as careful of this, as you have been of that in *Flanders*, which no body but you has ever heard of. *I shall certainly conceal it Madam*, replyed he, *for your Fame sake*; for the malicious World would be apt to fancy his thoughts were something higher than a Dirty Wench, when he was put into your Closet: But I am to believe what you please, and if you tell me you never saw him before, but in Walks at a distance, I won't doubt of it. I am not much concerned what you, or any thinks of me, *says I*, my satisfaction does not depend upon Opinion: And I shall be always happy, as long as I am innocent; whether you believe me so or not. However I owe so much to Truth, to assure you, that whatever designs Cloridon had, I knew no more of his coming here than you did, and that I am very Angry at him for it. *If you had not told me so Madam, I should, it may be, have thought you would rather have lent me a Book, than endured my Company so long (which you always used to avoid) but that you feared I should see him, if you opened the Closet; but I am very glad, you will have me interpret your staying with me more to my advantage.* I was vexed he should think it was to oblige him; and since I found he was Master against my Will, of the greatest part of my Secret, I thought it best to make him a Confident of it, which would prevent his Addresses to me, and engage him to the greater Fidelity. I told him then, all that was betwixt us; and he gave me some good Counsels, not to cherish a Love, or entertain a Correspondence that might in the end prove dangerous, considering his Circumstances;

but

but I was too far gone to take them, and besides, coming from a Rival, I did not make much Reflection upon them. Advices by an interested Person, tho' never so reasonable, are not minded; or at least are much suspected, especially when they contradict the inclination of the Advised. I did not tell him, I had consented to see *Cloridon*, because I resolved not to tell him any thing, but what I could not conceal. I did not see *Antonio* in a Month after, but he sent often to ask how we did, and said, *he was very ill himself*. He Writ once to me, to tell me he was endeavouring to overcome a Passion, which he found was displeasing to me, and which therefore must make him very unhappy; and to beg me, if he could effect it, to accept him as a Friend, and not continue that hatred for him then, which I had for my Lover. Mean while, the too Charming *Cloridon* and I met together often: At first we entertained one another with all the News, and little Intreagues of the Town; he put so entire a Confidence in me, was so pleased to see me, and so obliging to me, and my Relations upon all Occasions, that I then thought my self happy, to a degree that left no Room for Wish; for he gave me the greatest evidences of his Love, without speaking of it to me, which was all I could desire from a Man, whose Love I preferred to every thing but Virtue; and who I could not hear talk of it without a Crime: But how easily are we drawn in by such steps as these, to things we had made the strongest Resolutions against. In some time he made Complaints to me, and spoke of his Passion in a third Person, so that I might understand him, but I could not be angry with him; and I knew not how insensibly, and by degrees I accustomed my self to hear of his Love; at first defending my self against it, and chiding him for breaking his Word; but his Excuses seemed to me stronger Reason than my Accusations;

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cusions; and at last I suffered it with Pleasure; and without Reluctancy. Thus my unwary Heart entangled it self more and more, pleasing it self with its own Folly, without looking backward or forward; happy for the present on all sides, for now I was no longer troubled with *Antonio*. He after a Months absence came to see me, and told me, he desired nothing of me now but my Friendship, and to convince me, he was not my Lover, he would tell me a secret in favour of *Cloridon*, if I would promise to forgive him; I told him I would, and then he gave me that Account which I have given you, of his first suspecting my Love, and how to try it, he had feigned that Letter which he shewed me; that he had resolved to undeceive me, as soon as he had discovered what Sentiments I had for him; but when he saw how it affected me, Jealousie would not give him leave, and love prompted him to make use of it to his own Advantage. He added, that tho' Love had made him guilty of Treachery so much contrary to his Nature, yet I should always find him the most sincere, and the most faithful of his Friends. Tho' I believed before that Story to be an invention; you cannot imagine how much I was pleased, to be sure of it now. I easily pardon'd him, since I had promised it, and since I thought he deserved it, having told it voluntary. From that time I received him more favourably than I used to do, and took some pleasure in his Conversation, because he was the only Man that knew of my Love, and that I could talk with freely of *Cloridon*. But now my Mother perceived I had some more complaisance than before for *Antonio*; she wondred he talked nothing of Marriage to her, and told me her thoughts, which put me upon new contrivances, how I might shun her Anger, and yet *Antonio* come off with Honour. I found him raise scruples against all the Methods I could invent, and often he asked me, if I design'd never

never to Marry, and what Reasons I could always give for not doing it; which made me apprehend he was not altered so much as he seemed; and fear I should have some trouble in this Affair, he had told me, that when he was very young, his Father had contracted him to a kinswoman of his, that lived in the House with them, who had a great Fortune, and he heard was handsome, and witty; but he went to his Travels before it could be known, whether she was either so; that he had never had any Love for her: I had a great mind to let my Mother know this, for I knew she was scrupulous in such things, and would not consent to Marry me to a Man, that had any engagement to another; but I was loath to do it, without his leave, since he was so sincere as to tell it me, and because I was afraid to exasperate him. I took a great deal of Pains to flatter him into a compliance; I told him my Mother could not have the worse Opinion of him for it, since it was a thing done when he was so young, and that he could have no other Reason to hinder him, now that he had no design upon me, which if he had, I should find other ways to disappoint them, tho' perhaps they might make me more uneasy. At last, with much difficulty he agreed to it, and when I told it to my Mother, I found her affected as I wish'd, which when *Antonio* knew, he fetched a great Sigh, and only said, *Have I lost all my hope then, Madam?*, and so went away extreamly discomposed. A while after he came to take leave of us, and said his Father had sent for him in haste, to go to his own Country; but he told me in private, that he could stay no longer in a place, where he grew every day more and more unhappy; and that now he had resolved to leave it: He could not forbear telling me, that he had only concealed his Love all this while, to get into my Favour, and in hopes of finding something which might give him hopes.

But since I had now deprived him of all, he would not encrease his Misery, by seeing every day the Objects of his Love, and of his Hate, his cruel Mistress, and his happy Rival. I am told his Father presses him extreamly to Marry, being his only Son, but he waves it. I should think I had given you a Description of a Miracle of Constancy in spight of Rigours and Absence; but that in this Age, kindness is a more effectual way to cure Love; an unlucky thing, since no body will attempt it, that has that design; but I, (or Fortune for me,) found you see, a less dangerous way to free my self, with more ease than I could hope, and I think it is time to deliver you now, and give you a little respite till next Post, when you may expect the continuance of the History of

OLINDA.



L E T.



## LETTER VI.

F I did not know to the contrary by my own Experience ; you wou'd make me believe, that Friendship and Love can't be contain'd in one Breast. Is it possible you can be so much taken up with *Ambria*, that you have not time enough to tell me of it ; and that in this Solitude, I should hear of *Cleander's* Affairs from two or three, before I knew any thing of 'em from himself : They tell me you are every day with your New Mistress, and that you are well receiv'd there. I should be pleas'd with it, if I did not fear, instead of finding two Friends, to lose that one, whose Friendship I prefer to all other things : But you'll make me almost Jealous of her if you don't write quickly, for this is my fourth since I've heard from you. Tell me *Cleander*, you that search into the Nature of things, that know the Passions of Men ; how they are form'd in the Soul, and by what means, and what Degrees they rise ; tell me how I may give that Awe, that Fear, or that Respect which I hear often talk'd of, that makes Men not dare to tell a Woman that they love her. Is it the Grave, the Sour, the Proud, or modest Looks ? Or is there no such thing, but in Songs and Romances ? For my part, I could never meet with it ; and tho' perhaps there is some Pleasure in being belov'd, I cannot endure to be told of it, unless by the Language of the Eyes, or so ; for that we need not understand : But there's nothing so dull, or so troublesome to me, as a declar'd Lover : This Re-

Reflection was occasion'd by an Adventure happen'd to me two days ago; a Stripling of Eighteen, whose Father and Mother had been Servants in the Family where I am, said to one in the House (who told me) that he was in Love with me, and after had the Insolence to tell me himself, that he was in Love; *But you little think with whom, Madam*, added he; and just as he was going to finish his Declaration, by good Fortune he was call'd away: Can any thing be more provoking? Teach me where to place my Anger, on the Men, or on my self. *Antonio* was bashful to a Fault in other things, and yet he did not fear to say all he thought, and it may be more to me. *Cloridon*, who treated me with the highest Respect imaginable, discover'd his Love to me, as soon as he knew it himself; and many have pretended it, that never felt any, at least for me. The last indeed had encouragement enough, not to repent of what he had done, and Reason not to despair of any thing he could ask; so that after being two Years contented with my Love, he resolv'd to put it to the Trial, and begun to pretend to Favours, with all the Arguments he could invent, or find, to perswade me of the innocence and lawfulness of what he ask'd: You may find what influence they had upon me by the following Lines, which he sent me in a Letter next day.

## I.

**N**O T one kind Word, not one relenting Look?  
The harsh, the cruel Doom to mitigate?  
Your Native Sweetness, ev'n your Eyes forsook;  
They shin'd, but in the fiercest form of Hate.

## II. It's

II.

Is't Honour does these Rigid Laws impose ;  
That will no sign of gentleness allow ;  
That tells you 'tis a Crime to pity Foes,  
And bids you all the utmost Rigour show ?

III.

All Praise the Judge, unwilling to Condemn,  
Where Clemency with Justice long Debates :  
But he who Rig'rously insults, we blame,  
And think the Man more than his Sin, he hates.

IV.

Dare I my Judge accuse of Cruelty ?  
When at her Feet she saw her Slave implore,  
With hasty Joy she gave the sad Decree :  
I hate you, and will never see you more.

V.

Ay ! 'tis too plain, the false Olinda's pleas'd  
To see the Captive's Death her Eyes had made :  
As what she wish'd, she the Occasion seiz'd ;  
No Sigh a kind Reluctancy betray'd.

VI.

If you intend to try your Power or Skill,  
A Nobler way pursue the great Design :  
The meanest Wretch on Earth knows how to kill ;  
But to preserve from Death's an Act Divine.

## VII.

*Like Heav'n, you with a Breath can Recreate  
 Your Creature, that without you does not Live :  
 Say that you Love, and you r'voke my Fate ;  
 And I'm Immortal if you can forgive.*

## VIII.

*My fiercest Wishes you shall then restrain,  
 And Love that tramples o'er my Heart subdue :  
 What doubt can of your mighty Pow'r remain,  
 When ever that submits and yields to you ?*

I believe I spoke from my Heart, when I told him I hated him ; I'm sure I thought so then, when I saw him whom I believ'd to have an Esteem and Respect for me, act as if he had neither. I said the most violent things I could imagine against him, and left him without the least Reluctancy : But my Rage, or Hate, was soon converted to a Quiet Stupid Grief, that overwhelm'd my Soul, and left me not the Power of easing it the common way, in Tears or Complaints. I saw that I must resolve never to see him again, whatever it made me endure : And in fine, I saw all that could make me unhappy, without any hopes of a Remedy ; for tho' he writ to me often to beg my Pardon, and Vow'd a thousand times he wou'd not be guilty of the same fault again, tho' he were sure to be successful ; yet I prevail'd with my self absolutely to refuse to see him, with more Resolution than I thought my self capable of ; for I consider'd it was dangerous to trust him, notwithstanding his Protestations, since he had broke his Word before : And I don't know if I had not some Reason to distrust my self, after ha-

ving

ving gone so far, as not only to suffer him to talk to me of his Love, but to own mine to him. When he saw this would not do, he had recourse to his old way of Writing upon Business ; but the Letter came first to my Hands, and so I stifled it, and said nothing of it to my Mother. A Week after a Porter came to me, and said he was sent by the Countess of ——— who desir'd me to go immediately to her Lodgings, for she had something of great Consequence to tell me ; and that he left her at a place where she had Din'd, but she was just going home. Away I went, and when they told me she was not at home, I thought she would not fail of being there presently, and went up Stairs to Stay for her : When I came into the Room, I saw *Cloridon* there, and wou'd have retir'd ; but he civilly hinder'd me, and told me, he was waiting for his Cousin (for this Lady was nearly related to him) whom he expected to come in very soon ; but 'twas a great happiness I came before, and more than he cou'd have hop'd for from Fortune ; for at first he pretended it was Chance brought us together there ; but he knew I must find it out, and so to prevent my discovering it to the Lady, he told me, that coming to Visit her, and not finding her at Home ; it came into his thoughts to send for me in her Name ; for he knew that she us'd to visit me, and often desir'd me to go abroad with her, or to bear her Company at home ; so that he hop'd he might succeed without being suspected. I was in great confusion, and very angry at the Trick he had put upon me ; and yet I could not but be a little pleas'd at it too. I lov'd to see him, and was glad of an opportunity to give him his Pardon, which I did, but made a Vow never to consent to meet him in private, tho' he begg'd it upon his Knees above an Hour, and said he would not rise till I had granted it : I suppose he was not so good as his Word ; but I left him.

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him in that posture, and before I went away, and charg'd him not to write to me any more. This Interview serv'd but to increase my melancholy; I indulg'd it a long time, and thought upon nothing but what foorth'd and added to it: But at length considering the occasion of my misfortune, it represented it self to me, not only as my Folly, but my Crime; and then I concluded it must be a Crime to grieve for the loss of that, which 'twas a Crime to Love; and so fix'd a resolution of overcoming my Passion, which I endeavour'd to do by Reason, and by Diversions. Had I had you my Friend to assist me with your Counsels, I had found it much less difficult; but now I had the strongest part of my self to Combat without any Aid: I often gave Ground, and sometimes suffer'd my self to be vanquish'd by the bewitching Reflections of what unequall'd Satisfactions I had found in his Company, and how many happy hours I enjoy'd with him; but some good Thought would rouse my Soul to strive again, and then the Victory was mine. I find by Experience 'tis but bravely, heartily, and thoroughly Resolving upon a thing, and 'tis half done: There's no Passion, no Temptation so strong, but Resolution can overcome: All is to be able to Resolve; there's the Point, for one must lose a little of the first Ardour before one can do that; and many of our Sex have ruin'd themselves, for want of time to think. 'Tis not a constant settled purpose of Virtue will do; there must be particular Resolutions for a particular Attack; 'Tis easie enough to say, no Man shall prevail with me to do an ill thing; the difficulty is, such a Man shall not; he that I love, he that 'tis Death for me to deny any thing to: There I got the better of my self, and as last attain'd to a calm serenity of Mind, which I have enjoy'd ever since, as much as can be expected in such a World as this; and which nothing

nothing can disturb, if you continue to have that Friendship for me which you have profess'd, and which your Silence makes me almost doubt of; but there's hardly any thing I could not more easily believe, than that *Cleander* is False or Inconstant. Write quickly, for I am impatient to know the Cause of this unkindness to

*Your constant Friend,*

OLINDA.



## LETTER VII.

Mbrisia's Cruel, Coy, Disdainful, and you  
believe she hates you; and yet *Ambrisia*  
took occasion at Play to impose upon  
you as a Penance, not to write for a  
Month to one she believ'd you lov'd. If this had  
been another's Case, you wou'd have discover'd that  
*Ambrisia*'s Jealous. Trust me, she loves you, and  
only puts on the usual Disguises of Women as sin-  
cere as she is; and give me leave to justifie her,  
and the rest of our Sex in that Case: You have  
learn'd so well to feign Love, when you have none,  
that 'tis very hard to discern Art from Nature;  
and 'tis but reasonable we should be allow'd the  
less Guilty part of concealing ours, till we can  
know whether you are sincere: Besides, we know  
those things are most valu'd, that are obtain'd  
with most difficulty; and your natural Inconstan-  
cy gives us Reason to use all means to make you  
prize us as much as we can. Your selves too, en-  
courage

courage us in it, for you despise a Woman that's easily gain'd, tho' you rail at the Dissembler; and we can't begin to love just when you would have us; so that both for our own sake and yours, 'tis sometimes necessary to deceive you: And I believe I may add, that there is a Natural Modesty in some Women, that makes 'em ashame'd to own their Love. Mr. Dryden in his *State of Innocence*, gives our Mother *Eve* a little of that; tho' some are of Opinion, it had its Birth from your faithlessness; and that if you had not been false, we had never been shie. If it be so, don't you think we have Reason to be cautious in a thing of such Weight; But I need not take such pains to defend this Cause, for mine was a Fault on the other hand, a too easie discovery of my Love: And to speak the Truth, whatever we are accus'd of, I believe that's the more general one. 'Tis only those that are as Wise as your Mistress, that can have so much Command over themselves, as to be guilty of the 'tother; tho' if she knew you as well as I do, she wou'd find that she has no need to make use of any Arts to try you, or to preserve you: However don't despair, the Mask will soon fall off. You have Reason to wonder at my breaking off with *Orontes*, since by what I have told you, *Cloridan* cou'd be no occasion of it: But suspend your amazement a little, tho' my Misfortunes ended at Seventeen, my Adventures did not, and several things have happenn'd to me in the Year I have pass'd since, which you are yet a Stranger to. You neither know how my Acquaintance begun with *Orontes*, nor why it ended. In the beginning of last Summer, when I was endeavouring to divert my Love and Grief, I went with a Lady to see a Play: She was not in humour to Drefs, and would needs have me go *Incognito*; and as we were coming out of the Play-House, we were seiz'd upon by two Sparks, who swore they would  
not

not part with us ; but that either we should Sup with them, or they wou'd go with us. We did not know how to be rid of these Impertinents, but we saw, if we took Coach, we could not hinder them from going into it ; so we resolv'd to walk to our Mantua-maker, who liv'd hard by ; and when we went in they left us, as we thought : but a quarter of an hour after, they came up Stairs, and tho' we were very angry at the Rudeness, yet they staid a pretty while ; and he that had at first apply'd himself to the other Lady, was very pressing to be acquainted with her ; but my Spark sat down just opposite to me without saying a Word, only sometimes desir'd his Friend to go away ; which after he had plagu'd us half an Hour, they did : The next Week I went to Tunbridge with my Mother ; and the first sight I saw at the Wells, was this Gentleman : He came towards us very respectfully, and said he was very glad of this opportunity of begging my Pardon, for the Insolence he had been guilty of ; he hop'd the Lady who was with us, whom he had the Honour to know, would intercede for him. She that was in the Country with us, and who you know is an intimate Friend of ours, happen'd to be very well acquainted with him ; and when we came home, she told me that his Name was Orones ; that he was a Gentleman who had but a small Fortune ; but to repair it, he was Marry'd to a rich Widow above Threescore and ten ; that tho' she was very ill Natur'd, he was the best Husband in the World to her, but he would take his pleasure abroad sometimes, and she was extreamly Jealous. He came to visit this Lady, and entreated her to carry him to see me ; for he said he was sensible of the Affront he had given me the first time he saw me, and that he was very desirous of some Occasion to serve me ; and he thought himself obliged to tell me so, and to seek all Opportunities

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ties of doing it. She consented to it; and he  
came often to see us, and was very obliging to  
us. I will let you know my thoughts of him, be-  
cause you can tell me if they are just; for he said  
he was not the same Man with me as with any  
Body else: He seem'd to me to have Wit enough,  
but 'twas rough and unpolish'd; nothing of that  
Politeness which renders a Man agreeable in Con-  
versation. After the common Theams of the Wea-  
ther, and News were discuss'd, playing at Cards,  
or taking the Air, were certainly propos'd: But I  
have heard, that in other places he was very en-  
tertaining, and had a hundred pleasant Stories to  
divert the Company. What can be the reason of  
this? I am sure he stood in no awe of me; as his  
future Actions shew'd; and he always told me his  
Thoughts freely, but plain and blunt, without  
giving 'em the turn of Gallantry, which is ne-  
cessary to take; and yet he could not want Breed-  
ing, for he always convers'd with People of the  
First Quality. The Manner is often more look'd  
upon than the Thing; and tho' I'm as little plea-  
sed with Forms as any Woman, yet in some things  
'tis the essential part; there are few Men, whose  
Esteem or Respect I covet; but I would have all  
Men keep that distance with me, as if I gave 'em  
Awe; but I could never obtain it of 'em; tho'  
none ever gave me so much occasion to lament it  
as *Orontes*. Once, when he was at our Lodging,  
my Mother was talking of a Journey she design'd  
the next day about Ten Miles off, where she was  
to stay all Night: He asked me if I went with  
her: I said No; and desired my Mother to return  
as soon as she could; because I should be alone  
till then. It seems (as he told me since) he had  
made an Appointment with a particular Friend of  
his about Business of Importance; but having  
been long desired to see me alone, he would not  
neglect

neglect this Occasion, and sent him an Epistolary Excuse in these Words :

*My Wife thinks I am with you; but Olinda told me she shall be alone to day, and I don't know when I shall meet with so favourable an Opportunity; so that you must excuse me; but I'll certainly see you to-morrow.*

His Wife, being always suspicious of Letters she did not read, went to the Post-House after this: They made no scruple to give it her; because they knew 'twas one of their Servants had brought it; and when she had read it, she went home in all haste, and had her Husband dog'd to my Lodgings. When he came there he told me, that the first time he saw me, he lik'd my Shape and Mien, and was extreamly taken with my Face, that he durst not so much as ask me Pardon whilst he saw me so angry; and that since he was acquainted with me, my Humour had charm'd him so, that he could be content to leave all the World for me: And then, Laughing, ask'd me, If I could live with him, and he would keep me a Coach, and let me want nothing I could desire: I rally'd with him till he begun to talk more seriously, and then I check'd him for his Insolence; but it had no effect upon him; And when he saw that neither Promises nor Intreaties could move me, and that Opportunity favour'd him, he resolved to try what Violence would do; he had sent our Servant a Mile off for to fetch some Fruit, which, he said, was the best about the Country; and we were in a back Room near no Body in the House, so that I was in great Fear; however I made all the noise and Resistance I could, and was happily delivered by his old Lady's coming in: She might easily perceive we were both in Confusion, tho' she hardly gues'd the true Cause; and I was so good natur'd as not to tell it her. When she rail'd, we bore it with a great deal of Patience, and indeed

indeed I wonder'd at his Moderation : I really thought he would have let her beat me to revenge his Cause ; but he was not so much a Brute, he hinder'd her, and very civilly led her away. The next day I saw him at the Wells, and whilst my Company was Rassing, he took the opportunity to talk with me, though I avoided him with all the Diligence I could. *Don't frown upon me, Olinda, says he, you ought to forgive me ; Repentance is all that Heaven requires, and I never in my Life did an Action that troubled me so much ; but if you have not good Nature enough to pardon me upon that, I must say something to excuse my self : If I believ'd you Virtuous before, it must be by an implicit Faith ; but the way to be sure was to try it ; and now I shall always admire that Virtue I could not subdue : Why then should you be angry with me any longer than my Fault remains ?* Though I had a little Prejudice against him, I thought he spoke with more Eloquence, and a better Grace, than ever I heard him before ; it may be his Concern inspir'd him ; but 'twas to little purpose, for I was inexorable. I told him, *I did not think him worth my Anger, and should easily forgive him, upon Condition he would never see me any more : No, Madam, said he, I'd rather see you angry, than not see you at all : But in spight of me, he visited us often ; but I always entertain'd him with a coldness that did not much please him, though no Body else perceiv'd it.* We came to Town in the beginning of September, and he was once at our House, and found me alone : He began to talk of a violent Passion he had for me ; but I stop'd him, and said, *That was not a Discourse fit for me to hear from him.* I commanded him to leave me ; and told him if he ever came there again, I wou'd be deny'd to him. He obey'd me, and I did not see him again till November. He came in Mourning, and told us he had had the misfortune to bury his Wife. He Writ to my Mother to desire her leave

to make his Addresses to me ; which she gave him, and then he appear'd a declar'd Lover. I was so us'd to receive him with Anger and Disdain, that though I had not the same Reason now, I did not change my Behaviour to him ; and for four Months my Mother let me take my own way, without speaking one word of *Orontes* to me : Either she design'd to observe what I wou'd do of my self, or she did not think it fit to talk of my Marrying him so soon after his Wife's Death ; but when she saw I slighted him so long, she said to me one day, What do you mean Child, to receive with equal indifference all the Proposals that are made to you ? Do you resolve to lead a single Life ? I should approve of the choice in one of a better Fortune ; but you must conform your self to yours, and consider that I am not able to maintain you. If you don't hate *Orontes*, I will have you Marry him, he has given so great proof of his being a good Husband, that you can't fear he will be otherwise to you ; he is Handsome enough, and very Rich ; I believe he loves you, and in fine, I think you may be as happy with him as with any Man ; therefore, don't be obstinately bent against your own good. He came in at the same time, and seconded this command of my Mothers with Intreaties and Complaints. I had no Aversion for him, and since my Circumstances wou'd oblige me to Marry, and that I knew I could never love any Man ; I thought it might as well be he as any other ; so in some time after I yielded, and the Wedding-day was appointed to be the Sixteenth of May last. How do you think 'tis possible to avoid it now ; but many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip. You are to know that *Orontes*'s Estate lay near a fine Seat of *Cloridon*'s, which he often retir'd to ; so that they were acquainted, and much together ; and that *Orontes* went to his Country House to make

190 *Olinda's Adventures: Or,*  
make some Preparations a Week before the design-  
ed Marriage. *Cloridon* told him he was extreamly  
pleas'd to see him there; for they had made a  
match for Hunting five or six days after with  
some Friends of his, that were wishing for him.  
I must beg your Pardon my Lord, *says he*, that I  
cannot stay so long; for I have business that will  
call me to *London* sooner. If it be not of great  
importance, *return'd he*, pray let me prevail with  
you to stay. 'Tis not to be deferr'd my Lord, I  
am to be Marry'd. Marry'd, cry'd my Lord, pri-  
thee what Madness possesses thee, so lately freed,  
to bind thy self again without any necessity for it?  
What Bait next, not another old Rich crabbed  
Widow, I hope? I have made a better Choice  
now, *answer'd Oron tes*: She has Youth and Good-  
ness I'm sure; and I have Money enough for us  
both. You are in the Right, *Reply'd Cloridon*; but  
may I know her Name. You knew her Father my  
Lord, *says he*, and then Sir *Martin Marrall* told him  
whose Daughter I was. And are you engag'd to her,  
*Cloridon* ask'd? She has promis'd to marry me the  
16th of this Month, *said Oron tes*, and therefore my  
Lord, I hope you wont take it ill if I leave you  
upon so weighty an Affair. *Cloridon* was not in  
humour of making many Compliments; but he  
ask'd abundance of Questions, of the beginning  
and progres of his Love, and how I had us'd him  
all the time; but he could not much boast of my  
Favour, which pleas'd *Cloridon*, and encourag'd  
him to endeavour to break off the Match. He told  
*Orontes* he should be oblig'd to go to *London* that  
day, but he would come back again before he went  
away; so he left him, and immediately took his  
Journey; and as soon as he arriv'd, came to our  
Lodgings, where he found my Mother and I to-  
gether. Judge of my surprize at this Sight, my  
first Thoughts were of *Orontes*; I sigh'd when I  
compar'd 'em with one another, and had a thou-  
sand

said different thoughts which I know not what to make of. *Cloridon* Addressing himself to my Mother, *said*, Madam, I am come to beg a Favour of you, which I should hardly have the Confidence to ask, if the whole satisfaction of my life did not depend upon it. My Mother told him, that she could not refuse any thing to one whom she ow'd so much to; and that she should think her self happy if she could serve him in a thing which he said concern'd him so nearly. He return'd some Compliments, and then desir'd her to hear him out with Patience, which she promis'd, and he begun, I have a long time had a great Love and Respect for your Daughter, and would have given all the World to have seen her sometimes; but she refus'd it me; and I bore her Rigour without Murmuring, in hopes the time would come when I could tell her I lov'd her without offending her Virtue: But I can't live when I have lost that hope, and therefore am come to beg you not to marry *Olinda*, as I am told you design; and I will make her Fortune greater than what she can expect from *Orontes*. How, my Lord, *interrupted* my Mother, what strange Proposition is this you make me? Be not angry with me, or fear me, *continu'd he*, for the moment you grant what I intreat of you, I will leave you, and never desire to see *Olinda* again, as long as I continue in the Condition I am in; But 'twill be a great Happiness for me to think, that she may one Day be mine; and to be assur'd she will never be any others; and if she be not chang'd, or that I am not much mistaken in her, she will not be averse to it. He was in the right, for though I was never an Enemy to Marriage, yet I always preferr'd a single Life to it; and I found enough of my stifled Flame revive to make my Wishes comply with his. When my Mother saw me much inclin'd to it, and knowing I had only consented to marry *Orontes* in compli-  
ance

ance of her ; she began to think of it as a thing might be done, but that she had given her Word to *Orontes*, and could not go back from it. But *Cloridon* told her, she need not be in any Fault in that, if she wou'd but make use of the occasion would be given her to break off with *Orontes* without Examining further. She made some other Objections, but he Answer'd them all, and upon his Knees Swore, that if I Married *Orontes*, neither he nor my Husband would survive it : So partly out of fear of what might happen, and partly out of inclination to oblige him, and willingness to please me, my Mother consented. *Cloridon* begg'd leave to talk with me, before he took his last leave, which he did, and made me some little tender Reproaches, for having resolv'd to Marry ; which I answer'd with a more reserv'd Kindness than I had sometimes done ; and that was the Subject of many Letters he sent me since ; for he often writes to me. Two Days before we were to be Marry'd, *Orontes* was to come to Town, which *Cloridon* knew, and had provided half a dozen Soldiers to seize upon him in the King's Name, (for he was suspected for an Enemy to the Government.) They did so, and told him they were commanded to keep him a close Prisoner in a House hard by, till further Order. He would fain have Writ, but they would not let him, for they said they had Orders to the contrary. There they kept him a Week, and we wonder'd we heard nothing of him, not knowing what methods were us'd to hinder us ; and to avoid seeing our Friends, who would enquire the Reason, we thought it best to retire hither, this being a private Place. When *Cloridon* knew I was out of Town, he went himself to free him, and told him things had been misrepresent'd, and he had been wrong'd ; but in requital he would procure him any Employment he would name ; but he did not accept it. When he

he came to enquire for me, no Body could tell him where I was: But a Friend with whom I had left such Orders, told him, that I had taken it so ill, that he should slight me so far, as neither to come, nor to send to me, in so long time, that whatever he could say for himself, I wou'd never forgive him, nor so much as hear him. He was no doubt troubled at it, but he was not a Man to take any thing much to Heart; and *Cloridon* knowing he had not dealt very fairly by him, was very desirous to oblige him some other way: And indeed he did him a .very considerable Service not long after, for he was really accus'd privately to the King of a Plot, which wou'd have cost him his Life, if *Cloridon* had not taken a great deal of pains to free him, more than he could have expected in such a ticklish Affair as that; and had like to become himself suspected by it: So that I think he has been more his Friend in saving his Life, than he was his Enemy in taking his Mistress from him. This is, *Cleander*, the true Cause of my Retirement, which is very agreeable to me, whilst I hear often from you, and whilst *Cloridon* continues to think of me. I have sent you a Copy of Verses which he writ to me just after I came hither.

