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Who neither knows, nor wou'd observe a Rule?*

Roscom.

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Ye Blasphemous / & Rude

THE POST-MAN

Robb'd of his MAIL:

O R, THE *Swallow*

Packet broke open.

B E I N G

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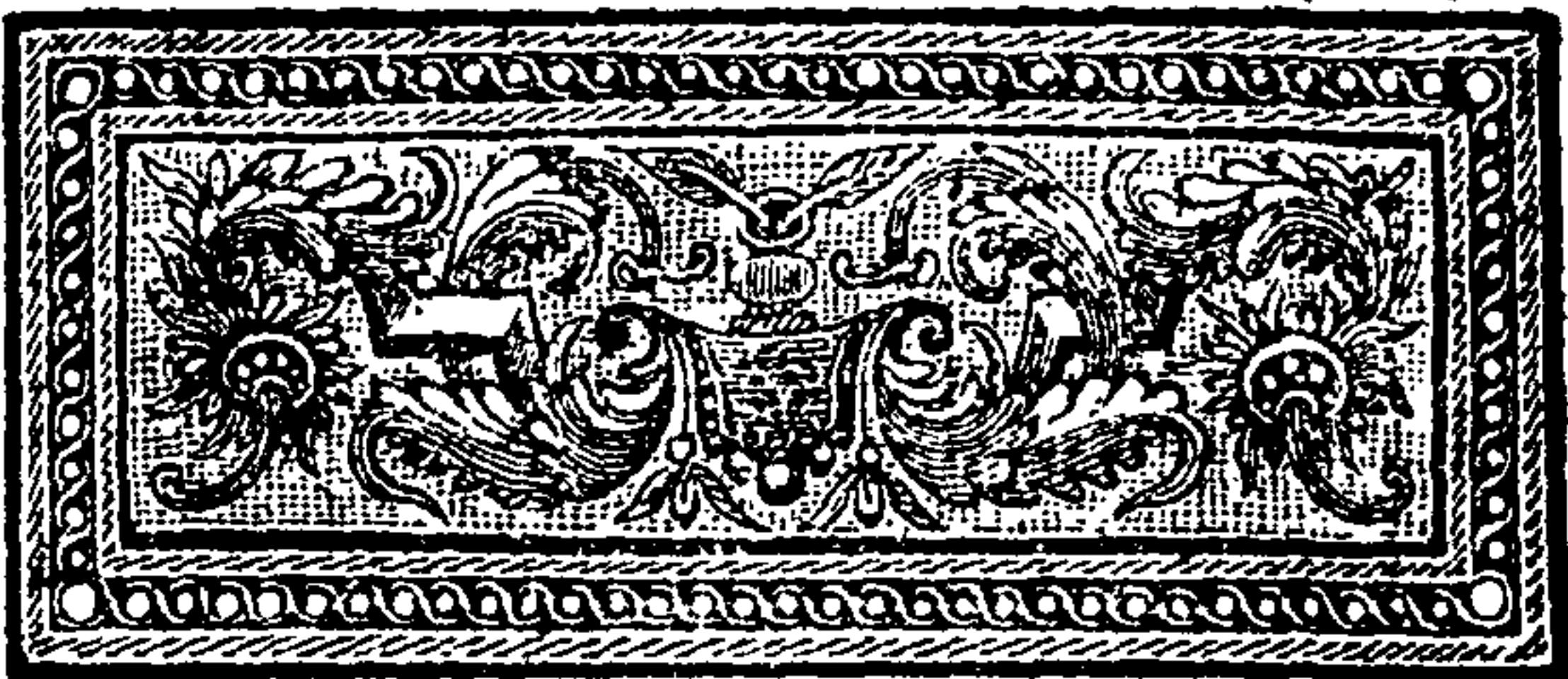
O R,

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T H E

Epistle Dedicatory.

T O

Sir Samuel Garth.

SIR,



With some Satisfaction lay hold of this Opportunity, of paying my public Acknowledgments to You,
for

vi *Epistle Dedicatory.*

for a long Series of Favours and valuable Services, which I have perpetually deriv'd from You: Fortune cou'd never be so malicious, but I found a Remedy for her Malice, from Sir *Samuel Garth's* Humanity and Friendship.

If Wishes were of any Force, I shou'd wish never to be oblig'd at all; but if that must be, my next Wish wou'd be, to be only oblig'd to Men of Sense, and that I might have the Pleasure of owning the Obligations receiv'd. I thank my Stars, this I have obtain'd through all my Misfortunes, that I am indebted to none of the meanest

est of Mankind for any Benefit.

Here I shou'd according to Custom launch out into the Praises of the Patron I have chosen, and surprize the World with such Virtues in him, which no Body else cou'd ever discover. But my Choice is better, and secures me not only from Flattery, but the very Imputation of it; for your Name includes all that is worthy of Esteem, and when the Reader sees my Book dedicated to Sir *Samuel Garth*, he knows it is to a Person that has all the Merits of a great Physician and Poet, and a good Man, who is daily giving

A 4 Proofs

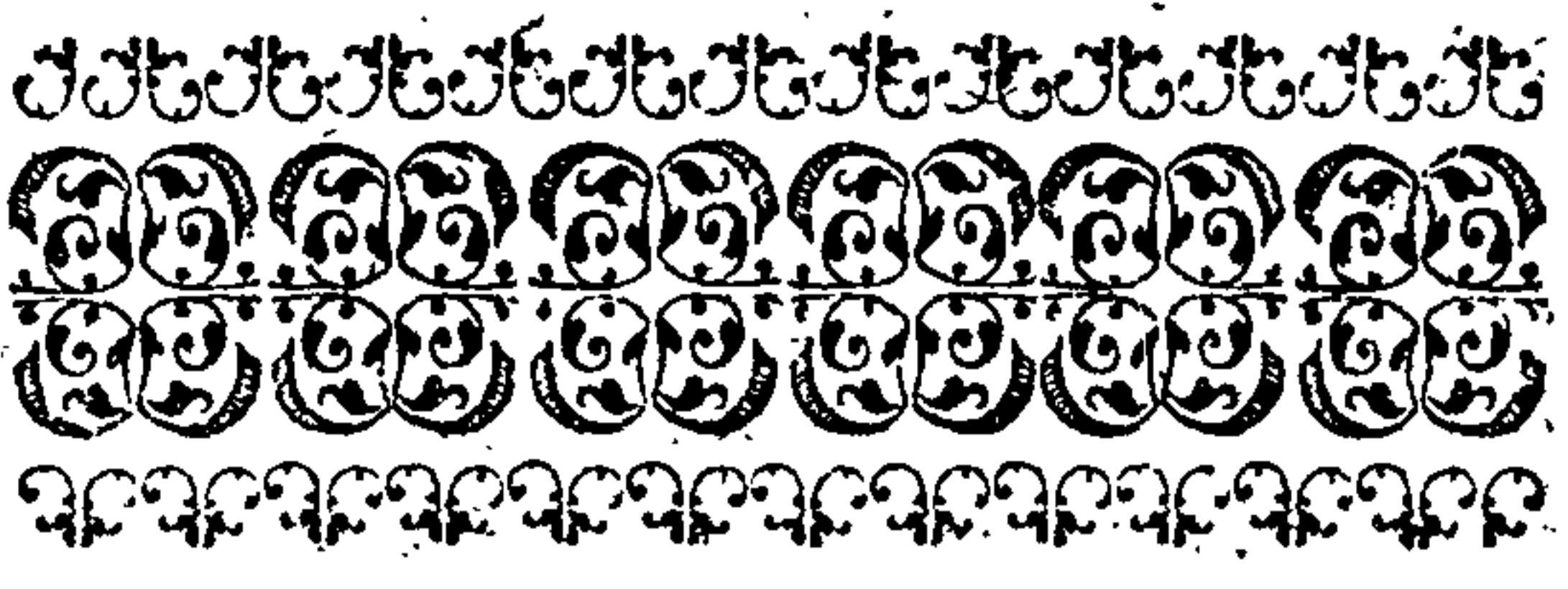
viii *Epistle Dedicatory.*

Proofs of his Philanthropy; and that he has scarce an Acquaintance, who is not a Witness of his Humanity, as well as Wit and Learning.

Having therefore no Room for the Panegyricks of the Times, I shall no longer detain either You or the Reader. But desiring you to accept this Present that I make you, as a Testimony of my Gratitude, I subscribe myself,

Your oblig'd Friend,

and bumble Servant.



Sir ROGER DE WHIMSEY'S PREFACE.

Gentle Reader,



OR so I hope to find thee. But whether gentle or ungentle, I have a few Words to say to thee, before thou dost proceed to the Perusal of my Book; first, because it is the Mode, and who wou'd be out of Fashion, when he may so easily avoid it, as at the Expence only of a little perishable Paper? Next, that I may pre-engage thy good Will, or at least remove all Prejudice which usually attends an unknown Author.

A Man of Name may write what he pleases, and abuse you if you do not like it as well as himself; but from a Stranger to Fame, you will not take such Treatment.

ment. I shall therefore bring you acquainted with my Person, and my Parts, and that being done, I shall use you as familiarly, as if we were old Acquaintance.

As to my Family, you will find enough of that in the *Introduction*; so I shall only be particular in what regards myself, and that Branch of it from whence I derive my Being.

You must know therefore, that we are very longævous, that is, we live a great while; for these many Generations there has scarce died one of us on this side of one hundred Years; my Grandfather liv'd to One Hundred and Thirty; my Father indeed died, as I may call it, a young Man, not having exceeded Fourscore and Five; but that was the Effect of his dealing with the Doctors, a Folly I have therefore carefully avoided. My Mother is yet alive, and having already taken a Walk in this Vale of Mortality one Hundred Years, seems resolv'd on t'other Turn for a second Century. I am now about Seventy Six, a Widower, and have been so these twenty Years past; I have two Sons and never a Daughter, I thank my Stars, for the Female *De Whimseys* have generally had but indifferent Luck in the World.

In

In the Room of a Wife, I have a very good old Woman for my House-keeper, who has many useful Qualities ; but chiefly she has a profound Skill in curing broken Shins, Faces or Elbows, from whence I have found great Benefit ; for it has been always a Malady of our Family, that the Master of it, before he goes to Bed, is troubled with a Sort of Titubation, which is frequently the Cause of some Contusions, as well as some Crudities the next Morning, against both of which my House-keeper is ready with an agreeable and proper Medicine; a Tankard of good brown Ale, and a Toast and Nutmeg, with a slice of the best Cheese, is my general Recipe ; sometimes she diversifies it with a Glass of Sack, for I abominate a Dram ; it is like ill Advice, it may please indeed, but always draws on an evil Consequence.