*Nor cou'd my Rival, when those Charms  
By thee were destin'd to his Arms,  
Be half so bless'd as I, to find  
The lovely Nun for me Confin'd:  
Nor when of all that Bliss bereav'd,  
He saw his full-blown hopes deceiv'd,  
Cou'd be so curst as I to see  
My self Exil'd from Heav'n in thee.  
Strange Contradiction in my Fate,  
At once a blest and wretched State:  
But who — what Lover wou'd not choose  
Thus to gain all, tho' all be lose?*

*So Merchants strive their Lives to save,  
Threaten'd by ev'ry Wind and Wave,  
And see with joy the long'd for Coast,  
Tho' all they ventur'd for is lost.*

Cloridon has just sent me word that Orontes is dead of the Small-Pox; so that I shall come to Town sooner than I design'd. The expectation of seeing you pleases me extreamly; for tho' I find a great satisfaction in conversing with you by Letters; yet 'tis not so full and perfect at this distance, as when I am with you. I can't tell you my Thoughts so well, nor know yours; a Question suddenly started, or sometimes a Look, will discover more to me than you know of your self; and I would know you not as you seem to the World, or what you think of your self, but what you are; for though you are more sincere than other Men, yet there is no Man but deceives the World in some things, and himself in more; and therefore to be a good Man, 'tis absolutely necessary to have a true Friend; and since you have made choice of me, I can only attone for my want of other Qualifications, by my Fidelity, which you may always rely upon. Will not the World, when they see so tender, so constant an Affection betwixt us, be convinced of that receiv'd Error, that there can be no such intimacy betwixt two of different Sexes without the Passion of Love; In us I'm sure they can't suspect it; when they see you have so much Love for Ambrisia, and me so forward to promote its being reciprocal. I wish it may have that Effect, that the Women may no longer scruple to bestow their Friendship upon a Worthy Man, for fear of misconstructions; both Sexes will find their Advantages by it. Yours is more capable to instruct and form our Minds, than the wifest of our own; and ours will be more apt to curb that

Licen-

*The Amours of a Young Lady.* 195

Licentiousness, which Men usually encourage one another in : And what happiness will it be for us, to see our selves the Instruments of all the Men's becoming Good, and all the Women Wise ? (A more extraordinary Reformation than *Luther's.*) Let our Friendships then be so Exemplary, that all may emulate, and wish to live like us ; and by endeavouring, find that there's a purer and more solid Satisfaction one moment with a Friend, than Ages thrown away upon the Gallantries, which so take up the Hearts, and steal the Hours of our Youth. Adieu *Cleander,* correct the Errors of my Life with a gentle Hand of Friendship, and always be as much my Friend as I am yours,

*OLINDA.*



F f \*

LETTER



## LETTER VIII.

## Olinda to Cloridon.

*In Answer to a Letter which he sent her with the Copy of Verses in the sixth of the foregoing ones.*

IS not an Hour ago since I believ'd I  
hated you: I thought I could have rail'd  
at you, have call'd you base, seducer of  
my Honour, Traytor, that under a pre-  
tence of Love, design'd my Ruin; but Ah! those  
tender Excuses which you sent me, soon disco-  
ver'd the mistake, and show'd me it was only  
Angry Love, that so Transported me: And now  
'tis turn'd to as violent a Grief, which wou'd fain  
ease it self in Complaints: But I am so wretched,  
that even that poor Comfort is deny'd me; for  
who can I complain to, when in lamenting my  
Misfortune I must expose our Crime: For yours  
my Lord, has involv'd me in the guilt; and all  
those thoughts and Actions, which were innocent  
before, must be condemn'd as the Causes of such  
ill Effects: For if I had never lov'd you, or if  
I had never own'd it, nor consented to see you,  
you had not desir'd any thing of me that could  
shock my Virtue: Now, I can't think of 'em  
without

without Shame and Anger. That Love which  
shin'd before so Pure and Bright, appears now the  
Blackest thing in Nature ; and I hate my self for  
not hating you ; for I own (tho' I blush in own-  
ing) that I love you still ; Nay, I believe that I  
forgive you too ; but I must never, never see you  
more : No, though you swear you Repent, and  
that you would not repeat your Crime, if you  
were certain of success. Would not you believe  
I should as easily Pardon your breach of this Vow,  
as I did the last, which you made me as solemnly ?  
Yes, you would, my Lord, and I should be betray'd  
to things I never thought of yet : For all is solid,  
convincing Reason that you speak ; and I should  
soon believe any thing you would have me.  
Curse on that fond Credulity that first deceiv'd  
me into a belief, that 'twas no Sin to love you.  
Yet sure it could not be an unpardonable Fault,  
to value one that so infinitely deserves it : To  
Love, to See, and Talk with one whose Conver-  
sation is so Charming as yours ; and that was all  
I wish'd. All that know you do the same ; Why  
then am I more guilty ? Ah ! If your Fame had  
been as pure as mine, we had both been Happy and  
Innocent ; so innocent, that she, that happy she, who  
claims all your love as her due, (even she, I think, if  
she had known our Hearts) could not have been of-  
fended at it : But who is there, the most uninte-  
rested, that would not now condemn us ; Nay,  
the most Partial could not excuse us ; even we  
should blame our selves. Why will you then im-  
portune me still to see you ; ask me no more,  
what I dare never grant ; and believe ——————  
but you know, 'tis not unkindness makes me Re-  
fuse you : You know I must be Wretched in your  
Absence ; yet think me easie and satisfied, if it  
will contribute any thing to your quiet ; or ra-  
ther don't think of me at all. Let us make our  
selves as happy as we can ; I will endeavour to

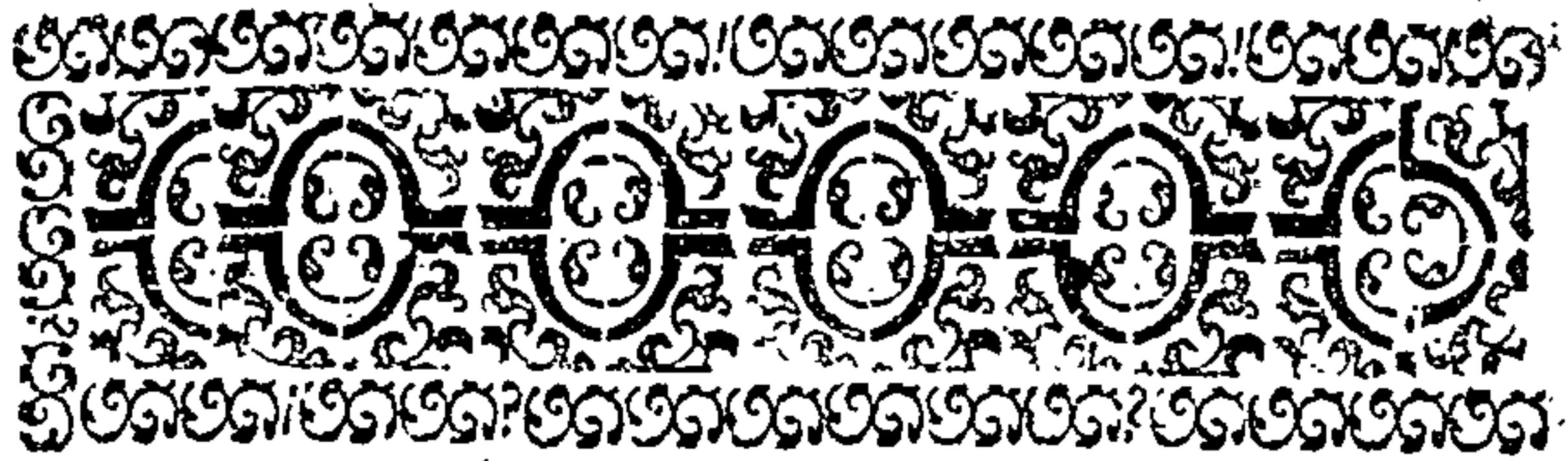
forget you; don't write to me, if you love me well enough to forbear it: And if you can cease to love me, without hating me; for I don't find I have force enough to bear so great a misfortune, which is the only one can add to the weight of those which have already almost sunk

*The Poor*

OLINDA.



LOVE.



## LOVE-LETTERS

BY

Gentlemen and Ladies.

By Mr. ——— to Madam ———

## LETTER I.



Had a mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrell'd with me 'tother Night, at the —— or not; and therefore writing to you Yesterday, I find now that you are angry at something; but may I be *discarded* if I know the Reason: If you have made a Quarrel on my approving ——, I beg your *Pardon*, and shall henceforth do *Violence* to my own *Reason*, and contradict *Mankind* to agree with you; 'tis hard to find any *Sympathy* in *Hearts*, where there's such *Contrariety* in *Opinions*.

I shall therefore, *Madam*, henceforth square my Sentiments to yours in every thing ; and if you will quarrel without a Cause, I will oblige you, and do so too. Your uneasiness, *Madam*, wrongs either your own Charms or my Sincerity ; either of which is a sensible Abuse to me. 'Tis a hard Fate, that you can't *love* and be *easie*, and I can't *desist* and *live* ; but I can *die* to make you *happy* ; an ill-natur'd Line or two does the Business ; for I cannot bear the *Spleen*, the *Rheumatism*, and *your Displeasure* at once. So, *Madam*, strike now, and for ever quit your self of an unfortunate Man, who has but one Hand, which he thinks sufficient, since he can thereby ever own himself

Yours,



## To the Same.

*Madam,*

*Sunday Morning.*

Ext to my *Prayers*, I must address my *Devotions* to you ; to you whom I have offended, and to whom I must offer a *penitential Sacrifice*, if an *Oblation* of a *bleeding Heart* can make any *Atonement* for my *Sin*, I offer it freely. Heaven is merciful, and so should you be ; I dare not approach, without your *Permission* : If you will Sign my *Pardon*, in a Line from your *dear Hand*, expect me with all the Joy of a repriev'd *Malefactor*. I am, *Madam, happy, or miserable, as you please to make me.*

To



## To the Same.

What shall I say to the *dearest Woman* upon  
Earth ! Were my Thoughts common, how  
easily might they be express'd ! But the Ex-  
pression like the enjoyment in Love, is lost  
by a too ardent Desire ; my *Soul* plumes it self in the  
secret Pride of being belov'd by you ; and upon so  
just a Foundation of valuing my self, who can ac-  
cuse me of Vanity ? I can no more *compliment* what  
I *love*, than I can *flatter* what I *hate* ? and there-  
fore when I tell you, that your *Charms* are more  
and more engaging, and my Love improving, be-  
lieve it for a Truth ; hear my *Wish*, and then con-  
clude me happy.

O ! cou'd I find (grant Hear'n that once I may )  
*A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay ;*  
*Whose Love shou'd blaze unsully'd and divine,*  
*Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine :*  
*Free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,*  
*For my own sake Affecting only me.*  
*What a blest Union both our Souls should join !*  
*I hers alone, as she was only mine ;*  
*Blest in her Arms, I should immortal grow,*  
*Whilst in return I made my Celia so.*  
*Sweet generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,*  
*I'd Write for Love, and she should Love for Verse :*  
*Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,*  
*Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.*  
*She shou'd transcend all that e'er went before,*  
*Her Praises, like her Beauty, shou'd be more :*

My Verse shou'd soar so high, the world shou'd see,  
 I sung of her, and Celia smil'd on me:  
 The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,  
 At once my Theam and Inspiration too :  
 Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.

{ S

I went abroad Yesterday Morning about Seven, and return'd about One this Morning, slept till past Eight, then arose to tell you, that I dreamt of you all the time, and that I am your own.



### To the Same.

Y Heavens and Earth (my Dearest) I am ty'd Neck and Heels with Wine and Company ! All the Spells of Love can't undo the *Charm* : Besides, my Dear, I am almost fudled ; I shall stay here at the *Rose* till towards Eleven ; It will be a tedious Walk to go Home to Night, considering that you lie upon the same Floor with the Door : It is not impossible, methinks, for a Man of so much *Love* to slip in *Incognito*. Your —— is with me, there will will be a double Pleasure in deceiving him, and being happy in my dear one's Arms ; I shall call at the Door, and see whether the Coast be clear : However, this, if it succeeds, will make me the happiest upon Earth — ; however my Dear, run no Hazard that may expose you ; but consider, my Dear, the eager Wishes of the faithullest, and most loving of Mankind.

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## To the Same.

F I did not *Love*, I would not beg, and  
I if ever you *lov'd*, you'll grant my *Pardon* :  
Your Letter, *Madam*, has tormented me  
more than all the *Favours* of your whole  
*Sex* besides can please *me* ; if I have *lost* you, I have  
*lost* my *self*, and shall be lost to all *Womankind* :  
My Letter last Night was written in heat of *Wine* ;  
so Men guilty of *Murder* in their *Drink*, repent it  
all their Lives ; mine is a greater Crime, for I  
have *Stabb'd* my *self*, pierc'd my own *Heart*, and  
now it bleeds with *Anguish* and *Despair*.

*Stabb'd* my own *Heart*, and pierc'd your *Image* ;  
there the remembrance of the Happiness I have  
enjoy'd, will now prove the greatest *Curse* ; the  
melting *Sighs*, the moving *Tears*, the *Joys*, the  
*Raptures* that mounted me to *Heaven*, now cast  
me down to *Hell* : I shall now turn Poet in good  
earnest ;

*And like poor Ovid, banish'd from his Rome,*  
*Curse that destructive Art that caus'd his Doom.*

In short, *Madam*, I am *Mad*, and if I think farther,  
I shall let the World see it. Revoke that word,  
*Eternal Silence*, or you make me eternally *Miserable*, for  
I am now the most *Disconsolate* of *Mankind*.



## To a Young LADY.

By another Hand.

*My Dearest Madam,*

OR so I must ever think you, I hope you  
got safe to *London*, and that your Indisposition is abated, which will be the means  
to make mine the more tolerable, since I  
can more easily bear mine own than yours: You  
expect I should tell you, how I am; and except-  
ing a little Melancholy, the Reason of which you  
know, I find my self tolerable, my Fever, I think,  
did not think fit to visit me last Night. I ramble  
out of one Room into another, now and then I  
let fall a Tear. I design to come to *London* on  
*Sunday* next, that my Heart and I, may be in the  
same Place; till then, believe me most entirely

*Yours.*



## To the Same.

CANNOT help telling my Dearest, how  
much I am hers, what Pleasure I have in  
her Company, what Pain in her Absence;  
to love her, is but to see her; and to value her, is only to know her: But pray my Dear  
Mrs. ——, forget not to drink some Chocolate  
with me to Morrow, that I may once say I spent

a *Sunday* well ; I am sure I shall have some good Thoughts in the Morning, because I shall think of you ; and when I do so, I shall think of one that I passionately Love, and that I hope is not unmindful of

*Hers.*



*To the Same.*

O convince you, I am not given to Change,  
regard but this piece of Paper, 'tis torn  
like my Heart at taking leave, and in  
such a Scrible as I usually write ; I am  
harsh in my Stile, negligent of my Ink,  
and not too exact in fashioning up my Letter, and  
cannot have the least Esteem for my self, when I  
reflect that I haye the Honour to be look'd upon  
as,

*Madam,*

*Your most Humble.*

*To*



## To the Same.

Dear Madam,

IS to you, I must always address to tell me  
how I do; 'tis no matter, tho' I shou'd find  
my self in Health; if your Frowns should  
tell me otherwise; know then, Madam, I  
languish or revive, as you smile or look out of Hu-  
mour; and though at present one would guess by  
my Hand-writing, that I am just at the point of  
Death; yet, I doubt not, but I shall live 'till to  
Morrow Evening, if you wou'd but promise at  
that time to come to

Tours.





*A Letter from a Lady to her Lover,  
in the French Army, with a  
Tuft of Hair inclosed in it.*

*Out of the French.*

---

By Dr. ——.

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SIR,

I have sent you a *Pattern* of what you formerly us'd to like so much, and cou'd wish the *whole* Piece with you: I long to see you, and am sorry that your *Honour* is dearer to you, than your *Mistress*, and that you prefer a Lodging in a *Trench*, to her *Arms*. I begin to complain of the *length* of the *Campagne*; but if it be true, that *one* of *these* inclosed in this Letter, can *draw* more than *six Horses*, I may have some hopes they'll *pull* you hither to me; at least *all* that's left of you, for I suppose you are too much a *Hero*, to bring back all your *Limbs* with you, or to have any thing *entire*, but your *Heart*, at your return to

*Yours.*

*To*

## To Madam C---ll.

Madam,

It is not without some Pains, Madam, that I have gathered the following Account, which if it proves not advantageous to me, it is at least very satisfactory, to know why I am *refus'd*: Because you don't *like me*. A very *substantial Reason*, I must confess; and the only one I believe, on which the *Virtue* of your *Sex* is grounded: For, Madam, I am satisfied, your *Fortress* is not *Impregnable*, and tho' you won't *Capitulate* with me, tho' I offer your own *Terms*, I know the *Man*, to whom you would *gladly Surrender* upon his. A *Song*, or an *amorous Copy* of *Love-Verses* would gain the Point: 'Tis strange, Madam, that you should be in *Love* with the *Sons* of the *Muses*; those *poor Rogues*, that can only pay, with empty *Breath*, what I, with *substantial Gold*, would *purchase*; and that used to be the most prevailing *Argument* with your *Sex*. Adsheart, Madam, half a Crown damns a *Poet* at any time, and for a Shilling, you may buy what he was puzzled his Brains about half a Year to Collect; then, pray where lies the *Curiosity*? Now, I should think, a little *Money*, or a little *Wit*, clean *Linnen*, and a sweet *Breath*, might be every jot as acceptable. I may reasonably suppose, your *Husband*, a *very Husband*; for Women are generally in Extreams, and your *Sickness* of the *Fool* is encreased to a Madness for a *Wit*. Now, Madam, I would advise you, to apply a *Medium* for your *Cure*, which you may find in your humble Servant: I am neither *Ideot* enough, to be called a *Driveller*; nor *Wit* enough, to set up for a *Poet*: Yet I'll venture a Wager

Wager, if you'll try, I can leave you as substantial as either. Consider, *Madam*, on this Advice, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in Practice: I shall expect your Answer, or you may expect the second Part of the same *Tune*. For in short, *Madam*, I *Love you*, and must, and will *Possess*: I am resolv'd not to be uneasy thus, when 'tis in your Power to give me *Ease*. I am, *Madam*, or will be wholly yours, and I hope to find one Day the same Conclusion, in a Letter from your dear self.

*Madam.*



## *Madam C----ll's Answer to-----*

Ou'd I value a Man upon his Fortune, I  
should condescend to Converse with a  
*Fool*, tho' by your *Assurance* and *Vanity*,  
one would take you for a *Wit*: My Con-  
versation with the *Sons* of the *Muses*, is purely for  
my *Diversion*; if I thought you had Sence enough  
to make me Sport, I would list you in the *Number*.  
I'm afraid the Product of your whole Life, won't  
amount to the Value of what you reckon a *Poet's*  
half Years Pains, unless it were to expose your  
self, which they can do better for you: You tell  
me, you have a *sweet Breath*, but how can that  
be a *sweet Breath*, which *Stinks* so *Rankly* of  
*Nonsense*? You propose a *little Money*, and a *little*  
*Wit*; but I scorn to be beholding to any Man  
for the former, and the latter I have it already,  
without the Arrogance of *Riches*, and the ill Man-  
ners of *Vanity*. My *Husband* knows me so well by  
my Company, and you so well by your *Letter*, that  
he has given me leave to Answer it; nay, command-  
ed

ed me, else I had left you a Prey to your *Concile* and *Vanity*; which in a little time, will make you fit for the *Stage*, and so make you good Company for *Women of Sence*.

Sir, I advise you to make your *Valet* transcribe your Letters for you, for your own hand Spells worse than a Whore.



### *His Answer to Mrs. C----].*

ON Answer, and by the *Husband's Command* too; better still, I hope you have *Wit* enough to make Advantage of the Liberty he gives you: Your Letter, Madam, shews you a *Woman of Sence*; and the *Scarceness* of that *Commodity* in your Sex, renders you the more agreeable: And it ought to be taken into consideration by the *Parliament*, to prevent the increase of Fools, that no one Man should engross a Person of *Wit* to himself: You are very severe, *Madam*; but no matter, I had rather be the subject of your Thought this way than not at all; for I may hope at last to convince you of the *Sincerity* of my *Passion*, and *Pity* is essential to your *Sex*. But, what am I doing! this is labouring to be a Fool indeed, and losing your Opinion of my *Vanity*; if you'll let me enter your List, *Madam*, under what Colours you please, I don't question coming off with Credit. And if you don't confess I have made you as good Sport as any of the *Parnassian Family*, I'll give you leave to *cashier* me the next *Moment*. I am glad to find such a Reformation in your *Sex*; but, I doubt, *Madam*, you'll hardly perswade many of 'em to be

be of your Mind: For I tell you, *Madam*, *Gold* is the *Womens God*; and there's scarce a *Dutchess* in this *Kingdom*, that can't find an use for a *superfluous Sum*, I deny your having *Wit* without *Vanity*; if you mean in your self, good *Manners* oblige me not to contradict you, tho' I have much ado to help reminding you of the following Line in the Letter; 'tis out, *Faith*, before I was aware, your Pardon for that: If you mean the *Lover*, I must tell you, *Madam*, that no *Poet* is without the *Vanity* of *ten thousand a Year*, and I'll warrant, to assert his own *Wit*, would venture to *Libel* a *Parliament-man* for *bissing* his *damn'd dull Plays*, tho' he had pick'd his *Pocket* of *half a Crown*. Look ye, *Madam*, I have no occasion to expose the *Product* of my *Brain*; the *Product* of my *Estate* is sufficient to afford me *Necessaries*; and that's more than your *Poetical Friends* can warrant from their spare *Diet* and hard *Study*. And to answer the *Postscript*, good *Spelling* is beneath a *Gentleman*; so much by way of Answer. Now, *Madam*, I wish I knew of what *Metal*, this good *Man* of yours is made; for I would fain be acquainted with him, 'tis the best way of Intriguing in the *World*: If he is a *Courtier*, *Flattery* makes him my *Friend*; if he's a *Citizen*, *Custom* in his *way of Trade*; if he serves the *King*, a *bribe* may do the *Business*; if a *Man below these*, a *hard Word*, and a *big Look* makes you mine; and if I once had *Possession*, you should find I had *Courage* enough to defend my own, though with all the *Submission* to you imaginable. For believe me, *Madam*, to be the sincerest of all your humble Servants.



## An Answer.

I'M very glad to hear, Sir, that you are a  
Member of Parliament, for by that means  
you may prefer a Bill in favour of my Sex,  
that may provide against the troublesome  
Suit of those we don't care for. Pray Sir, be kind  
to the D——— of N———; I don't think but an  
*Act of Resumption*, in case of a Wife may pass. If  
an *Act of Parliament* make a Cuckold, it may be of  
dangerous Consequence to all the *Husbands* in the  
*Nation*; for the Subjects will be for following the  
Example of the higher Powers. I imagine you to  
be of the *Court Party*, you understand a Bribe so  
well; but I can assure you my Husband falls not in  
your Road; he's no *Courtier*, consequently no *Knave*,  
no *Soldier*; so not in your Power to use ill; no  
trusting *Cit* to oblige your *Squireship's Acquaintance*;  
nor Fool enough to be frightened with the *Bray of an  
Ass*: Thus much by way of Answer to your Wish.  
And now, Sir, I tell you, I want much of your  
*Vanity* to relish your *Flattery*; I have *Wit* enough  
to distinguish the Arrogance of a Coach and Six  
from the Complaisance of a Man of *Sense*; I despise  
your *Price*, and *nauseate* your *Person*; and if you  
don't desist, I shall expose your Name in Print;  
and your Years will shew you *Bankrupt in Love*, as  
your *Letters* do of *Sense* and good *Manners*; and  
that you are deficient in 'em all, I believe the  
World will agree with,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

To



To Mrs.-----

By another Hand.

Madam,

I Must acquaint you in short, that you must either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I must *pull* out mine, either you must not be *Handsome*, or I must be *Blind*. Yet tho' my *Passion* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either *Hang* or *Drown*. I should betray great Want of *Sense*, and little knowledge of your *Merit*, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam I choose infinitely the Happiness of *Living* with you before the Glory of *Dying* for you. Besides, I have that *good* Opinion of your *Sense*, to believe you prefer the *living* Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to those that are *cold*; the Limbs which have *Motion* to those which have *none*. If I must die, Madam, *kill* me with your *Kindness*, but not with your *Cruelty*: Let me *expire* rather upon your *Bosom*, than at your *Feet*. If you shall be *tenderly* inclined to give me a *Death* of this kind, I am prepared to receive it on any *Ground* in the Three Kingdoms: Appoint but your *place*, and I shall not fail to meet my fair *Murderer*.

To



*To my Lady-----*

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By Mr. Smith.

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*Madam,*

Am now at my Lady -----, where we have had a very *warm* Debate: Among many general Things we happen'd to fall into a Discourse of Queen *Elizabeth*, and a Question arising what Complexion she was of; one Lady said, she was *Fair*, another maintained she was *Black*, a third contended she was *Brown*. The Dispute was managed with very great Heat, and little *Certainty* on all sides. *Speed*, *Baker*, *Cambden*, were consulted; but we found the Historians either *silent*, or as much *diviaed* as the Company; at last; after a long Debate, it was the *unanimous* Resolution of both Ladies and Gentlemen, to refer it to your Ladiship's *Determination*, as a Person of greater *Antiquity*, and consequently of better *Authority* than our *Chronicles*. If you shall do us the favour to give us some *Satisfaction* in this Matter, 'twill be a general Obligation to the whole Company, and a *particular Honour* done to,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladiship's obedient Servant.*

To the Same.

A Love-Letter to an Old LADY.

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By Mr. Smith.

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Madam,

Having a Visit yesterday to Mrs. ——, I was informed of your Ladyship's Displeasure : What shou'd occasion your Indignation, I cannot well apprehend : I do assure you, no Man living has a greater Veneration for your Ladiship, or has been readier upon all Occasions to testify it to the World. To convince you of the Truth of what I say, I will relate to you what happened last Saturday ; by which it will appear, that I have been so far from *ridiculing* your *Ladiship*, which is the Accusation you fasten upon me, that no one could have given greater Demonstration of his *Respect* : For being in Company where mention was made of your Ladyship, not so honourable indeed, as I could have wished, or your *Quality* and *Character* might have required : I took occasion to do Justice to your Merit : Gentlemen, said I, you do my Lady wrong ; for my own part I must profess, I think her a very *agreeable Woman*. You cannot be *serious* sure, replies a certain Gentleman, who had more *Malice* than *Wit* ; in my whole *Life*, I never saw so *hideous* a *Complexion*. Sir, said I, 'tis unjustly done to find fault with a *Complexion*

*Complexion*, which is none of her own; if her Face displeases you, blame her *Woman* who made it. But I hope, returned he, you will not deny, but that she is *Red-hair'd*: With submission, Sir, I do, to my certain knowledge she has not one *Hair* on her *Head*. But then her *Teeth*, all the *World* must allow are *execrable*. I deny it, Sir, for she has but *one* that is bad. But you must grant me her *Chin* is too long by three Inches. But do you apprehend the Reason? 'Tis because her *Neck* is too short by two. I see, Sir, said he, with some little heat, you are obstinately bent to oppose the Power of Truth; but I hope you are not so far prejudiced, as to maintain her *Breath* to be sweet? That Infirmity, Sir, replied I, is the Effect of the Foulness of her *Lungs*, and not of her *Mouth*; and if her *Lungs* are rotten, is it her *Ladiship's* Fault, or *Nature's*? And then her *Gate*, says he, is the most disagreeable in the *World*. You have betrayed at once, Sir, said I, both your *Malice* and *Ignorance*; if you had the least Acquaintance with her *Ladiship*, you must have known better; Alas! poor *Lady*! she has not walk't without *Crutches* these Ten Years. But then her *Conduct*, I hope you will not undertake to justifie that; how does it become *Old Eve*, think you, to *Patch* and *Paint*, *Intrigue*, read *Romances*, and *Love-Verses*, talk *Smuttily*, look *Amorously*, dress *Youthfully*; insomuch, that if it were not for her *Looks*, you could not distinguish her from her Daughter. Under favour, Sir, you mistake, 'tis her *Grand-Daughter* you mean. And then to keep a *young* Fellow of five and twenty to *satisfy* her brutal Lust. 'Tis false, I have heard Mr. —— affirm a thousand times she was *Insatiable*.

He would have proceeded in his Defamations, but I desired him to omit all farther Discourse on that Subject, for that I could not, with Patience, support, that a Woman of your *Ladiship's* Merit, and Virtue, and a Woman for whom I had so par-

particular an Honour, should be so impudently Vilified and Blasphemed to my Face.

I hope by this time you are made sensible, Madam, that I am quite another Person than you apprehend me to be, and that I am so far from having any *disrespectful* Thoughts of your *Ladiship*, that no one of your *Grand-Children*, the nearest Relation you have *remaining*, could have gone farther in your *Vindication*. But I would not have you attribute my *Defence* of your *Ladiship* altogether to *Respect*; give it a *tenderer*, and *truer* Name, and call it *Love*. I say *Love*, for let me die, *Madam*, if I have not a violent *Passion* for your *Ladiship*. I know you may very well suspect the Truth of what I say; for *Love* in me, you will tell me, ought to imply *Beauty* in you. But *Love*, you know very well, creates *Beauty* no less frequently, than *Beauty* does *Love*. And if by the help of *Imagination*, I can find out *Charms* in you, which no Body else can discover, I think I have reasonable Foundation enough for my *Passion*; there is *something*, I know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your *Face* or *Shape*, or *Mien*, or *Air* or any part of your *Body*; much less in your *Mind*; but *something* that is so very agreeable; something I know not what, nor where, so bewitching, that 'tis not in my power to defend my *Heart* against you. Perhaps the *malicious World* will say you are *Old*; but we know *old Wine* intoxicates more than *new*; and an *aged Oak* is stronger than a *young one*. 'Tis with your *Ladiship's Beauty*, as with *old Buildings* when they fall, it destroys with its *Ruins*. As I profess my self an *Admirer* of *Antiquity*, by consequence I should have no small *Passion* for your *Ladiship*. For I must tell you, *Madam*, there are finer Fragments of *Antiquity* in your *Face*, than any *Greece* or *Italy* can boast of; and more *Beauty* lies buried in one *Wrinkle* of yours, than in the *Ruins* of the most stately *Arches*, or most magnificent *Temples*. You cannot therefore question the Sincerity of my

LOVE-LETTERS,  
Profession, when I tell you I am, Madam, with all  
Reality,

Your Ladiship's most passionate Adorer,

and most obedient humble Servant.

திட்டத்திட்டத்திட்டத்திட்டத்திட்ட:திட்டத்திட்டத்திட்டத்திட்ட

To a Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes.

By Mr. Smith.

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Hizzam,

Ou will hardly believe, perhaps, how much people talk of your Indisposition. The late Eclipse, when the Sun it self was in Labour, occasioned not half the Discourse, as the present Distress your Eyes are in, thro'out the whole Empire of your Beauty, that is, thro'out the whole Kingdom. Nothing is more generally talk'd of, or more universally lamented. Those beautiful Eyes, which were wont to spread Joy in all Hearts, now diffuse Sorrow in every Breast : At the same they raise different Passions ; the Women pity what they envy, and the Men lament what they adore. 'Tis true, there are some discontented Persons, that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop bold Expressions ; they say your Eyes are deservedly punish'd for the many Violences and Barbarities they have committed ; that 'tis but just they should be afflicted, who have made so many

many poor Men suffer ; and that it seems a manifest Judgment of *Heaven*, that the *Distemper* should attack you in the very Place where you assault Mankind. These are the Murmurs of some few Men, *Madam*, whom we except from the Multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your *Eyes*.

Sir *Thomas* ———, who you know speaks fine things, did me the honour of a Visit Yesterday, and commands me to tell you, that had he as many Eyes as *Argus*, to give yours one Moment's ease, he would pluck them all out, and throw them, as he would himself, and his Fetters, at your Feet. For my own part, *Madam*, who have but two Eyes, one of them is at your Ladiship's service, the other I am unwilling to lose, because I am unwilling to lose the sight of you.

Your grave Uncle likewise gives his Service to you ; 'twas my Fortune to meet him at my *Lady* ———'s Lodgings, where your Ladiship, and your present Indisposition, being the Subject of our Discourse, the old Gentleman, who *moralizes* on every thing under the Sun, lifting up his Eyes to *Heaven*, and laying his Hand upon his sage Breast, Alas ! says he, see the Vanity of all Things here below ! See Ladies, see Gentlemen, see how frail is Beauty ! how uncertain is Possession ! the finest Eyes in the Universe are in danger of losing their Beautiful Lustre ! How imperfect are the most perfect Things ! Alas, alas, *Vanity of Vanity, all is Vanity*, says the Preacher.

When the *Oracle* had ceased, Sir, said I (with an affected grave Look) I remember well you were wont frequently to tax your Niece with Pride ; don't you think Providence design'd this present Affliction as a Lesson of Humility to her ? Does it not seem the very intention of *Heaven* by this Indisposition, that those very *Eyes* which may justly make her *proud*, should teach her to be *umble* : that where she is *strongest*, she should find her self-  
weak ;

*weak*; that where she is most *divine*, she should confess her self *mortal*.

Very religiously and solidly reflected, says old *Solomon*; I profess I am surprized, to find so much Maturity in such Youth: Go on in the ways of Wisdom and prosper.

Thus, *Madam*, like a faithful Historian, as I am, I have related to you what is the Discourse of the World upon this infirmity; but I am sensible, I have made your Ladiship's Patience suffer, by the unfashionable Length of my Letter, which I fear will give your Eyes, in the Weakness they are in at present, too much pain in the Reading. I shall conclude with my Advice and my Wish: My Advice, That you wou'd take care of the finest Eyes in the World. My Wish, That the Flame were remov'd from your Eyes, to your Heart. I am,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladiship's*

*most obedient Servant.*

*To*



## To Mr. B---- in Covent-Garden:

*An Account of a Journey to Exon, &c.*

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By Mrs. St. LEVER,

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April 8. 1700.

GODS we have one good Quality in our Sex  
 & A beyond what yours can boast of, that is,  
 seldom to make a Promise but with a de-  
 sign to keep it ; I have therefore been  
 careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any  
 thing which so great an Obligation as my *Word*  
 hath engag'd me to remember : And as there was  
 nothing needful but a bare remembrance of my  
 Promise to induce me to preserve it, so I hope, on  
 your part, there will be nothing more requir'd to  
 render what I have sent you acceptable, than a  
 willingness to receive it ; I confess I have given  
 you but a rude account of my Journey, every part  
 just scribbled over with as much freedom as 'twas  
 acted, wanting leisure to put it in any other than  
 a *loose morning-dress*, not questioning but it may  
 please you as well without the *Formalities of Style*,  
 as a pretty *Woman* without *Stays* may some of your  
 Acquaintance.

In the first place I shall give you a rough Draught  
 of those discording Mortals our Company was com-  
 pos'd of in the Stage-Coach (viz.) A Barrister at Law,  
 an Attorney's Clerk, a Cornish Justice, a Taylor, and a  
 Valet

*Yale* to a Parliament-man that would be, but some dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title, that had I been travelling in a *Dutch Scout*, or a *Graves-end Tilt-boat*, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teas'd with more Impertinence.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as Drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he Engages, and, for the first Day, talk'd of nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March-beer*, *Warrants*, *Whipping-posts* and *Vagabonds*, Hallowing as laudably in every interval of his *Nonsense*, as if he had been riding three-quarter-speed at the very Heels of his *Beagles*, larding his other Qualifications now and then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting-Song*, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave me good reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's Ballads* than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a German *Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord Mayor State-Policy*.

The *Limbs of the Law* were much disturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love no Body's Noise but their own. They desir'd him to sleep; but he cry'd *Zounds, Sir, I win't sleep; I don't care a F---t for your Anger, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thirty thousand Pound, and am the head Man where I live; and by G----, if you come to Lanston, I'll give you a Glass of the best March Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in hopes of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the Ears, but at last *Justice* slept, and the *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The *Taylor*, had you seen him, you wou'd have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Clothes bore the Marks of Poverty; he complain'd very much of *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruines more Families than the *Royal-Oak Lottery*. The

The Valet personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisie as e'er a Country Squire in *England*.

Now, If I were to be Hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these : The Lawyer slept Dogs-sleep most part of the Way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in hand. The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a Gossiping, and I was as dull as an old Woman at a Funeral. They fail'd not to Eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning ; *Justice* and *Law* were both of a side in that particular ; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek for Remedy.

After the fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the Judges entring the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory ; The High-Sheriff rode in as much State as a Colonel of the City Train-bands, and much in the same order, only the Sheriff march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People look'd as if they were gallied) I was wak'd by the tremendous sound of a Horse-Trumpet, I imagin'd some Monster was to be seen, and looking out of my Window, I saw several sorts ; the first were Mrs. *Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpose for that occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their Worships, as if it had been his *Czarish Majesty* ; the Custom it seems, is to conduct them in this manner to the most magnificent Church of

the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations.

*I am your obliged Servant,*

*You know who.*



## *The ANSWER.*

*Madam,*

*April 22. 1700.*

Received your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a small Journey to *Exeter*, for which other People are forced to cross the *Alps*, and beat the Hoof to *Rome*, I mean the *Remission of your Sins*, which I think you have made a reasonable Atonement for, by suffering so much from the Impertinence of the Cornish Justice, and the two Limbs of the Law.

But, Madam, don't flatter your self, or think that your Chalk will be so easily wiped out. You have been a great Sinner in your time, and four Days Penance in a Stage-Coach will hardly atone for the Sins you have committed: And, because we are too apt to be over-favourable to our selves, give me leave, Madam, to waken your Conscience out of this dangerous State of Security, by laying before you some of the many Sins you are accountable for.

*Imprimis*, Here are People in Town that charge you with Murders numberless; and, unless you heartily repent of them, and promise to commit no more, I find but little hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you

you are charged with *Murder*, with this horrid Aggravation too on your side, That whereas other Assassins only murder their Enemies, or such as they suspect to be so, you make no scruple to kill your Lovers that throw themselves at your Feet, and would purchase a single Smile from you at a Seven Years Service.

In the next Place, you are accused of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your Heart, Madam, and do but consider how many of those valuable Commodities you have stolen in your time, yet never had the Conscience to restore them to the right Owners. What makes the Crime worse in you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and stole away Peoples Hearts at Church, in the time of Divine Service, and in the sight of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*, and if Men will put their Hearts upon you, how can you help it. But, Madam, some People gave them you, who had no right to dispose of them, as I could Instance in a thousand married Men that

Sigh'd for you, and according to the ancient Proverb, the *Receiver is as bad as the Thief*, for they stole 'em from their Wives to bestow 'em upon you.'

Thirdly and lastly, Madam, you have not only your own Sins, but those of other People to answer for. How many Women have you made guilty of the horrid Sin of Detraction, and tell a thousand malicious Stories of you, only because you were handfomer than they? How many Men have you made guilty of Perjury, and tempted them to forsake their former Vows, to sacrifice 'em to you. Should I undertake to fend you a full Catalogue of them, I should have as fine time on't as the Commissioners, that are to inspect publick Accounts. Therefore never think that your *Exeter* Journey has compounded for them, I would advise you this holy Year of Jubilee, to turn your Face towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd spoil the Devotion

votion of all the Pilgrims there, that according to our last Avices, are above a hundred thousand strong. In short, Madam, I don't know what course to advise you to; only don't stay long in the Country, for that would be to trespass against a positive Text, and to put your *Candle under a Bushel*. Come to Town as soon as you can, and begin to make Restitution in the Place where you have done the most Mischief.

You desire, in my Answer, I should transmit you some News: I assure you, Madam, there is not enough stirring about Town, to fill the last half Column of the Weekly Papers, without a tedious repetition of the same fulsome Stuff: That the City *News-Hounds* sit as hush over their Coffee, as so many *English-men* in a Tavern when the Drawer has brought the Reckoning: But however, for once, I will strain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the late War in *Flanders*, and the present Year of *Jubilee*, have rid the Nation of abundance of *Fools*, yet *Knaves* are every Term as thick in *Westminster-Hall*, and Cuckolds every day as numerous upon Change, as if they had still, without loss, preserv'd their ancient Number.

*Poetafters* are grown as numerous in this Town as *Quack-Doctors*-or *Stock-Jobbers*, and every one so applies himself to the Stage, that the *White-Fryars* Printers are quite Beggard for want of Ballads: Yet *Wit* I observe, is as scarce as it was in the time of *Jeffry Chaucer*, when a *Distich* of Verses were worth a Page of Prose, and a Song with a *Fa-la-la* Chorus was much more listen'd to than a Sermon.

*Discretion* in married Women, is here grown as scarce as *Modesty* in Maids, they so forward their Daughters by their own foolish Talk and Example, that the pretty Miss at *Seven*, instead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband*, and the young Lady at *Eleven*, is as ripe in her Thoughts, and as pert

in

in her Behaviour, as if her Education had been at the famous Mrs. C——'s near Red-Lyon-Square, instead of a Dancing-School:

I know, Madam, some of this News must seem strange to a Woman of your Virtue, but the more surprizing, generally the more acceptable, especially if it be true; for which reason I sent it you, to supply the scarcity of such as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your acceptance of it in room of better, from, *Madam,*

Your humble Servant.



## An Exhortatory Letter to an Old Lady that smoak'd Tobacco.

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By Mr. SMITH.

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Madam,

Though the ill-natur'd World censures you for Smoaking; yet I would advise you Madam, not to part with so innocent a Diversion: In the first place, it is Healthful, and as *Galen de usu Partium* rightly observes, is a sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of Old Ladies. Secondly, Tobacco, tho' it be a Heathenish Weed, is a great help to Christian Meditations, which is the Reason I suppose, that recommends it to our Parsons; the generality of whom, can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their Mouths, than a Concordance in their Hands;

## 228 To a Lady that smoak'd Tobaocco.

Hands: Besides, every Pipe you break, may serve to put you in mind of Mortality, and show you upon what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I know a Dissenting Minister, who on Fait-days used to mortify upon a *Rump of Beef*, because it put him, as he said, in mind, that all Flesh was Grass; but I am sure much more may be Learn'd from Tobacco. It may instruct you that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vanish like a Vapour. *Thirdly*, It is a pretty Play-thing: A Pipe is the same thing with an Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same Token they make both Water at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Lastly*, It is Fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the *Gill* as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the *Sword-bearer* walks before the *Lord-Mayor*.

*I am your Ladyship's humble Servant.*



## To Dr. GARTH.

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

The

The Observations I have made are these, that your *Prescription* staid not long with me, but your Letter has, especially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory: You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you see me, but in my esteem for your self; I, that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*. I have left off my *false Calves*, and had yesterday a great Belly laid to me. A *facetious Widow*, who is my Confident in this Affair, says you ought to Father the Child; for he that lends a Man a Sword, is in some part accessory to the Mischief is done with it; however, I'll forgive you the Inconvenience you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving life to two People. Pray let me have a Consolatory Letter from you upon this new Calamity; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting Rain, in this Sandy Country where we live. The *Widow* saith, she resolves to be Sick, on purpose to be acquainted with you: But I tell her she'll relish your *Prescriptions* better in full Health: And if at this distance you can do her no Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant,

T. M.

To

THE POETICAL FRIEND,

*To his Poetical Friend, advising  
him to Study the Mathema-  
ticks.*

*Out of Quevedo.*

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By Mr. SAVIGE.

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\* \* \* \* \* T length, my *Friend*, I begin to awake out  
\* \* \* A \* \* of those Dreams and Visions, which  
\* \* \* \* \* the reading of Verses and Poems has  
\* \* \* \* so long plung'd me in. My middle  
Years put all those Delusions to a stand ; I have  
now some moderate Esteem for other Thoughts  
besides Images and Descriptions. I am not in my  
former Extasies at every *Metaphor*, and can almost  
bear the Rapture of a fine *Tarn*. Poetry, believe me,  
leads the Reader, as well as the Knight, into an  
*enchanted* World : The objects are all there dress'd  
in false Colours, and nothing appears in its due  
proportion. But if it deceives us in all things a-  
broad, what Disorders and Confusion does it raise  
at home ? By feeding the Mind with Delicacies,  
it makes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all the  
Passions loose upon us. Our Joys blows it up too  
high, and makes our Griefs sit heavier ; and, what  
is yet worse, it kindles in us that foolish Passion  
*Love*, the ruine of our Ease, and Dotage even in  
Youth.

Whereas,

Whereas, *Mathematics* improves all our Faculties, makes the Judgment stronger, and the Memory take in more. The Dull it teaches to *Perceive*, and the Giddy to *Attend*. It distinguishes between *True* and *False*, and inures us to Difficulties: Besides, it gives us a thousand Advantages in Life. By this the Miser counts his Bags, and the Country-man knows his Times and Seasons. This gives our Cannon aim in War, and in Peace furnishes every Workman with his Tools. How many noble Engines has it invented? In one the Wind labours for us, and another turns Bogs and Pools into firm Land. This builds us Houses, defends our Towns, and makes the Sea useful. Nor are its Effects less Wonderful than Advantagious. The *Mathematician* can do more things than any Poet ever conceiv'd. He in a Map can contract *Asia* to a Span, and in a Glass shew a City to a single House, and an Army to a Man. He can set the Heavens a thousand Years forward, and call all the Stars by their Names. There is scarce any thing without his reach; He can gauge the Channel of the Sea, and weigh *Saturn*. He sees farthest into the Art and Skill of the *Creator*, and can write the best Comment on the six Days Work.

Be advis'd therefore to employ your self rather in the improving of your Understanding, than debauching of your Passions, and to prefer *Realities* before *Appearances*. In my Mind, to make a Dial, is harder than to find a Motto to it, and a Prospect drawn in Lines, pleasanter than one in Words. Instead of descriptions of cool Groves and flowry Gardens, you may inform your self of the situation and Extent of Empires, and while others are wandring in *Elisan* Fields and fancy'd Shades below, you may raise your Thoughts to the infinity of Space above, and visit all those Worlds that shine upon us here: Think most of *Mercury* when  
he

he is farthest off the Sun, and mind little in *Venus* but her Periodic Motion.

To let you see I have got the start of you, I now follow the old Rule of, *Nulla dies sine Lineâ*, and am so far advanc'd in *Geometry*, that I defie any Man to make a rounder Circle, or cut a Line in two more nicely than my self. I am well vers'd in Squares, am no stranger to the Doctrine of Proportion, and have transpos'd *A, B, C, D*, in all the Mathematical *Anograms* they are capable of. My Chamber I have survey'd five times over, and have at length found out a convenient Place for a South-Dial. I am at present about a Bargain of Pins, which you shall soon see dispos'd into Baftions and Counterscarps. I felt at first, I must confess, a great Confusion in my Head between Rhimes and Angles, Fiction and Demonstration. But at length *Virgil* has resign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet and Numbers to their Namesakes in *Geometry* and *Arithmetick*. In short, I write altogether upon Slate, where I make Parallels instead of Couplets, and describe nothing but a Circle.

Let me for the future therefore catch no Poet in your Hands, unless it be *Aratus* or *Dionysius*, and follow my Counsel, unless you can make one of these Studies subservient to the other, your Poetry Wise and Learn'd, and your *Mathematicks* Pleasant and Ingenious. I am, Sir,

. Yours, &c.

*A Letter.*

# TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

*A Letter from Tunbridge to a Friend in London; being a Character of the WELLS and Company there.*

By Mr. Ward, Author of the *London S.P.T.*

Dear Friend,

You are sensible that the Reasons that induced me to make my Appearance at this general Rendezvous, Tunbridge, were neither the Air nor Waters, but purely the Curiosity of seeing the People; to which, till now I was as great a Stranger as your self: And since I promis'd to transmit to you a Character of this Country Parade, I have here undertaken to discharge my Duty; I shall therefore proceed to give you first a Description of the Wells, and next of the Company.

It is situated upon the side of a Heath, so barren and so poor, that had it not produc'd a Well, it would have yielded nothing: Much Pains I perceive have been taken to improve the Walks, tho' to little purpose; for New Tunbridge-Wells at Irlington as much exceeds the Old for Pleasure, as a Girl of Fifteen a Woman of Fifty, for a Bedfellow. The Fidlers are as fawcy as Bum-Bayliffs at a Sessions-house, and tug you by the Sleeve for Half-a-Crown the very first time of your appearance. The chief

chief Diversion at the Wells, is to stare one at another ; and he or she that is best dress'd, is the greatest Subject of the Morning's Tittle-tattle. The chiefest Compliment among the Women is *I hope the Waters pass well with your Ladiship*, which is in plain English, I hope, Madam, you pass well : The Sons and Daughters of Fortune thrive here so mightily, it is hard to know the Lady from the Jilt, or the Lord from the Sharper, all Higgledy-piggledy mix'd one among another, like Skulls in a Charnel-house, or Knaves and Cuckolds at my Lord-Mayor's Show. A Glass of Rhenish is here prescrib'd as the only Cordial with the Waters ; and a handful of Comfits esteem'd the best Breakfast. Physicians swarm here like Pick-pockets at a Fair ; and Quality neither Eat, Drink, or Exonerate without the Advice of a Doctor. The chief Leachery of the Beaus is to watch the Ladies into their private Apartments, and if their Ears are but bless'd with a Whiz when a Belfa opens her Sluce, they think themselves as happy in their own Fancies, as an old Leacher that peeps through a Hole and sees a Nymph in her Bathing-Tub. Batchelors and their Mistresses come hither in Pairs ; but married People come down single, Men without their Wives, and Women without their Husbands ; so that I suppose, whilst one part are here pleasing their Palates with a new Dish, the other may be gone to the Bath to feast their Appetites with a fresh Dainty. The chief Virtue ascrib'd to the Waters are the following two : They very often cure the Green-sickness in Maids, and cause fruitfulness in married Women, provided they are but properly administred by a young vigorous Physician : The old grisly *Galenists* have but little Business here ; the youngest Doctor by the Female Sex, is esteem'd the ablest, and runs away with the most Practice ; for which Reason I believe the Women come hither to be Kiss'd for Health.

Health-sake, much rather than be Physick'd ; and when the Patient is so bad that neither Lip nor Belly-salve will do her good, she may be honestly given over as past Cure. Some Fools indeed, thro' their great Opinion of the Waters, have made their Bodies such perpetual Aquaducts, that they have wash'd themselves into meer Skeletons, and go creeping about like West-indian Creolians troubled with the dry Belly-ach. It's a rare place for a Beau to be Jilted in a Wife, for many set up to be great Fortunes, who feed their Mouths with their Tails, and cover their Backs with their Bellies. Maiden-heads here bear an extravagant Price, for a great lover of Priority, gave fifty Guinea's for one at Second-hand, tho' he bought it for span-new, but unhappily heard soon after, it had been sold for an hundred a Fortnight before ; and when he found himself cheated by his Commodity-broker, was forc'd to undergo the lash of the old Proverb, *A Fool and his Money were soon parted.* Handsome Men come here to a good Market, they may sell themselves for what Money they please, if they will but turn Slaves to pamper'd Leachery : Here are a great many Gold-mines to be found under the Petticoat, where an able Workman may line his pockets at the trouble of Digging. Here are many parts acted worth a Wife Man's Observation ; Gentlemen play the Fool, Ladies play with their Squirrels, poor Whores play the Jilt, Sharpers play the Knave, the Beaus play the Bubble, the old Women the Bawd, the Servants the Pimp, and the Fidlers play like Devils.

Their chiefest Pastimes, next the old Trade of Basket-making, are the following four : Bowling at *Rug-Hall*, where Fools lose their Money, and Knaves win it ; Dancing upon *Southborough-Green*, where he that has another Man's Wife by the Hand o'er Night, often makes him a Cuckold before Morning ; Walking in the Grove where the Ring-

Ring-Doves Cooe above, whilst the Lovers Bill below, and project all things in order to make themselves happy at their next merry meeting; and Gaming at the Groom-Porter's, where every one strives to win, whilst the Box runs away with the Money.

Lodgings are so dear and so scarce, that a Beau is sometimes glad of a Barn, and a Lady of Honour content to lie in a Garret: The Horses being commonly put to Grass, for the Servants to lie in the Stable. My Landlord was a Farmer, and his very out-houses were so full, that having shear'd some Sheep, he abated me half a Crown a Week, to let the Wool lie in my Bed-chamber; by which means a Tick one night had bury'd himself so far in my Belly, that I was forc'd next Morning to borrow a Shoe-makers Pincers to pluck the blood-thirsty Vermin out of his Nest by the Arse, before I could get rid of him, for he had fill'd his Belly so full, and stuck so close by the strength of his new Diet, that he held his hold like a Bull-dog; for which Offence I punish'd him Blood for Blood, according to the Old Law.

The most Noble of their Provisions is a Pack-saddle of Mutton, and a Wheat-ear Pye, which is accounted here a Feast for an *Heliogabalius*; and is indeed so costly a Banquet, that a Man may go over to *Amsterdam*, treat half a dozen Friends with a Fish Dinner, and bring 'em back again into their own Country, almost as cheap as you can give your self and your Mistress a true *Tunbridge* Entertainment. The Liquors chiefly produc'd by this part of the Country are Beer made of Wood-dry'd Malt, and Wine drawn out of a Birch Tree; the first is infected with such a smoaky Tang, that you would think it was brew'd in a Chimney; and every pint you drink, instead of quenching your Drought, begets a Thirst after a Gallon;

the

the latter, as 'tis order'd, drinks almost like Mead, and makes a Man's Mouth smell of Honey, as if he had a Bee-hive in his Guts, and is so abominable Windy, that the breath of a Man's Breech, after drinking of a Bottle, is strong enough to sound a Trumpet. Here's Claret good at a great Price, but at the common Rate not drinkable: We have rattle-headed Vintners, and drunken Drawers; and the Rooms we are forc'd to sit in, are sometimes as unfurnish'd as the Garrets of a Spunging-House, being hung with Plaisterers Tapistry, border'd round with Black, like an old Whore's Pin-up-petticoat, furnish'd with a Spanish Table, that stands as ticklish as the Nose of an old flux'd Strumpet, round which are three or four crasie Turkey-work Conveniences, which, by often carrying Double, are over-occupied into such a Weakness, that they squeak when they're sat in, like a Litter of fucking-Piggs in the Sow's absence: Tho' I must confess, for the Reputation of the Place, in the greater Taverns you have better Usage, but you must pay as dear for it, as a Country Squire does at *Moll Quarles's*, for tickling his Rump with a pair of Whore's Kidneys.

Therefore, if the Truths I've told you, will encourage you to follow me, pray let your Pockets be well furnish'd, for if here you either want Money, or spend it sparingly, you'll be as little look'd upon as a Man would among'st a parcel of Beaus, that should pluck out an Oval Watch, or a Pump Snuff-box. In your next, let me hear what you have determin'd to do, as to your coming or not, and you will oblige

Your Friend and Servant,



*By the Same.*

*A Letter of Advice from an old experienc'd  
City Leacher, to his Daughter at the  
Boarding-School, being Rules to raise  
her Fortune.*

*Dear Daughter,*

Hear you are a very forward Baggage of Fifteen, and the World thinks you Handsome : Your Gifts and Acquirements must supply the want of Money ; for tho' your Education has been large, your Fortune will be but little ; it being a Rule with us Citizens, to bestow most upon our Daughters Breeding, when we have least Portions to give 'em, upon this Consideration, That in case we cannot make 'em Fortunes to match with Tradesmen, we are in hopes, if they are Beautiful and well-bred, they will have Graces enough to recommend 'em to Gentlemen ; for if a Shopkeeper takes to him a Wife without a Portion, he's pointed at as much for a Fool, as a Man is for a Cuckold, whose Wife is brought to Bed within three Months after he has marry'd her : But Gentlemen of Estates may play the Simpleton at any time, and its being so common a thing, makes it pass off as much unregarded, as Champerty in Lawyers, or Simony amongit Clergymen ; therefore, since the happiness of that part of your Life to come depends upon the good management of this weighty Point, Matrimony, I think it necessary to arm you with these following In-

Instructions, that in case Fortune flings a Man of Merit in your way, you may know how to counterfeit those outward Signs of inward Excellence, as may deceive the wisest Man into a great opinion of your Virtues, though your natural Inclinations may be loose and vicious; or if it be your Fortune to flush a well-fledg'd Woodcock, in whom you can be happy, I shall teach you with what alluring Arts and prevailing Subtleties he is most likely to be taken.

If you would procure the Esteem of an Ingenious Man, be as modest in his Company as a Nun at High-Mass; yet let your Carriage be as stately as an Alderman's Daughter's at a publick Feast; for 'tis a receiv'd Opinion among the Judges of your Sex, That a reserv'd Behaviour is the surest Sign of Virtue, and Pride in a Woman the best Guardian to secure it. Besure be as sparing of your Words as Wise Men are of their Promises, or Courtiers of their Performances; and when you do speak, let it be something that's pretty, but as concise as the Prophecy of an Oracle; for an ingenious Man dreads the Tongue of a talkative Woman much more than a Squirrel does the noise of a Drum, or an Atheist a Clap of Thunder. Take care to be obliging, but not free; and tho' reserv'd, yet not haughty; for Scorn and Fondness to a deserving Man, are equally intolerable. Tho' you love the Town as dearly as an old Citizen's young Wife does *Tunbridge* or *Epsom*, yet be careful how you acknowledge you are enamoured with its Vanities, condemn the noisie Hive, and shew Aversion to its vicious Pastimes; speak slightingly of the Playhouse, tho' you admire it as much as a Zealot does the Church, or a Beau a Dancing-School, and shew a seeming inclination to a sedate Country Life, tho' tis what you abominate as much as a marry'd Woman does Barrenness, or a Libertine the thoughts of Wedlock. Be always ready to acknowledge the

Sovereign

Sovereign Authority of an Husband, and the Duty and Submission of a Wife, tho' your headstrong Temper is as great an Enemy to Obedience, as a Fanatick is to Loyalty, or a proud Woman to mean Apparel: Let the Clergy thus be your great Example, preach up Passive Obedience and Non-resistance towards a Husband, as they did towards their Prince, it will please your Suitor to assert it, tho' you never design to practise it. When he offers you a Present, neither slight, nor be fond on't, but receive it with as much Indifference as Hypocrites say their Prayers, or read a Chapter in the Bible. When he offers to kiss you, neither turn your Head towards him, nor from him, you may venture to let him modestly take a Salute, but besure don't you offer to give it him; be careful also that you pout not out your Lip whilst he is possessing of the Favour, for that's as much as to say Yes, to what is often obtain'd without asking for. If he attempts to grieve your Thigh or Finger, or handle the bottom of your Stomacher, tho' you are never so well pleased with what he's going about, you must put on a counterfeit Frown, and seem to be as Angry as a Judge, when thro' mistake the Bible is presented to himself, that should have been given to his Lady. If he offers to touch your Bubbies, you must cry, Nay, pray, Sir: If he hugs you about the Middle, you most cry, O fye, Sir! And if he presumes to tickle the Palms of your Hands, you must then cry Foh. Never rail against any of your own Sex, for that discovers ill Nature. Never commend one Man in the hearing of another, for that's ungrateful to him that loves you. Tho' you fancy Wine as much as a Beau does Chocolate, never be seen to drink any in the company of a prudent Man that Courts you, lest it washes away Discretion, which is the Bridle of the Tongue, and causes the unruly Member to betray your Weakness. Never miss Church

Church, tho' you go to it with as ill a Will as a Scold does to a Ducking-stool ; and if you cannot answer the Reader as you ought to do, dissemble with your Lips and your Eyes as if you did ; for without a little Hypocrisie you'll never be thought a devout Christian : Let your Table-library in your Bed-Chamber be furnished with good Books, and tho' you mind them as little as a Cuckoo does her young Ones, yet turn down a fresh Leaf in the *Practise of Piety* every Day, and lay it open in the Window. Hold up your Fan when any body names Smock ; blush when any body Praises you ; turn your Head when any body looks at you ; bow when you are drank to sitting ; coursie when you are bowed to standing : And when your Lover says, God save the King, be sure you cry, Amen ; and it will oblige him wonderfully ; for Loyalty in a Woman, tho' it signifies nothing, will sometimes take with a Man of Worth as much as any thing : Mind these Rules with an ingenious Man, and you may probably gain your Ends to your Life's Happiness ; therefore every Morning, after your Prayers, Con this over as your next best Lesson, till you have it as perfect as an Actress has her Part, and one time or other you may chance to find it useful.

But if it be your Fortune to be liked by a Fop, possess'd of an Estate sufficient to make your Life comfortable, you must then change your Behaviour as much as a Camelion does its Colour, turn your Reservedness into Freedom, your Silence into Tattle, your Gravity into Air, your Discretion into Vanity, your Wit into Puns, and be all over Action like an Eel new taken, according to the following Directions; for the surest way of Trapaning a Fool, is by humouring the Cocks-comb with the like Folly, as the Fox catches the Hare by dissembling the like Fear, &c.

In the first place you must mimick his Cringes and Formalities, as if you were his Monkey ; and shew as many Antick Gestures in your Complements, as a Kitten playing with a string : Be as singular in every thing as if you would set your self up for an Original Belfa, and let one Word ja five be French in whatsoever you talk of; Stalk about the Room like a Peacock in the Sunshine, and Ape-like, never continue a Minute in one Posture: Laugh always when you speak, and endeavour to make every thing a Jest, tho' not a word of Wit in it ; talk always within his Sphere ; complain the Weather's very hot in Summer, tho' you find your self in an Ague, and cry its Cold in Winter, tho' you are within two Foot of a roasting Fire ; rail against your own Sex for a Parcel of tawdry Minxes ; but let your own Apparel, in gaudy Colours out-shine the Rainbow : Assert Freedom in a Woman is the only Sign of Virtue, and that the silent Lady is the still Sow that eats up all the Draught. You must be sure to praise all gay Fools to be pretty Gentlemen ; and he that flings away his Money most like an Ass, to be a Man of wonderful Generosity : You must rail against the grave wise Man, and call him the World's Slave, one that lives upon the Earth as if he did Penance for the Sins of his Ancestors : Express a Hatred to all Merit ; call the Parson Heaven's Dark-lantern, the Soldier a Clodskull'd Heroe, the Tradesman nasty Mechanick ; and seem to admire no Man but the very Blockhead you design to make your Market on ; applaud his Deportment, tho' it is more ridiculous than a French Dancing-master's ; approve his Wit, tho' it be more nauseous than a Player's ; and commend his Dress, tho' it's more fantastical than Sir *Foplin Flutter's* ; rail against Sermons as a useless Cant in so knowing an Age, and commend Plays as the more edifying Doctrine : Call all Scholars but a Parcel of Book-learned

learned Dunces, and justify Beau Wilson was a cunnerger Man than an Archbishop of Canterbury. Flatter him as if he were a Prince, for the more you deceive him that way, the more he will love you. Be as expensive to him as you can, 'tis the best way to secure him, for a Fool will never part with that easily he has purchased dearly, tho' it ben't worth keeping. Sometimes complain you have hurt your Knee, sometimes that your Stomacher hurts your Belly, so play him round the Bush where the Game-lies, and you'll find him the more eager for the Sport. Now and then shew him the small of your Leg, but seem not to know that he sees it; then clap your Hand down your Breasts, and complain of a Flea, 'twill make him wish his Fingers in the same place. Now and then spread the Toffel of his Neckcloth, or stroke a stragling Hair of his Wigg into exact Order; give him a tickle of the Side, or take him by the Hand, play the part of a Gypsie, and tell him his Fortune; for Fools are as much to be won by Love-toys, as Children are with Nicknacks; therefore do but play the Fool with him as much as he does with himself, and you may draw him after you as Amber will a straw, and influence him far more than all the Stars in the Hemisphere. To shew your Airyness, you must flutter about the Room like a Bird in a Cage; and when you hear him humming a Minuet, you must be ready to dance to it. You'll have no occasion to alter your Carriage for what Company you see him in, for none will play with him but Puppies of the same kind, only of another Litter. The Documents I have given you are sufficient for the present; and if you chance to entangle such a Fool as I have hinted at, in the Net of Wedlock, I will then further instruct you how you shall use him: In the mean time study both your Parts, that you may act either to the Life, when occasion requires it; and nothing shall

be wanting, but Money in me, to compleat your Happiness, therefore take care to marry him that wants it not, and you will add great Comfort to the gray Hairs of your aged Father.



*A Letter of News to Sir D. Clarke ;  
being an Account of Darien, Bear-  
Garden, Epsom-wells, and Miles's  
Musick-house, or Sadler's Wells at  
Islington.*

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By Mr. Ward.

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Sir,

Being sensible News from London is as welcome to you Country Gentlemen, as a large Fee to an old Lawyer, or the Covenant to a Scotch Man, I thought I could not merit the Reward of a Haunch of Venison better, than to oblige you with the following Entertainment; which, tho' it be but coarse Fare indifferently Cook'd, yet, I hope, it may stay your Stomach till the Market is better stock'd, and I have Leisure to prepare you a more acceptable Meal.

Here has been lately Calv'd in this Town a Male-squat Dromedary, as much to the surprise of the City Politicks, as if they had been threatned by

a Blazing Star, or a Whale that had swam up to *Cuckolds-Point*: The Astrologers have made their Conjectures upon this Monster's Birth, and do all agree, the Prodigy presages, that many ill things which have lain in the Dark a great while, will in little-time be brought to Light; and that the Downfall of Quakerism will be the Rise of a new Faction in the Church, to the great Satisfaction of *Rome*, and Vexation of the English Clergy. 'Tis believed by some Fools in this Town, that tho' *Scotland* be a cold Country, there will be warm Doings there before the Summer be over; and tho' the hardy Loons are so much afflicted with the Scrubado, that a reasonable Man can scarce conceive they should be made to scratch where it does not itch, yet it is now credibly reported, the Spaniards have done it most effectually, and have quite routed the poor Gold-finders out of their *Land of Promise*; upon which the Scots are so highly incensed, that they have taken an Oath of Abjuration against Poverty, as well as Episcopacy; in order, first, to grow Rich, and then to be Revengeful.

Some of the Highlanders lately arrived here, give us this Account of *Darien*, that 'tis so Sudorifiek a Country, they were forced to pluck off their Shirts once an Hour, and wring 'em as a Landress does wet Linnen, to refresh their Bodies; and that with perpetual Sweating they smelt as sour as a Parish-child wallowing in its own Puke; protest-ing the excessive Heat of the Climate made 'em so Yellow, and so Freckly, that their Faces look'd gilded like a Meadow with Pissabeds and Butter-flowers in the middle of *May*, or like the Hind-lappet of a Bedlamite's Shirt stained over with Fea-t--ds. Gold he said, there was enough in the Country; but found, according to the old Proverb, they must *win it before they wear it*; which they attempted to do: But never mistrusting the false Dice that were against 'em, lost all they ventured,

and were forced to return home like a Parcel of  
brainless Bubbles from a sharpening Lottery.

Epsom-wells have discover'd this Year, that our  
Citizens Wives are very loosely given most of 'em,  
to the great ease and Quiet of their Husbands,  
being gone to drink the Waters, having been hard  
bound in their Shops more than a whole Winter,  
they have prudently taken the Benefit of the Season  
to refresh their Bodies with a little Liberty in the  
Country. The Gentleman Pensioners of the Petticoat  
are forced to follow after for their own Sub-  
sistence, as Pickpockets do the Judges in their Cir-  
cuits, to avoid the Pinches of a long Vacation :  
You know 'tis natural for every Whelp to pursue  
his Game ; and where should the Crows Rendez-  
vous, but in the Ditch where the Carrion lies ? On  
Saturdays in the Afternoon the Husbands on Horse-  
back march out of Town in Troops, as if the  
whole City was an Army of Royal Regiments :  
All Sunday they Spend in their Wives Company,  
which Day they set apart from the rest of the Six  
to do Family-drudgery, in Contempt of the Tenth  
Commandment : On Monday Morning early they  
return to open Shop, flowing into the Town in  
Droves, like Oxen on a Fryday into Smithfield-Mar-  
ket, or like Country Attornies at the latter End of  
a Term.

The Envoy from Morocco with his Lacquer'd-  
fac'd Attendance, has lately done his Majesty's  
Bear-garden the Honour of his Presence, in order  
to see a Tryal of Skill performed between two  
eminent Masters of the Noble Science of Defence ;  
who, for the Credit of the English Nation, almost  
chop'd one another to minc'd Meat, giving such a  
bloody Entertainment to the Barbarian Spectators,  
that they hoop'd and hollow'd to express their Sa-  
tisfaction, as if they had been Hunting an Estrich.  
A Butcher squeezing in amongst the rest of the  
Rabble, and knowing not who they were, *W—ds,*  
says

says he, what have we got here? A Parcel of drunken Gamesters who have lost their Cloaths at Hazard, and are sent hither screw'd up in Blankets to be gaz'd at: Egad, says he, you had need be so merry indeed; I am sure if I was in your Case, instead of showing my self at the Bear-garden, I should sneak home like a drunken Parson, damn Fortune for a Jilt, and bid the Devil take the Dice. Hust, bush, says another standing by; you had best have a care what you say, for these are the Molotto Ambassadors, who are come the Lord knows how far out of their own Country on purpose to see the King. Are they so? says the Butcher; I could find in my heart to tell them, if they will come next Thursday, they shall see my Dog run. As these two Fellows were thus Dialoguing, one of the Gladiators gave his Adversary such a chop in the Noddle, as if he had designed to have cleft it, as a Boiling-cook does a Sheep's Head for the Porridge-pot, which occasioned such a Shout, that had a Regiment of City-Cuckolds, upon a Grand Training-day, taken the Dunghill in *Bunhill-fields*, to show the Mob the Policy of War, they could not have express more Joy for their mighty Success over the Heap of Sir-reverence, than was shown here in Contempt of the Victim, and Honour of the Conqueror.