I get up with the Sun, take the Air in the Fields, either on my Pad, or on Foot ; then returning to my Chamber, I divert myself with an Author till Dinner-time. But of all Authors, I love such as entertain my Fancy, leaving the crabbed Tracts of Philosophy and Divinity to them who have more Time on their Hands than I have, and more Patience too.

At

At Dinner I eat heartily, and if Friends come in, I take a chirping Bottle ; and then pursue what Sports are in Season, till the dusky Hour summons us^{us} to a Mug of *October* or *March*, till my old Woman puts me in Mind that it is Time to withdraw to Bed, where I Sleep without Dreams, till my usual Hour of rising ; and this is my Course of Life, as a Country Gentleman.

I come now to my Qualifications as a *Writer*; you will not find in my Study many *Folio's*; I think, besides *Don Quixote*, I have none but our *English Poets*. I deal all in Abridgments, and other *Brachilquist's*: In History, *Justin*, *Lucius Florus*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Cornelius Nepos*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Eutropius*, and the like. In other Matters, I chuse such as are not long-winded: Or your *Essayists*, such as *Montaign*, *La Bruyere*, *Rochefoucault*, among the *French*; that is, as we have them translated. *Feltham's Resolves*, my Lord *Bacon's Essays*, those of Sir *William Temple*, and some others of the *English*. I cannot omit *Fontinelle*, who has furnish'd my Study with two valuable Pieces, *The History of Oracles*, and *The Plurality of Worlds*. Mr. *Vandale*, a Learned Dutch-man, writ a voluminous Book to prove, that the Oracles of the Hea-

Heathens were not deliver'd by the Devil, but the *Priests*. Mr. *Fontinelle*, liking the Design, and approving the Arguments, brings all into a little Pocket Volume, and yet leaves the Point beyond a Reply, which was as much as *Vandale* cou'd do in his larger Work. *The Plurality of Worlds* is another Proof of the admirable Address of this Author; for in a very small Compass he lets his Reader into the three Systems of Astronomy so plainly, and with so much Ease, that a Lady may be a Judge of them. For my part, who have no Busines with the Planets and Stars further than my Amusement, I have never given myself the Trouble of any further Enquiry about them. The Paradoxes of *Cicero*, the Epistles of *Seneca*, the Satyrs and Epistles of *Horace*, the Dialogues of *Lucian*, and the rest of the Antients, who have given us agreeable Things in short Discourses.

Yet this mighty Inclination of mine to this short Sort of Writing, never made me fond of *Martial*; nay, I have often blam'd the Method of our common Schools for reading him to our very Boys, because he debauches their Taste of Poetry, and makes them ever after relish nothing but such *Bagatelles* as Points in all manner of Poetry.

This

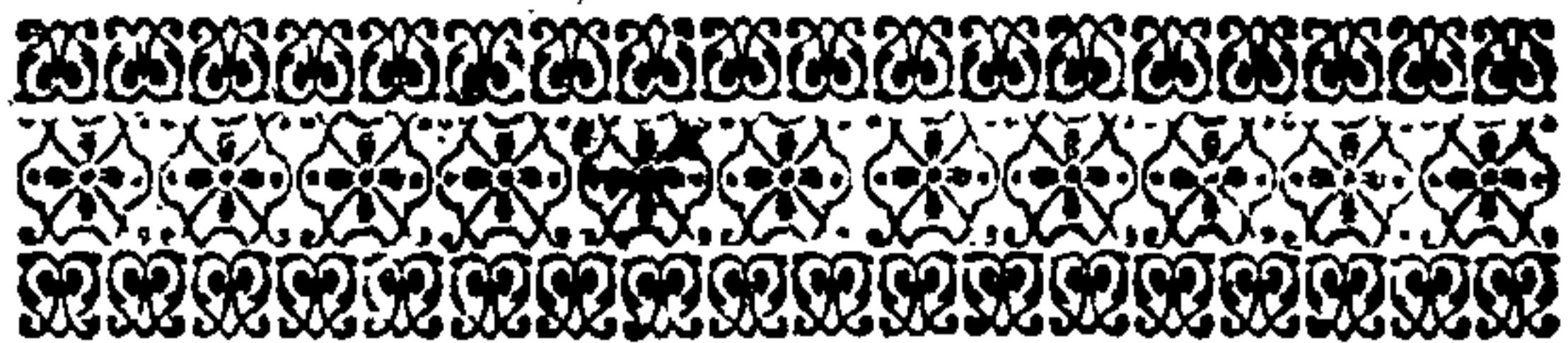
This being my Taste of Authors antient and modern; thou wilt not, gentle Reader, be surpriz'd, that when I write myself, I spin not out my Matter in Length, or that I chuse Subjects that may be kept within the narrow Bounds of a Letter: But that which determin'd me to this way of late Years, has been the Observation that I have made of the Gust of the Times. I find most Readers are of my Mind, and love not to dwell long on any thing. This gave Success to the *Tatlers*, the *Spectators*, the *Lay-Monk*, and the like, which are a Sort of Epistles to the Publick, such as I now present thee, tho' not in the same Form.

This brings me to the following Book, which consists of so great a Variety of Matter, as well as Manner, that I think there is something in some of them that will please you all. I know not how it is, but this Collection seems to me far beyond that which I gave the Town with Success some Years ago under the Name of *The Packet broke open*, or *The Post-Boy rob'd of his Mail*. Perhaps, like carnal Fathers, we are always fondest of our youngest Children. I shall not be so much of an Author to point out to you every Beauty, that you may find in my Work, I shall leave that to thy own Judgment; and yet I can't but recommend

mend to thee the passionate Love-Letters of the fair *Stremunia*, I think the most valuable we have seen in Print of that kind. I suppose they are genuine; and indeed they bring their own Credentials, for no Body that was not fully posses'd of that Passion, cou'd write so feelingly of its Torments and Pangs.

I wish I had more on the Subject for the Ladies sakes; but in the next Volume I promise to make them Amends with two valuable Packets of Love-Letters: And I desire the Ladies, who have any of that Kind by them, to fend them to my Bookseller's directed to me. The same I say to the Gentlemen who have any thing in the Epistolary Way by them, and have a Mind to communicate their Productions to the World; and if I like them as well as they do, the Publick shall have their Turn in being pleas'd with them too. There will be some Things beside Love, in the Second Volume, which will be worth the Reading, as the Packet of an *Arabian Spy*, who liv'd some Years in *Europe*, especially in *England*: The Reformation and Improvement of the *English Theatre*, with a Sort of Historical Characters of the Patentees, and the principal Actors of both Companies: And several other extraordinary Rarities, such

such as never were in the Hands of *John Tredeſcan*, *Canon Cetale*, or any other Collector of Whimseys in *Italy*, *France*, or *England*, all worthy a curious Eye. But I will not anticipate the Entertainment I design for thee, if thou approve the present so far as to encourage us to go on : Else I shall do as I have done, content myself with Silence, and leave so valuable a Treasure to wiser Times, if we have any wiser Times to come, which I confess I very much doubt. However, I shall now and then divert myself with assisting other Authors, especially our Controversial Divines, and furnish them, when they are gravel'd by the Force of their Antagonists Argument, with a Sarcasm or two, a dry Joke, or some fresh Scandal, which may slur over the Difficulty, and set the Reader on a false Scent till he has utterly forgot the Point in dispute. Some of our late Controvertists are much oblig'd to me in this Particular : But however things may go in this Matter, I shall here make an End, having indeed no more to say to thee at present, and my Preface being long enough : In which, I think, I have fully brought thee acquainted with me in all my Capacities, which was the chief Business of it. *Adieu.*



THE
POST-MAN
 Rob'd of his
MAIL.

BOOK I.

Containing *Miscellaneous LETTERS,*
with Remarks.

The INTRODUCTION.

RETURNING about a Month
 ago from Paris with my old Friend
 JACK DOWNRIGHT of Downright,
 in the County of Surry, at Abble-
 ville we fell into Company with
 the Baron de L'Esprit, and the Chevalier Du Bon-
 goit;

goût ; who, having been absent a great while in their Ramble about *Europe*, were now directly going for *England*, which Country, though not the Soil of their Nativity, was very much lov'd and valu'd by them both. Wherefore joining with them and their Retinue, we made the best of our way for *Calais* ; whence passing to *Dover*, we found our Servants ready to receive us with our own Horses ; upon which we set forward on our Journey towards *London*, though I had engag'd the Company to take my House at *Bromley* in *Kent* in their way, and there refresh themselves for a few Days.

We got to this side of *Rochester* without any manner of Adventure worth notice ; but we had not rid many Miles on-ward, but my *Spaniel* Bitch, which my Man *Jeoffry* had brought with him, beating about the Road, was very busy in one of the Ditches ; which my Man observing, examines into the Reason of it, and finds her lugging at a sort of a Portmantua ; which *Jeoffry*, on dismounting, found to be a Mail, and we all concluded (what on Enquiry we afterwards found true) that the Post-man of that Road had been rob'd, and that the Thieves had thrown this Mail aside as not to their Purpose.

I know not what Devil of Curiosity prevail'd with me, but I order'd *Jeoffry* to take it up, and bear it along with us.

Soon after we found another on the Brink of a Pond, but by good Luck not wet ; this encreasing our Cargoe, we struck out of the publick Road, and got with the Dusk of the Evening to my House near *Bromley*.

Supper

Supper being over, and all other Incumbrances, as well as the Women, and Scandal being remov'd, *Pipes* and *Tobacco*, and excellent *Odeber*, succeeded; for the Company, cloy'd with Wine in their Foreign Travels, chose Malt before the Grape here in *England*.

Well, Gentlemen, (said I) what do you imagine was the Motive of my ordering *Geoffry* to bring Home the *Mails* we found on the Road? Why truly, Sir Roger (assum'd *Jack Downright*) I did not think well of it by any means, since it might have been the Cause of some Trouble to us, had they been found among us: But I have since consider'd, that your being a Justice of the Peace and *Quorum* of this County, that Magistratical Authority wou'd bear us out.

For my part, (said the Baron) Sir ROGER DE WHIMSEY is well known, and his Temper and Adventures so famous, that I expect something very pleasant from this Proceedure.