Here has been lately a wonderful Discovery made by a true Son of the Church of *England*, from whence the *Sampsons* of the present Age derive their Strength, most credibly asserted by several Clergymen, and believ'd and reported by many Zealots, as in manner following (*viz.*) There being about this Town a modern Contender with Mankind for Strength and Agility, who, tho' he be no bigger in Stature than a middle-fiz'd Wine-Porter, has often, to the Admiration of all Spectators, taken two as lusty Fellows as you shall find upon the *Butter-box-walk* at high Change, placed them upon a Joynstool, and held them up at Arms-end, as easily as Time does his Hour-glass, support-

ing them in this Posture for as long a space as a Stuttering Man would require to pronounce *Academian* in; having repeated this Experiment of his Strength in many Publick-houses about Town, he at last raised himself to as great Fame as his Horse-drawing Brother had done before him: But being one Day met with by a Parish-clerk, a *Didimus* of the Church, who would give no Credit to the Report, unless he had seen the Performance, being too conversant with Priests to believe too soon in Miracles, offered to Wager a Dozen of Drink with this *Goliath* in Epitome, that he could not lift him and another after the manner aforesaid; the Wager being commenced, the Parochial Tagger of the Prayers and Collects, mounted his Wooden Pedestal with his chosen Partner, upon which, for want of room, they were forced to hug one another as close as a pair of Lovers in Copulation, to keep themselves from falling; having thus placed themselves in proper order, standing like the Sign *Gemini* painted on a Conjuror's Door-case, up rises the Giant in Miniature, and furiously attempts to perform the Wonder; but his Strength failed him, and he became a Laughter to the whole Company: Upon which, in a great Passion, he asked them what they had in their Pockets, both feeling, to satisfie their disappointed *Sampson*, the Clerk found a *Common-Prayer-Book* about him, and the other one of *George Keith's Sermons*, which he desired them to fling by upon the Table; it being done, he lifted them with as much ease as a Cook would toss a Pancake, to the great Astonishment of all that beheld him: The poor Clark, besides losing the Wager, tumbled off the Stool one way, and his Companion another, both likely to break their Necks; which they looked upon as a just Judgment for laying aside the Works of Righteousness, to submit to the Power of the Devil. This Report being spread abroad, and received as an undoubted

doubted Truth, hath raised the Common-Prayer to so high an Esteem amongst Presbyterians, and G.  
Keith's Doctrine to so great Credit amongst Quakers, that both Sects come over as fast to the Church of *England*, as ever Beggars did from *France*, or Boors from *Holland*, in the late Revolution..

Some time since there was brought from the Devil's Arse i'th' Peak, to Miles's Musick-house at Islington, a strange sort of a Monster, that does every thing like a Monkey, but is not a Monkey ; mimicks Man like a Jackanapes, but is not a Jackanapes ; jumps upon Tables and into Windows upon all Fours like a Cat, but is not a Cat ; does all things like a Beast, but is not a Beast ; does nothing like a Man, yet is a Man ! He has given such wonderful content to the Butchers of Clare-Market, that the House is every Day as full as the Bear-garden ; and draws the City-Wives and Apprentices out of *London*, much more than a Man hang'd in Chains for Ravishing his Sweetheart, and Knocking her on the Head to oblige her to keep Counsel : It happened lately upon a Holiday, when honest Men walk'd abroad with their Wives and Daughters, to the great Consumption of hot Buns and Bottle-ale, that the Fame of this Mimick had drawn into the Musick-house as great a Crowd of Spectators, as the notable Performances of *Clinch of Barnet* ever drew to the Theatre ; the Frapé being thus assembled in the lower Room, and the better sort of Guests being climb'd into the Gallery ; a little Creature, who before walk'd erect, and bore the Image of a Man, transform'd himself into a Monkey, and began to entertain the Company with such a parcel of pretty Pugs Tricks, and mimical Actions, that they were all as intent upon the Baboon's Fegaries, as if a Mandrake had been tumbling thro' the Hoop, or a Hobgoblin dancing an Antick : Whilst the Eyes and Admiration of the Assembly were thus deeply engaged, the Skin of a

large Alegator, stuff'd with Hey, hanging within the Top of the House, and the Rats having burrowed thro' the Cieling, could come down at pleasure and sport upon the Back of the Monster, one of the Revengeful Vermin to put a Trick upon some of his Brother Bacon-bellies, who being forward to peep into every Hole, were enticed by the smell of the Hey to creep down the Serpent's Throat, his Jaws being extended ; and whilst they were ransacking their *West Indian* Hey-loft, the unlucky Cheese-biter, as 'tis supposed, to shew his Malice to the rest, who it's likely upon some Disgust, had excluded him their Company, gnaws in two the Cord, to be even with them, down comes the Alegator with his Belly full of Rats upon the Head of the Monkey, and laid him sprawling like a dead Frog kill'd by a dry Summer, giving some of the Spectators a wipe with his Tail as he fell to the Ground, who ran away as much frighted as if they had been assaulted by a Flying Dragon ; the Rats within-side being under a great Consternation at so violent a Shock, came running out of his Mouth in a wonderful Hurry, like so many Sailors from between Decks, when a Ship at Midnight has struck upon a Rock : The Rats thus bolting into the Room from between the Alegator's Jaws, those emblems of Destruction, were as much surpriz'd as the People, some falling foul upon the Teeth thro' haste to see what was the matter, ripp'd their Guts out by the way, and hung upon the ill-favoured Instruments of Mastication, like the Limbs of Traytors upon Spikes; others, in the Hurry, for want of Care, had wedged themselves in between his pointed Grinders, and hung sprawling like so many Soldier's Companions between the inflexible Teeth of an Ivory-Louse-trap ; those that without Hurt escaped the dangerous Weapons with which his Jaws were fortified, by clearly leaping over those snaggee Pallisadoes, within which they were encompass'd,

compass'd, being amaz'd at the disordered Crowd, ran up the Women's Petticoats for shelter, that had they been all in hard Labour in the middle of their long Oh, the surprizing Accident could not have been heightened with more intollerable Screaming: I could not forbear Laughing to see what a furious Attack the Rats made upon the Rabble at their first leaping out of their new-fashioned Nest; they were so resolute in their Onset, that the Sally made by the Grecians upon the Trojans, out of the Belly of the Horse, could not be more terrible to the Inhabitants of the Town, than this small Party of little Quadrupedes were to the Female trembling Spectators; some of the more Wicked thought *Beelzebub* was come amongst them, in order to devour them, and that he was spewing up a Legion of young Devils for the same purpose; most of the People were so scar'd, they run out of the House without paying their Reckoning, and few who were got safe into the Fields, were Persons of such tender Consciences, as to run any Hazard in returning to show their Honesty: The Women were most of 'em run into the Garden, where, to fright down the little Devils, who had taken Sanctuary in their Plackets, they fell to shaking their Petticoats like a Woman crept out of the Straw, when she scatters her Mice to help Conception in a fruitless Neighbour. A Butcher amongst the rest of the Company, being attended with a brindle Runner at the rough Game, who, as he lay Couchant between the Leggs of his Master, espying the fell Monster in the middle of Room, gave a leap from the place like a Lyon at his Prey, seizes the inanimate Scarecrow with as little Mercy as a Bailiff does a Prisoner after making an Escape, baiting the ill-favour'd gaping Shell with as much Fury, as ever St. George did the Dragon in defence of a Maiden-head, that it made as good Sport for us in the Galery, as the old *East-India* Company found at the worrying of the Tyger: A greater Confusion, for the little time it lasted,

was

was never seen amongst Bullies in a Bawdy-house, or Butchers at a Bear-garden ; some swearing, some staring, some laughing, and my Host chafing at the great Disorder, that had ten Couple of *Bartholomew-fair* Fools, in their Painted Pontificallibusses, been to have baited a Poet to Death with Puns, Witticisms, and Cunnundrums, on the neglected Stage in *Dorset-Garden* Theatre, it could not have more diverted the Spleen, or cured the Hypocondria in a melancholy Spectator, than the many pretty Accidents that luckily attended the Downfall of the *Alligator*.

Pardon me, dear Friend, that I have nothing to recommend to you more worthy of your View; my design at this time is only to make you Laugh : I know at leisure whiles you love to be merry ; and if what I have Writ will but in any measure gratifie your Humour when you are so disposed, it is all that's coyeted by

*Your assurred Friend.*



*A Love-letter from a Gentleman to a  
Crooked Lady, &c.*

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By Mr. Ward.

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*Madam,*

YOU have often charged me with Flattery in my Addresses to your Ladiship, and think I cannot love you for a Wife, because of your Deformity : To deal plainly with

with you, using no more Dissimulation than one *Geneva* Christian would do with another, upon my word, Madam, the Singularity of your Shape, next to the Prettiness of your Fortune, was the second Motive that induced me to bear an honourable Regard to your dear dislocated Person, whom I am very desirous of making my lawful Co-partner, for the sundry Reasons following :

In the first place, Madam, I have taken into my Consideration the common Frailities of your Sex, having found, by Observation in this debauched Age, that Incontinence is usually as inherent in a pretty Woman, as Covetousness in a Clergy-man, or Jealousie in an old Fumbler; and have from thence concluded that such Virtue is the most secure, amidst the Wars of *Venus*, that has the least Beauty to invite Love's Champions to attack it; then consequently that Woman is most likely to prove a happy Wife to a Man who dreads Cuckoldom, whose Vertue, like your Ladiship's, is fortified with so strong a Bullwork, that none, unles's thro' Spight, more than the Honour of the Victory, would attempt to conquer.

Secondly, Madam, I should think my self exempted from the great Trouble of Discovering your Disposition, which sometimes prove a seven Years Task for a marry'd Pilot to fathom, before he finds out the way to steer rightly for the Safety of his Family; but in you I take it for granted, your Conditions are as Crooked as the Mould they're cast in, and do assure you. I had rather marry a Woman like your Ladiship, who I have good reason to believe would be ill-humour'd to everybody, than a compleat Beauty, who, thro' the Sweetness of her Temper, would be good-natur'd, to others, as well as my self.

Thirdly, Madam, because you are a Lady of incomparable Breeding, and have double the Complaisance

plaisance of a straight Woman, for you never Cursie but you Bow at the same time, also hate to shew the ill Manners of turning your Back-side up. on any body ; and an humble Deportment being a great sign of Grace, makes me believe you a good Christian tho' a crooked Disciple ; and that you labour hard in the Paths you tread, to be thought an upright Woman.

*Fourthly*, Madam, I consider there's but little Difficulty in making you conformable to my own Temper, because you are already bent to my Bow, and can do no otherways than stoop to any thing I shall desire you to submit to, which humble Condescension must contribute highly to a Husband's Happiness : Besides, should you chance to over-hear a loud unmannerly Laugh or idle Jest arise in Company, you'd be apt, for the ease of others, to take it all upon your own Back.

*Fifthly*, I am perswaded, Madam, you will make Matrimony a very healthful State, for I dare swear, whosoever marries you, will never bring himself into a Consumption by a libidinous Excess with his own Wife.

*Sixthly*, Madam, I consider the God of Love is a great Archer, and you being as crooked as a Bow, and I as streight as an Arrow, were we both lock'd up together in the case of Matrimony, the blind Deity, who delights so much to shoot at Hearts, would doubtless think us fit Instruments upon Occasion, for the Business of Love, and by Virtue of his Power would in all Amity preserve our Happiness, and I doubt not, but whenever I am drawn up to the head, I shall hit the Mark.

*Seventhly*, Madam, I must needs confess, I love a Woman, as a true Sportsman does Venison ; who, if the Meat be well seasoned, and the Crust but good in its kind, has very little regard to the Fashion of the Pasty ; so I doubt not but your Ladiship (tho' Nature has molded you into a homely

homely Form) has as good Flesh to satisfie the Appetite of a hungry Lover, as if your sides had been raised according to Art up to the best Proportion; Besides, in Fruit we always find that Crumplings are the sweetest.

I hope, Madam, the Reasons I have given you will prove sufficient to convince you I can love you for a Wife, notwithstanding your outward Imperfections, for all I would desire with a Female Helpmate to sweeten the Bitterness of that bundle of Rue, are Riches and Vertue, the one to secure me from Want, and the other to defend me from Cuckoldom; for of all Misfortunes that attend this Life, there are none which I dread more than being a Buck or a Beggar: Therefore, Madam, if you will undertake to protect me from the two Evils aforementioned, I will venture to plunge my self into that Ocean of Troubles Matrimony; and with all good Nature and Industry (notwithstanding your small Inducemens) will honestly perform the refreshing Duties of a Husband; for, to tell you the Truth, what I chiefly covet is, to live well; and the Camel laden with Indian Riches, tho' he has an ugly Bump on his Back, is, to me, far more welcome than an *Alexander's Bucephalus*; for I must needs confess to your Ladiship, I never value what Beast I ride upon, provided I am but easily carryed: So begging you will be pleased to take these things into your Consideration, and think me worthy of a Satisfactory Answer, and you will for ever Oblige, Madam, the most honest Plain-dealer of all your Admirers.



*A Letter from an Enamoured Beau, to a  
very Beautiful Lady, upon his seeing her  
make Exit from that Odoriferous Treas-  
ure of Humane Superfluities, the House  
of O—*

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By Mr. Ward.

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*Madam,*

Hen Accident first dropped in my way so  
W. lovely an Object as your self, no Convict,  
at the sight of a Reprieve, or Miser at  
the finding a Bag of old Jacobusses, could  
have thought his Eyes more blest than mine were  
with your Beauty, which had so powerful an Effect  
upon my working Imagination, that I could not  
conceive you to be any thing less than a Piece of  
unknown Divinity, by chance fallen into this  
lower World, and by the coldness of the Air you  
passed thro' frozen into a visible Figure, wherein  
we might clearly discern the Form and Deport-  
ment of those Beings about us arm'd with Im-  
mortality

My Admiration of your Perfections so deprived  
me of my Reason, and nourished my odd Conceit  
to so great a height, that I could not for my Life  
believe a Person adorned with such awful Graces,  
could be produced by the ordinary means of Gene-  
ration, or that humane Acquirements could im-  
prove an Obje&t to so great an Excellence, being  
fully

fully perswaded those Celestial Forms required not for Sustenance, such gross Foods as are eat and drank to satisfie the craving Appetites incident to our feeble Carcases, which labour under the innumerable Inconveniences of a short liv'd Mortality, but imagined, by your Angelick-looks, you were of such a Camelion-Nature, that a Bottle of *Mompelier* Air would have feasted your Cherubimical Prettiness, for at least the term of an Apothecary's Prenticeship, andthat you had no more occasion for a Cook or Kitchen in your Family, a House of Office in your Garden, or a Close-stool in your Bed-chamber, than a Dutch Cripple has for a Pair of Scates, or a dead Bawd for a Brandy-bottle.

I have often pursued your nimble Footsteps in a dewy Morning, to try if I could discover, by the Print of your Pettitoes, whether so beautiful an Obj<sup>c</sup>t could be composed of such gross Matter as we common Mortals; but mine Eyes were still so dazzled with the Stateliness of your Carriage, the Proportion of your Waste, and the charming Plumpness of your hindermost Allurements, that I was no more able to discern any Impression of a grave Substance upon the Ground you trod upon, than if I had been following fair *Rosamond's* Ghost upon a marble Pavement, or had been dancing after a Fairy cross a Farmer's Hall, who was running at Midnight to drop a Silver penny into a Bucket of Water to encourage the Maid's Cleanliness. Having laboured for sometime under this lunatick Deception, I thought my self at last in the Condition of *Ixion*, and that I had unhappily fallen deeply in Love with a Piece of Divinity, that would Jilt me at the long-run, and prove but a meer Shadow in my Embraces, but however, after many as serious Deliberations as my Frenzie would admit of, I thus determined in my self, that if you were not to be enjoy'd, you were still to be ador'd, so resolved, if the Purity of your Nature was such as

as could not admit of the former, I would take Pleasure in the latter ; and if I found you unqualified for a Bed-fellow, I questioned not but I should find you qualified for a Goddess, it being my full Intent to conquer you as the one, or submit to you as the other ; but providence, in this ripe Age of true Devotion, not suffering me to straggle from the right Worship, was pleased to clear my Eye-sight by the following Accident, and at once convinced me, I was about to turn Pagan to a false Divinity.

Rising early one Morning to my Chamber-window, about the time that *Apollo's Flanders* had just climbed with their gilt Charriots obove our Horizon, and having the opportunity of over-looking your Ladiship's Backside (that is your Garden, Madam, I mean) which I always observed was so well Weeded, that there was not left so much as a Nettle for a Scold to piss on ; and as I was thus pleasing my sight with the various Colours, and delighting my Nostrils with the mixt Effluvia's of your odoriferous Flowers, who should I see but your sweet Ladiship pop out of a stinking Conveniency, very loosely attired in your Morning-dress, to my great Surprise, as well as Disappointment ; for the Mist which your artful Allurements had cast before my Eyes, thro' which I had always seen you, was now dispersed by the Truth of your own Nature, which I found simply apparent without the least Ornaments or Arts to hide your Imperfections ; your Face uncovered with Pommatum, looked as freckly as the Temples of a Carriot-pated Milk-wench, and your Cheeks and Lips which before seemed so rosie, by the assistance of Spanish Wool, looked now as pale as if a Green-sickness Appetite inclined you to feed on nothing but Oat-meal and Tobacco-pipes, Love's fleshy Cushions of Delight, which when trufed up with an Artificial Rump appeared so plump and inviting, looked as flat and as thin as the Buttocks of a *Barbary Gelding*, seemed as flabby

as the Udder of an old Cow, and trembled as you walked, like a Quaking-pudding just placed upon the Table. Upon the Word of an honest Neighbour, Madam, I never felt a greater Alteration between Winter and Summer, than I found in my own Microcosm, for my Blood, which before was so terribly inflamed with the scorching influence of your Wash. Paint and Patches, Rump-pads and Buttock-bolsters, was so frozen and congealed, when I unhappily found my Goddess turned into a Ghost, and the wonderful Blessings I expected from your Beauty to be all frustrated ; that I fell down at my Window in a Swoon under the Disappointment, and instead of Love, thought I should have died of an Appoplexy : But recovering again, was so vexed to think that your Ladiship, whom I had chose as a Diety to sacrifice my Love to, should eat and drink like us common Mortals, and do the more beastly Offices of Flesh and Blood, that all my former Affections were instantly changed into Aversion, and I can now, with as much Pleasure, look upon a Dutch Mastiff, or an old Cat with sore Eyes, as gaze upon a Piece of Mortality that has so deceived me ; and therefore can remain no more than your Ladiships Neighbour in Charity, and that's all.

To



To Mr. Dryden: To be left at  
Will's Coffee-House in Covent-  
Garden.

Upon promising on his Word to give him  
a Pound of Snuff.

SIR,

When I saw you last, you gave me your Word, that you would send me a pound of Snuff in two Days time; but what signifies your Word, for if you had kept your Word, I had had it long ago. Now, tho' you left your Word with me, I don't know what to do with it; I'm afraid no body will take your Word, (I mean for a Pound of Snuff) unless you retrieve it very soon. But it may be you only design'd a Compliment to my Understanding; believing I knew you so well, as not to depend upon your Word, for Words are but Wind, and so indeed a Word to the Wife is sufficient. However, you will find, if you continue thus to forfeit your Word, that your Word by the By, will become a By-Word. Nevertheless, something may be said in favour of your Word, as for Example: That, tho' it brought me not a Pound of Snuff, and consequently proved a Word of no Weight, yet 'tis certain, I have taken Snuff at it, in some measure. Perhaps you may not like my Quibbling, because it

it is playing upon a *Word*; but when your *Word* ceases to pass in Earnest, then it naturally passes into a Jest; and so in a *Word*, your *Word* is the occasion of these *Words* I've writ, and of many more *Words* which I have still to say, when I have a farther opportunity of *Wording* on't with you by *Word* of Mouth, which shall be the next time we meet, upon the *Word* of

*Your Humble Servant,*

Richard Swan.



*From*

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BATH.

*From a Lady at the Bath, to  
Henry Brett Esq; in London.*

*An Account of the Intrigues at the Bath,  
and the chief Diversion of both Sexes  
during the Summer-season : With a  
short Character of the Place and Inha-  
bitants, &c. Also a new Poem upon  
the Ladies.*

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By Mr. WARD.

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SIR,

THE many Importunities you have used  
to oblige me that I'd oblige you with a Letter from  
the Bath, in Relation to the Affairs of  
this salubrious City, gives me reason to  
believe you suspect me to be a Petticoat-Wit, a  
Shee-mortal with a Male Soul, that has let drop  
Pattern, Sampler, and Bobin, to turn Scribbling  
Characterist. But I would have you to know, that  
tho' we Women are good Projectors of Love-plots,  
excellent Politicians at a Hard-labour, witty Prat-  
ters at a Gossipping, and can sometimes puzzle the  
Parson at the making of a Christian, yet we must  
not pretend to that notable Tallent, Wit; which  
is a Property only to be boasted in your happy  
Sex,

Sex, to whom partial Providence, or your more partial Policy, has made us silly Creatures, but inglorious Servants, and consequently are never suffer'd in Qualifications, or the World's Esteem, to rise equal with you, our Masters.

We can sometimes Rave, 'Tis true, as Emphatically as a *Drury-Lane Actor*, just stagger'd from the Horse-shoe-Tavern to the Stage; especially under a Lover's Slight, a Rival's Injustice, or a Gallant's Disappointment; and can rail against those Vices we most practice, as bitterly as the black Robe does against Women, Wine, and Covetousness. In short, we can Scold when we are vex'd, like a peevish Serjeant at the Bar; or perhaps give as bad Words upon occasion, as a *Billinggate Fish-woman*, fomented with the Slander of barren Sow: So that if there be Wit in Scurrility, I do not know but some of us may be qualified to pass, in a mistaking Age, for good Modern Satyrists, tho' not like those of old, whom Painters represent with Asses Ears, and Goats Legs: Nature having fram'd us of a quite different Composition, giving us a Snake's Head and a Wasp's Breech, so that when angry, if our Tongues fail us, by a Sting in our Tails we often revenge our Injuries.

But however, Sir, since you according to the custom of the Male Sex, have been very forward in your Solicitations, and I, as a Woman ought, have been hitherto backward in granting your Request; yet to shew you, the most Unwilling of our Sex may be brought to comply with continued Importunities; I have at last submitted to gratifie your Desires, and shall therefore proceed to give you the best Description of the Bath my Knowledge of the Place, and the Weakness of my Capacity are able to oblige you with. I shall first begin with the Company, and rank 'em 'together in the same Order they fell under my Observation:

Here

Here Qualities Wives and their well-built Stallions cajole one another as publickly as if Cuckoldom went by Destiny; and extrinsical Necessity was a justifiable Plea for committing Adultery: Husbands of the higher Rank come hither with their Mistresses, who wallow together without shame, in Vice and Luxury, whilst their absent Wives are indulging themselves at Tunbridge in the like Liberties; For 'tis a Rule with Physicians to incur the Anathema of parting Man and Wife, and if the Bath be good for one, nothing more proper for the other, than Tunbridge Waters. Ladies of all sorts, are as plenty as Fruit in a Costermonger's Shop; some great, some little, some Sweetings, some Crabs, some rotten. In short, a lustful Epicurean may please his Pallat from the Golden-Pipin to the Open-arse; Tho' I said of all sorts, I meant to except Virgins; for I must confess, I believe Maiden-heads at maturity, are here as scarce a Commodity, as Godly Books in a Lawyer's Library. The meanest Courtezan, if but tollerably equipp'd according to the Mode, has her Minion as well as Benefactor; one that feeds her, and another that she feeds. A Lady of Pleasure, being the Escutcheon of Iniquity, and the Cully and Bully, her two Supporters, hanging thus like St. Dunstan's Clock, between Boucher and Bowden for both to Knock at in their turns; whilst she, like a true mettled Gentlewoman, is willing to hold 'em tack: Tho' like the two Clock-work Loggerheads, they were able to strike the Quarters: My own Sex, that labour under any Indisposition, are here as Politick as Niggardly, for they sum up in one, both Physician and Gallant, and make him do something more for his Fee, than to prescribe to the Apothecary. The precise Lady too, wants not the Cunning, to at once cheat the World and save Charges; conversing with few else but the Clergy, as most suitable to their Piety; who, to gratifie

their

their Care of her precious Soul, has sometimes a good Living, but at all times a Pulpit at a Preacher's Service, where he may thump till his Heart akes, before he will hurt the Cushion, and make the most of his Text, before she'll complain of the length of his Sermon; she knowing, by Experience, if the Subject be well squeezed, 'twill afford abundance of Matter: In short, they are pared thus; The English Lady and her Captain *Macdonnel*, by my Shoul, Madam *Buxom* and 'Squire *Limberham* walking together, like the two Emblems of *Pharoah's* Dream, Plenty and Famine, one being as plump as a Pincushion, and the other as thin as a Comb-case. The Skeleton of a Lord, cringing to a *Pall-Mall* Head-dresser, as if he was begging a little found Flesh to cover his rotten Bones, that the Wasteband of his Breeches might sit easie without gauling his Hips: The common Trader and the Beau, who struts by the side of his Mercernay Mistress, like a Dunghill Cock by his Favorite Pullet, to watch her from dispensing her Favours to his Neighbouring Rivals; the precise Hypocrite and the Brawny Chaplain, as close as Nun and Fryar: They eat together, walk together, bath together, pray together, and as many believe, do something else together; for in such a merry Age as this, the Lambs of the Lord must play; and indeed, how fearful a Sinner must that Woman be, that dares not venture as near Hell-gates, as her holy Guide that conducts her?

About Ten a Clock in the Morning, all these have recourse to the *Bath*, where, to mortifie the Pride of my own Sex, all degrees of Females, from the Countess to the common Crack, promiscuously stew together, like Beef, Mutton, Pork, Sheeps-Heads, Dumpling, Pudding, Carrots, Turnips, and Cabbage, in a Boiling-Cook's Copper, at an Irish Ord'nary, also Lords, Pimps, Mechanick's, Stallions, Gamesters, Cullies and Bullies, every

One expecting to receive Benefit from the universal Virtue of this kind Nature's Bagnio, which, like a Quack's *Nostrum*, is prescribed by most Physical Wifeakers, in all sorts of Distempers, as Pox, Gout, Stone, Rheumatism, old Pains and Aches, Scrophulous Tumours, Knots, Nodes, Boils, Buboes, and Barrenness, with an &c. to include other Diseases, too tedious to be mention'd, besides the numerous Assembly of afflicted Sinners. There are an intriguing Train of Amorous Water-wagtails, who come hither for Pleasure only, some to make themselves amends for their Deficiencies of their Spouses, others to revenge their Parents Negligence, and provide themselves with Gallants, for want of the Dad's Care to procure them Husbands ; and a third sort, who (poor Creatures) are forced to fling themselves upon their Backs, like a Cat in a Skirmish, and labour Hip and Thigh, for a bare natural Subsistence.

It is pleasant to observe what false steps and Stumbles the Ladies often make in the Bath, to tumble into the Arms of their Lovers; and how ready the next Beau is to catch at so happy a Wind-fall, and with what cleanly Conveyance a Bill of Deux is palmed out of the Crown of a Gallant's Cap into his Mistress's Handkerchief; and how she, by the like Legerdemain, without the help of Powder-le-pimp, can conjure up a Note of Assignment out of her Indian Bowl, which floats before her, freighted with Sweetmeats, or the like, and put it, with undiscernable Dexterity, (as she imagines) into the Hand of her next Male-Neighbours, 'tho' perhaps, for all her Cunning, 'tis visible to all those whose Eyes are upon her ; for Love it self being blind, is apt to conceive others under the same Circumstances.

Some more nice Ladies, under the Pretence of Modesty and Privacy, fee the Sergeant of the Bath, for Admittance at Midnight, with none but

her Woman to attend her, in whom she confides as much, as a Plotter against the State does in a Confederate, where she spends but few Minutes, e'er her nimble Gallant springs down from his Chamber-window, by the Assistance of his Vallet and a Hempen Conveniency, and like an impatient *Leander*, swims cross to his expecting *Heroe*; upon which, the Maid being a notable Baggage, of a discerning Faculty, and not so ignorant, but to guess at the Purpose for which these Pains were taken, retires at a proper distance, whilst perhaps by the help of the Prolific Quality of the Bath, and a little pleasing Industry, an Heir is conjured up to some Fumbler's Estate, to the Husband's great Satisfaction, and the unexpressible Joy of the whole Family; which being done, the strenuous Gallant vanishes in Obscurity, and the honest Lady returns to her Lodgings, looking, like *Selomon's Adulteress*, as if she had done no Harm. Such Intrigues as these, are as common as false Dies at a Gaming Ord'nary, by which means Quality are often made Cuckolds by Scoundrels, and many happy Children enjoy good Estates by the Mother's side, when the Natural Father had never more Acres than what he could plough with his Genitals. Having given you a short Specimen of a copious Subject, which instead of a Letter, is much fitter for a Treatise: I shall now avoid Prolixity, and give you a short Character of the Town, and the Inhabitants, which I desire you will accept, as follows:

The Town is the most sinful Part of a good Bishoprick, where the Company corrupt their Insides as often as they cleanse their Out; blacken their Souls tho' daily wash their Bodies; both Sexes minding much more what the Physician says, than what the Parson preaches. The *Bath* it self is a Hell-kettle of hot Water, where afflicted Sinners stew out their Diseases, and the Liquor that

remains is a Mess of Porridge for the Devil. The Temple of the Lord is made a House of Assination; the wicked Congregation, a Convention of lustful Hypocrites; the Pews built Ogling height, for the Conveniency of Temptation. The Sermon turned into Ridicule by the Beau's and Bellfa's, and the Parson, but the *Merry Andrew* that gathers the Parade together; the Situation of the Church is very commodious for Gamesters, one Door opening upon the Raffling-Shop, and Bowling-Green, so that the Bones of the Devil are rattled over the Bones of the Dead, by the Quality themselves, whilst their Footmen (pursuant to their good Example) make Hazard-tables of the Tombstones; and, thoughtless of Mortality, upon Holy Ground, at a bad Chance, call the Devil to their Assistance: The Gentry upon the Green, are well worth a Wise Man's Observation, where they use more Language to their Bowls, than the Driver of a Waggon does to a Team of Horse, and much after the same manner, only the Dialect is somewhat different: For as the Carter crys, *Gee*, the other crys, *Flee*; and as *Ralph* crys, *Wo*, the Bowler crys, *Rub*; both Terms used in the same Sence, tho' something in sound they vary, some calling as earnestly to their Bowls to mend their pace, as if the *Lignum Vitæ* Messenger was as intelligible, as he who sent it of an Errand to the Block; another stamping at the Trigger, to stop the Fury of his Bowl, as if at one stroke with his Foot, he could give an Earth-quake to the Universe, every one shewing such Antick Postures in his Turn, as if all the Tumblers in the Kingdom were met together, to shew the Spectators the Flexibility of their Joints. The Lodgings, 'tis true, are pretty neatly furnished, but as dear to those that occupie them, as Shops in *Cheapside*; and if you chance to be so ill, as to require the Use of a Warming-pan, it will cost you as much in Brush-wood, to make

make Coals to warm you Bed, as in Town you may buy a Pair of ordinary Sheets ; for Firing being so very dear, that a Family might have their Victuals drest in *London*, could it be sent down hot by the Coach, and save Money by the Bargain. The Inhabitants, four Months in the Year, are as proud as *Lucifer*, and as sawcily imperious to their Lodgers, as a rich Victualler to a Parcel of Journey-men Taylors ; but as humble the other Eight, as a *London-Vintner*, in a long Vacation : The Servants, like their Masters and Mistresses, are as Mercenary as Town-Strumpets ; and if they answer you but what's a Clock, they'll expect Six Pence for their Labour ; the Women being as ready to open their Legs as their Mouths, if they can get but any thing by the Bargain ; but without Interest, do every thing as unwillingly as a Dog that turns a Spit, or a Miser, that lends his Money upon doubtful Security. A thousand times as much could I say of this Renowned Place, were it proper to make a Letter as long as an Independent Sermon, but knowing what I have already writ, will tire your Patience, I will change the Scene, and present you with a Panegyric on the chief Beauties at the Bath :

V—*irs has all the Charms, has all the Arts  
Of Dress, to captivate and ruine Hearts ;  
No Tongue can speak, no Language can express,  
How Bright, how Charming, how Divine she is :  
In her fair Face, her Shape, her Air, her Mien,  
Heav'n is display'd, and Paradise is seen.  
Each lovely Posture doth our Hearts enthrall ;  
Whether she stands, or leans, or sits, we fall :  
Each charming Motion doth command our Love ;  
With her our Hearts, with her our Pulse doth move,  
But oh ! what Rhet'rick can describe her Gate,  
When at her Heels ten thousand Cupids wait !*

She negligently treads with Janty Air,  
 And careless gives the sad Beholders Care:  
 Nor is her Body, than her Mind, more bright;  
 Nor are her Eyes more sparkling than her Wit.  
 In short, wou'd Mortals know what Angels are?  
 They look, they move, they walk, they speak like Her.

Fair D——n has the Irish Billows cross'd,  
 To make Invasion on the British Coast;  
 Armies of Cupids do the Fair attend,  
 And irresistably her Power extend:  
 In vain the English boast of Victories,  
 Ireland gains greater Conquests by her Eyes.