Why truly, (said I) my Lord, I am pretty well known in my own proper Person, and more by my Family, which is spread by Marriages, Inter-marriages, and Alliances, through all the Counties of *England* and *Wales*; (as for *Scotland*, I confess I know little, my Travels having been seldom Northward): There is scarce a Family of Note, of Wealth or Pow'r, but I am either a-kin to, or extreamly well receiv'd by it. Among the Ladies none have met with better Success than the House of the *De Whimseys*; nor have we had many Wits, at least successful Wits, who have not been related to us, or submitted to our Advice and Direction. In short, the Antiquity of our Family in *France*,

(for we came into *England* with the Conqueror) I believe might be trac'd as far as King *Pepin*, if not to *Pharamond* the First.

Ay, ay, (interrupted Jack) you are always bragging of the Antiquity of your *French* Pedigree. I'll allow it you, and add *Chilperic*, and the rest of the *Morovean* Race, who were so nearly related to the Family of the *De Whimseys*, that they suffer'd the Power of the *Mayors of the Palace* to get to that head, as to be able to wrest the Sovereignty of *France* out of their Hands. But I thank my Stars, I come of another Stock, the old tough *Saxon* Race; the *Downrights* had rather have their Genealogy drawn from *Hengist's* and *Horfa's* Groom, than from a Privy Counsellor to *Pharamond*, *Chilperic*, and the rest.

On the contrary, I will own that the Family of the *Downrights* is so far from being so numerous as that of the *De Whimseys*, that I never cou'd hear of any Branch of our House in any County of *England*; if there are any, they are so obscure that it keeps them from being taken notice of. As for the *Downrights* of *Downright-Hall*, we have made shift to keep a pretty Country Gentleman's Estate of about 500 Pounds a Year from Generation to Generation. We have never had any Ways and Means of encreasing our Revenue; for we were never gracious in the Eyes of Kings, Princes, Great Lords, Statesmen, or Scurvy Politicians, nor in those of any of the Fortune Menders: Nay, the very Ladies cou'd never endure us; and indeed, we seem never to have been so fond of Impertinence, as to flatter the Women into Complaisance. In

the

the Days of Old *England*, when Knighthood was confer'd on the Merit of the Sword, our Family was seldom without a Knight; but since that Martial Honour has been thrown on Quacks, Cits, Lawyers, and the like, the *Down-right* have never been more than your humble Servant *John Downright Esq;* an honest *English* Country Gentleman.

We have few Acquaintance, for few are pleas'd with our plain blunt Manner, which has sav'd us a great deal in House-keeping from Generation to Generation.

But, dear Sir Knight, these Baggatelles laid aside, I prithee tell us the Motives that engag'd thee to take up these Mails.

Ay, my Lad, (said I) that is indeed to the Point. Why, to be plain with you, I had a mind to look into the Letters, promising myself some sort of Diversion by the different Manners, Ways, Sentiments, Opinions, and the like, of the several Writers; who in private Letters are more free of their Minds than in any publick Discourses.

I approve your Thought, (said the Chevalier *Du Bongoût*) there may be much Use and Instruction, as well as Diversion, in this Frolick.

As for the Letters of Business, (said I) we will immediately dispatch them to the Post, that no Body may be a Sufferer for our Pleasure.

This being agreed on, the next Day I spent all the Morning in sorting the Letters, and sending away those that requir'd Dispatch: In the

Afternoon all things being in order, the Baron, the Chevalier, Myself, and Mr. *Downright*, began the Enquiry ; the Substance of which I now communicate to the Publick, who am the Publick's

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

ROGER DE WHIMSEY,

*Knight and Baronet, of the County
of Kent.*



LETTER I.

Ab Jove Principium.

To the Reverend Mr. A. B. near Canterbury, Kent.

That Religion in the World is only HUMOUR.

Reverend Sir,

VOUR Letter of the 19th ult. gave me a little Surprise on the first Perusal. I knew you, or thought at least that I knew you, to be a Man of a settled Principle, of a great deal of Piety; and a sound *Divine*; and therefore cou'd not imagine why you shou'd seek my Thoughts of RELIGION, a Subject for which you were infinitely better qualified. But since you have been pleas'd to impose the Task, I shall make no Scruple of giving you my Sentiments, since the Privacy of a Letter secures me from the Censure of the Malicious, who are noisy generally against what their Ignorance shall wrest to an ill Meaning, and make that against Religion, which is only against their Opinions.

First then, I am perfectly of your Opinion, that RELIGION, that Divine Band, which binds us to our great and good God, consists chiefly in *Action*, for Christ Jesus every where expresses it as the Rule of our Faith; he will

not allow of the *Religion of Tongue*, it must be of the Heart, exerted in the Love of God above all things, and our Neighbour as ourselves; and he judges of the Love of God by the Love we shew our Neighbour; nay, the Measure of our Condemnation at the Last Day is taken from our Deficiency in doing Good to our Neighbour: He plainly tells us, that not those who say to me *Lord, Lord*, but those who *do* the Will of his Father, should be accepted by him; which Will is through the whole Gospel made sufficiently to appear to be in Action. For indeed, if crying *Lord, Lord*, and being noisy Zealots with the Tongue for Speculations, made a *Christian*, and were a Part of the Scripture-Religion, never was a more Religious Age than the present: Whereas a Man must be guided by a more than ordinary Lavishness of Credulity, to suppose one in ten thousand of these Tongue-Religionaries have any share of true Religion.

Having premised this, I shall with the more Freedom tell you my Opinion of *Religion*, as it is now generally practis'd throughout the World. I find in my *Lord Brook's Remains* this Couplet:

*Humour is Mens Religion, Power their Laws,
Their Wit Confusion, and their Will their Cause.*

A very severe Satire on Mankind, and the more severe, because I am afraid it is too true in the general; and I fear it would be no easy matter to find any great Number of Exceptions to this general Rule.

But

But here I have nothing to do with any thing but the first Part of the first Line, — *Humour is Mens Religion.*

And this I think is sufficiently evident from the great Variety of *Religions* through all Ages, and Nations ; for if Men had always, and every where built their Religion on Truth and Reason, all the World wou'd be of one Religion, since Truth is but one, and Reason the same among all Men : If this were the Rule of Conduct of Men in this particular, the Scripture Christian Religion wou'd be Catholick or Universal ; for so it is in its Nature and Constitution. But a general Defection from Reason, which first corrupted the World, and brought all the Miseries, both of Body and Mind, which have shaken that Peace and Happiness which Supream Reason, that is God, had design'd us for, admitted the Passions, By-Interests, Fancies, and Humours of Men to form, or rather deform this holy Band, which with an easy Tie bound our Souls to God ; and so rob'd us of the most certain Security of our temporal as well as eternal Happiness.

But this Maxim of my Lord *Brooks* will yet be plainer, by a short and cursory View of the different Sentiments of Bodies of People, that is, of the Nations of the Earth, which loudly proclaim Fancy and Humour their Source.

Every Nation almost had Gods of their own, to whom they assign'd the Protection of their Country ; for though the universal Moral Religion was more or less spread through them all, yet the Politicians and Priests imagin'd that a Principle, which made all Mankind one Fa-

mily and one People, would not answer their Ends ; since the Power they aim'd at was to be settled and maintain'd by Division, and the Enmity of Nations ; to confirm which, each set up his God, to bring Heaven into their Quarrels, and justify their Invasions of their Neighbours ; and hence arose Tyranny and Extent of Dominion , which yet keep the World at odds.

For whilst the Gods said only what the Priests wou'd have them, and the Priests were at the Command of the Princes, these cou'd never want heavenly Vouchers for their Actions, whether against their own Subjects, or Foreign Nations.

Many of the antient Eastern People thought it Religion to adore the Sun and Moon, and the rest of the Host of *Heaven*, as the *Peruvians* likewise did when first discover'd.

Others made themselves Images sometimes of Men, and sometimes of mixt Natures, that is, compos'd of Man and Beast, or of Fish and Man, as the *Dagon* of the *Philistines*.

Sometimes of beautiful Women, as *Astarte*, and *Venus*. Many *Indian* Nations have their Idols the most terrible and frightful that they can form or imagine : And to these they offer'd not only mere Animals in great Numbers, but even Men, Women, and Children : As the old *Britons* particularly, who, filling a Wicker Machine with People, consum'd them all with Fire, as an agreeable and atoning Oblation to their Gods.

The *Banians* place all their Religion in making Hospitals for sick and disabled Cattel, and other Beasts, and in refraining from eating any thing that has Life in it ; though at the same time they are the most immoral Rogues in the Universe, the greatest Extortioners, Usurers, and Cheaters.

But it wou'd be endless to run through the fantastick Roll of the Polytheism, which I believe will easily be granted to be mere Humour, Caprice, and the like, and to bear not the least Resemblance of true *Religion*. We will therefore quit them, and come to those who are called *Christians*. But, alas ! we shall find the matter not much mended, or Religion much more remov'd from *Fancy* and *Humour*.

To begin with that large Body of *Christians*, the *Romanists*. The Church of *Rome* has admitted almost all the Follies and Impieties of the Heathens, to which she has added not a few of her own. The Worship of Images, and of Saints and Angels, differs very little, if at all, from the Adoration of the Idols of the several Gods of the Pagan Nations ; they have added the praying for the Dead, and the making of Gods, and then eating them, with various other Whimseys, obvious and known to every one. The *Romanists* think it Religion to go in Pilgrimage to some Saint's Shrine, or Chapel, and in that they rival the *Makometans*. They put ridiculously their Faith and Religion in the lying Wonders, and ridiculous Miracles, of which their Legends are full, and which they read with that Reverence we pay the Holy Scriptures. Some of them are extreatly fantastical ;

as for Example, I have read this in the Life of St. Catherine of Sienna. She was a Cook-maid in that famous City in *Italy*, and that she might have time to pray, the Angels us'd to wash her Dishes ; and she by this Means grew into such high Favour with Heaven, that the Virgin Mother, and Jesus Christ frequently convers'd with her. Our Saviour at last took out her Heart, and put his own into her Body ; and to complete her Happiness, he married her, and *David* play'd on the Harp, while the Angels danc'd ; but whether they danc'd Minuets, or Country Dances, my Author does not determine. She had a most sagacious Nose to sinell out Mortal Sin ; and when her Father Confessor came to her from his Mistress or Whore, she knew it by the Scent, and so rebuk'd him for his Wickedness.

There was another Saint, called St. *Simon Stelites*. This great Saint, to arrive at a more than common Perfection, retir'd to a Desart, and had there a Pillar erected eighteen Foot high, and no broader at the Top, than to afford room for one Foot ; So that St. *Simon* being got to the Top of it, stood upon one Leg for many Years together, Day and Night ; how he slept, or what Food he had, or how he came by it, I cannot remember.

The latter end of the *Saints Lives*, in a large thick Quarto, has the Lives of some Modern Saints, and of some who were only beatified ; for Beatification does not cost half the Money that a Canonization does, and does the Business every whit as well, for you may pray to one as well as the other. Among the rest, it tells

tells us of one, who having a Fit of Sickness, his Physician told him, that nothing but eating Flesh would save his Life; but to oblige him to this, the absolute Command of his Superiors was necessary; so a Chicken was prepar'd and brought to the Table: But the good Man still unwilling to eat it, prayed to God that he might avoid the eating it, and yet not disobey his Superiors. Immediately the Chicken sprung out of the Dish, and flew out of Window.

But it would be endless to relate all the Absurdities of which these Men compose Religion, for whatever Fancy and Humour could suggest fills up the Roll. So that I believe most Men, who are not Papists, will give up the Church of *Rome* likewise into the Number of those Men, whose *Religion* is *Humour*.

And to them we may add the Greek Church, and all its under Churches, which entertain the like Notions.

We come therefore of Course to the Reform'd Congregations; and omitting the Consideration of all those of a Foreign Establishment; for Brevity sake, we will only touch upon those we have among us: And I sincerely wish that Fancy and Humour would be found banish'd entirely from them. But here likewise, we seem willing to compound with Heaven on the easiest Terms we can, and place our chief Zeal in the Circumstantials of Religion, and not in the *Gospel Essentials*, from whence have arisen these Differences, these Feuds, and these Animosities amongst us. Whereas, if we made the plain and easy Doctrines

trines of Jesus Christ our Religion, we should agree in a perfect Love and Unanimity, and by loving one another, prove that we are the Disciples of the Lord.

But alas! To do that, would be to banish all our Vices, our Pride, our Avarice, our Revenge, four Ambition. We should no more struggle for the Superiority, nor the Power of imposing the Doctrines of Men on our Neighbours, nor damn all those who have not the same Sense of some obscure and difficult, at least doubtful Passages and Expressions in the Scripture; but every one endeavour to work out his own Salvation, and leave the Conscience to the Judgment and Direction of God, who can only judge truly of it.

Thus, some place all Religion in going to Church, a much easier Task than to master our corrupt Appetites, forgive an Injury, love God above all Things, and our Neighbour as ourselves. The Ladies are particularly zealous for this Point; for by going to Church, they shew themselves and their fine Cloaths, and can come home full of as many ill Humours to their Families and Husbands, as they went with.

But I forget that I am writing a Letter and not a Treatise, which stops me in the midst of my Subject, that must for that Reason be defer'd to another Opportunity. If ever I turn Author, it shall be upon this Subject; and, yet I fear I should be thought guilty of a Sort of *Don Quixotism*, whilst I strive to re-establish the Purity of a Gospel Religion, when I am like to find too many of the very Preachers of

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the Gospel itself my Enemies, as well as the wicked Laiety. An Heretic perhaps might be the mildest Term, and Appellation I should meet with. But tho' I have made you here a double Letter, yet there is scarce room left to assure you, that I am

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

ABEL TRUELOVE.

When this long Letter was perus'd: I find (said the *Baron*) that Religion has a Quality of the Manna of old, in which every one finds that Taste he likes best. Or rather (assum'd the *Chevalier*) Religion by this Letter is like the *Tarrant* or *Camelion*, that, they say, change their Colours according to the Herb or Flower they lie before.

But that Ambition, Thirst of Empire, and Scurvy Politicks, gave Rise to the Multiplicity of Religions, (as this Gentleman observes) is evident from the History of *Jeroboam* the Son of *Nebat*, who made *Israel* to sin: For tho' in the Covenant made with him by the Prophet *Shilonit*, he was to preserve the true Religion of God; yet, when he was once possess'd of the Kingdom of *Israel*, he argues to this Purpose; that if his People worship'd at *Jerusalem*, and had the same Rites and Religion with the Tribe of *Judah*, they might in time unite again with that Tribe, and he be sacrificed to *Rehoboam*. He therefore set up the golden Calves at *Bethel*, and built the high Places, and made Priests to officiate, of the lowest of the

the People ; thinking to secure his Kingdom, when he had provided it with Gods of its own, and Rites different from those instituted by *Moses*.

Of all the Whimseys (said *Jack Downright*) of the Heathens, I find none but the *Ægyptians*, who planted their Gods first, and then eat them. So that the Gods they adored in the Morning, at Noon made them a Sallad, or relish'd a Ragoust : And indeed, I think these Gods much more savory Food, than the Papist Gods made of Flower and Water, and something of a longer Duration ; for the Priest makes these Gods one half Hour, and devours them the next.

For my Part, (said I) I am glad he left off where he did ; for I am afraid if he had gone on, he would have made us Protestants a little Whimsical likewise in Religion ; but we have reason to hope, that what he has said will only reach a few of our People.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. Catharine Fairwit, near Dover,
Kent.

A Declaration of Love.

DEAR Madam, I make no manner of doubt, but that you have observ'd my Conduct so well, as to know that I am one of the Number of your Lovers; but lest I should be deceiv'd in that Opinion, and your want of that Knowledge should be a delay to my Happiness; I venture now to give it under my Hand, that I love you better than Health blest with the Smiles of Fortune; for those, without your Smiles, could never give me a sincere Happiness. I doubt not but you have been told so by many, and, if they spoke the Sentiments of my Heart, with a great deal of Truth. But since you have not yet made choice of any Candidate, I hope I may put in my Claim. You must not expect from my Passion any of the Efforts of common Lovers; I shall not make so much as an Anagram upon you; nor shall I tell you, that your Eyes are twin Stars, that your Face is the Sun, your Bosom Hills of Snow, or the like. I grant your Eyes have a Light, which they disperse all around; but it is their own, and not borrow'd, and at the same time dazzles our Eyes and inflames our Heart; in short, it is such a Light, that no Star-gazer ever discover'd in any of

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the Planets or fix'd Stars ; it gives a present Comfort, and promises future Joys : Fine, full, black, rolling Eyes, replenish'd with Spirit in their Motion, have an irresistible Power ; and a Man would strive in vain to disengage his Heart from them, if you thought it worth the keeping.

As your Eyes are much more agreeable Objects than the Stars, so is your whole Face than the Sun. The chief Benefit of the Sun is Light ; and the principal Advantage of Light to me, is, that it shews me you. It discovers Charms in your Face more enliv'ning to Flesh and Blood, than all his Beams. Ruddy Lips, Teeth small, even, and of the Colour of Pearl ; Cheeks, where the red and white are so finely mingled, are such Beauties, as the old Greek Fablers made the Gods come down from their Heaven to pursue the Love of Woman. As for your Bosom, I shou'd wrong it to call it a Rock of Snow ; Snow could only give us the dead Colouring, which is heighten'd by Nature with a pleasing Warmth, which *Titian* himself could never express.

To stop here, for to go further would be to follow Imagination into an unknown Country, which even that Imagination could never describe. Thus I love you, Madam, for your own Charms, without endeavouring to magnify them by Similes and Hyperboles ; but it is, because I think they cannot by such be made greater than they are. If any one should not think this enough, let him but behold you and be convinc'd.

"Well, from what I have said it is plain, you are truly lovely, and therefore may very well be

be belov'd; but you will perhaps demand some Proof that I do really love you, since Words are but weak Arguments of a Man's Sincerity in this Age: If I knew any Proof greater than what I am going to offer, I would not omit it; but the surest Testimony of Love that I know, is *Marriage*; yes, Madam, I am ready to enter into the holy State of Matrimony with you, if you give your Consent. I confess I once thought, he who built his Happiness on Woman, built on a very sandy Foundation; and that has thus long kept me from what I now seek. If I was a Heretic so long, it was, because no Woman before yourself brought such convincing Proofs of my Error; for now I plainly see, that there is, that there can be no Happiness, at least for me, without a Woman, that is, without you.

But you will say, all that marry do not love. True, there are other vile Considerations that produce Wedlock, as Money, Obedience to Parents, and the like. But none of these can reach my Case: My Estate and Wealth is too far above what injurious Fortune has left you Mistress of; nor have you my Father or Mother to influence your Choice; so as you are the only Aim of my Desires, so it is wholly in your Power to gratify them. If you can think of any other Way or Means for me to convince you of my Sincerity in this Point, let me know it, and it shall soon be embrac'd and perform'd, by,

Dear Madam,

Your most faithful and sincere Lover,

A M B R O S E L A R G E A C R E S.

This is an Epistle of some old Bachelor, (said the *Baron*) and of one who puts some Confidence in his Bags. And if Miss Kitty have but half the Wit or Cunning, as she has Beauty in the Eye of old *Ambrose*, she may make a good Bargain, and sell herself at a very advantageous Rate.

However justifiable (assum'd the *Chevalier*) *Ambrose* may be in his Motives to Marriage, I mean in Prudence, the Lady has certainly a most rational Call, a good *Settlement*; a large Jointure for a small Fortune. *Marriage* seems to me like the Small Pox, a Distemper, that every one (generally speaking) must have one time or other; but it proves most kindly when it comes in our younger Days. How happy this may prove I shall not pretend to determine, as knowing neither of the Parties; but I have made it my Observation, that your old Batchelors, who have rail'd all their Lives at Women and Wedlock, generally make such a Choice for themselves at last, as may justify their former railing against the Sex.

Marriage, (said I) as *Chaucer* has it, is like a Rabble Rout, when you are out you'd fain get in, and when you're in you'd fain get out.

That is, (assum'd *Jack Downright*) a foolish Curiosity draws you in; and a painful Experience when you are in, makes you wish yourself out. But Wishes, dear Knight, are in vain, 'tis Death, only Death, can sign your *Quietus*.

LETTER III.

*Foolish Inquietudes, or the false Judgment which
is pass'd on other Mens Happiness.*

To John Vaincare Esq; near Maidstone in Kent.