When W——fly Dances, not the Spheres above,  
 With so much Grace and Harmony do move;  
 At every step she takes with graceful Art,  
 She sets her Foot upon a vanquish'd Heart;  
 Where e'er she turns herself, with dangerous Skill  
 Like the bright Lightning, does she move and kill:  
 When she, we all do move, and shake, when she  
 Bends with her Foot, and trembles with her Knee;  
 With every motion of her Hand she throws  
 Us down, and tramples on us as she goes:  
 The lovely Conquerour walks o're the Plain,  
 And in proud Triumph strides o're Heaps of Slain.  
 Do not, fair Madam, on the Prostrate tread;  
 Do not insult, bright Tyrant, o're the Dead:  
 Ah! Wound not with your Foot; alas, there flies  
 Enough Destruction from your Charming Eyes.

When D——d sings, her Breath, like some strong wind,  
 Shakes and disturbs, and agitates the Mind.  
 When D——d dances, Love arms every Part;  
 Her Head, her Foot, her Arms, her Hand's a Dart:  
 But Oh! when D——d talks, the Graces throng  
 About her Lips, and dance upon her Tongue;  
 Mirth, Humour, Wit, gay Conversation shine  
 In her Discourse, and make her Words Divine:

Enfie

Easie and unconstrain'd her Wit doth flow,  
Is free, while we that hear her are not so :  
But only I attempt to praise her Wit,  
For to speak of it, I should write with it.

Nor must we here forget her lovely Niece,  
Mankind's first State appears in her fair Eyes ;  
At once there's Innocence and Paradise.

C——tn with marvellous, harmonious Art,  
Plays on the Flute, and on the Hearer's Heart ;  
The Instrument, and we, at once are struck :  
And when she shakes the Note, our Souls are shook.  
Strange Pow'r of Art, which thus canst Arma sound,  
And give weak Air the strength and might to wound !

Bright L——ll makes every Heart her Prize.  
At once Victorious by her Voice and Eyes ;  
In the amazing Beauties of her Face,  
With mighty Pleasure, mighty Pain, we gaze ;  
And when the Syren sings, her Tuneful Breath,  
Like Pestilential Fire, gives certain Death ;  
In Face and View the Angel doth appear,  
For all we know of what these Spirits are,  
Is only that they Sing, and that they're Fair.

I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant.

\* \* \* \* \*

*To his Loving Friend Mr. ——, lately  
fallen into the Surgeon's Hands.*

SIR,

\* \* \* HE News you sent me surprizes me very  
\* T \* much.

\* \* \* What! my Friend in the Surgeon's Hands,  
and thy Friend's Friend in the Bailiffs  
Hands!

'Tis some ill Planet sure, that reigns, and bears  
a Spight to Old Southampton-Buildings.

When I reflect upon your several Misfortunes,  
I find some Analogy betwixt them ; for it would  
not be improper to say, that you are Clapt, and  
he is clapt up. Again, I find a considerable dif-  
ference ; for your Body is in danger, whilst his is  
secured : And as he rails at the Cruelty of one  
Sex, you vent your Spite at the Kindness of the  
other. But, prithee, Jack, let me know whom you  
are indebted to for this Favour ; that if I should  
steer my Course that way, I may avoid that fatal  
Shelf where your frail Vessel sprung a Leak, and  
suffered Ship-wreck.

Is it th' Apothecary's Wife,  
Who in her Husband's Lap so tamely sat, (what ?)  
And laugh'd whilst you were grabling.—you know  
If so — ; who knows, but the confounded Jade  
Design'd it to promote her Husband's Trade ?  
Amongst her Friends, if Favours thus she place,  
Profit must needs come Running in apace.

The

The Project's new ; but various are the Wiles,  
Base Woman uses, when she Man beguiles.

Therefore to you, my hapless Pickled Friend,  
This, as my best Advice, I recommend.

*Arrest the Cuckold; for without dispute,*

You can prove Damage, and that's cause of Suit.

*He'll ne'er stand Trial in so foul a Case,*

But rather than submit to the Disgrace  
of being called a Loff

Of the vile Injury you took Offence at ;

*His Pocket for her Placket shall compensate.*

Adieu.

I am,

Your Humble Servant,

*RICHARD SWAN.*



# F R I D A Y.

By Mr. George Farquhar.

If I han't begun thrice to write, and as often  
laid down my Pen, may I never take it  
up again. Hy Head and my Heart have  
been at Cuffs about you. Says my Head,  
' You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle  
' with a Lady, whose Wit is as much above your  
' Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then  
answers my heart, 'Good Mr. Head, You are a Block-  
' head : I know Mr. *Farquhar's* Merit better than  
' you. As for your part, I know you are as  
' whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every  
I. i. 5 ' new

' new Notion that offers; but for my part, I am  
 ' fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's  
 ' Merit for ever; and if the Fair She can secure  
 ' an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go  
 ' whistle. —— ' Come, come, (answer'd my Head)  
 ' you, Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentle-  
 ' man into some Trouble or other. Was't not  
 ' you that first enticed him to talk to this Lady?  
 ' Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like  
 ' this Lady; and your busie Impertinence has  
 ' made him write twice to her: Your Leaping and  
 ' Skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his  
 ' good Humour by Day. In short, Sir, I will  
 ' hear no more of her. —— I am Head, and I will  
 ' be obey'd. —— You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart,  
 ' (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of  
 ' Love. And if you don't give your consent, you  
 ' shall be forced: For I am sure, that in this  
 ' Case, all the Members will be on my side. What  
 ' say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh! (say the Hands)  
 ' We would not want the Pleasure of touching a  
 ' soft Skin for the World. —— Well, what say  
 ' you Mr. Tongue? — Zounds, says the Tongue,  
 ' there's more pleasure in speaking three soft  
 ' Words of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole  
 ' Orations of Seignior Head's. —— So I'm for the  
 ' Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will  
 ' stand by me. ' By the sweet power of Kisses,  
 ' we will, replied the Lips:) And presently some  
 other considerable Parts standing up for the Heart,  
 they laid violent Hands upon poor Head, and  
 knock'd out his Brains. So, now, Madam, behold  
 me as perfect a Lover as any in Christendom, my  
 Heart purely dictating every Word I say. The  
 little Rebel has thrown itself into your Power;  
 and if you don't support it in the Cause it has ta-  
 ken up for your sake, think what will be the mi-  
 ferable Condition of the Headless and Heartless

Farquhar.

Tv

# MARJORIE: MARJORIE: MARJORIE

To a Lady, whom he never saw : Being a  
true Relation of a Saturday Night's  
Adventure.

By Mr. George Farquhar.

---

Have now, Madam, had time to reflect  
on Saturday Night's Adventure : And  
if I have reflected on any thing else since  
that, may I never be blest with such an  
Adventure again. A Lady in a Masque, with a  
pretty Hand, that presently got hold of my  
Heart, desires to know where she shall see me af-  
ter the Play : At the *Rose*, Madam, said I. There  
the Lady calls like a Woman of Honour, where  
I was found like a Man of Honour, and without  
much Ceremony, leaves three honest Gentle-  
men, and two roasted Fowls, to venture my self,  
Neck, and Gizzard, with two strange Ladies in a  
Coach. Compliments (which, by the way, were  
pretty plain on my side) being past on both sides ;  
the Ladies would do nothing under the *Rose*, but  
must drive to the *Fountain* in the *Strand*. If the  
Ladies had inform'd me of their Quality, I  
had called for *Burgundy* ; but seeing nothing about  
them that promised beyond *Covent-Garden*, I thought  
a Bottle of new *French* might be suitable. They  
both were in love with me ; but one a little fur-  
ther

ther gone than t'other ; their Discourse was Modest and they drank like Women of Quality ; for our Bottle was soon out. I was then impatient to return to my Fowls ; for I could not feed upon Covered Dishes. The Lady that was most in love with me, promised to take off her Mask, if I Should see her Home. I Promised to wait on her Home, if she would let me lie with her all Night. I was a Blockhead for that ; for the Lady was angry, not with the Matter, but the manner of the Expression : But I thinking still of Covent-Garden, was not so very nice in my Phrase ; but at last, away they drove, and set down one Lady, the Lord knows where : The 'tother (relying, I suppose, more upon my Modesty than her own) had the Courage to stay alone with me in the Coach ; which after several Turnings, stop'd, where we lighted in *Golden-Square* ; she advised me to make the Coach wait ; which I thought a very good hint to discharge it. She conducted me up Stairs to a *very stately Apartment* ; and she, according to her Promise, took off her Mask ; but pull'd her Hoods so about her Face, that I was as far to seek for her Beauty as before. After some foolish Chat, in comes a Maid, with a red-hot Warming-pan, and retires into a Bed-Chamber ; and returning presently, told her Lady, that her Ladiship's Bed was ready, and dropt a modest Curtesie, and made her *Exit* : the Lady told me, 'twas time for me to go to Bed. Madam, said I, with all the Speed I'm able ; and began to unbutton : But in spight of all my haste, she was a-bed before me. Our Conversation was free, natural, and pleasant 'till Ten o'Clock next Morning. The Chamber was so dark, that I could not see the Lady's Face, so was forc'd to depart as great a Stranger to that, as when I met her first ; tho' I knew every other part about her so well, that I shall never forget her. I hope your Ladiships will pardon my

my Familiarity : For, by Heavens, I can no more forbear whispering my past Joys to my self, than I could abstain repeating them with you, would you bless me with a second Opportunity. I have sent you a Note for the Pit, to see the Jubilee to morrow, tho' I would rather try the Power of my Love, by finding you out in the front Boxes. I am sure you can't be handsome ; for Nature never made any thing intirely Perfect. In short, if I cant find you out by Instinct, never trust me, when I say I love, which must be as great a Curse, as your Favour will prove a Blessing to, Madam,

*Your most humble Servant,*

George Farquhar.

### *To Mrs. C—.*

Madam,

Am got to the Rose, whence I send to know how my Dear is. Bless me with a Line, my Dear. If I durst, I would visit you.

*'Tis a cold frosty Night;  
My Desires are warm :  
My Love makes a Fire  
To keep me from Harm.*

*But should you prove Cruel,  
And your Favours with-hold ;  
My Fire goes out  
For want of its Fuel,  
And I, poor I, must perish with Cold.*

So

So much for Rhime; now for Reason. I love you my Dear, and I have a thousand Reasons for it: And if you don't believe me, by Heaven, you wrong the faithfulest Man on Earth.

Pray Madam, don't put me to the expence of Vows and Oaths. I hate Swearing under my Hand. I love you, in plain downright Terms. But what sort of Love, I can't tell you, till I have the Honour, and Happiness of seeing and conversing with you once more. You have Art enough to engage my Friendship, and Beauty enough to engagé my Love: You shall make a Friend of me, and I'll aspire to make a Mistress of you; but if You will bless me with the Knowledge of Time and Place of waiting on you, you shall make a Friend, Lover, Fool, or what you please of, Madam.

*Your Admirer,*

George Farquhar.

\*\*\*\*\*

*By the Same.*

*Madam,*

\*\*\* O U were so engaged with Wits last Night, \*\*\* Y \*\*\* Madam, that an honest Man could not be \*\*\* happy; and I am so engaged with Wits now, that I can't write Sense. I am very uneasy, and I don't know for what. I can drink no Health that can restore my Cure, I am stupid and Lifeless; for my Love is where— G— D—, Madam— I wish I had never seen you. You made a turn in the — to Night, that has chang'd the

the Scene of my Happiness — Now 'tis out —  
and I good Company again, — Sir, my humble  
Service to you ; and I am this Lady's

*Most humble Servant,*

George Farquhar.



*By the Same.*

*Madam;*

When I left you, my Dear, I went to the  
Play ; From thence to Wit and Wine ;  
which detained me till Four this Morn-  
ing : Then I went to bed, and dreamt of  
her, whose Health I came from drinking. 'Twas  
Yours. by Gad. — Now, Madam, I have gi-  
ven you an Account of my mis-spent Hours, for  
such I must reckon those that I throw away in  
any Company but Yours ; but Love and Fortune  
cannot be reconciled. They are both blind, and  
therefore can never meet ; but You and I can see :  
for we love one another. I'll answer for You,  
and You shall do the same for me.

*Witness my Hand,*

George Farquhar.

*By*



## *By the same.*

*Madam,*

IS a hard Case, that you should di-  
sturb a Man of his Natural Rest at this  
rate. If I have slept one Wink to Night,  
may I sleep to all Eternity. The very thoughts  
of you made me wakeful, as if I had had your  
dear self in my Arms. Zounds, Madam, what d'ye  
mean? Consider, I am a Man; a mortal wishing,  
amorous Man.

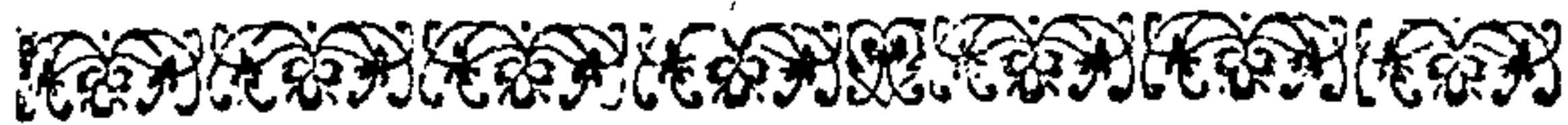
*My Heart is Wax, your Eyes are Fire,  
You are all Charms, and I all o'er Desire:  
I'm start staring mad  
In Mind be gad.  
To day I languish with Sorrow.  
But since I can't drown it,  
I'll drink till I drown it,  
And make my self well by to morrow.*

*Madam, I am,*

*Your most -----*

*What you please by Jove.*

*To*



## To a Masque on Twelf-day.

---

By the Same.

---

O be a Man, and honourable, you'll say,  
Madam, are Contradictions. But to be a  
Man, and not Curious, were a greater  
Contradiction. Now, Madam, amidst all  
these Contradictions, I'll say one thing *very reasonably*. Your *Letter* is very *Witty*; You may be very  
Handsome, and I have a Mistress already: She has  
Charms enough to secure my Heart hitherto, but  
can't well tell whether they are of force to main-  
tain their Ground against Yours. If you think  
the *Victory* worth your *Trouble*, 'twill be the  
best way to take a Garrison possesst by so powerful  
an *Enemy*. You may at last come and view the  
Fortifications; and if you be an *Engineer* worth a  
Farthing, you may presently guess whether the  
Fort be impregnable or not. Though this be the  
last Day of *Christmas*, it may prove the first of my  
*Jubilee*, if ever your *Ladiship* please to honour me  
with your Commands where I shall wait on You.  
I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Wildair.

LET.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Celadon to Mrs. C----ll,

*By the Same.*

O U may be assured, *Astrea*, that neither  
 Grief nor Love will break the Heart of  
 any Man, since neither of them have kil-  
 led me, tho' I have been forc'd to be  
 two Days without the Honour of seeing you.  
 When I parted from you, to begin this tedious  
 Separation, I remember you promis'd me a Letter;  
 the expectation of which was a Comfort to me in  
 my Absence: But when I came to Town this  
 Morning, and found none; if ever you saw or  
 could fancy a Man wild with Despair, just such  
 a thing was I; the mildest of my Thoughts was,  
 that I was forgotten and deservedly slighted; that  
 something of Disadvantage to me had occur'd  
 since I saw you; and that some body, I don't  
 know who, has been doing I don't know what, to  
 ruin me in your Esteem: For you are in your  
 Nature generous, and a strict Observer of your  
 Word. Sure, therefore, it must be something ex-  
 traordinary that could provoke you to be at once  
 both unkind and unjust to

*Yours,*

**C E L A D O N.**

P. S.

P. S.

I would have wrote more, but I find my self in a trembling Disorder, as you may perceive by my manner of Writing, which I can no more give an Account of, than you can, why you are pleas'd to admit of Letters from

Your humble Servant.



### Mrs. C——H's Answer.

Can guess (without the help of a Conjuror) at Celadon's Disease: The Thimble upon the Seal of your Letter, assures me your Trembling was caus'd by some Female Spright. I can't find in my Heart to pity you, since 'tis a Malady you voluntarily draw upon your self. But let me caution you by the way; don't affect it too frequently, lest the angry God should make you feel his Power in Reality —— I find we both lay under a Mistake: You expected a Letter Yesterday, and I a Visit. I would not stir abroad, nor was I good Company at home. I was as much out of Humour at my Disappointment, as if I had been really in Love with you. I know not what sort of Lethargy has seiz'd me; but 'tis the Opinion of all but my self, that I am inclining to that Folly. But I am resolved to pray hard against it; And if the Devil be but so much my Friend, to keep you out of my sight for Four and twenty Hours, I am certain I shall be out of Danger. Adieu

ASTREA.

Celadon



## LETTER H.

Celadon to Mrs. C——l, in Answer  
to a Copy of Verses she sent him.

By the Same Hand.

Adam, by making such a Pother,  
Of being lost this way and t' other,  
Methinks 'tis plain you want a Rudder.

Which if my Counsel might prevail,  
You'd get, and fasten to your Tail  
The next time you resolve to sail.  
Then you'd not fear a Storm or Quick-sand,  
Where once your Ladifhip is Mann'd.  
And should you touch my Rock of Wit,  
Why should you be afraid of it?  
For I shall sink, and you shall split.  
But to descend to phrase of Land,  
And speak what both may understand.  
You say you ventur'd a Surprize,  
And went much wounded from my Eyes:  
And when recover'd and grown better,  
There came a parlous witty Letter,  
Which bound your Heart fast as with Fetter.  
Madam, all Women must submit  
To my joint force of Eyes and Wit.  
Where e'er I come I make sure Slaughter:  
But were you dead, dead as Dish-Water,  
I have a Cordial Infection,  
Will cause a speedy Resurrection,  
A blessed Medicine, ne'er failing  
Those that, like you are gi'n to Sailing.

Three

Three Doses does it ; sometimes more,  
According as I am in store.

But shou'd it fail, pray what of that ?

Tho' I have kill'd you like a Cat,

As I shall find, e'er I have done,

You have, alas, more Lives than one.

But one thing more, and I have ended :

Your two last Lines have much offended.

You seem unkindly to suspect

I shou'd my glorious Prize neglect ;

Or else mis-use the Pow'r you gave,

And frown ungently on my Slave.

But did you know your Man throughout,

You'd be ashame'd of such a Doubt :

For I'm as Merciful as stout..

No more Poetry, I beseech you, 'tis too chargeable a way of writing to be pleasant to a Man that's forc'd to hire ; so unlucky am I too at this Juncture, that my Hackney's at Grass, which must seem, both for a Reasom why your Answer has been delayed so long, and for the faintness of his Performance. Give me leave to tell you with as much good Manners as I can, that not one of those fine Sayings, you would flatter your humble Servant with, sits easie on him. They become him as ill as the Jubilee Beau's Cloaths do a Porter ; or as fine Trappings would an Ass : Let me intreat you therefore to believe that I know my self, and can't bear being laugh'd at by one I would make my Friend. Immoderate undeserv'd Praises, are the severest Lampoons ; and you must have a very mean Opinion of him, you give 'em to, if you think he'll take 'em : Let Example instruct you, I check my Pen when I find it inclines to any thing that can be wrested to a Compliment, tho' all I could say would be less than you truly deserve. Oblige me with more Truth and less  
Wit,

Wit, as you value the Friendship and Conversation of Your humble Admirer,

**C E L A D O N.**

P. S. Send me word if I may have leave to visit you to morrow.

*Mrs. C——ll's Answer.*

Was just concluding our Acquaintance  
I was at an end, when I perceiv'd a Porter  
make up boldly to the Door ; and saluting  
it with three swinging Blows, which signifi'd he came in haste, and had Matter of Importance to deliver : The Door being opened, immediately he produc'd his Authority, your Letter, which I had no sooner open'd, but I perceived by your Poetry, you sent him on a speedy Message, suspecting I had met with ill Weather and ran you adrift, and might want a Pilot to bring me safe in Port ; but I can't help telling you I am not so ill a Mathematician (tho' a Woman) but I know how to steer my Course, and where to cast Anchor too. I guess our acquaintance will be but of a short Longitude, if your *Pegasus* take such a Latitude in his Stile. I am sorry you misunderstand my Intent, which was only to divert you over a Bottle, and my self from the Spleen. I never had the least Design of coming to any Particulars. And I'm as little concerned to know if you are Courageous, as whether you are Merciful or not : For I'll assure you, my Condition is not ~~so~~ desperate as

as you may imagine. *Railery* is allowable from Woman sometimes, as well as from Your Sex. If I remember, *Truth* and *Sincerity* (which ought to be cloath'd in *Modesty*) were the Principles you profess'd, and seem'd to defend. But I find those are Points as far out of a *Lawyer's* way, as good Manners from a *Dutchman*; especially a *Templer's*. Therefore I fear I must be forced to remove my Cause into another Court; or withdraw my Action into *Status quo*; for this Declaration of yours has put a Demur to my former Resolves. You desire me to write *Truth*; it is the only good Quality I pretend to. *Wit* was never my Talent, which you are not unsensible of, and makes you use me so freely. I hope you will not condemn this; for I think there is nothing like a Compliment in the whole Scrawl. Take it as you please from

A S T R E A.

P. S. I must see your Answer e'er I know whether I shall give you leave to visit me or not.



Celadon to Mrs. C---ll.

Madam,

Our Passion becomes you well enough: The little Heat you have put your self into, with the bare apprehension of an Affront, gives you more than ordinary Brightness, which shines to Advantage in an Air of Resentment throughout your Letter. But if you would have thought it worth your while to have read mine twice, or indulg'd me the *Liberty* you allow'd all Mankind, and which you are not ashamed to make use of your self, sometimes of rallying:

rallying : I mean, you would not have found so much Subject for *Satyr*, as upon a rash cursory View, you did, when you condemn'd me for a Fault I never intended to be guilty of. No, I assure you, 'twas the farthest from my Thoughts. Believe me, I judge my self in this Point as nicely as you can do ; and could I convict my self of any Indecency either in Language or Carriage to a Woman, I'd punish my self with a Severity which You in your Justice could not but approve of, and resolve never to see the Face of a Woman again. Self-denial I would not practise upon any other Consideration, than a Crime I could never forgive my self ; and which I shou'd think I could never do or suffer enough to atone for. 'Tis strange to me, that You, who have so good a Relish, should let your self fall into a Mistake, and not discern, that whatsoever ill Face my Poetry might carry with it, it was innocent at bottom ; Nay, in Truth, 'twas but what you drew me into ; so that if there was a greater Latitude taken than ought to have been (which I vow I don't remember, and have no Copy to recollect by) I don't know how you'll acquit the Lady that wrote Verses to me first. If she had kept back the Cause, the Effect had not been. Moderate therefore your Reproaches : Be Friends with me, and fall out with your self. Keep me to Prose, and there's not a Man moderater, and more nicely observes the *Decorums* Ladies ought to be treated with : But when I am forc'd to make room for a Muse in my Breast, I am possest You have seen that the very being of the Female Kind so near me, has an Influence upon me extraordinarily : It shall be my Care therefore, not to lose by my Muse what I gain by my Fortune. Certainly you have been very ill used by some of the Gown, which provokes you to condemn us all for Monsters, Creatures void both of good Morals, and common

common Civility. I have very little to say for my self: But if you'll give me leave, I'll shew you the Face of a Man shall be an Instance that they are not all past the Grace of repenting, and reforming too, by the silent Reproofs of others Good Works. I dreamt of you all Night; and in spight of your Rigour, I had you in my Arms, it is impossible to describe the Extasie; 'twould be too transporting to be reveal'd by

**CELADON.**

*Mrs. C——ll's Answer.*

If Your Dreams be so pleasant, enjoy them still; they are the only certain Pleasures; all others are transitory and subject to Change: A thousand things may occur to make us *unhappy*, should we indulge the *Folly* of Love. I will not insert the Particulars, the better to disarm your Defence: For one of Your Profession knows how to defend a bad Cause as well as a good one. Besides, I cannot expect more plausible Answers, than you have given me already. Nay, I am inclinable to believe you above the common Level of Mankind, which makes me deal more *sincerely* with You, than with the *Generality* of your Sex: Therefore let me dissuade You from the Pursuit of what, if *really* obtained, would not be worth your Care. If You have discovered any little Whim in my Humour, that agrees with Yours (for no Woman but is Mistress of some Charm in some Eyes) think at the same time, that that is not enough to  
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engage the Heart of *Celadon*; think that I have a thousand unanswerable Faults in t'other Scale. Whatever Your Imagination shews you in favour of me, turn but the Perspective, and it will shew You more to the contrary. As for Example; Fancy me all that's ill; think me (for ought you know, I may be) a Mistress easie to be *enjoyed*; one that may be bought with sordid *Gold*, when the most nice *Rhetorick* fails to move. Think me this, I say; then ask your self if You still love *Afrea*. Perhaps you'll say, this is an odd Letter; but no matter, I hope you'll never have Cause to tax me with Deceit, nor think me vain, when I say, I have as true a Notion of *Honour*, as Your Sex can have: And when I see a Man deserves it, I can use him so, if *Celadon* pleases to continue our Correspondence by writing; but I never must see him more,



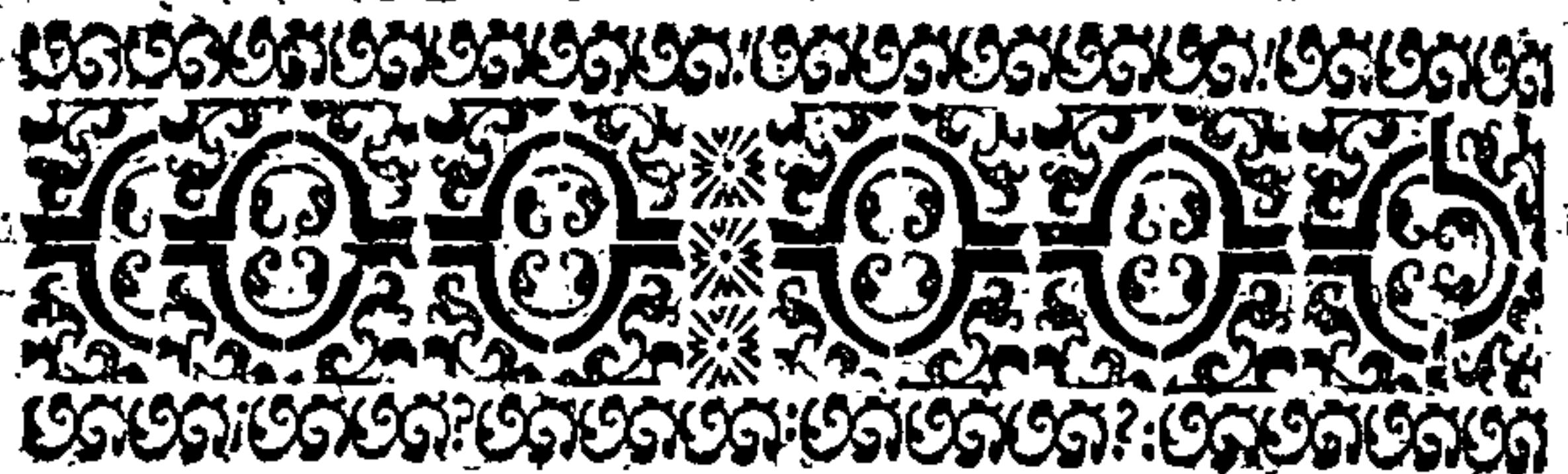
### Celadon to Mrs. C——ll.

Ever see my dear *Afrea* more! If my N<sup>e</sup> Eyes are the Subject of Your Aversion, by all that's good, to have You in my Arms, I'd pluck them out. There is not any thing so dear to me. Nothing can, I think, except Your self, be dearer to me than my Eyes; but I would renounce 'em, to purchase a *Felicity*, which only You can raise me to. Be every thing that You have named to fright me, be worse, be common, be rotten, false, designing, be nothing but what is base and infamous; I will not stop in my pursuit; but be content to share

share Infestation with You, might I but taste those ravishing *Enjoyments* which You, and none but You can give, and have my Portion of those Charming Things your Mind produces. Good Gods! What have I been saying of a Woman that comes nearest to Perfection of any of her Sex, and contains more Vertues in her than a whole Convent does. Every thing You do or say, is a Charm to me: Your very Anger has a *Beauty* in't, as You express it: And like a gentle Wind, it more encreases than abates my Fire. Reverse your Cruel Sentence, I beseech you, Madam, and suffer me to visit you. You know you can command my strongest Passions with a Look, and easily disarm me of my most violent Resolutions. I love too much to dare to be

*Your Servant, &c.*





The Remains of the Late  
CELEBRATED  
*Mr. THOMAS BROWN;*  
BEING  
LETTERS and POEMS, &c. not Printed in  
his WORKS.

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*A Letter to Mr. P—— in London,  
June 2. 1692.*

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If I did not love you better than our  
Statesmen do a new Plot, a Fop a  
new Fashion, and the Wou'd-be-  
wits at *Wills* do a new Criticism,  
I wou'd never leave a parcel of  
honest fellows that are now dusting  
it about, to retire to a corner by  
my self, and send you the transactions of Hart-  
fordshire.



E.K.

So much by way of Preface, without which even a Letter to a Friend now a-days, not to mention those unwieldy things called Epistles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Archdeacon's Hat would be thought by the Country people, without a Rose in it.

I have now pass'd just two tedious Months in the Country, and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little alteration from the words of our beloved *Horace*,

*O urbs quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit  
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite succo  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia ritæ!*

The effects of this cursed War appear no where so lamentably as they do in these parts of the World. In *London* you only find it in your Gazettes and News papers. You have the Playhouse to divert you, and the Taverns are as much crowded as ever. Here we have company indeed, and drink; but when we consider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the time of Peace, it palls our mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the sight of their Second Temple.

The Wine, in those few places where we find it, is so intolerably bad, that tho' 'tis good for nothing else, 'tis a better argument for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his nature, says it ought to be employed only in sacred uses, for whatever preparation it deserves before hand, it never fails of giving a man a weeks repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if in some of my full moments I don't envy a *London Fly*, I don't mean an inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern, somewhere about the *Exchange* or *Templebar*. Where this sorry stuff is not to be had, we are forc'd in our own defence to take up

with Punch ; but the ingredients are as long a summoning, as a Colonel would be recruiting his Regiment. In my Conscience, the King might sooner get a Convocation of honest dis-interested Church-men together. We must send to a Market-Town five mile off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five mile beyond that for rotten Lemons. Water itself is not to be had without travelling a league for't, and an unsanctify'd Kettle supplies the place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all these noble ingredients, which, generally speaking, are as bad as those the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble together to make a Charm ; we fall to contentedly, and sport off an afternoon. 'Tis true, our heads suffer for't next Morning, but what is that to an old Soldier ? We air our selves next Morning on the Common, and the sin and the pain are forgotten together.

At other times we do penance in stale March-beer, which fills and clogs, but never inspires. If it gives any mirth, 'tis sickly and faint, like the light one receives from burnt Brandy, and our smiles like those of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be distinguished from a frown. This course of life we led till our stock was all exhausted at home, and then 'twas with us in the case of drink, what it was formerly between *Mahomet* and the Mountain upon another occasion. If the drink won't come to us, we must e'en go to the drink, and that we do with a witness ; for we make longer pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jesuit would undergo to make a Royal Convert. Our director in these matters is an honest Parson of the Neighbourhood, one that has made a shift to get a red Nose and a double Chin in the service of the Church, tho' he has but thirty Pound a Year ; and to keep his Palate Orthodox, and still in tune, he carries the tip of a dry'd Neat's tongue always in his Pocket. He has some acquaintance with Books

Books and Critical Learning, and pretends to have discovered a false reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto escap'd all the German Commentators. 'Tis that famous passage *non magna loquimur sed vivimus*. He says, and proves it by the context, that it ought to be *bibimus*; and has brought us all to be of his Opinion. In short, you may talk of your Secretaries of State, and Ministers, as long as you please, but he's a Person of the most universal intelligence I had ever the honour to be acquainted with. No sooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emissaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten Miles round him. Then we Saddle our Horses, and make as much haste to examine the Vessel, as a Messenger does to seize a Delinquent come from France.

Having thus tired you with our drinking, you expect, I suppose, to have an account of our Women. I was five days in this Family, before I saw one female Face. Whatever the matter is, they are as shy of being seen by a *Londoner*, as a *Dutch* Trooper, the modestest animal in the Universe, is of meeting a *French* Dragooner in *Flanders*. But t'other Morning, as I walked in the Garden, I heard a squeaking Treble murder a Play-house tune, at least as old as herself; however it was new here; and presently after, a thing in a Commode looked out of the Window, but as merrily as King *Charles* the Second peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governess of the Castle at last believed we were no Monsters, and resolved to give us the honour of her Company. I never saw so diminutive a Creature in my days; when she came into the Dining-room between her two strapping Daughters, that were at least 6 Foot high, she look'd, methinks, like a pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candlesticks. After the first salutation was over, she complained of the Taxes,

Taxes, and the Sins of the Age, that occasioned them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no Sin, it seems, to Paint; which she had laid on as thick as an Author does flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had bestow'd some red upon her Cheeks, by the same token it made them guilty of a piece of false Chronology. It made a resemblance of youth amongst furrows and wrinkles; so I could not help thinking upon some of *Vareff's* pieces, where you see Winter and Summer flowers, that never grow together, joyn'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly discreet old Lady. She ask'd us a thousand questions about the Funds, and the Lotteries, and whether she might dispose her Money safely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, the Confederates and we are a hundred thousand strong in *Flanders*, Besides, *Russel* has played the Devil with them at Sea. The Messieurs one of these days will come upon their knees to supplicate for a Peace. And so we parted for that time.