Dear JACK,

WHEN shall I have a Letter from thee without some ridiculous Complaint? Whoever is happy, 'tis plain you are not so; nay, that you cannot be so, as long as you give way to that uneasy Temper, which you miscall the Spleen, which every Place will afford Fuel to. Why, my good Friend, if you will not be near any Blockhead of a good Estate, you must choose some more lucky Climate than ours for your Residence. Now you have got a new Grievance, Jack Neatsleather has bought an Estate near Maidstone, and you cannot without Pain see his Grandeur, and hear dajly of his large and encreasing Possessions: You say, his Father was a poor Shoo-maker at the Bath, and not being able to live by his original Trade, went to Barbadoes; where, by what Means you know not, he grew prodigiously rich, and left such an Estate to Jack, the Object of your Indignation, (for I would not call it your Envy) that by good Husbandry he has brought his Income to 10000l. a Year. But what

what if his Father had been a Cobler, I can see nothing in all this that ought to affect you. Has his Gain rob'd you of any thing real? Has he made you Poorer, by his getting Riches?

But you say he's a Blockhead, and deserves not to be so happy. Leave that to Providence, my Friend, the best Judge of its own Dispensations. Blame not an Industry you want, and yet what is so necessary to thrive in the World. If you are uneasy in your Circumstances, take the right Road to improve them; if you contemn the Means, prithee be not extravagantly conceited of your Merit, to expect Miracles in your Behalf.

But why is he a Blockhead? Why, he has not a Taste of Poetry; knows nothing of *Hommer, Virgil, Ovid, Spenser, Milton,* and the like; but spends all his insipid Life, without any of the fine and gay Pleasures that humane Nature is capable of, and which distinguishes a Man from a Brute. He is perpetually telling his Gold, toiling to heap up the shining Muck, for he knows not what, or whom.

Well, my Friend; all this granted you, what is become of your Cause of Complaint? Would you change Conditions with him? Be as sensless, as dull as he, to have his Money, which you wou'd then perhaps enjoy no more than he does? You call him happy; I deny he is so, for a Fool cannot be happy, it requires at least good Sense. A Miser cannot be so, for he is a perfect Slave to his Desires of Gain, and Solicitudes, and Fears of Loss.

Thanks to Heaven you have enough to enjoy all the Sweets of Life, and to keep off all Fears of its Anxiety from Fortune, if you would be pleased not to create Tortures to yourself. How many worthless Fops do I see pass me every Day, lolling in their gilt Chariots, and four or five Footmen behind them? When I meet *Tom Addle* among them, famous for his Wealth and his Pride, and foolish Ambition, he moves nothing in me but my Laughter; tho' I do not know a wretched Rogue, that is more undeserving than he is; there is no Creature he ever did the least good to, or spoke well of; He seems to me a Species by himself, as bad, if not worse than the Devil. And he has been so great a Fool to declare it too; for upon Application made to him for an unfortunate Gentleman in great Distress, he said, he did not in his Nature know what Compassion was; that if he saw a Man lying on the Ground, on all the Racks of Pain and Want, and that his crossing the Way and giving him but Sixpence would make him a happy Man, he knew not so much Pity as to do it.

But then you say, why is such a Diabolical Monster happy, and abounding in all the Goods of Fortune?

My Friend, there is nothing in which Men are more deceiv'd, than in the Judgment they make of other Mens Happiness. They conclude from a magnificent Equipage, a great Estate, Coffers full of Money, Power, Dignities and Titles, that the Possessor of them is happy; whereas Happiness rarely, very rarely enters gilded Roofs. The Monster I have

mention'd, is of all Men the most miserable, being every Day extended on the Racks of Avarice and Ambition ; of Ambition that can never be satisfied. Tom's Forefathers were too well known, to let even Money, that we would think could do all things, purchase him a Peerage, which he hath attempted with some considerable Expence, for his Avarice here, is subservient to his Ambition ; but his Punishment is thus strengthned by the loss of his Money, and the disappointment of his aspiring Hopes.

But my Letter will not afford me room for all I have to say on this Head ; I shall conclude with two Instances, which will I hope satisfy you ; one of a very unhappy Man, possess'd of the greatest Power and Riches ; another of a poor Man perfectly happy, with very few of the Goods of Fortune.

Eusebius of Neuremberg a learned *Jesuit*, gives us this Story. There was a Grandee of *Spain*, (he does not mention his Name) who from small Beginnings raised himself to the highest Posts both Military and Civil, that the *Spanish* Monarchy could bestow ; and had so entire an Ascendant over the King, that he always defeated his Enemies Assaults, both private and publick, against him. No Place or Dignity was confer'd, but by his Interposition ; which brought all who had any Hopes, or Pursuits at Court, to an absolute Dependance on him.

This brought him in incredible Riches, and in a few Years made him Master of one of the largest Estates in *Spain*. Thus, were his two

darling Passions of Ambition and Avarice fully gratified, if it had been in the Nature of those Passions ever to be satisfied.

He was of a comely Personage, and a fresh Complexion ; and in his Youth, had receiv'd innumerable Tokens of the Ladies Favours. He married into one of the best Families of that Nation, and his Wife was esteemed the most beautiful of her Sex ; by her he had several Daughters, and two Sons, all goodly, and promising the greatest Comfort to the Parents.

Thus-far nothing could in all Appearance be added to his Happiness ; a noble Estate attained in the vigour of his Age, and so settled a Power, that he wanted nothing but the Name of a King. Yet, my Friend, let us now look into his Family, and his private Anxieties, and you will find there was little real Cause to envy his Condition.

His Wife was beautiful, that alarmed his Fears ; she was generous, that gave a perpetual Torture to his Avarice. The Promise of Posterity every Day decreas'd, all his Children dying in a small space, except one Son and one Daughter, and they only liv'd to make him more unhappy. He is next afflicted with the Gout in a most violent Manner ; and his Fears for his Bags gave him Disquiet both Day and Night. He was by his Post obliged to keep a great Equipage, and every Servant he had, he imagin'd a Thief. This made him deny any one of them to lie in his dwelling House, but lock'd them out every Night to their Quarters in the Out-houses. He scarce

Indeed ventur'd his own Son and Daughter to remain there.

His Daughter, now about fifteen, took a Fancy to one of her Father's Grooms, and privately Marries him, proves with Child, and was forc'd to acknowledge the whole Matter to her Father ; who soon dispatches the Groom into another World, which yet was not conceal'd from the Daughter ; who coming into his Bed-chamber, said, you were the Instrument by whom Providence brought me to Life, and now you are the Instrument of my Death, so I owe you nothing ; with which Word she stab'd herself to the Heart, and died that Moment. The Mother at the Sight run mad ; the Father found Pangs enough in the Event, to furnish his after Days with many Hours of Misery, which was sufficiently encreas'd by the fatal End of his Son. Which happen'd thus :

The young Man had but a poor Allowance from his Father, at least far short of what his profuse Temper requir'd ; and therefore he agreed with some of his Companions, to empty some of the old Man's Chests, and deliver the imprison'd Gold, to supply those Pleasures which he thought his due. Having prepar'd all things in the best Manner he could, they got into the House, and had remov'd a considerable quantity of Money ; the Gout holding the Father so firm a Prisoner, he could not come to the Rescue of his Bags. But great Frights have more than once remov'd Lameness for a while ; so getting to a Window by which the Robbers past, he shot among them, and by chance shot his own Son, all the rest escaping

escaping with a considerable Part of the Booty.

Morning came on, and the young Gentleman was found dead in the Court-Yard ; and thus his Labours and continual Fatigues, all the Injustice he had been guilty of to heap Wealth, and engross Power, were lost ; after a miserable Life, he died Childless and in disgrace ; and thus his very Name scarce surviv'd him a Day.

Had Men, my Friend, judg'd by Appearance, this miserable Wretch had been call'd happy, and Providence as falsely, as impiously arraign'd for his Prosperity.

I have been so long upon this suppos'd happy Man, that I have but very little room left for him who really was so. In short, I find my Example in a Country Parson, of about four-score Pounds a Year ; Parson *Upright* he was call'd, from his erected Walk, never in the least stooping, as long as he liv'd. He deserv'd that Name as justly, for his upright Way of Living, in all his Actions discovering a true *Christian*.

He was bless'd with a handsome and virtuous Wife, and several Children of both Sexes, every way answerable to such a Father and Mother ; he educated all his Sons himself, as his Wife did the Daughters ; the Boys he fitted for Trades, the Girls she made the best of Housewives ; and at their leisure Hours, the Father gave them a little Light into such Learning, as might be serviceable to them ; as Grammar and History. Both the Sons and the Daughters were Musically inclin'd, which

they took from both Parents; so that he could entertain his Friends with an agreeable Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Music of his own begetting. His Children were, indeed, like Branches of Olive about his Table. The Daughters Accomplishments got them good Husbands, to whom they were Fortunes without Money, as they all acknowledg'd. The Sons were all put out to gainful Trades, in which they grew rich, with the Reputation of honest Men; and blest their Parents with a View of a happy Posterity. The Father and Mother, and the Children, were always amicable to one another, and equally dutiful to their Parents to their Deaths; which happen'd in a reverend old Age, he being Fourscore and one, she Seventy; they died both on the same Day, and were buried both in the same Grave: So, that after a long Life, spent lovingly together, without Quarrels or Strife, Death itself seem'd not able to part them. They were attended to the Grave with a long train of Children and Grandchildren, and join'd by all the Parishioners, every one of whom thought he had lost a Father and Mother in them; for all his Time he kept 'em from Variance, and made up all Differences; always helping the Needy by his Interest, when he could not by his proper Stock; In short, he was their Physician and Lawyer, as well as their Pastor, and lov'd them so well, that he would never change his Cure for one more beneficial; and so liv'd happily, and died universally belov'd and lamented.

I fancy you would choose rather to be this poor Country Parson, with fourscore Pounds a Year,
than

than the *Spanish Grandee* before mention'd, with all his Power and Wealth.

I wish what I have said, may cure you of your troublesome Spleen, as you call it, and teach you to mind the fixing your own Happiness, without fretting at that of others ; and to judge no more by Appearance, which is too apt to deceive us. These are the sincere Wishes of

Your real Friend and Servant,

CHARLES CARELESS.

Rochefoucault (said the Baron) says that a Fool has not Matter enough to make an honest Man of ; but this Gentleman will not allow a Fool capable of Happiness. Truly, (assum'd the *Chevalier*) if you allow the former Maxim, you may admit the latter ; for 'tis my Opinion, that a Man that is not honest cannot be happy.

But methinks (purso'd *Downright*) Mr. *Careless* should have given us a Definition of Happiness, and then we should with more ease have decided that Point. I think it is a sound Mind in a sound Body, to have no Desires beyond our reach, and to be fully satisfied with our present Condition.

At that rate, (concluded I) the Number of the Happy, as well as Elect, is but very small..

LETTER IV.

That our Reformation of Manners is a meer hypocritical Cant, and fantastical Chimera.