A few days after, this old Lady desired *Jack Freeman* and me to bear her and her Daughters Company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very mention of a Wedding we rejoiced as much as the people in *Cornwall* do at the News of a Wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's House, whose heir apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good behaviour. The Bride was a fat fresh coloured Wench, well built and ruddy, and a great pains-taker (to use *Harry Higden's* word) I dare warrant for her. The Husband Elect look'd somewhat grum upon the matter, as knowing how much business he had upon his hands. To be short, we saw them conducted to the Enchanted Castle, where the sacred Magician performed his office; when he came to the terrible words you wot of, the Bridegroom looked as pale as a Parson that preaches a stol'n Sermon

Sermon at a Visitation; and the Bride, after the laudable custom of her Sex, dropt a few precious tears, and wip'd them off with their Handkerchief. From thence we came back to the old place of Rendezvous, where one wou'd have thought the whole Country was assembled to behold the Ceremony; but 'tis an old commendable custom of your Mothers, all *England* over, to bring their Daughters to such a sight, to prepare them for what they must undergo another day; as youe Keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner time the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like *Adam* and *Eve* in an old Bible-Cut. When that was over, we removed into the yard, where we shaked our heels in *Fresco*, and towards the close of the afternoon were interrupted by a parcel of Country fellows, with a Fiddle at the head of them, who gave us a spice of their abilities under an Elin-tree. When I first saw them move, they gave me an image of *Lucretius's Atoms*, and how they jumbled and interfered in the *Vacuum*. I could not forbear to make another reflexion upon it, which shows upon what chimerical grounds people build their satisfaction. These fellows, by the pure instinct of Nature, did what Mr. *Dogget* has learnt to do with pains and long imitation. Yet Mr. *Dogget* pleases, and we should hiss these off the Stage for Scoundrels and Blockheads.

A little before Supper we had a cessation of Fiddles, and our old Lady, whose Piety and Ptifice made her equally troublesome to herself and all the world besides, began the discourse with complaining of the strange debaucheries of the Men, and to shew her wonderful charity was pleas'd to affirm, that not one man in five hundred that had been bred in *London*, but had passed the Chirurgeons hands two or three times before the day of Marriage. Well, the Lord be praised, says a Gentle-

woman newly marryed, that sat next her, I have no reason to complain of my Husband, he is no drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and what few of my neighbours can say, I am sure he never knew any Woman before my self. Sure on't, cries *Jack Freeman*, rising up and bowing to her. For Heaven's sake, Madam, how was it possible? For *Moses*, Madam— Pugh! Says she, what do ye tell me of *Moses*, with Submission, Madam, *Moses* was an honest Gentleman, and tho' he has set down certain marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him—Lord what stuff is here—Yet he no where instructs the Women to know whether the Men have been trespassing before—No matter for that— Did you believe him then upon his own word— I won't tell you whether I did or no—Or did you discover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undisciplined Soldier—How is that—Why, Madam, by the awkward handling of his Arms, and making his attacks irregularly. With that all the men fell a laughing, and the women blush'd behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an assurance equal to that of a thorough-paced Evidence, tho' he never saw this Weman's Husband in his life before, yet, as if he had been one of his old intimate acquaintance, he thus went on—Indeed, Madam, I can't tell what stories Mr. N— might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly well at the University. He and I, Madam, were of the same College; I believe we have drank this Room full of Bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There went a scurvy report of him, but I won't justifie it, because Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar *ab initio*. But the report was, I remember, that he was very great with his Bed-maker. No tawdry young Creature, I must do him that justice, but a grave, stayed, discreet person.

A

A Venerable old Matron, upon my word, and fit to have made a Wife for *Burgersdicius*, if ever you heard of him. She wore about her a Girdle, some threescore and ten Keys, which, when she walked, made as delicious Music as a Carrier's Bells. And, Madam, we had a Tradition amongst us, that he seduced this antient Person with Nine-pence in hard Money, and a pair of blue worsted Stockings, but God forbid, that I should affirm this, yet, for all I know, it may be true. For, Madam, all flesh is frail. Upon this the Company laughed as heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman looked blank in the mouth, but Supper came very seasonably to her relief. So to eating we fell, then the Fiddlers struck up, and we danced till ten. At which time the old People, taking the Bride's case into their pious consideration, whose concupiscence had stood upon tip-toes ever since the Parson had put her into the Church-pound, took her up stairs, and as Mr. *Otway* says, dished her neatly in bed. What happened afterwards you may easily guess.

'Tis a sign you don't know when you are well, otherwise you would not long so furiously to be here only upon the Score of the Country Nymphs, as you call them; for I dare engage you'd soon wish yourself at home again. A raw Wench here in the Country, not to recount to you a thousand other impertinences, before you can bring her to bear, will put you to the Devil and all of expence in perjury. All which is sav'd in *London*. The Women there are better bred than to ask it of you, or else know the world too well to depend upon't. Produce but the half piece, and they trouble their heads no farther about you. But here you must run through as strict a scrutiny, as if you were to take a post of the greatest Trust in the Government —— And my Dear, will you be everlasting-ly true to me —— No doubt on't Child —— But when

when you have served your turn you will leave me for somebody else —— But indeed I won't — It would break my heart if you should — Never fear it — Swear then, my Dear — Why there's no occasion — But you shall swear, dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or — So then you are obliged to part with as many Oaths in a moment, as would handsomely maintain one of the Kings Majesty's Garrison for a twelvemonth. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, especially the tender-conscienced. Nay, to give you the last proof of their ill breeding, in the critical minute of joy, when they ought to be all rapture and contemplation, then, even then, when they should be wrapt up in holy silence, they'll ask you a thousand foolish questions, as *mal à propos*, as if one should interrupt a Popish Priest at the Elevation, and ask him what a clock it is. You complain that the Damsels with you dress too fine, and that a pretty Woman, set out in all the advantages of art, is too luscious a Dish to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can answer for no body's Palate but my own; and cannot help saying with the fat Knight in *Harry the Fourth*. If Sack and Sugar is a sin, the Lord have mercy on the wicked.

During my stay in these Parts, I have reconciled my self to all the sports of the Country, but Fox-hunting. They have got me out twice upon that account, but if ever they get me again, I'll give them leave to hang me. For my part, I believe some Priest first invented it, because it requires so much implicit Faith, and the drudgery is so stupid. A Man must venture his Neck for a thing he never sees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this Doctrine I daily Preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lumbard-street* did the zealous *David Jones* declaiming against Usury.

Thus.

Thus I have plagued you with a tedious long Letter, which I have not patience enough to look over again, and going to make excuses for it, am interrupted by the following Compliments——  
 What a plague are you a doing all this while by yourself—Here we have scor'd you ten Glasses—Come, or we shall lay a heavier fine upon you——  
 Thus I am forced to conclude with subscribing my self,

*Your Humble Servant.*

T. Brown.



## *A Letter to a Gentleman of Doctors-Commons.*

Dear Jack!

*O mibi post nullos.*

Ho' at this present juncture, *superos & con-*  
*scia sidere testor*, I am in no very good  
*condition to write Letters, secessum scri-*  
*bentis & otia quærunt*, because my Head  
 akes, *accessit fervor capiti*, and with last  
 Night's drinking my Hand trembles *quid non ebrie-*  
*tas designat*, yet I cannot forbear, *tenet insanabile*  
*multos*, to send you an account of our meeting at  
 the Sun, *forsan & ha: olim meminisse juvabit*, and  
 what happened upon it, *Exitus acta probat*, but I'll  
 endeavour to be as brief as I can, *summa sequar*  
*festigia rerum*, for I hate prolixity and all its  
 works.

You must know then that a parcel of young  
 fellows of us, *in curta curanda plus aequo*, jolly toping

*Compa-*

Companions, sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, who, when e'er we are at a Tavern, never cry to go home, fruges consumere nati, met at the Sun to drink some tokens sent out of the Country, O ruis? quando ego te aspiciam? At first we were exceeding chearful and merry, nunc te Bacche canam, the Glasses trolled about like lightning, nec mora nec requies, we drank prosperity to old England, dulce & decorum est pro patria, nor was the best in Christendom forgot, spelunca alta fuit, vastoq; immanis hiatus. So far then every thing went well, hac Arethusa tenus, the Candles burnt clear and bright, noctem Flammis funalia vincunt, the Tobacco smoak'd agreeably, voluntur ater odor tectis, but you know the old saying, pleasure has a sting in its tail, nocet empta dolore voluptas, people seldom know when to give off, o quantum in rebus inane, for mark what follow'd, felix quem faciunt, we had the Devil and all to do before we parted, Alecto stygiis caput extulit oris, nothing but bloodshed and desolation, belle horrida bella, and a Woman occasioned it all, dux femina facti. One in the Company it seems was deeply in Love, omnia vincit amor, so he began his Mistresses health in a Bumper, Nævia sex Cyatis, swearing she was an Angel, a Goddefs, and I know not what, trahit sua quemq; voluptas, but his next Neighbour like a fool refused to pledge him, quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit? Upon which Rogue and Rascal strait ensued, nulli tacuisse nocet, one ill word begot another, verba accusandi genitivum regunt, after which Bottles and Candlesticks flew like hail, jamq; faces & saxa volant, and some undermining moles in the Company, that no body could tell what to make of, incerti generis sunt talpa, blew up the coals to make more mischief, spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas, till at last all of us were hooked into the quarrel, O miseri, quæ tanta insanias, cives! 'Twas to no purpose to preach up peace and moderation, in campo siquis asellum, for the Wine was in and the Wit

Wit was out; *fæcundi calices quem non fecere?* One with his Mazzard demolished, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*, fell down on the floor, *dat genitum tellus*, and lay as flat as a Flounder, *procumbit humili bos*; t'other with his Nose dismounted, *quis cladem illius noctis*, fell a swearing like a Dragont *tercentem tonat ore deos*, and flung the Monteith at his opposite, *furor arma ministrat*. A third had his Eyes clos'd up, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*. A fourth his Lac'd Cravat and Perriwig torn to pieces, *qui's funera fando explicet?* In short, the Distraction was universal, *peste vacat pars nulla*, it reigned from *Dan* to *Bersheba*, *ab ovo usq; ad mala*, for by this time all of us were at pell mell, *legitq; virum vir*, but such a noise, and such a confusion, good Lord! *ferit aurea sidera clamor*. I warrant you there was work enough for the Chirurgions, *multa vi vulnera miscent*, but its an ill wind, you'll say, that blows no body no good, *aliquisq; malo fuit usus in illo*. At last the man of the Houfe appear'd, *vir gregis ipse caper*, with a Constable and a Mob of Watchmen at his Heels, *una eurusq; notusq; ruunt*, commanding us in the King's Name to keep the peace, *tollite barbarum clamorem*, and not to fight like Beasts or Dutchmen over our Drink, *pugnare Thracum est*; what, says he, do you think there are no Magistrates in the Neighbourhood, *Creditis aveftos Danaos*, or do you know my Lord Mayor and the City no better, *sic notus Ulysses?* Come pack up your Awls, and be gone, *ille regit dictis animos*, or I shall send you all to the Counter, *horrisono stridentes cardine portæ*. Upon this the mutiny was soon quash'd, *omnis pelagi cecidit fragor*, we had no mind to be longer at Logger-heads, *non ea vis animo*, a Prison was no such desirable place, *Centauri in foribus stabulant*, so the reckoning was called for and paid, *de moribus ultima fiet quæstio*, every one went towards his respective home; *sedes quifque suas*, some in Coaches, and some on Foot, *scinditur incertum studia*

*in contraria vulgus.* But see the uncertainty of humane affairs, *omnia sunt hominum*, we were stopt by the Monarch of the Night at Ludgate, *apparent nova Monstra.* Crys he, whence come ye? *sed vos qui tamen*, or whether are you going? *Quove tenetis iter.* Shall I send one of my Myrmidons to see you home? *auxilio tutos dimittam*, or will you reign with me in this Elbow-Chair of State, *vultis & his mecum pariter considere regnis.* By my Faith my Throne and all is at your service, *Urbem quam statuo vestra est.* No, said Ned Townly, I beg your excuse, *baud equidem tali me dignor honore,* I love you, Gentlemen Constables, with all my heart, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*, but I have a morose thing called a Father at home, *est mihi namq; domi pater*, besides a Mother-in-law as mischievous as a fury, *Hercaneq; admirunt ubera tygres.* So if you please we'll ev'n take our leaves of one another, worthy Sir, *satis est quod sufficit;* and thus thro' so many nocturnal principalities and powers, *per tot discrimina rerum*, we at last got safe to the Commons, *tendimus in Latium.*

Had I the Lungs of a Hundred Lawyers, *non mihi si centum linguae sint*, yet were I not able to tell you all my adventures, *omnes scelerum compendere formas.* But to conclude, this was the issue of this tragical Night, *haec finis Priami fatorum;* but who the plague could have foreseen it, *quid sit futurum cras fuge querere,* However, I shall have more Wit for the future, *piscator sapit iitus*, so begging your pardon for this tedious Letter, *veniam petimus dabimusq; vissim*, I promise you *Ne quid nemis* shall hereafter be the word, with

Your most humble,

T. B.

L.O.V.E.



LOVE-LETTERS Written to Madam  
MAINTENON, Stolen out of her  
Closet by one of her Servants.

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Translated by Mr. Tho. BROWN.

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The MARQUIS de CHEVEREUSE'S  
LOVE-LETTER.

Madam,

AFTER having oftentimes assured you in Conversation, that I Love you more than my self, I take the Liberty to Write to you, that I may give you fuller Evidences of my Sincerity, and at the same time to make this Protestation before you, that notwithstanding all your Indifference, I shall ever persevere to adore you. I am sensibly afflicted that I had not the Honour to take my leave of you before my departure : I have sought every occasion with the utmost diligence, but you, my cruel Fair one, think that I am not sufficiently punished for my Transgressions, either by your rigour, or my own despair. You have hitherto industriously avoided my Company, because you very well foresaw, that one moment of your charming Conversation, would sweeten and lenify all that Chagrin which your Abscence had created. Let me persuade

swade you, Madam, to quit all those Cruelties that are so disagreeable, and contrary to the Fairest Sex, consider the violence of my Passion, and by an act of Generosity, which is so peculiar to your Nature, return one Heart for another; mine is altogether yours, it will suffer no other Image to be imprest upon it, but that of your charming Person, nor will it be ever separated from you. Give me therefore some small room in yours, 'tis the only thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my Fortune and my Dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my Passion, and make your self absolute Mistress, not only of my Heart, but also of every thing that I possess. The Bearer hereof will bring me your Answer; I beseech you that you'll no more deny me this favour, than any thing else that I have requested of you; without which you'll reduce to the extremity of despair the Person, that preserves his Life upon no other score than to Love, nor his Fortunes, than to serve you,

*De Cheveruse.*



## *The Marquis of Cheveruse to Madam Maintenon.*

IS I find decreed, Madam, and you have resolved my death; if that is your design you'll have your satisfaction upon me in a few Days, for since I have been absent from you, I have not been able to procure one moments release from my Torments. However,

if

if you'll be pleased to aleviate my pains with one word from your adorable Hand, I shall have the Consolation to be remembered by you. Do it then, I beseech you, and if you disdain to answer my Prose, at least, answer the Verses which are sent you by the most Passionate and Sincere of Lovers,

De Cheveruse.



## To my Adorable GUILLEMETTE.

---

By the Same.

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### I.

 AIR Goddess, whose victorious Charms  
 Have made a Conquest o're my Heart,  
 When will you fill my long-expecting Arms,  
 And bid my cruel fears depart.

### II.

Since envious fate your absence has procur'd,  
 No peaceful rest has crowned the Night.  
 The Day has seen no kind delight,  
 Ten thousand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.

### III.

Come make a victim of your Pride,  
 Cure my despair, and ease my pain,  
 Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,  
 And so mild pity sacrifice disdain.

IV. OR

## IV.

Or if my Fate you have decreed,  
 And poor unhappy I must bleed,  
 In a pathetick Tone pronounce my Death:  
 And I with freedom will resign my Breath.



LOVE - VERSES, Spoken to Adorable  
**GUILMETTE:** By the MARQUIS  
 of CHEVERUSE; after his recovery  
 from a Fainting Fit.

## I.

ELL now, imperious Fair, I find,  
 You have your Lovers Death design'd:  
 Since you that could have eas'd my wretched State,  
 Have added to my Cares, and urged my coming Fate.

## II.

Go take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,  
 But Love alas! gives place to Fear;  
 Awful respect disarms my Hands,  
 And to my growing Passion gives Commands.

## III.

Ah! must your wounded Lover Dye,  
 And see his Balm, and see his cure so nigh:  
 Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss,  
 A prelude to a greater Bliss.

## IV.

No, he'll a thousand Deaths endure,  
 And all reverses of his Fate attend,  
 Ere he'll by sacrilege attempt his cure,  
 And his dear Guillemette offend.

*To the same; delivered by a Peasant.*

*'Madam,*

I am perfwaded, that if I did not live entirely for you, I had not been able by this time so much as to lift up my Eyes to see you without Dying. If I could have had the honour to take my leave of you, and know your Sentiments, I had received sufficient consolation. Do me then the Favour that I may enjoy one minutes Conversation with you, in some place or other: Alas! who could have believed that we should be so cruelly separated, when we were just upon the point of meeting? however, it does not signify much, and I have that favourable opinion of your Charity, that it will repair the loss we have mutually sustained, Adieu, my dear, let me know how matters go with you. You may confide entirely in the Bearer, for he's trusty and faithful,

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କବିତା ମଧ୍ୟ ଏହାର ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନିକ ପରିପ୍ରେକ୍ଷଣ କରିବାକୁ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ହେଲା

*Her Answer to the MARQUIS, slipt into  
the PEASANT's Pocket.*

Sir,

Altho' I have not seen you since my departure  
from ————— yet I have not suffered that  
Passion to be extinguished which you have  
kindled in my Heart; for a proof of this  
let me find you to Morrow about four a Clock  
disguised in a Female-Habit, on the side of the  
Wood that joyns the High-way, there I shall have  
the Honour to see you.

# Ten



*Ten Years after she was the Marquis's  
Mistress, he proposed her in Marriage  
to a Judge of the Finances. The  
young Judge's Letter to the Marquis,  
against entering upon a Second Marriage.*

SIR,

After having made abundance of reflections  
upon the inconvenience and misfortunes,  
that Marriage generally carries along with  
it, I have taken up a resolution not to  
venture my self the second time on that outrageous  
Sea, but to pass the remainder of my life in Security  
in the Harbour : The most convincing arguments  
that served to determine my opinion in this case,  
were sent me in a Letter by a poet, a Friend of  
mine: I have transcribed a copy of 'em for you,  
that you may see the advice which he gives me,  
and with what an invincible aversion he declaims  
against Matrimony. In the mean time, I shall  
never cease to make you all the acknowledgments  
in the World for your infinite favours, and I am  
heartily displeased with my self, that I cannot force  
my inclination so far, as to offer my Vows to that  
charming Person you designed for me, you may  
reasonably believe, that Providence never designed  
me for so great a blessing, however I shall always  
reserve that honour of writing my self,

Yours.

P. S.

P. S.

## The Verfes fent in the same Letter.

NOV

Not to please the dull sight of her Conjugal Satyr,  
 But charm and Confound every gaping Spectator.  
*If at Night you're unactive, and fail of Performing,*  
*Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Bloodshed next Morning*  
*Crys the bone of your Side, thanks dear Mr. Horner,*  
*This comes of your finning with Crape in a Corner.*  
*Then to make up the breach, all your might you must Rally*  
*And Labour, and Sweat like a Slave at the Gally.*  
*Yet still you must Charge, oh Blessed Condition!*  
*Tho' you know to your cost, you've no more Ammunition.*  
*'Till at last, my dear mortified Tool of a Man,*  
*You're not able to make a poor flash in the Pan.*  
*Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,*  
*And the World for them all scarce a Farthing's the better,*  
*The Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may humble,*  
*If into the Flames store of Water you tumble.*  
*But the Fire of a Female, on the word of a Friend,*  
*Is ne'er to be quench'd, but burns World without end.*  
*You may call half the Engines, and pumps in the Nation,*  
*To extinguish the Flame, and allay Titulation,*  
*But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.*  
*Thus, Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the Matter,*  
*Judge you as you please, but I scorn to Flatter:*

## On Enjoyment.

But as resistance Feeds the Flame  
 And fans the dying Fire:  
 So dull Enjoyments spoils the Game,  
 By palling the desire.

M O U N.

MOUNSIEUR SCARON'S SISTRE'S  
VERSES on her BROTHER being  
bilked of his SPOUSES MAIDEN-  
HEAD on the Marriage Night. That  
Secret being Reveal'd broke the POET's  
Heart.

HERE's no body knows this Secret but I,  
Which I've heartily sworn to conceal par may foy's  
And I've promis'd, without any damn'd reservation,  
Not to utter one word to a Soul in the Nation.  
Then must I conceal it? alass and alack!  
I may promise as well to bear Pauls on my Back.  
But then if I tell it, I ruin my Brother,  
Why I'faith I can't help it, as well he as another.  
This telling of Secrets is part of our Charter,  
And for my part, I swear, I'll dye no body's Martyr:  
Well, let me consider once more of the matter,  
Either burn or disclose it, why troth chuse the latter.  
But then if I speak it farcivel Reputation,  
And besides I may raise his severe indignation,  
But what Woman alive can conceal Fornication.  
Not a Female on Earth can Cuckoldom smother,  
Then don't take it ill from your Sister gond Brother;  
You know what the Matron said unto her Daughter,  
Ne'er long keep a Secret, nor long hold you Water.

*The FRENCH KING's Letter to  
Madam SCARON, who was after  
Madam MAINTENON.*

EXCEAM to tell you, Madam, that your resi-  
G I G stance has extreamly astonished me; Me,  
EGEWS I say, that have been hitherto accustomed  
to Victory, and was never before refused. I  
always believed that being a King, it was sufficient  
to give any sign of my desire, in order to accomplish  
it, but I perceive the contrary by your Rigours,  
and therefore to oblige you to soften them, was  
the occasion of this Letter. Let me conjure you,  
my dearest, to love me, or at least make as if you  
loved me. Towards Evening I shall come to see  
you, and if then I find you no more favourable to  
me, than at your other Visits, you will reduce to  
extremity of Dispair the most passionate of Lovers

LOUIS.



*To Mr. Synb—n at Cambridge.*

Sir,

THE lines hereunto Subjoyn'd, were occa-  
sioned by the Death of a Lady really  
Beautiful and strictly Virtuous, an Orna-  
ment to her Sex, and the Delight of her  
Parents, and this Lovely Flower even in Blooming  
dyed, what a Loss the World Sustained? and what  
Grief was buried in Obedience to Almighty Pro-  
vidence? the Resignation of her Parents equalled  
the Silence of her Departur., and Surviving Friends  
preserve

preserve her Memory for Imitation, those who knew her were Transported with her Converse, those who have truly heard of her were Astonish'd at her Virtues, and her Death seem'd a Calm translation from uncertain Comforts to the Throne of Endless Happiness, her patient Behaviour dispelled the pusianious Clouds of her Relations, dying an Example worthy of their Observation, and now presuming the Guard of Christianity a Sufficient Barrier against Natural Force, I beg leave to offer the following Copy of Verses.

### On the Death of Mrs. Bilton.

*What! cou'dst Thou not a Blooming Beauty spare?  
And must your Dart descend on such a Fair;  
Lucinda's Dead, and has resign'd the Prize  
To fainter Charms, and less inviting Eyes.  
But 'tis a sign Thou'rt Blind, Regardless Death,  
A Vandal wou'd have spar'd that Valid Breath:  
But thou'rt all Ice, Unalterably Cold,  
Uncharm'd by Beauty, and Unbrib'd by Gold;  
Whilst Zealous Vows did in the Church ascend  
Beyond the Stars, I cou'd not but Offend;  
I fix'd my Eyes, and thoughts, and Heart on you,  
As a Just Debt, and absolutely Due:  
Nor shall that Day escape my Calendar,  
When you ascended, and became a Star.  
No, I will Consecrate Your Final Hour,  
No Time shall e'er your Memory Devour;  
Lasting as Virtue shall thy Darling Name  
Survive the Tomb, and Aged Honour Claine,  
And Shine for ever in the Rolls of Fame.*

Your Humble Servant T. R.



The Fable of the *Wolf* and *Porcupine*:  
In Answer to the Argument against  
a Standing Army.

I.

**I**Sgrim with hunger prest, one day  
As thro' the Woods he posted,  
**A** Porcupine found on the way,  
And in these Terms accosted.

II.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,  
Then let's sit down and prattle  
Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,  
And what we did in Battle.

III.

The Plains a pleasing prospect yield,  
No fire, nor desolation;  
While plenty reigns in every field,  
And Trade restores the Nation.

IV.

Yet you your Quils erected wear,  
And tho' none seeks to harm ye,  
In time of Peace about you bear  
Metinks a Standing Army.

V. Friend,

## V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,  
 The War's at length decided,  
 But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you  
 'Tis good to be provided.

## VI.

Censorious Fame shall never say  
 That too much Faith betray'd me ;  
 Who thinks of me to make a prey,  
 Must at his Cost invade me.

## VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,  
 Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,  
 The Sharpers that wou'd me beguile,  
 Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

*An EPITAPH upon ABRAHAM,  
 a Taylors Wife.*

From Abraham's Bosom full of Lice,  
 To Abraham's Bosom in Paradise,  
 Poor Sarah's Ghost has took its flight,  
 And bid the Louise Rogue good Night:

Tho. Brown.

*An EPITAPH upon Barren Pegg.*

Here Lyes the Body of Barren Pegg,  
 Who had no Issue but her Leg :  
 But, to her praise, she had that cunning  
 Whilst one stood still the other was running.

Tho. Brown.

L 13

Phryne

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## Phryne to Eugenia against Marriage.

I Receiv'd yours, my *Eugenia*, by the last Post, in which you give me an Account of the Addresses of *Lysander*. You might have spar'd your Character of him; he's too well known to our Sex in this City to want his Picture to be sent us out of the Country; his Wit, his Gaiety, fine Person, and all his other Accomplishments have made more, than you, Sigh for him in spight of his being Married. Whatever Sentiments a Lady has of the Addresses of a Married Man, before she sees him, she yet wishes for those of *Lysander*, as soon as she beholds or hears him speak. You have therefore a happiness beyond thousands in having captivated his Heart, and if you deny your self the use of it, you owe your own Misery to your own foolish and capricious humour. Ah! How many Ladies of my Acquaintance sigh for, and have in vain endeavour'd to gain that Advantage, Fortune has voluntarily thrown into your Arms! But he's Married you say, and therefore you can't be happy, you can't Enjoy your Wishes without a Crime; you can't be his Wife, and you resolve you'll not be what you disdain to Name. I know not what influence Custom may have on you, but I'm not at all mortified at those ignominious Nations the Vulgar have, of having an Intrigue with a Man without the Priests Licence. For my part *Eugenia*, I think the desire of Marriage is more Unreasonable and Unnatural, than that of Traytors, for tis immediately, and knowingly to conspire against our

our own *Liberty*, and *Happiness*. *Love* sows the gilded Paths of Youth, with a thousand soft and melting Pleasures; but Marriage comes, and with one fatal blast blows them all away, and it makes us Old in the very dawn of Youth; for not to Love is to be Old, and to Marry is the certain way not to Love. If Love's a Golden Dream, why should we quit the dear Delusion, (when in our own power to avoid it) to Wake to Horror, Misery, and Distraction? That is, why should we Marry? 'Tis true, we read in Novels, and Romances of Lovers faithful and constant, nay, obstinate Adorers of the Wishing fair one, in spight of all the obstacles of Fortune, Friends, or Rivals; but *Eugenia*, these Politick Writers lead 'em no farther than Marriage in that humour. When they have brought the Knight and the Damsel to the Noose, they there leave 'em; all the Golden Scenes of Love are over, and there remains no more happiness to describe. If they cou'd shew us any persevering Lover after Marriage, they would do wonders; tho' 'twould be so unnatural, 'twould pass for downright Farce. Marriage in my mind is at best but like the drunken Feasts of the Lapithites; the Mirth, Jollity, and Pleasure of the Pompous Banquet soon degenerates into Strifes and Combats. Love and Constancy have their Reign before Marriage, but the very Words that seek to tye us faster together, immediately (like the Medicines of Quacks) have a quite contrary Operation, and Eternally divide us. Fortune and your own Heart has chose you an object of your desires, whom you can't, according to Custom, Marry, such a sure provision has Fate made for your Happiness; and you like a foward Child slight the mighty gift. But you're afraid of the Curse and Infamy of an Old Maid; first I shall little value the opinion of the World, if they think me what, to my own real experimental knowledge, I am not;

Next, where's the necessity of acting so imprudently, as to hinder your Marriage hereafter? Nature has given us Desires and Appetites, and added a vast Pleasure to the very Act of their Satisfaction, which shews it can be no ill. All the dictates of Nature are easie, sure, and plain, and we comply with 'em with Pleasure; but the inventions of Whimsical Men, that oppose these, are not followed without pain, without constraint, and a thousand inquietudes; by this judge of the Good or Ill of complying with our Inclinations. This is no plea for Prostitution, for then is pleasure, the constant Companion of Natural Actions lost. There are no more Raptures, no more Transporting Joys, and Melting Languishments; all is dead, heavy, and insipid, if not Painful and Nauseous. A moderate Exercise affords Pleasure and Delight, but continual Toil and Labour is not undertaken without Necessity. The same will hold in all things. 'Tis Nonsense to imagine, that, if Love will not make you happy, a few Canonical Words will do the feat. But I have been tedious, if this don't please you; and long enough if it does; 'tis in your power to be Happy if you will, for how long I know not; but this I know, if we must seek no Happiness here, but what's lasting, we may be Miserable all our Lives; for the most permanent we can't grasp a Minute longer than Fate pleases. My dear *Eugenia*. *Adieu.*

Yours,

*The*



## The Cornuted Beaux: Or, a Satyr upon Marriage.

Beaugard.

T can't be he. Courtine ! the brisk, the gay !  
 What Hag has stoln the Friend and Man away ?  
 What Monster is he metamorphos'd to ?  
 How all unlike the Jolly Thing we knew ?  
 Such Underwoods have over-run the Coast,  
 In his Beards Thicket all his Face is lost ;  
 That hanging Look sad Guesses does invite,  
 And on his wrinkled Forehead Husband write. -

Courtine.

For thy unseasonable Mirth a Curse,  
 As heavy as that Fiend that haunts me thus ;  
 That Constellation of Plagues be thine !  
 Which spightful Heaven has doom'd with Sylvia, mine ;  
 Be thou condemn'd to lug an endless Life,  
 The Gally-slave to an Eternal Wife.

Beaugard.

A friendly Wish ! But Partners would destroy  
 That Bliss, which none but one can well enjoy :

Lucky Courtine, how ev'n in spight of me  
 Does thy good Fortune make me envy thee ?  
 How like the neat Sir Davy, sage and wise,  
 New Aldermen sit budding in her Eyes !  
 A Face so fair as Sylvia's sure might move,  
 Spight of his Hymns, a bloodless Angel's Love ;  
 And then what dull Platonic can behold  
 The Beauty, and the Virtue of her Gold ?  
 The Atheist thinks a merry Life does well,  
 Bartering short Pleasant Toys for a long future Hell.  
 To Lovers thus the happy Night alone  
 For a whole Age of Torments might atone,  
 After a Day of Eating, which might vie  
 With the Lord Mayor's, or Shriual Luxury :  
 See where a Drove of envious wishing Friends  
 Around thy Bed, the Bower of Bliss attends ;  
 Each Squinting Gallant prays thy Place were his ;  
 And by Delays excel the coming Bliss :  
 Sack-posset then, while each green Virgin throws  
 Prophetic Stocking at thy patient Nose.  
 Sack-posset still, and when they that remove,  
 Next ---- enters the sweet Sillibub of LOVE.  
 Soft Music then thy Laziness must chide,  
 And give a fair Excuse to leave the Bride ;  
 Not wooing Puss can louder Songs compose,  
 Nor more diversity of Airs than those.  
 Harmonious City-Music ; such a Bliss,  
 'Twere worth the while to marry but for this.

Nor must you think the Joys should end so soon,  
 There's yet a live-long heavenly-hony-moon;  
 In Wedlocks pleasing Team, with equal Law,  
 Thy courteous Yoke-fellow must ever draw,  
 While Pictures of thy kind laborious Bride  
 Shall still run softly bellowing by thy Side.

## Courtine.

Since my fair Pack so wondrously does please,  
 Thy Shoulders lend, and be an Hercules :  
 I feel a Load, a heavy Hell above,  
 For the expected gaudy Heaven of Love ;  
 How then would you those Tinsel Pleasures find  
 With which fly jilting Nature bribes Mankind ?  
**SATED FRUITION** does the Bliss destroy,  
 And the next Moment knows not the Tumultuous Joy.  
 Who can reflect without just Rage and Fright  
 And deep Regret on such a mean Delight !  
 Ye Gods, if these Lovés highest Banquets be,  
 Brutes can love more, and better far than we :  
 This knew fly Jove, who when he left the Skies,  
 Chose rather any other Beast's Disguise,  
 The Bull, nay, th' improportionable Swan,  
 Much more the lusty Ass, can rival Man,  
 Who all their Pleasure in Possession find,  
 Without the curst Allay, and Sting behind ;  
 As Nature prompts, promiscuously they rove,  
 And hunt free Joys, through ev'ry Field and Grove,  
 But in a Pound, what Brute wou'd e'en make Love ?

Man, Man alone is damn'd to grinding still,  
 And in the Prison of his Cage must bill;  
 Like a blind Stallion ever drudges on,  
 And gets new Slaves for Wives to ride upon;  
 Night-mar'd, like me, whom gasty Sights pursue,  
 And scar'd with her lean Ghost, whom once I knew.  
 That Sylvia's now no more, who big with Charms,  
 Drot a whole Dow'r of Pleasure in your Arms;  
 Loose hangs the Flower, lately so fresh and gay,  
 And every Tempest bears new leaves away;  
 Unlovely now it flags, and overblown,  
 And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Charm is gone;  
 Her Tenderness is fond, and awkward grows;  
 And all her Female Art affected shows.  
 True H<sup>r</sup>z all o'er: Ugly she grows, and old,  
 And knowing this, turns Jealous and a Scold;  
 Fletcher's Wife-tamer dur<sup>n</sup>t not dare to love her,  
 Xantippe was a Patient Grizel to her;  
 Each Look, each Step I tread's by her survey'd;  
 She haunts me like my Conscience, or my Shade,  
 Expects t'a Statue, I should constant prove,  
 And daily damns my unperforming Love,  
 Whene'er for Quiets-sake she books me in,  
 Heavens, how she ruffles in her Buckrum Skin,  
 And frights my Soul away from the Imbrace!  
 No Mummy looks so dreadful as her Face.  
 So when from Gibbets and the Common-store  
 Th' officious Devil has pimp'd, and brought his Friend a

(Whore,

Sq.

So shrieks the Wretch, when he next Morn has spy'd  
 A ghastly Carcass rotting by his Side.  
 Just such a Lot is mine ; I drudge my Life  
 Worse than with Legion far, possess'd with WIFE :  
 Wou'd Fate and Hell some higher ill provide,  
 And club for any other Plague beside,  
 I soon should easy and contented grow,  
 In spight of bolts above, and Flames below :  
 No —— such luxurious Ease I ask in vain,  
 And like poor Adam must alive remain,  
 Whom vengeful Fate did to curs'd Woman chain,  
 In Judgment gave him an unkind Reprieve,  
 And damn'd him to ten thousand Hells in Eve.



### On the first Fit of the Gout.

Elcome thou friendly Earneſt of fourſcore  
 Promise of Wealth, that haſt alone the  
 pow'r  
 T' attend the Rich, unenvied by the Poor ;  
 Thou that doſt Aſculapius deride,  
 And o'er his Gallipots in Triumph ride.  
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the Royal Throne,  
 And underprop the Head that bears the Crown.  
 Thou that doſt oft in Privy Council wait,  
 And drive from drowsie ſleep the Eyes of State.

Thou

Thou that upon the *Bench* art mounted *high*,  
 And warn'st the *Judges* how they tread awry.  
 Thou that art half the sober City's Grace,  
 And adds to solemn Noddle solemn Pace.  
 Thou that do'st oft from *pamper'd Prelats Toe*  
 Emphatically urge the Pains below.  
 Thou that art us'd on Amorous *Ladies Knee*  
 To feed on Jellies, and to drink cold Tea:  
 Thou that art never from *Velvet Slippers free*,  
 Whence comes *this unsought Honour unto me*?  
 Whence does this mighty Condescension flow  
 To visit my poor Tabernacle? Oh! — —  
 Thus *Jove* himself from *Ida's top*, tis said,  
 At poor *Philemon's Cot* once took his Bed,  
 And pleas'd with his kind Hospitable Feast,  
*Jove* bid him ask, and granted his request:  
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of Race *Divine*,  
 Begot on *Bacchus*, the Great God of Wine):  
 My humble Suit, and either give me Store  
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.



## A DIALOGUE Between a Cuckoldy Courtier and His LADY.

Husband.

•  
Hould Modest Ladies steal abroad,  
Mobb'd up like Common Punk or Bawd,  
Without their Stays, in wanton Dresses,  
Just fit for Amorous Caresses?  
What base Intrigue are you upon?  
And wither, Madam, is't you run,  
Squirting about in Hackney-Coach,  
Like Jilt in quest of new Debauch,  
Without your Footman or your Maid,  
As if you fear'd to be betray'd;  
Sneak home by Night at Twelve a-Clock,  
Discharge your Coach before you knock,  
Then gently tapping, are with Caution  
Let in by her that waits your Motion;  
And when you're slyly crept up Stairs,  
Pretend to go an hour to Pray'rs,  
As if Devotion was design'd  
For nothing but a Holy Blind?  
So Pious Jilts, that Kiss and Pray,  
Repent and Sin again next day.

Lady.

*Lady.*

Bless me! my Dear, you're wondrous free;  
 What means this fit of Jealousie?  
 Am I a Vassal or a Wife,  
 Your Lady or a Slave for Life?  
 Must I to please your whim, be ty'd  
 In my own Coach always to ride,  
 Sute all my Actions to the Eyes  
 Of Servants, and be watch'd by Spies?  
 Suppose I had a mind to call  
 At Pinners or at *Salters-Hall*,  
 Only for once or so; to hear  
 The Low-Church way of preaching there:  
 Or that upon some Publick day  
 I long'd to hear Old *Daniel Burgis* pray;  
 Not thro' Devotion, I protest,  
 But purely for a Pulpit-Jest.  
 Since we are *Church-Folks*, is it fitting  
 The World should know I go to th' *Meeting*?  
 When if my Equipage should wait  
 At Door, the Town would know it freight:  
 And where's the harm, if in these Cases  
 I go disguis'd to suchlike places?

*Husband.*

Good Heavens! what would Woman do  
 To cloak the Vices they pursue,

And

And paint their Ills with pious Cheating,  
If 'twas not for the Church or Meeting?  
Religion, once the Prop of State,  
What is it thou'rt become of late?  
The very Scandal of the Gown;  
The Common Banter of the Town;  
As manag'd now, the Nation's Curse,  
Th' aspiring Villain's stalking Horse,  
The Trader's holy Face and Mein  
To hide the Knavery that lurks within,  
The cause of e'ry Spightful Jar,  
The Bane of Peace and Drum of War,  
The Wife's excuse when e'er she flies  
To satiate on forbidden Joys:  
In short, 'tis now a Cloak put on  
For every Evil that is done;  
Therefore, pray Madam, cease your prating  
Of going mobb'd to *Church* or *Meeting*:  
When you steal out in such loose Dresses,  
I know you find more private Places,  
Not to serve God; but to promote  
The pleasure of the Petticoat,  
And to be safe whilst you comply  
With Ills you cannot justify.

*Lady.*

My Dear, to hear you talk so odly,  
'Twould vex me were I ne'er so Godly.  
But as you fancy, pray suppose,  
(For Jealousie's the De'il, God knows)

That

That when I'm mobb'd in such a pickle,  
 I am too wanton or too fickle  
 To trouble *Church* or *Conventicle* ;  
 But have perhaps a mind to see  
 Some Foolish Curiosity,  
 Th' *Arabian Goat*, or some such Creature,  
 Whose Horns are Miracles in Nature.  
 Or if by chance I take a loose  
 To do what's more ridiculous,  
 And blushing, laugh an hour away  
 To see the *Moorfield's Strollers* play,  
 Who by their awkward Struts transverse  
 A Tragedy into a Farce,  
 Or *Vice Versa* make you weep  
 At Comedy till fast asleep ;  
 Thus when they mean that we should Cry,  
 We Laugh, to see their Lovers dye,  
 They do't so very awkwardly.

And when they to make us glad,  
 Their Tragick Tone still keeps us sad ;  
 Therefore, my Dear, if I take pleasure  
 In such Fanatick Whims as these are,  
 Where is the Scandal or the Crime  
 Of a *Hack-Coach* at such a time,  
 And without Equipage, to go  
 In *Dishabille* to see a Show,  
 Since Lords and Ladies often strode  
 From Court as far as *Hockly-hole*  
 To see the Dogs, the Bulls, and Bears,  
 Halloo'd together by the Ears ?

For tho' some think such Rugged Sport  
Too Rakish for the nobler sort,  
I vow, 'tis but a Jest ; for we,  
That call our selves the Quality,  
Have all our Whims ; Act, Jest, and Talk,  
And play the Fool like other Folk ;  
Only our Grandeur Cheats their Eyes,  
And makes them think we are more wise.

*Husband.*

But I hear, Madam, you are fam'd  
For a worse Sport than you have nam'd ;  
And that your Hackneys and Disguises  
Are all but infamous Devices  
To drive on your Intrigues the better,  
And make my sprouting shame the greater.  
What must I bring you first to Court,  
And then be thus rewarded for't ?  
Was it for this your Pride aspir'd  
To dwell among the fawning Herd ?  
That you might prostitute your Charms  
To this and that gay Blockhead's Arms,  
And with a Bastard mottl'd Race  
My Ancient Family debase,  
By your curs'd Tail and tempting Looks,  
Make it as spurious as a Duke's ?  
But I'll revenge the wrongs you've done me,  
Or a worse Plague shall light upon me.

*Lady.*

*Lady.*

Prithee, my Dear, don't let your Passion  
 Thus rise without just Provocation;  
 My Lady Backwell can inform you,  
 I ne'er do any thing to harm you;  
 For whensoe'er I steal abroad,  
 Mobb'd up in Furbelow or Hood,  
 I never fail to call upon her;  
 And none can touch her spotless Honour:  
 Therefore you need not doubt your Wife,  
 She'll witness my obedient Life,  
 And all the Liberties I take  
 Where-e'er I go behind your back.  
 But Men, I find, will still distrust  
 Their Wives, altho' they're ne'er so just,  
 And from the Guilt of their own Vices  
 Punish themselves with strange Surmises.

*Husband.*

It is not all your sham Pretences  
 Can longer smother your offences;  
 You need not go *incog.* to see  
 The *Arabian Goat*, but look at me:  
 Your wanton Tail has made my Crest  
 Vie Antlers with that monstrous Beast.  
 Long have I guess'd by your loose Carriage  
 You've broke the solemn Vows of Marriage.

But

But now I know my Fate as certain  
As if my Eyes had seen my Fortune ;  
And that my Forehead could proclaim  
Your Faults to my eternal shame.

*Lady.*

Be patient till your Horns appear,  
Don't be so positive, my Dear ;  
Because he only is, you know,  
The Cuckold who believes he's so.  
What foolish Story has possest  
Your Noddle, and inflam'd your Breast ?  
What servile Sycophant or Spy  
Has brib'd your Friendship with a Lie ?  
And, for the sake of some bye End,  
Has slyly prov'd a Treach'rous Friend ?  
Prithee believe no Idle Tales  
Of what I did at Tunbridge-Wells,  
Or what fine Spark among the Beaux  
At Bath for a Gallant I chose  
The World's ill-natur'd and censorious,  
And *Modest Wives*, whose charms are glorious,  
Are often falsly made notorious.  
He that would lead a happy Life,  
Must always listen to his Wife,  
And for the Truth depend upon her  
In all things that respect her Honour :  
For he that ever lends an Ear  
To Common Fame, that Common Lyar,

May be a Cuckold in his Thought,  
Altho' his Lady ne'er was naught.

Thus 'tis not what we really *are*,  
That frets the Jealous Breast with Care,  
But what we *think* our selves to be,  
That oft creates our Misery.

Then what dull Sot would Horn his Brows  
By harb'ring Evil of his 'Spouse  
Since if he thinks her Chast and Good,  
No Cuckold's he, tho' she be Lewd?

*Husband.*

The Jilt does many ways devise  
To blind her injur'd Husbands Eyes;  
Will still perswade the Fool she's Chast,  
Tho' ne'er so Loose beneath the Wast;  
Especially if not detected  
I'th' fault of which she is suspected.  
But I've discover'd your abuse  
Of Marriage, far beyond Excuse;  
Have prov'd at last too cunning for ye;  
And found just Reasons to abhor ye.

*Lady.*

Prithee, my Dear, don't shew your heat  
So like a Cuckold in Conceit,  
And vent your Spleen, as if your Eyes  
Had witness'd my Infirmities.

Perhaps

Perhaps your Jealous Ears have heard,  
I'm much admir'd by such a Lord,  
And that we met some afternoon  
At *Chelsea*, or at *Kensington*;  
What then? can't Lords and Ladies take  
A brisk for Conversation's sake,  
Be merry o'er a Flask or two,  
Drink a cool Sillibub or so,  
But like Salacious Punks and Play'r's  
They must defile the Tavern Chairs?  
O fo! I hate a Jealous Sot,  
That harbours such a Beastly Thought.  
I'm sure they must have led ill Lives,  
That judge so hardly of their Wives;  
For those who are themselves unjust  
Are always fullest of Distrust.

*Husband.*

Most rarely urg'd imperious Creature!  
Cunning by Practice, lewd by Nature;  
A most incomparable Plea  
For faithless Woman's Liberty;  
If a Man once be well assur'd  
His Lady rambles with my Lord,  
And meets his Honour up and down,  
In Holes and Corners out of Town:  
I think he has Cause enough to guesſ  
His Wife has foul'd her Wat'ring-place,

And

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And ought, I say, to take't for granted  
His Horns are very firmly planted.  
What Business can a Wife pretend  
To have with any strong-back'd Friend,  
But to oblige her Lustful Passion  
With base adultrous Recreation?  
Therefore its Proof enough, Pox take her?  
To know she meets her Cuckold-maker,  
For would she have her Husband see,  
As the Law calls it, *Rem in Re?*

*Lady.*

O fie upon you! by my Life  
Your talk's enough to spoil a Wife:  
There's stuff indeed, I thought that no Man  
Would use such words before a Woman.

*Husband.*

You're mighty Modest by you prating,  
But Pox take him that taught you *Latin*:  
I find you have been made by some Man  
Too good a Scholar for a Woman.

*Lady.*

I'm not so Ign'rant, you may see.  
As you believe your Wife to be.  
Perhaps your Jealousie in time  
May improve my Knowledge to a Crime,

And

And make you apt to think me naught,  
 Because I understand what's what.  
 I've read, my Dear, I must allow,  
 The Tryal of a Rape e'er now,  
 Yet ne'er was Ravish'd in my Life,  
 Before, or since, I've been your Wife;  
 Therefore I hope you don't distrust  
 I'm disobedient or unjust,  
 Because, my Dear, I don't applaud ye  
 For speaking fulsome Latin Bawdy.

*Husband.*

You banter, Madam, mighty well ;  
 I know you've Tongue as well as Tail,  
 Both which have not alone been try'd  
 By me, but many more beside.  
 Who was it call'd the other day  
 At *Man's*, upon Sir *Fred'rick Gay*,  
 Took him into her Hackney Coach,  
 And carry'd off the young Debauch,  
 At *Whitehall-stairs* took Boat just a'ter,  
 And to *Spring-Gardens* cross'd the Water,  
 There spent six hours to both your shame  
 In doing what's too bad to name ?

*Lady.*

I'll take my Oath 'twas none of I,  
 If't had, I'd scorn to tell a Lie.

Sir Fred'rick! by my Life and Soul,  
I know the Gentleman, that's all.

But pray, my Dear, suppose I had  
Done what you say, you've done as bad.  
Who was it took a Homely, Cloudy,  
Lascivious, Poor, Theatric Dowdy,  
Cloth'd her as richly and as fine  
As if her Charms had outshone mine;  
Down from her Garret brought the Jilt  
To *Holland* Sheets, and *Sattin* Quilt,  
Kept her as if sh'd been a Dutchesse,  
To please and humour your Debauches?  
How then can you expect I'll be  
True to a Man that's False to me,  
Since I have Youth and Beauty too  
At least, I'm sure, enough for you?

*Husband.*

Both Sexes love the pleasing Sport,  
It is a Reigning Vice at Court;  
I've had my am'rous Freaks, 'tis true,  
And so, I'm satisfy'd have you;  
Therefore, what's Honour, but a Cheat,  
Among the Noble and the Great?  
Since we of Wealth and high Degree,  
Who boast of Birth and Quality,  
Are far more base behind the Curtain  
Than those Content with meaner Fortune?



## ON PLEASURE. OUT OF FRENCH.

Well, whate'er Sins by turns have fway'd me,  
Ambition never reach'd my Heart,  
Its lewd Pretences ne'er betray'd me,  
In publick Ills to act a part.

Let others Fame or Wealth pursuing,  
Despise a mean, but safe Retreat,  
I'll ne'er contrive my own Undoing,  
Nor stoop so low as to be Great.

The Faithless Court, the Tricking Change,  
What solid Pleasures can they give?

Oh, let me in the Country Range!  
'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we Live.

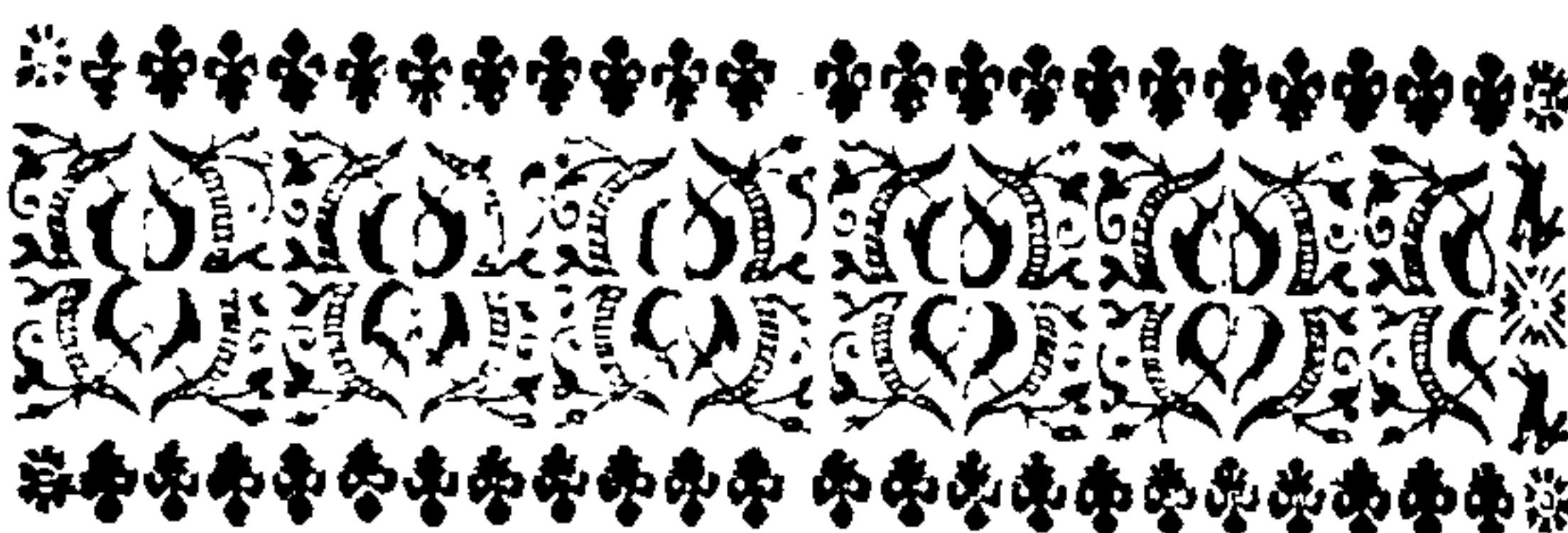
The Beauteous Scene of Aged Mountains,  
Smiling Valleys, murmuring Fountains,  
Lambs in Flow'ry Pastures bleating,  
Echo our Complaints repeating.

Bees with busie Sounds delighting,  
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting.

Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars Courting,  
Smains in rusty Circles sporting.

Birds in cheerful Notes expressing  
Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:

These afford a lasting Pleasure,  
Without Guilt, and without Measure.



*A DIALOGUE betwixt Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, Harry Carr, and a Dissenter, on King James's Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience.*

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Oxon. Printed 1688.

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Harry. H Sir, I am glad to see you: what  
 Anno etatis sue 72. and yet so brave  
 and lusty: having not of late seen  
 any thing from you, I was afraid  
 that the difficulty of finding out *Self-murderer*, had  
 tempted you to make upon your self some fatal ex-  
 periment; like the *Philosopher*, when he could not  
 solve the motion of the *Sea*, threw himself into it.

Roger. I must confess, Harry, I have been of late  
 ( but much against my inclinations ) very useless;  
 my talent and the present current of Affairs are  
 diametrically opposite: Had the Church of *England*  
*Men* been our own, I could have run Divisions upon  
 the Dissenters *ad infinitum*; I would have proved  
 them a pack of Rebels for a whole Century; I  
 would have made the last 88 to be of a piece with  
 this; and the Invincible Armada should have been  
 believed to be no more than a Phanatick Conspiracy.

Har. Nay, the Dissenters are not at this time to be  
 provoked.

Rog.

Rog. That I am sensible of, and therefore I have endeavoured all I could to bring my self to speak for them ; but I find I do it so awkwardly, that you would as soon cure the Rickets in any one of my Age, as bring any thing of mine into shape that pleads for them : My Answer to the *Letter to a Dissenter*, I hope, was an ample specimen of my good will ; but my Wit lay so much the other way, that my Answer was looked upon to be the worst of the four and Twenty ; besides my Printing the Letter at large, made me in danger to be brought in as a Disperser of the Libel.

Har. I must tell you, Sir Roger, that Answer with some other late Writings of yours, has a little atton'd for your old Sins ; and tho' the Dissenters do not look upon you as their best Friend ; yet it has in some measure allayed the enmity between them and the Serpent.

Rog. Now you have put me in mind, I think I have given the Dissenters in some of my last Observators a very pleasing farewell : If I be not mistaken, I spoke notable things for the Toleration ; and were it not for the Reproach of *Self-contradiction*, I could have said twenty times as much,

Har. What need you fear *self-contradiction* so much ? Cannot you say, That upon a change of Circumstances, a Man may likewise vary his Judgment as to Toleration, with a respect to hic & nunc ; [R. L's. Answer to the *Letter to a Dissenter*, p. 12.] and what was Abominable in one Reign, may be Law and Gospel in another ?

Rog. You speak right; to alter ones Opinion, tho' at Threescore and Twelve, I think is no very great Blemish : But I that have so often challeng'd the World to discover two clashing Sentences in all my Writings ; that have carried my Matters always so even, that to discover one flaw in me, was as difficult as to find out Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey's Murther : For me to speak home for Toleration, would make it a harder task, to find an Agreement between my

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Works, than it would be to Reconcile the two  
Churches.

*Har.* What is't you have so unluckily said, that will make it so heinous in you to Write for Toleration,

*Rog.* O I have spoke against the Dissenters such hard Words, that now I could willingly eat them; but withal they are so full of Gall and Bitterness, that should I swallow them, they were in danger to come up again.

*Har.* 'Tis but Gilding them then, Sir *Roger*; a few Presents from the Dissenting Party, I suppose, will make 'em run down easily: But what are these Cutting Expressions?

*Rog.* Why among other things, I have said, That *Liberty of Conscience was a Paradox against Law, Reason, Nature and Religion*: [Obs. Vol. 3. Numb. 47.] and should I now unsay all this, the Wags would make such work with me, as I formerly made with *Richard and Baxter*.

*Har.* Have you never an *Old Distinction* then left to help you out at a dead lift? I Remember when I had occasion to consult your Writings, *distinguishing* was the best part of your Talent.

*Rog.* That you must know I have already attempted, when I perceived that an *Indulgence* was a Brewing; I thought it was high time for me to draw back, and pull in my Horns; and therefore I immediately fell to work, and split the Hair. I Artificially divided an *Indulgence*, into an *Indulgence granted*, and an *Indulgence taken*; into an *Indulgence that shall owe it self to the Favour of the Prince*, and an *Indulgence that shall be got by the Importunities of the People*: [Observ. Vol. 3. Numb. 43.] By thus nicely distinguishing the Matter, I was in hopes to Rescue the present Toleration from the Stroaks of my former Animadversions; and in my Answer to the Letter to a Dissenter, my telling the Dissenters that *The Declaration of Indulgence ran to Them, and not They to the Declaration*,

[Ans.

[Answ. to the Letter, p. 3.] I think was a full Comment upon the Text as it stands thus divided.

*Har.* Methinks, Sir Roger, this Distinction is very ridiculous, and I can compare it to nothing more, than to a *Decree of the Council of Constance*, which I remember ever since I writ my *Pacquet*, runs thus: Upon the Debate about the *Communion* in one kind, it was ordered, that when the Laity *desired the Cup*, it was by all means to be *denied them*; but if they would submit to the *non obstante* to our Saviour's Institution, and *not desire it*; then they might be allowed to partake of it: So that, *Ask and ye shall receive*, it seems is a Rule that will by no means hold in the case of Toleration.

*Rog.* I must confess I was there hard put to it, and you may be sure, that 'twas not willingly that I took my leave so abruptly of the Observator, and went trailing like a Blood-hound after the Murder of Sir E. B. G.

*Har.* Let Murder alone, when all comes to all, 'tis but saying he was a Heretick, and then Killing you know is no Murder. Our business must now be to get off the *Penal Laws*.

*Rog.* Penal Laws! Had my endeavours succeeded, they should have been kept up to the end of the Chapter, ay, and as tight too, as any Fiddle-string: Cou'd I but have brought over the Church of *England* Men, our business had been done; and I think I drew as good a Scheme for accomodation, as ever *Cassandra* did, or the Bishop of *Spalato*: Had that project took, the *Penal Laws* wou'd have been as useful to us as the Inquisition; and then I had boldly affirmed, *That neither the Church of England, nor the Members of the Church of Rome, cou'd be joyn'd in a Toleration with the Phanaticks, but with the certain ruin of both.* [Obf. Vol. 3. Numb. 134.]

*Har.* These Church of *England* Men are very obstinate.

*Rog.* Ay, and perverse too; insomuch that you would as soon perswade the Pope to part with the

Franchises, as bring them to pray to the People in an unknown Tongue. T'other day a Friend of ours (I suppose after reading my project of Accommodation) asked a Church-man; in case the Church of *Rome* should give up *Transubstantiation*, what would the Church of *England* part with in order to a Reconciliation. And what dost think the Church-man offered in exchange?

*Har.* Why, the nine and thirty Articles I suppose.

*Rog.* I protest only *Passive Obedience*; and I wou'd no more take that Principle from them; then I wou'd unshackle a Mad-man. Passive valour is a Virtue I love in an Enemy; and 'tis as necessary for our preservation that they hold this Doctrine, as 'tis for the Grand Seignior that a Bassa believes that of *Fatality*, when he is to undergo the discipline of the Bow-string.

*Har.* I give the Church of *England* men for lost; and therefore for my part, my Province shall be to gain the Dissenters, I think the wind blows fairest from that side.

*Rog.* Prithee, *Harry*, how cam'st thee to be either beloved by the *Papists*, or believed by the *Dissenters*? I am sure you have spoke as severe things of the *Papists*, as ever I did of the *Phanaticks*, and yet by a sudden turn you are become as gracious, as if you were a Convert of some cosiderable standing.

*Har.* I perceive you don't understand the virtue of Holy Water; this powerful sprinkling will immediately restore a Man to the state of Innocence: Had *Adam* but known this easie Receipt, he would never have been at the expence of Fig-leaves. You must know I have all my old sins Forgiven me, and I am now as clean as if I had been over head and ears in *Jordan*.

*Rog.* But all thy washings will not clear thy contradictions; thy *Pacquet of Advice*, and the *Weekly Occurrences* are as opposite as Fire and Water; and I wonder how thou canst so shamefully prevaricate, without

without one single blush to alter thy Complexion: When I was pres'd hard with my former Opinions, I set off the false coin with some plausible Vanish, and always distinguished where I could not fairly deny; but thou wou'dst fain cheat, even in spight of *Day-light*; thy jugle is so easily detected, that by thus openly Publishing thy Shame; one wou'd think this task was given thee, not so much that thy Masters had need of thy pain, as to oblige thee to a *penance*.

*Har.* Puh, Sir Roger, you know words are Wind, and why should one no more than t'other be tied to one point of the Compass; he that can turn and double upon a Stage, is always applauded for his performances; and why may not a dextrous *change* of *Opinion* be as much commended for the Activity of the *Brain*, as the other is for the agility of *Body*.

*Rog.* In troth *Harry*, I must confess thy Brain is of a very singular constitution, and thy late Writings are such Originals, that for my part, I think thou deservest to have a Patent for Scribbling; thou art of late the very Darling of the Papist and thou carriest on the business of *Rome* so vigorously, that I do not doubt in a short time to see thee Secretary to the Conclave.

*Har.* Why, I believe I do them no small service, with my *Occurrences*, I take from them the odium of *Persecution*, by fixing it upon the Church of *England*; I fill the Peoples heads so full with *penal Laws*, that there is no room left for the *Inquisition*; and if any one blabs about Q. *Mary's* days, I immediately stop his mouth with the Thirty Fifth of *Elizabeth*.

*Rog.* But you are very frugal in giving Instances of the Severities of the Church of *England*, not above one in a Paper.

*Har.* You must know he that has not much Butter, must spread it thin; I must make the most of what I have, for I am afraid hereafter I am not like to have from that side any more Examples: But if you observed, I manage matters to the best *Advantage*:

When once upon a time, there was taken from a Quaker a *Warming-pan* for the Church dues; I put in a notable *innuendo*, and hinted that 'twas then *Cold Weather*; what think you? may not that be called the *Warming-pan Persecution*?

*Rog.* Ay, that was indeed hot and fiery, to take a Warming-pan from a *Quaker*, was a little too unchristian, whom not only the *Season*, but his *Religion* obliged to frequent fits of shaking.

*Har.* And now you talk of your *distinguishing*, I think I have had lately a notable fetch that way too: When I had in one of my *Occurrences*, accused the *Clergy* of London of *cheating the Poor of Sion Colledge*, *in keeping from them the Charity of the Founder*. [Occur. Numb. 11.] And the Malice and Falshood of my accusation being unluckily Published, I was hard put to it to avoid the Charge of *Evilspeaking, Lying, and Slandering*; therefore in my next Paper I did protest, that *in my former Story, I did not intend to reflect upon the London Clergy*: [Occur. Numb. 12.] So that here is the *Clergy* of *London*, and the *London Clergy* make up a very serviceable *Distinction*.

*Rog.* Your *Occurrences*, then I perceive are to Insult over the *Church of England*, and thereby to divert the Papists and gain the Dissenters.

*Har.* You are in the right on't; this *Church of England* you know is our greatest obstacle; it vexes me to think that an Heretical Church should be by *Law Established*; these Laws are such unlucky ways of Fortifying, that they stand more in our way than Walls and Bastions. Could we but once level their Work, you would not find it long before we fell to Storming, and I think we have already made some considerable advances.

*Rog.* And do the Dissenters come on kindly?

*Har.* Why truly some of them are pretty forward, and we favour them accordingly; we do as the Patriarchs did of old, he that comes in first receives the Blessing; if they promise fairly, then we place them

them in convenient stations, we put them in such Posts that are something for their Honour, as well as for our use.

*Rog.* I must confess for my part, I am not for advancing the Dissenters too much; and tho' I cannot but approve of their present behaviour, yet I am not for trusting them too far, for they are slippery Creatures.

*Har.* Trusting them quoth a, Why, who does? Have you ever seen a Dissenter at the head of a Regiment? have you ever heard that any of them was made Lieutenant of the Tower, or Governor of a Garrison? The Offices they are generally put into, are Places of *Expence*, and not *profit*. If any of them has a Mandate to be Mayor or Alderman of a Town; he is so *precarious* in his Office, that he dares not make one false step upon pain of another *Regulation*: And withal they commonly Act in *conjunction* with Papists; so that they are no more than *Under-Workmen*; they are only employed, not trusted.

*Rog.* Here is a Dissenter a coming; I guess he comes to beg your assistance Harry, either to present an *Address*, or to get a *Commission* to regulate some stubborn Corporation. He looks as if he had a spight to the Test and Penal Laws.

*Har.* Let me alone, I'll warrant you I manage him to Advantage, and if I do not make him as rank a Repealer as any is in *England*, I'll forfeit all the gain of my *Occurrences*.

*Rog.* Well I'll take my leave of you; and at our next meeting shall expect an account of your Transactions, and in what forwardness Affairs stand for a Parliament. Farewel.

Enter an *Honest Dissenter*.

*Dissenter.* Gentlemen, I am sorry I have disturbed you, and that I should be the occasion of breaking up so *Choice* and *Select* a meeting. My business is only

only with you Harry, and not so urgent neither; but that I can retire, and call upon you at your leisure.

*Harry.* Sir, you are heartily welcome, I am never so engaged, but that I am always ready to wait upon a Person of your Character. Your's I am sure is *publick Business*; and since I have not of late seen your hand to an Address, I doubt not but you come now at least some Hundreds strong.

*Diff.* That is not at present my business. You must know, there is a *small place* in his Majesties service lately fall'n vacant, which lies so conveniently in my Neighbourhood, that as it may not be of such advantage to another, so no one perhaps can so easily attend the duty with so much diligence as my self; and therefore since I am told, that now all Offices are disposed of *without distinction*; I hope by virtue of former acquaintance, I may beg your Interest on my behalf.

*Har.* Before I can appear your Friend, you must answer me first to some few *Questions*; for no man must expect his Reward, before he can say his Catechism.

*Will you, whenever there is a Parliament call'd, endeavour to choose such Men as will take off the Test and penal Laws?*

*Diff.* What is the meaning of this?

*Har.* You must know then, that no one is to be either Promoted to, or continued in an Office, who will not answer *affirmatively* to this *Question*.