To Tristram Nimis Esq; Justice of Peace,
to be left at the *Hicks's-Hall Coffee-House*, near *Smithfield, London.*

My old Friend Justice Nimis,

YOU may perhaps be surpriz'd at a Letter from me after so long a Silence ; but being last Week at *Canterbury* in a public Room, I heard your Name, and your Conduct made very free with by a couple of young Sparks, who were passing that Way towards *France*, in order to make themselves more finish'd Coxcombs than they were. I confess, that their Discourse rous'd that old Friendship I had profess'd for you, to examine a little nicely into the Cause of their Rancour against you, in order, if I could, to vindicate your Reputation from their Aspersions ; and was not dissatisfied to find, that they were so angry with you meerly because you were justly Zealous in the Execution of your Office, which too many of your Bench have generally sufficiently neglected ; which I thought in Justice so far from a Reproach, that it seemed the highest Praise they could give you.

King

King *William*, in a Conversation with a Nobleman of my Acquaintance, told him, that the Laws of *England* were in themselves excellent, nay, perhaps more excellent than those of any of our Neighbours ; that the Legislature had taken care to provide against all the Evils incident to humane Societies, but that there seem'd a general Remisness in the Execution of them, which render'd them of little or no Effect ; some being for excusing a Criminal because a Friend or Relation, others for Money, so that those only suffer'd, who had neither Friends nor Money ; but could we once gain such a Set of Justices as my Friend *Nimis*, who would have no regard to private Ties, Parties, or Bribes, this Infamy of our Nation would soon be remov'd.

This I urg'd so home to the young Gentlemen, that they had only this to say, that Severity was indeed necessary in a Magistrate, and that Execution was truly the Life of the Laws, which without that are a meer Speculation of no manner of use to the Publick ; but that then this Zeal should be against all Crimes, and not directed only against one, which is so grafted in Nature, that it is a meer Jest to aim at the extinguishing of it : That all your Rigeour only reach'd the poor Whores, which your Prosecutions only hardened, and made ten times more wicked than they were before ; and that only for the sake of a Company of Scoundrel Rascals, call'd Reforming Constables, and their Followers the Informers : That it was not very likely that the Devil should promote Virtue.

When they had said this, they call'd for their Horses and pursued their Journey, but left me with a Resolution of Writing to you on this Subject ; of which I shall give you my Judgment.

Immorality is a very popular Pretence, to cover Actions which proceed from a Cause more infamous than those Immoralities some Men are so loud against.

It is now near thirty Years, since this Noise of the Society for the Reformation of Manners was rais'd, and I wou'd fain know what Progress it has made ; is there one Whore or Bawd the less for all they have done ? They have indeed publish'd a large Catalogue of the Names of these two Sorts of Wretches ; they have carted half a dozen Bawds, and whipt some score of poor Harlots in *Bridewel*, whence they have come so far from being reform'd, that they were ten times more impudent and abandon'd than before : And all this while none suffer'd in this Case, but such as could not bribe the Informers either with their Persons or their Money, the Price of their Whoredoms. Many civil Women were abus'd by them, and great Evils brought on Families by the Villains that were employ'd in this pious Work. To repeat the Particulars would fwell to a Volume ; I shall mention but two or three. A modest young Woman was follow'd by one of these Fellows, tho' attended at a distance by more of the Gang ; he tempted her all he could to get her to go into a Tavern with him, but in vain ; and yet she could not shake him off, till coming near to an Alehouse where there

there was a Bench at the Door, he desired her to rid herself of him, by sitting down there in the Street, and sharing of one Pot of Ale ; the Terms she thought innocent enough, and sat down ; by that time she had pledg'd him, the others came up and seiz'd her for being pick'd up in the Street, and had carried her off, but that one drinking by, and hearing the Matter, interpos'd, and being a Lawyer, so frighten'd the Informers, that they were glad to make off. But had it not been for this Accident, the Poor Woman wou'd have been drag'd to *Bridewel*, and so ruin'd, having a Husband too subject to Jealousy.

There was a Lady of my Acquaintance, who was by the mistake of the Coachman carried to a Tavern of an ill Reputation, which stood just by that to which she directed him ; and having sent for a Gentleman of her Acquaintance, of whom she was to receive ten Pounds ; (Money sav'd unknown to her Husband) they had not been long enough together to drink two Glasses of Wine, but in came the Reforming Constable and his Gang, who carries them before a certain Justice, who sent her to *Tuttle Fields Bridewel* ; and tho' the Gentleman got her out as soon in the Morning as he could, the Husband heard of it, and sent to her not to come home any more ; nor has she ever liv'd with him since, tho' she has oblig'd him by the Means of *Doctors-Commons* to allow her a Maintenance.

Had not this Lady had Friends, she must have starv'd by the Folly (not to call it worse) of the Justice of the Peace. I shall only add

one Instance more, because I knew one of the Persons concern'd, who told it me himself.

Three sober and elderly Citizens one Sunday went to the other end of the Town, one of them was oblig'd to call at a certain Place, and desir'd the other two to step into the Coffee-House and wait his Return. They call'd for Coffee, but there was nothing to be had but Brandy ; they call'd for half a Quatern, the Woman brought a Quatern, and then soon came in two or three Informers with a Constable, with whom while the Citizens were arguing, their Friend return'd, who being a brisk Man, demanded of the Constable to carry them before a Justice, and with them her whom they call'd a Bawd : The Reformers told them it would be scandalous to have it known, that two such grave Gentlemen should be taken in a Bawdy-House ; that therefore they had better give something to the Poor of the Parish by their Hands, and go their Ways. They reply'd, they were not afraid of that Matter, and so oblig'd them to go and carry Madam with them.

Being come before the Justice, he began to harangue them with the shame of the Fact, &c. Why, Sir, do you know this to be a Bawdy-House ? Yes marry do I, said the Justice, the Woman is an old Offender. How Sir, assum'd they, and have you permitted a known Bawdy-House to be kept open, to betray ignorant People like us into a Premunire ? But Sir, we will give you in Bail, and shall examine whether your Commission will warrant your Conduct in this Affair. The Justice was affrighted

ed' with their Resolution, and came to this Agreement, that the Constable should ask their Pardon, and that the Sign should be pull'd down the next Day, which my Friend assur'd me was done. Now had these Gentlemen been timorous, they had been thus betrayed to pay Money for the Roguery of those who were to receive it.

This Stir against the Whores, on Account of *Immorality*, puts me in mind of the Mob in the *Oedipus* of *Dryden* and *Lee*, who thought there was no Sin but Murder; as if there were none immoral but a Common-Whore. But indeed, this is such a Sort of *Immorality*, that easily furnishes the Tongues of the worst of Men with a canting Clamour, by which they gain the Reputation of Saints; and those who scarce believe in God, with that of the most Religious: Oh the *Immorality* and *Prophaneness* of the Age! They cry out, while they devour Widows and Orphans, without the least Check from their Consciences; who can opprefs the Poor, squeeze the Necessitous, and ruin Families, and yet pass for Saints, as if their Actions were not far more detrimentally immoral, than those of a Common-Whore. Hence it is plain, that all this is but a canting Hypocrify, to palm upon the World a Company of Devils, for no less than the Upright and the Godly.

This is likewise a meer fantastical *Cimera*, a plain *Don Quixotism*, encountring Windmills, or making a monstrosous Bustle to no manner of Purpose: To effect that in this Nation, which never was here, or in any other Country in the World; and I dare assert, never

will be. We find that when the World was not so Populous as at present, the Patriarch lay with one he found by the Way side, which was the Station of those Mercenaries in that Part of the World where they pick'd up their Sparks. 'Tis true, she prov'd to be his Daughter in Law, but he thought her one of the Common; which shows that there were such, even thus early in the World. My dear Friend *Nimis*, when thou, or any of thy Fraternity of Whore-Hunters, will show me any Capital in the Universe without this Cattle; or, when you'll prove that you have lessen'd the Number of any in *London*, but one Whore, I will agree that there is firm Ground for your Zeal; but till then, I must think you are all set to work by other Motives than Religion; and that all you have done or shall do in this kind, is only to multiply Sin, obliging; by this new Tax upon them, the poor Wretches to expose their Bodies the more frequently and the more desperately, to feed the very Scum of Mankind; the Reformers of Manners.

Methinks you might find some more noble Pursuits for so active a Zeal. Step into the Taverns, and destroy all their Sophistical Brewings, that his Majesty's good Subjects may not be poison'd in their Mirth and good Fellowship. The Censors of the College of Physicians have a Right to inspect the Apothecaries Shops, and burn or throw away the decay'd or bad Drugs; and why should the Vintners be exempt from as necessary a Scrutiny? And who more fit for that Office than a Mid-

a Middlesex Justice? Or you might scatter the Sharpers, the Gamesters, and Gaming Houses, where so many are daily undone. But it is pleasant enough to observe, that when the wise City put down the Drolls of *Bartholomew-Fair*, the Raffling-Shops and Gaming-Tables were suffer'd to unseasonable Hours in the Night.

If your Zeal is more Heroic, go to *Exchange-Alley* and disperse the Stock-Jobbers, that Trading sort of Gaming, where Thousands are every Year over-reach'd and undone by cunning Knaves, and tricking Sharpers.

If you will be Patriots, look into the Prisons, see what Inhumanity and Barbarities are us'd to the Unfortunate; how many are confin'd in the *Marshalsea*, and some other By-Prisons, for half a Crown; and undergo for a Misfortune, more intolerable Punishments, than the most criminal Offenders in the most rigorous Countries in the World.

I might send you to *Greenwich-Hospital*, to take a Survey of the Condition of the poor superannuated and maimed Seamen; by that to discover how plentifully they are provided for, and how few *Land-Lubbers* are admitted to feed upon the *Tarpaulin Foundation*; but that perhaps may be out of your Jurisdiction. I shall conclude my long Letter, with the Advice of a Friend: Do not signalize yourself as the *Don Quixote* of *Hicks's-Hall*; do your Duty justly, that is, impartially, that is, be most severe on the most criminal Immoralities; and spend not your very active Life in Pursuits, that are of no more Consequence than if you had lain still all

all the Course of your Worshipful Magistracy.
This is the Advice of

Your old Bottle Companion and Friend,

RICHARD IRONSIDE.

Mr. Ironside. (said the Baron,) has express'd some Fellow-feeling for the poor Pains-takers of the Hundreds of Drury.

Let him have a Fellow-feeling for whom he will, (assum'd the Chevalier) he is perfectly just in his Sentiments; for I think there can be nothing more evident, than that Hypocrisy set this new Work of Reformation on Foot, with much Noise to pursue what can never be attain'd.