*Diff.* Why this is encountring *Test* with *Test*; setting one nail to drive out another; if a Man be not qualified for an Office but upon such conditions: You seem to send up as hard things as those you would have abrogated. For what is the difference between your obliging a Man to abjure the *Test*, and the Laws requiring him to renounce *Transubstantiation*? but only this, that for my part I think renouncing *Transubstantiation* to be the more Innocent.

*Har.* There is a greater difference than you may imagine: For the Declaration that is required by the

the Law is a *violence to a Man's Conscience*; 'tis obliging him to renounce an Article of his Faith; whereas the Tests are matters purely Political: They were promoted by a *Faction*, and designed only to gratifie a *Party*, which is pleased to call it self the Church of England.

*Dif.* Hold there, *Harry*, these words are something too severe; let me tell you, you cannot make the enacting of these *Laws* to be the business of a *Faction*; without putting the late *King* and his *Parliament* at the very head on't; and it does not become you to speak so irreverently of a *Crowned Head*, tho' it lies in ashes. But suppose a Man shou'd believe in his Conscience, that the Tests are a great security to the *Protestant Religion*, and that the consequence of repealing them will be the Introducing of *Popery*; (as I must necessarily think of those many Noble and Worthy Gentlemen, who lately lost their Employments upon this very Question) is not the turning of such a one out of his Office, which perhaps is his whole Subsistence, for not consenting to repeal those *Tests*, not only a *privative*, but according to your wise distinction, a *positive inflicting of Penalties on the score of Conscience* [Occur. Numb. 9.] For is not he that thinks his whole *Religion* to be in danger, as much concerned in his Conscience, as another that is so Tender of one *single Article*?

*Har.* But these are groundless apprehensions, the Protestant Religion will be secure without these Tests; and I have over and over proved they are but *Mud-walls*. Surely you have never seen my Occurrences.

*Dif.* Ay, that I have, and at the same time that I could laugh at your Jests, I was offended at your scurribilities: And now you put me in mind, I have seen your *Pacquet of Advice from Rome* too: There I Remember you say, *That no mortal Man can embrace or countenance the Popish Religion, but either a designing Knaue, or a cajol'd self-will'd Fool* [Pacq. Vol. 3.]

## 350 THO. BROWN'S

p. 15. ] Now I cannot believe that you look upon either of these Characters to be very Honourable.

*Har.* I wou'd have the Papists be admitted into Offices as well as other Subjects; *and they may sometimes happen to have better abilities to serve their King and Country, than those that would excuse them.* [Occur. Numb. 9.]

*Diss.* Certainly, Harry, thou art made up either of *Knavery* or *Forgetfulness*; tho' I am afraid *Knavery* is the chief ingredient in thy composition. Have not you said in your Pacquet, that *you cou'd wish we were fairly rid of Two and Fifty Thousand Papists, and yet you believed, durst undertake to prove the King should not loose one good Subject by the Bargain.* [Pacq. Vol. 3. p. 143. ]

*Har.* You shou'd not so spightfully recollect my former Opinions; you shou'd consider not so much my *old faults*, as my *present Arguments*; and if my carriage at this time may make you entertain any hard thoughts of my Person: Tho' you may not believe the *Man*, yet I hope you will be convinced by his *Reasons*.

*Diss.* Why truly whenever I see a Forehead of Brass, I am apt to believe, that what is within is of no better Mettal. To be *always false and shifting*, is methinks a Temper so mean and creeping, so very like the race of the Serpent, that to be overcome by such a one's *Insinuation*, is not to be *perswaded but betrayed*.

*Har.* Is it not *unreasonable* that the Papists should be *debarred of those Privileges and Advantages which they are Born to?* And since they are under an *equal Obligation of Duty with other Subjects*, *why should not they have the same Right?* as 'tis in other Countries, where Protestants and Papists have an *equal share in the Government.* [Occur. Numb. 9.]

*Diss.* Prithee shew me but *one Country* where there are but *four Papists to one Protestant*, and the Protestants allowed to enjoy *equal privileges* with the Papists: If this cannot be done, why then should the

the Papists of our Nation look upon it as unequal-dealing in this Government, to keep them from Offices, when their number is not as yet, perhaps, above one in two hundred? unless they assume some extraordinary privileges to their Persons, as well as their Religion, and pretend that their very Civil Rights are *Catholick*.

*Har.* But these *Test-Laws* are unjust: They set up an inquisition into Mens thoughts, put their Souls on the Rack; so that a *Papist* must either starve, or violate his Conscience. [ibid]

*Diss.* I perceive, *Harry*, your compassion leans much on the *Popish* side; and you do not seem much concerned, whether a *Protestant* dies in his Bed, or on a Dunghill, for if the loss of *Employments* be an infallible Symptom of *starving*; I am afraid there will be found of late more *Church of England Men* put into those uneasie circumstances, than there are Papists of any note in the whole Nation. And since you would perswade us, that the grand project is to employ all Men equally, without any regard to their Perswasions; methinks it does not at all become you in policy, to give such early instances of partiality.

*Har.* Are not there *Church of England Men* preferred as well as other Men? do not you see them daily made *Deans*, and *Bishops*, &c.

*Diss.* So I have seen *Bulls* and *Bears* wear Top-knots; but I presume they would never have gone to the expence of adorning the *Brutes*, were it not on purpose to expose the Fashion. Prithee, *Harry*, there are Knaves of all persuasions, and the *Church* as well as the *Barn* breeds Vermin.

*Har.* Why are you so much afraid of Papists being put into publick Employments; I'll assure you they are not such Men as you do imagine; and whosoever says they are *Bloody* and *Cruel*, foully misrepresents them, and does not draw them in their proper Colours.

*Diss.*

*Diff.* Pray, Harry, how long have you had such a favourable opinion of their good nature? what, are *all the holy Candles out, that you formerly told us, were made of Protestant Grease at the Irish Massacre?* [Pacq. Nov. 19. 1680.] Are there no Popish Fires but that which burnt the City? Or have the *French Protestants* think you, left their Estates and come over only for the advantage of a Collection? These are too bitter things, Harry, to be so easily digested: And if I be not much mistaken, I can shew you that some of them are bound by *Oaths* to give *Heretics* no better quarter.

*Har.* Surely there is no such thing?

*Diff.* I do assure you I had it from a very substantial Author.

*Har.* Pray who is it? I'll warrant you one of our Modern *Misrepresenters*.

*Diff.* No, I'll assure you I had it from the worthy Author of the *Pacquet of Advice from Rome*; and certainly he must needs know best what was done there, where he kept his weekly correspondence. 'Tis the Oath, which all Popish Bishops take at the time of their Consecration. My Author has it at large, but I shall here only give you the Clause of it. *And all Hereticks, Schismaticks, and such as rebel against our Lord the Pope, or his Successors, I shall to the uttermost of my power, persecute, impugn, and condemn, So help me, &c.* [Pacq. Jan. 30. 2679.]

*Har.* And does not the Church of *England* with her *Penal Laws*, come upon you and your Brethren with the same severities?

*Diff.* Pray where is a *Church* better seen than in her *Articles* and *Cannons*? And if these are to be looked upon as the Standards of her *Doctrine*; to give the Church of *England* her due, she in her 66. *Cannon* requires her Bishops and Ministers to endeavour by *Instruction*, and *Perswasion*, to reclaim all Recusants within their respective limits: And if some of her Communion, did put the *Laws* in Execution:

ecution against us with too much rigour; the present *Promotion* of several of those Instruments of our Miseries, wou'd tempt a Man to believe, that what they did was not so much out of *mistake*, as by *Order*.

*Har.* But now you have a Commission to enquire, into what Mony was taken from you upon the account of your Religion; and so in some measure you may make your selves whole again.

*Diss.* Prithee *Harry*, why dost not send us to the *Spanish Wrack* to dive for Gold and Silver? on my Conscience I believe it would be to as much purpose. If you will procure us all that was returned into the *Exchequer*, that will indeed encourage and enable us to sue for the rest; and surely you do not think that the *Exchequer* ought to thrive by *Oppression*, no more than a private Gentleman's pocket.

*Har.* If you consent to take off the *Test*, you do not know what may be done for you; and methinks you of all People should be ready to comply, since you are so much obliged for the *Toleration*: And you know one good turn always requires another.

*Diss.* Suppose the Church of *England* Men had complied to take off the *Tests*, dost think then we wou'd have been such *Favourites*? I find it was our turn to be asked last: We have something of *Original Sin* that still sticks to us; and I am afraid when Popery comes in, we that have *no foundation*, and are as it were *strangers* in the Land, must expect that this Liberty will only *encrease* our future task, and put us *further* into the house of *Bondage*.

*Har.* You shall have a *Magna Charta* for Liberty of Conscience; and that you know, is like the Laws of the *Meæs* and *Persians*, unalterable.

*Diss.* I must be a Fool by thy own Maxim, if I believe thee; for have not you said in your *Pacquet*, that he is only fit to be *Recorder* of *Goatham*, who does not foresee that if ever the Papists prevail, *Magna Charta* and the *Bible* must down together. [Pacq. Nov.

21. 1679.] But now I think on't, how will this *Magna Charta*, and the *Magna Charta* of the Council of Lateran stand together? which is so far from giving *Liberty of Conscience*, that it will not allow Hereticks the common priviledge of living.

*Har.* Has not Sir Roger cleared that difficulty sufficiently? when he told you, *that when they are rightly distinguished, they may very well stand together; for the Degrees of the Church of Rome are Religious, this Liberty you are offered is a Civil point.* [Answer to the Letter to Dissenters. p. 7. ]

*Diss.* Well, now I find true, what I always suspected; that this *Liberty* was grounded upon a trick of State; and not upon *Religious* conviction of Judgment. So that when the Government shall not stand in need of such Arts; that is, when Popery is too powerful to submit to such condescensions; we must expect to be thrown off, and sink again into the state of suffering.

*Har.* I do assure you, it has been the *constant judgment of Papists*, that all Men ought to have *Liberty of Conscience*: And they are very Ill Men, and you ought not to joyn with them who wou'd perswade you to the contrary.

*Diss.* *Divide & impera*, I know it's the *Papists rule*; as well as the *Politicians*. Prithee Harry, he that is but Eight and Twenty years old, has lived long enough to see their Methods of *destroying the Protestant Religion*: And it is mostly by playing fast and loose with the *Dissenters*. Sometimes the Dissenter is a Heretick and a Rebel, and all the cry must be, *Crucifie him, Crucifie him*; at another time he is all innocence, *What harm has he done? We'll release him and let him go.* Thus by intermittent fits of ease and Rigour, they endeavour to shake and undermine that foundation; against which their *Arguments* have not strength to prevail.

*Har.* But this *Indulgence* was so frankly offered you, that you cannot choose but make suitable returns for such unexpected Civilities.

*Dif.* Profered service in some cases is not only unacceptable, but *nauseous*: For when all the Arguments of *Reason* and *Religion* could not prevail; to find an unexpected fit of affection, makes the kindness something suspicious, and all the endearing expressions may proceed not so much from *Love*, as *Dissimulation*; a Politick Design may be in the bottom, and a snake may lie in the Grass that looks so fresh and flourishing.

*Har.* I find you still continue in your groundless suspicion of the Papist: Methinks they are the most reasonable Men alive; for if they do repeal your Laws, they promise you *Equipollent securities*.

*Dif.* I must tell you Harry, the *Papists* are the worst Men in the World to pretend to insure the *Protestant Religion* from Fire and Faggot: Their love to Hereticks we know, is generally *hot* and *flaming*, and 'tis rarely that any of them vouchsafe to *kiss*, but when 'tis to bring in others that come with *Swords* and *Staves*. And what is this *Equipollent security* to be? an *Act of Parliament*.

*Har.* Yes, but such an *Act* that shall be unalterable, and not in the power of future ages to revoke.

*Dif.* Hold, not so fast there, you will ruine the *Dispensing power* else; for if the King may not *suspend* that *Act* too at pleasure, what will become of those Officers, who have made so bold with the Laws in being? for the consequence must reach all *Acts* alike.

*Har.* Ay, but these *Tests* are in their *nature* unjust, and dangerous to the Government in their *consequences*; and so no matter what becomes of them.

*Dif.* And will not that *Law*, think you, be *unjust*, which cramps the Kings *natural* and *Inherent Right* of *suspending* *Acts of Parliament*? so that this *Law*, or the mighty *Prerogative of suspending*, immediately

dately falls to the ground: And which do you think will most likely get the better on't? Besides, that Law, if it be *Equipollent*, must exclude all *Romish Priests* from Officiating in any Publick Church or Chappel within the Kingdom: Now if it be, according to you, so *impious* to exclude Papists from serving the King in *publick Offices*; what a *monstrous* piece of *Impiety* will Popish Judges Interpret that Law to be, which excludes the Priests from serving God in his *Publick Worship*? and therefore the apparent consequence of repealing our Laws to me will be this; that hereafter we shall have all Popish Governours both in Church and State; and to us will be left the Merit of *Obedience*, and the Glory of *Suffering*; only I am afraid we shall much Eclipse that Glory, upon some Melancholy considerations that we have had a hand in our own *Execution*.

*Har.* Well, I perceive you will not give me a Categorical answer to my *Question*. You will have the same more formally put to you e're long, and I do not doubt when you have taken time to consider, but you will return a very satisfactory Answer.

*Diff.* To be short with you then; the sum of my opinion is this: That I consider my self as an *Englishman* as well as a *Protestant*; and whatever I conceive may directly or by *consequence* prejudice my *Religion* or *Civil Rights*, I think my self obliged not to consent to it, as I am to answer it to GOD and my COUNTRY. So Farewel.



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## A Prophecy upon Lambeth Ox-cheek.

[the Muses,

Hen the Number that stands next to that of  
*W* And the Member to Man that of visible use is,  
 With the Thing that still wishes his Dad at  
 [old Nick,

But together aspires to an Archbishoprick.

When the Panther, so spotless, is plagu'd with a Head,  
 Whose outside is Brass, and whose inside is Lead.

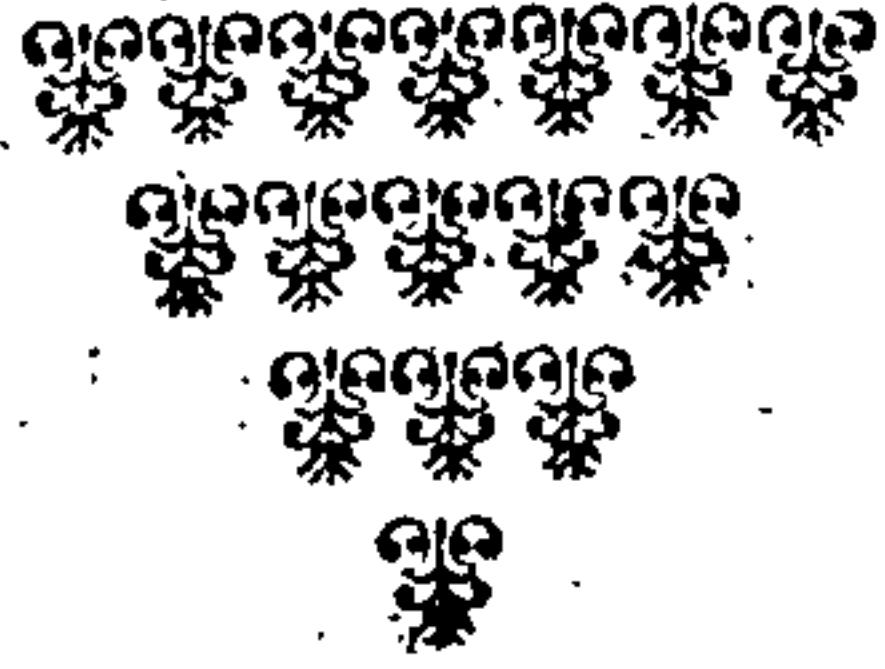
When Lambeth, its primitive Oracle lost,

Instead of a Pillar is propt with a Post:

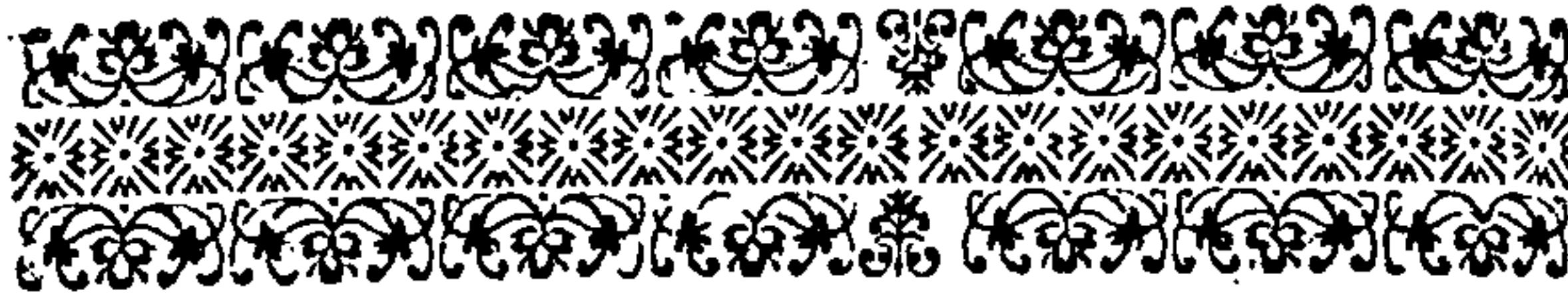
And Britain beholds in an eminent Station  
 An immoderate Dunce of great Moderation.

If such a dull Guide to the Church proves a Benizon,  
 You may swear Contradictions are true, and that Ten-is-

[one.



To



*To a Friend in the Country, on the Death  
of his Mistress.*

Vinegar-yard.

Dear Jacky,

Jan. 21, 1702.

Am sorry to be the Messenger of Ill News  
to you (for to a Person of your Tenderness, I know it must be very unwelcome)  
however, since it must arrive to you by  
some other Hand, tho' I should take never so much  
Care to conceal it from you ; I thought my self  
concernd in point of Friendship to communicate it to  
you ; and at the same time to endeavour to give  
you all the small Comfort I was capable of. Be  
pleas'd therefore to know that a dear Friend, and  
Old Acquaintance of yours, to the great Affliction  
of all that knew her, is —— It goes to the very  
Heart of me to tell this —— defunct, and dead  
and gone, the way she knew so well, I mean the  
way of all Flesh. For your Consolation she died a  
Member of the Establish'd Church, (and this I must  
add in her Praise, that ever since she knew what  
was what, she was exceedingly zealous for the Esta-  
blishment) and nothing grieved her so much, that  
she must leave this World before the Occasional Bill  
past, before you could come to close her dying Eyes.  
The Curate of St. Giles's prayed very fervently two  
Hours with her, after which she call'd for a Glass  
of

of cool Nantz, and drank a Health to the best (and here her Tongue begun to falter), but afterwards she faintly added in Christendom. All the Standers by had so much Charity, as to believe she meant the Church. If you give your self the trouble to turn over the Leaf, you'll not only find the dear Person's Name, and what Distemper she died of, but a small Poetical Cordial by way of Epitaph.

Your unknown Friend.

N. B.

Under this Marble Peggy lies,  
Who did so often spread her Thighs,  
And made Philander's Courage rise.

### *An Epitaph upon the Charming Peggy.*

Under this Marble Peggy lies,  
Who did so often spread her Thighs,  
And made Philander's Courage rise.

This Morsel of delicious Lust,  
That kiss'd with so sincere a Gust,  
Is now resolv'd to common Dust.

Her Hands (forgive me if I'm blunt)  
Will now no more, as they were wont,  
Pilot Loves Sailors to her ——

Her Limbs that us'd to move so nice,  
And taft Love's Pleasures in a trice,  
Are now alas! as cold as Ice.

To

To tell the Truth, as short as can be,  
 She kill'd her self with drinking Brandy,  
 And all for her dear Jack-a-Dandy.

Thus did our charming Nymph expire,  
 According to her Hearts Desire,  
 And as she liv'd she dy'd by Fire.

\* *Hector*, my Boy, of thee I beg  
 Not to forget the Illustrious *Peg*,  
 But o'er her Tomb lift up thy Leg.

Then piss such Deluges of Rain  
 In so exuberant a Strain,  
 As shall o'erflow the World again.

This Tribute's to her Ashes due,  
 Whose Loss ten Thousand Youths will rue;  
 And so immortal *Peg*, adieu.

\* *The Name of his Danish Dog.*





## Upon the Paper Project, for Raising of Mony.

Ray, Sir, did you hear of a late Proclamation,  
Of sending Paper for Payment quite thro'  
(the Nation,  
Yes, Sir, I have, There you Mountague's Notes  
Tinctur'd and Colour'd by your Parliament Votes:  
But 'tis plain on the People, to be but a Toast,  
For they go by the Carrier, and come by the Post.



## The Happiest Day of MARRIAGE.

In Marriage are two Things allow'd,  
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shroud:  
How can a Married State then be a Curst,  
Since the last Day's as Happy as the First?



## EPIGRAM.

Mpubis nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis  
 I Exsucce & tremulo sum sociata viro.  
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic etate valentem  
 Intactam tota nocte jacere Sinet.

Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,  
 O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.



Translated thus. By Mr. Tho. Brown.

Oming a tender Girl from School,  
 Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool:  
 But fit for Love's Embraces grown,  
 I've got a Man that's next to none.  
 The first with Youth's too vig'rous warmth inspir'd  
 With Love's untasted Joys, my Weakness tir'd.  
 My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms  
 He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.

When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;  
 Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.  
 Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,  
 Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

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Hloe, you write to me for Coin,  
 And in Return I send you Wine,  
 Like Wealth, its pow'r is equally divine.

E'en stick to that, 'twill make you merry,  
 For mine or others Absence chear ye ;  
 That softens ev'ry Nymph that's cruel,  
 For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel.

So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,  
 False *Theseus*, left her, wash'd off Grief and Care,  
 Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.



*On the Earl of Torrington.*

---

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

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Taint of thy Country, and thy Antient Name,  
 S\* Traytor to Honour, and old *England's* Shame;  
 Great *Effingham's* Reverse, and *Greenvill's* Foil,  
 Thou dost, vile Daftard, all their Triumphs spoil :  
 Thy Cowardice disturbs their very Urn,  
 And is enough to make their Ashes Mourn.  
 Arise, ye Noble Ghosts of Valiant *Drake*,  
*Frobisher*, *Cavendish*, *Mountague*, and *Blake*;

361      T H O. B R O W N ' S  
You, who our Neighbour-Navies did confound,  
And made our Fame from Sea, to Sea, resound,  
Grieve now to see your Trophies from us torn,  
The Seas your Mistress, helpless and forlorn ;  
Mourn to behold a lustful proud Pottroon,  
Eclypse those Glories, you for us have won.



### The Poets Will, at the Whiggs Festival.

Onder your *Author* stands extreamly Ill,  
And yet of perfect *Mind*, thus makes his *Will* ;  
  
First I bequeath my *Soul*, when I forsake it :  
To him that has the truest *Right* to take it ;  
My *Body* next, let me consider well,  
To those that will Convey it out of Smell :  
My *Worldly Goods*, altho' they are but few,  
My *Brother Poets*, those I leave to you ;  
And were I sure that they'd accept of it,  
The *Ryming Quality* should share my *Wit* :  
To *Daniel*, and his *Friend the Observator*,  
I leave my *Manuscripts*, and *Scottish Psalter*,  
With all my *Volumns* that have Scap'd my *Bum* ;  
From the *Wise Masters*, to the Fam'd *Tom Thumb*.

Next I Bequeath, but let me recollect,  
I fain would something leave to ev'ry *Sect* ;  
To all our *Grave Divines* where e'er they be,  
I leave them, what they want, my *Charity*,  
And

And to those *Prelates* that oppose the *Bill*,  
 Were I secure, they would not take it ill ;  
 To them, and their Heirs, I'd give and Grant,  
 My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant*.

The *Presbyterians* too, I'd something give,  
 Tho' they're so Rich, I know not what to leave,  
 Besides, they're Grown so very Proud withal,  
 They won't accept of any thing that's small ;  
 And yet, methinks, 'tis fit that they should have,  
 Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my *Grave* ;  
 Among my *Lumber* they will Papers find,  
 Writ to inform the *Realm*, what they Design'd ;  
 That they have them, it is my sole *Intention*,  
 They'll be of use against a *Comprehension* ;  
 The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,  
 To those *Good Men* I leave my *Modesty* ;  
 And let the other *Sects*, that I mayn't wrong 'em ;  
 Take my *Religion* and divide among 'em.

And to *Conclude*, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,  
 Some Honest wealthy *Cit* would be so kind ;  
 To see all this perform'd, and for his Pains,  
 To take for him, and for his *Heirs* my *Brains*.

ஓடுநீர்க்காலைக்காலை : ஒடுநீர்க்காலைக்காலை

### *The Fable of the Lyon and the Beasts.*

ஓடுநீர்க்காலை Ne time a mighty *Plague* did pester  
 ஓடுநீர்க்காலை All Beasts Domestick, and Silvester.  
 ஓடுநீர்க்காலை The Doctors all in *Consult* join'd,  
 To see if they the *Caïse* could find ;

And try'd a world of *Remedies*,  
But none could conquer the *Disease*.

The *Lyon*, in this *Consternation*,  
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,  
To all his loving *Subjects*, *Greeting*,  
Appointing them a solemn *Meeting*.  
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,  
He spoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,  
*I hope you're met full of the Sense*  
*Of this devouring Pestilence*:  
For sure such heavy *Punishment*  
On common *Crimes* is rarely sent.  
It must be some *Important Cause*,  
Some great *Infraction* of the *Laws* ;  
Then let us search our *Consciences*,  
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess ;  
Let's Judge from biggest to the least,  
That he that is the foulest *Beast* ;  
May for *Sacrifice* be given,  
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.  
And since no one is free from *Sin*,  
*I with my self will first begin*.

I have done many a thing that's ill,  
From a *propensity* to kill ;  
Slain many an *Ox*, and what is worse,  
Have murder'd many a gallant *Horse* ;  
Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,  
Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton* ;  
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,  
*The Shepherd went for Company*.

He

He had went on, but *Chanceller Fox*  
 Stands up, What signifies an *Ox*?  
 What signifies a *Horse*, such *Things*  
 Are honour'd when made Sport for *Kings*?  
 Then for the *Sheep*, those foolish *Cattle*,  
 Not fit for *Carriage*, or for *Battle*;  
 And being tolerable *Meat*,  
 They're good for nothing, but to eat.  
 The *Shepherd* too; your *Enemy*,  
 Deserves no better *Destiny*.  
 Sir, Sir, your *Conscience* is too nice;  
 Hunting's a *Princely Exercise*;  
 And these being all your *Vassals* born,  
 Just when you please are to be torn.  
 And, Sir, if this will not content you,  
 We'll vote it *Nemine Contradicente*.

Thus after him they all confess,  
 They had been *Rogues*, some more, some less;  
 And yet, by little flight *Excuses*,  
 They all got clear of great *Abuses*.  
 The *Bear*, the *Tyger*, *Beasts* of fight,  
 And all that could but scratch and bite;  
 Nay, even the *Cat*, of wicked *Nature*,  
 That kills in Sport her fellow *Creature*  
 Went Scot-free, but his *Gravity*,  
 An *Afs* of stupid *Memory*,  
 Confess'd i'th' *Road* to *Tunbridge-Fair*,  
 His Back half broke with wooden *Ware*,

Chancing unluckily to pass  
 By a Church-yard full of good Grass,  
 Finding they'd open left the Gate,  
 He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and ate :

Hold, says Judge Wolf, these are the *Crimes*  
 Have brought upon us these sad *Times* ;  
 By several *Acts of Parliament*.  
*'Tis Sacrilege* ; and this vile *Aff*  
 Deserves to dye for eating *Holy Grass*.

*The Fable shews us poor Mens Fate,*  
*Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.*



### *An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Edward Millington, the famous Auctionier.*

Ourn, mourn you Book sellers for cruel Death  
 Has robb'd the famous *Auctionier* of Breath;  
 He's gone, he's gone, ah, the great loss deplore !  
 Great *Millington*, alas ! he is no more :  
 No more will he now at your Service stand  
 Behind the Desk, with *Mallet* in his Hand.  
 No more the Value of you Books set forth,  
 And sell 'em by his *Ait* for twice the worth ;  
 Methinks I see him still, with smiling Look  
 Amidst the Crow'd, and in his Hand a Book,  
 Then in a fine facetious pleasing way,  
 The Author's Genius, and his Wit display ;



O all ye scribbling Tribe, come mourn his Death,  
Whose Wit hath giv'n your dying Fame new Birth:  
When your neglected Works, did mouldring lie  
Upon the shelves, and none your Books would buy;  
How oft has he with strained Eloquence,  
Affirm'd the Leaves contain'd a world of Sense,  
When all insipid, dull Impertinence.  
Come Gentlemen, come, bid me what you please,  
Upon my word, it is a curious piece;  
Done by a learned Hand, and Neatly bound,  
What say you, come I'll put it up one Pound;  
One pound, once, twice? Fifteen, who bids a Crown?  
Then shakes his Head with an affected Frown;  
Good lack-a-day, 'tis strange, then strike a blow,  
And in a feigned Passion bids it go:  
Then in his Hand another piece he takes,  
And in its Praise a long Harangue he makes;  
And tells 'em that 'tis writ in lofty Verse,  
One that is out of print, and very scarce;  
Then with high Language and a stately Look,  
He sets a lofty Price upon the Book:  
Five Pound, four Pound, three Pound, he cries aloud,  
And holds it up, expose it to the crow'd,  
With arm erect the biders to provoke  
To raise the Price, before the Impending stroke;  
This in the throng does Emulation breed,  
And makes 'em strive each other to out-bid;  
While he descants upon their Learned heats,  
And his facetious Dialect repeats:

For none like him, for certain knew so well  
 By way of *Auction*, any Goods to sell ;  
 'Tis endless to express the ways he had,  
 To sell the Good, and to put off the Bad ;  
 But ah ! in vain I strive his Fame to spread  
 The Great, the Wise, the Knowing Man is dead.  
 And you in Painting skill'd, his loss bewail,  
 He's dead that did expose your Works to sale, }  
 See how he lies, all dismal wan and pale,  
 No more by him your Praise will be express'd,  
 For ah ! he's gone to his eternal Rest :  
 Can you forget, how he for you did bawl,  
 Come put it in, a fine Original ;  
 Done by a curious Hand, what stroakes are here  
 Drawn to the Life, how fine it does appear ;  
 O lovely piece, Ten Pound, Five Pound, for shame  
 You do not bid the value of the Frame :  
 How many pritty storys would he tell,  
 To inhaunce the price, and make the Picture sell ;  
 But now he's gone, ah, the sad loss deplore !  
 Great Millington, alas, he is no more.  
 And you, the Muses darling to rehearse,  
 Your Sorrow for the loss of him in Verse ;  
 Mourn, mourn together for that Tyrant Death,  
 Has robb'd the famous *Auctionier* of Breath.

### *His EPITAPH.*

*Underneath this Marble stone,*  
*Lies the famous Millington ;*

A Man who through the world did steer,  
 Ith' station of an Auctionier ;  
 A Man with wond'rous Sence, and Wisdom blest,  
 His whole Qualities are not to be exprest.



### *Farewell to Poor England;*

---

*By Mr. Tho. Brown; in the Year 1704.*

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 Farewel false Friends, Farewel ill Wine;  
 Farewel all Women with design ;  
 Farewel all pocky cheating Punks,  
 Farewel Lotterys, Farewel Banks ;  
 And *England*, I'm leaving Thee,  
 May say, Farewel to Poverty :  
*Adieu, where e're I go, I'm sure to find,*  
*Nothing so ill, as that I leave behind.*

Farewel Nation without Sence,  
 Farewel Exchequer without Pence ;  
 Farewel Army with bare Feet,  
 Farewel Navy without Meat ;  
 Farewel Wrighting Fighting Beauxs,  
 And Farewel uselefs Plenipoes.  
*Adieu, &c.*

Farewel you good old Cause, Promoters,  
 Farewel bribed Artillery Voters ;  
 Farewel to all Attainting Bills,  
 And Record which for witness kills ;  
 Farewel to Laymens Villany,  
 And Farewel Church-men's Perjury ;  
*Adieu, &c.*

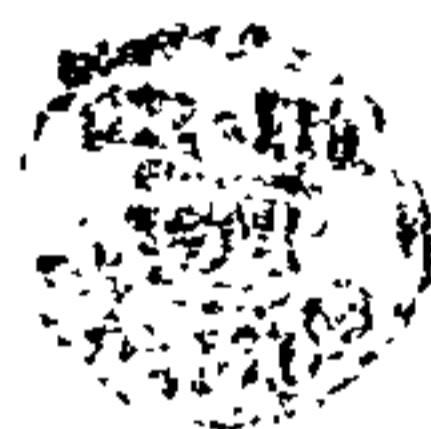
Instead

Instead of One King, Farewel Nine,  
 And all who Assoicating Sign;  
 Farewel you gull'd unthinking Fops,  
 Poor broken Merchants empty Shops;  
 Farewel Packt Judges, cull'd for Blood,  
 With eight Years War for England's Good;  
*Adieu, &c.*

Farewel you Judges, who dispence,  
 With Perjur'd Cutthroat Evidence;  
 Farewel thou haughty little *Mouse*,  
 With those that choose thee for the House;  
 Farewel Long— and spightful Looks,  
 With Reverend *Oates*, and all his Books;  
*Adieu, &c.*

Adieu once more, *Brittania* fare thee well,  
 And if all this wont mend Thee,  
 May the D—— triumph in your spoile,  
 May beggary run throughout you Isle,  
 And no one think it worth his while  
 To take up to defend Thee.

*The End of Mr. BROWN'S REMAINS.*



FINIS.



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