At least, (said Downright) by their Methods, for the Devil's Imps are but odd Apostles for the Cause of God.

True, my Friend John, (concluded I) it is more the Busines of the Clergy to effect it by Prayer, good Exhortations and a bright Example.

L E T-

LETTER V.

The GAMESTERS Defence:

Proving that Gaming is as honest and innocent a Profession, as any of those from which Aldermen arise.

It was directed

To Mrs. Tabitha Buckle, at Master Obadiah Buckle's, a Belt-maker, near Paul's Church-Yard, London.

Bright Mrs. Tabitha, with the go'den Locks,
and golden Dowry,

THO' it is some Time since you dismiss'd me your Service; yet being oblig'd to stay a few Days at Canterbury in my way to France, I there heard that you are now going to enter the holy State of Matrimony with a future Doctor of Physick, for from your Purse he waits to take his Degree. This is the Occasion of my present Writing, to shew, that you have made the worst Choice, in choosing a Murderer before a Gamester, (or as you are pleas'd to call us) Sharper, the much more innocent and less criminal Person; we only strip a rich Fool, and bring him to Sobriety and Repentance, which the Rogue otherwise would never have thought of; the young Doctor of Physick, by first being a Retainer of

of two or three topping Apothecaries, and satisfying their Avarice with chargeable Prescriptions, without regard to the Health or the Pocket of the *Patient*, may, like *David*, in a few Years kill his ten Thousand, and so get into Business as they call it.

Mrs. *Tabitha*, I desire you would look back on all that has pass'd between us since I first pursu'd you in the Street, from our wicked end of the Town, to your more godly A'bode; and then you will recollect how agreeable you thought Mr. *Bemigard* on so little an Acquaintance, and how you admitted him into your Father's Tabernacle of Righteousness, representing me as a most sober and accomplish'd Person to old *Obadiah*; who, upon his virtuous Daughter's Character, gave me free Egress and Regress, till the Devil, I believe loth to lose his Hopes of me, made the Discovery to you that my Name was *Coggdie*, and not *Bemigard*, a Knight of the Box and Dice, and no Gentleman of an Estate; tho' indeed I only assur'd you that I was a Man of Fortune, and truly, for on her blind Ladyship, and my industrious Elbow, I bear the Part and Appearance of a Gentleman in so agreeable a Manner, that more than Mrs. *Tabitha* have thought me a very pretty Fellow. But indeed I was not so fond of my Profession, but that I had rather have enjoy'd the Money your Father went to the Devil for, than to go to the old Gentleman in Black, for what my Industry might find a lucky Hit to obtain. But since it is so, I am sure of some of Mrs. *Tabitha*'s Friends and Relations for my Companions.

But

But why are you so averse to a *Gamester*? I mean one who lives by *Gaming*? Oh! it is an Abomination, down right Cheating, and the living on the Ruin of Families. Well Mrs. *Tabitha*, and what do you think of dear *Papa*? do you imagine that he got all his Wealth honestly by selling of Belts? If he had no more than Honesty would have given him, I had never thought of addressing his Daughter; no, no, first, he got by the oppressing the poor Workmen, whose Sweat, and whose Toil and Labour fill'd his Pocket, whilst their own Families starv'd; so the difference between him and me, is, what I get I force from the Rich, and send them away empty; but he squeezes the poor Labourer, and makes a hundred Families miserable to fill his Coffers.

This holds good of all your thriving Shop-keepers and Traders who employ the Poor; whom they are sure to keep always in that Number, so that *Obadiah* is not the only Rogue in the City.

Then what think you of *Exchange-Alley*? That *Groom Porters*, as I may call it, of City Gaming: Has not thy honest Father play'd many a Game there, thrown many a merry Main of the Bear-skin, to fill his own Pockets, and empty those of his less cautious Neighbour? All the Gamesters and Sharpers in Town are nothing to the Gentlemen of that Alley; they are but meer Dealers in the Retail of Mischief and Ruin, in which the Stock-Jobber deals by Wholesale.

So much for the City — But what think you of the Lawyers, those Conservators of our Rights and Liberties ? The Practice of Law, their Market, and they have no manner of regard to Right or Wrong, but plead the worst Cause for a Fee, and oppress the best which is destitute of Money enough to run the Gauntlet of all their Hearings and Rehearings, Writs of Error, Common-Law, Kings-Bench, and above all *Chancery*; by which the Lawyers swallow the Estates contended for, and we Fools that employed them, leave off Beggars. So is your Liberty and Properties guarded, and so dispos'd of by Mercenary Tongues.

I will say nothing of the Divines, they are the common Topick of Railery, and few of them get Estates as ever I could find.

Upon the whole, sweet Mrs. *Tabitha*, I think it will appear, that you have rejected the most honest Profession that a Man can get a great deal of Money by, to choose the worst; for of all, the Physician is so much the worse, as Mens Lives are what he deals in; all other Cheats are only in the Goods of Fortune: And you may remember that old *Satan* (who was no Fool) observ'd, so long ago as the Time of *Job*, *That a Man will part with all, rather than with his Life*; and yet, so many part with that every Day for the Benefit of the Physicians, that the Disease call'd the Doctor sweeps Men away more, than all the other Distempers in the Bills of Mortality.

So, sweet Mrs. Tabitha, much good may it do you with your *Galen* and *Paracelsus*, for I have fill'd my Paper, and so adieu,

Dear Mrs. Tabitha,

Yours,

EDMUND COGGDIE.

A good whimsical sort of a Letter (said I) the Sharper rambles agreeably enough: And with too much Truth (assum'd Downright) for I am afraid there are few Estates got with that Honesty and Integrity, that the Severity of Religion requires. He has omitted one way of growing Rich, (pursu'd the *Chevalier*) much more criminal in my Opinion, than any of these; and that is, Estates got by the *Public*, where the Nation is the *Dape* to private Gain; and he that has amass'd great Wealth together by the Government enjoys it, and transmits the Spoils of Thousands to a worthless Posterity. For small Thieves are hang'd, but the great Robbers triumph in their Rqueries.

Nay, (said the *Baron*) the Sharper has been modest in his own Defence, for we have heard of Men of Dignity, who have not disdain'd being of their Fraternity; and it is so modish an Employ, that it can bring the Footman from the Coach Tail to his Lord's Table, and sometimes to his Lady's Bed.

Besides, (resum'd I) the Sharper has this Advantage of all the other Money-Hunters, the Wretches

Wretches he makes are all Voluntiers, for no Man is forc'd to be a *Bubble*; he is so out of Choice, and not out of Necessity. True, (put-su'd the Chevalier) whilst all the poor Labourers in the other State are compelled to it, by being oblig'd to serve their Oppressors for even that miserable Livelihood they get under them.

Another Advantage (said the *Baron*) the Gamester has is, that by what he does, he inflicts a Punishment on the most destructive Vice of humane Nature, *Avarice*, which has ruin'd so many Kingdoms and Commonwealths; for the most arrant *Bubble* that is, becomes so by a Dissatisfaction with what he has, and a Desire of more.

And yet (concluded *Downright*) the Sharper gains no great Advantage in Esteem or Honesty, and Glory and Reputation, by being the Executioner of this Punishment, Executioners of all Punishments being detested, witness the *Hangman* and the *Devil*, the two great Executioners of this World and the next.

LETTER VI.

The Advantages and Comforts of Popery.

It was directed
 To Mr. Pinnace at his House in Maidstone,
 Kent.

Dear Tom,

SINCE I saw you, I have taken a Trip to France, not to Paris I assure you, I had no Call to improve myself in Dancing : I went no further than Calais, and that about Business, which held me there above a Month; in which time I got acquainted with a merry Fellow, that us'd to drink with me at the *Ville de Londres*, a new Convent, as they call them ; but on our Conversation I found that he was a Protestant in his Opinion still, though he outwardly conform'd to save his Bacon, that is, his little Estate, and himself from the *Gallies*.

Monsieur *Antoin* (for that was his Name) had a curious Collection of Papers, which he communicated to few but *English*, in whom he had some Confidence, among which was this Letter, the Translation of which I here send you. That it is genuine, I cannot say, having no other Voucher but the Gentleman who permitted me to transcribe it ; but this I can say, that it contains nothing but the real Principles of *Popery*; it is said to be written by a Priest

a Priest of Bulloigne, to one Monsieur St. Andre at Calais.

My dear Compere,

The Busines of this Epistle relates more to honest Jaques than to you, and therefore I desire you to show him my Letter if he be with you still, and not tript over to that Sink of Heresy *England*. I have often been afraid that his Conversation with those Hereticks h̄ère in their Journeys to and from *Paris*, wou'd some time or other rob me of the most agreeable Companion I ever had in my Life : For Jaques has a great many engaging Qualities, as well as Frailties. 'Tis true, he loves a *Drab* as well as an *Englishman*, and his Bottle as much as a *German* ; but then he has the Gaiety of a true *Frenchman*, is all Spirit, Life and Mirth.

He is very much afraid of going to the Devil ; and therefore to secure himself on that side, he generally has some Priest for a Night-Companion ; for drunk or sober he will not go to Bed without Absolution, so that he evens his Spiritual Accounts every Night, and wipes out all the Scores of the Day by a Nocturnal Sacrament : Nor does he much care for Purgatory, and therefore lays by a Stock for Indulgences and Masses whenever he dies.

I have often told him, that he need not be so scrupulous as long as he is in the Bosom of the *Roman Catholick Church* ; for it is said, *Quærite primum Regnum Dei, & hæc omnia adjicientur vobis* ; that is, *Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all things are lawful to you* : Now 'tis plain, the Kingdom of God is the *Holy Catholick Roman*

Apostolick

Apostolick Church ; be obedient to her Precepts, obey her Priests, and all things are lawful to you that are Sins in the Hereticks, whose best and most pious Actions are no less. This is a Comfort he will be entirely depriv'd of if he turn Heretick. I confess that some of them have lately pretended to Absolution in the highest Sense it can be understood, viz. that there is no Condition requir'd in the Penitent, but the Sins are forgiven meerly by the Power of being pronounced by the Priest. But to me they seem to act on a very weak Bottom, for that Power was only given to Priests of the true Succession, for no others have the Mark that this was said to them as well as to the Apostles, I mean Miracles : Whereas every *Roman Catholic* Priest, every Day he says Mass, performs a great Miracle, for he changes a Bit of Bread, or Wafer, into the God who made Heaven and Earth ; and then to become entire all Divine himself, he takes his Breakfast of this God : I verily believe there is scarce a Particle about me but has proceeded from this Heavenly *Euentulum* ; for I believe I may have made and eaten above two thousand Gods of the larger Size since I have been in Priest's Orders.

Put therefore my Friend Jaques in mind of these Comforts and Advantages he has by being in the Church into which he was born and christen'd ; for so he enjoys a Heaven both here and hereafter ; whereas the Hereticks are in Pain and Solitudes here, and will be damn'd hereafter. Adieu.

If this Letter do not make a Convert of you to Popery, I have some hopes, notwithstanding High and Low, we shall still have you a good Protestant; which are the sincere Wishes of

Your constant Friend,

PHILIP TRUELOVE.

Though this Letter (said I) be whimsical enough, yet I cannot think it genuine. It matters not at all (answer'd the *Baron*) whether it be so or not ; it contains nothing but what is the natural Result of the Doctrines of that Church. Ay, ay, (assum'd the *Chevalier*) *Si non il vero il belle trovato*, as the *Italian* says ; it is well laid together, and merrily exposes the monstrous Principles of a Religion, which blessed be our Stars we are secure against. But (concluded *Downright*) it seems necessary to expose them when there are too many whose Ignorance of the Popish Tenets makes 'em too too favourable to 'em.

LETTER VII.

A Setting Match between Sin, Death, and the Devil.

A VISION.

It was directed

To Habakkuk Songeur Esq; at his House in
Clapham near London, Surry.

SIR,

WHILE you enjoy the clear *Clapham Air*, and that in the very Neighbourhood of the great City ; I venture from the very Fogs of the Wild of *Kent*, to present you with two Visions I have lately had ; but whence inspir'd, I leave to you, who are so us'd to the Revelations of the Night, that you begin to pass for a sort of new Prophet, and all your Neighbours have Recourse to you for the Interpretation of their Dreams : The first is a Visionary Setting Match between *Sin*, *Death*, and the *Devil*, and which I had about four Years ago under the Influence of the *Midsummer-Moon* ; for if I remember well, it came to me on the 25th of *June*, between the Hours of One and Two in the Morning.

D

Methought

Methought I found myself at the Foot of a very high Mountain, which overlook'd all Europe, and which I was oblig'd to ascend and pass in the Way I was to go ; when I came towards the Top, I was entertain'd with a hundred delightful Prospects all round me, which, whilst I was taking a View of, methought I heard a very loud Laughter ; yet not such a Laughter as proceeds from Pleasure, but from Indignation, and triumphant Malice : It was not therefore pleasing to the Ear, nor delightful to the Heart, in so vast a Solitude I then was passing ; no, it rather struck me with Horror, and my Flesh all trembled ; my Hair stood erected as in the greatest Fright, and my whole Composition being shock'd, I was apprehensive of some ill Adventure that threatned me.

Turning myself to the North-east, from whence the Sound seem'd to come, I saw the ghastly Appearance of *Sin*, *Death*, and the *Devil*. *Sin* and *Death* went with an incredible Swiftness, each holding one end of a Net of a prodigious Largeness, so that in its Extent it cover'd whole Nations ; the Nature of the Meshes of this Net were such, that those who were ordain'd to a longer Life broke through them, whereas the rest were in a Minute all dead on the spot.

Satan, as soon as it was fall'n, hasted to the Quarry to see what was caught ; on his examining of which, he fell into these loud Fits of Laughter.

I was in too great a Consternation to mind much what was done in the North-east of Europe ; but now they began to spread the Net again

again for our Parts, or at least those more in my Knowledge, in which I thought myself something more concern'd, and therefore minded more who fell into the Hands of these grisly Pursuers, being likewise come a little to myself, and, as I thought, above the Reach of their Malice at that time.

Now therefore the Net is thrown over part of *Italy, France, Spain, and England.*

Well, Father, said SIN to *Satan*, whom have we taken at this Draught ? Ho, ho, ho ! reply'd the Devil, with his horrible Laugh, Here are two old rich Cardinals, that have amass'd vast Treasure in hopes that the next *Sede Vacante* they might be able to bribe the *Conclave* to set them in the infallible Chair, though one was Fourscore and upwards, the other Seventy-eight : Not that they believ'd that the Possession of the Triple Crown wou'd bring them any other Infallibility than Wealth, and the Power of making their scoundrel Relations Princes. In all the vast Variety of Beings which I have been able to discover thro' the vast Expanse, I have not met with so very silly an Animal as that of Man, vain in his Desires, and crooked in his Counsels. Reason indeed he boasts of, and has such an invaluable Jewel, but how seldom does he consult it in any of his Pursuits ? Avarice is his Guide, and heaping vast Stores of Silver and Gold together, seems his Happiness, but for what ? To enjoy it ? No, the thriving Tribes have nothing less in their Heads : They all know well enough that they have but a little time to live at the longest, and yet they act as if they were to dwell here for ever :

The End of their Creation few ever think of, or believe, as supposing no Life after this ; a Doctrine that has brought me many a million of Souls, and is so well establish'd now, that I have no great need to fear that Virtue and true Religion will ever spoil my Markets.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho ! *Death and Sin* hearing the Devil laugh so long and so loud, enquir'd the Cause ; but *Satan* not directly minding them, address'd himself to the Dead : Ho, ho ! whom have we here, the *Immortal Man* ? What have thy Flatterers deceiv'd thee, and art thou too fall'n into the common Rubbish ? Ho, ho ! see how his Idolaters run from him holding their Noses ! Why, you scoundrel Dogs, what can your Monarch stink now he's dead, who just now spread nothing but Perfumes a-round him ? Why, so it is, my Children—Men who fell flat to the Ground to the living Prince, wou'd not harbour him in their Houses when dead : My Son and Grandson *Death*, thou art a strange Metamorphoser of things in this World.

This Piece of Clay, when warm, had power to destroy whole Nations, and he was indeed my just Representative ; not less than Forty millions have bled for his Glory, besides the millions that are left to a miserable Life. Here ! here a Troop of my Imps convey him to *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, and the rest of the great Destroyers of Mankind ; let him be well attended to my Regions, where he will have time to reflect, that the way for a King to ascend the Stars, is to be the Preserver of Men, and not the Destroyer ; he has chosen the Lot that is fall'n to him,

him, and now he finds that the Soul is immortal.

At which I thought I saw a Troop of Devils convey the unhappy Soul away with Terrors not to be express'd.

Ha ! Monsieur *du Pons*, what are you so faithful as to attend your Master (continu'd *Satan*) ? What, and to the same Place too ? What, cou'd not you fiddle yourself up to Heaven ? What, said *Death*, was he a Fidler ? No, no, reply'd the Devil, a much more worthless Creature, he kept a whole Band of Fidlers and Singers at a vast Expence, who sung and play'd to him all the Week, and on *Sunday's* to God Almighty in a Chapel of his own building : For he set up for a great Zealot for the worst of the Clergy, call'd the Jesuits. He got vast Riches in paying the King's numerous Armies, and squander'd it in this manner ; for I can't find that he ever did one good or generous Action in his whole Life : But by his Death now he has escaped a Punishment here, which many of the Pillagers of the Publick will meet with in a little time.

Ho, ho, ho ! what, Madam *Ogle*, are you come at last ? Had you no Arts to charm *Death* ? It is well he has no Eyes, and is not a Man ; he cou'd not else have escap'd your Snares, to which the Wise and the Valiant fell constant Victims : What must you come to my share at last ? Why, you were more constant at Church than the Priest, though he got by it ; nay, you got too ; you got what you sought, new Lovers, show'd your fine Cloaths, cast round the wanton Glances, that gave Hopes to every one, and

by that means made what choice you pleas'd. But Beauty, as well as Valour, must yield when Death summons.

Oh ! here is a modern Statesman ; he was originally a little Monsieur Advocate of *Bretagne*, where his Father and Family liv'd tolerably well, and made a Figure among the Country Gentry ; but this Wretch being very sanguine, and full of Confidence in his tricking Genius, made his way to Court, where when either ill or weak Princes reign, there is great room for the Rise of the Worthless ; there by Tricks he got into Posts, and so put himself on the World for a profound Politician or Statesman : For though there be nothing wanting to govern a People but good Sense and Honesty, yet when Knaves get into Power, and do unwarrantable Things, they cover them under the Name of *Arcana of State*: And by this means the modern Times have excluded true Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Honour, and the like, from the Governing Part of Mankind, though now and then a great Genius forces itself into Power, to the Confusion of the Tricksters.

But how now great Statesman ! never a Trick to put on Death ? you put him off indeed a little while by one, yet you see we have got you at last ; here, away with him to the Den of Attornies, Solicitors, Proctors, Petty-foggers, who will scarce let the Devils alone, often trying to set them together by the ears, not knowing that Devils fall not out with Devils, nor persecute one another ; no, no, we have Business, Sport, and Employment enough to hunt Men.

Ho!

Ho ! ho ! old Fool, Sir, are you come too ? This now was an overgrown Alderman, and has left behind him four hundred thousand Pounds for his Heirs to rejoice with, that he is come to me. He originally set out from the North on Foot, was entertain'd by a rich Citizen to clean his Servants Shoes, and so advanc'd from Post to Post, till his Master took him Apprentice, and then Partner ; but at last he gave his helping Hand in a grateful Return to ruin his Master, and make him die a Beggar ; who had taken him from Beggary, and made him capable of being a Lord-Mayor. But all this would not do, here we have him, without one good Deed to plead in his Favour.

Alas ! poor Seven and Eleven, have you thrown out ? What you, who from a kick'd Bully, and bilking of Coaches, arriv'd by the Box and Dice to 70000 l. and so became a Man of Figure, and Companion for Lords ? no Trick to bilk Death and the Devil ? no, no, the only Trick there, was quite out of your Taste, *Virtue* and *Religion*.

Who have we here ? *All-love* the Atheist ? for so they call'd thee ; but such Atheists never came to me. His Love to Mankind was general, his Life was a perpetual Scene of good Actions, the Miserable were sure of his Help, let their Opinions be what they would ; yet could he not escape the Imputation of an *Heretic* by some, and an Atheist by others, who were really themselves what they called him out of Envy ; see, he is sneaking away to Heaven by himself, while all that Troop of his Acquaintance take up their Lodging with me.

Ha ! Fire and Thunder ! more yet for Heaven ! two City Divines, a Country Parson, a poor Alms-woman, a Poet ; hey day ! more yet, two Arch-bishops, one Bishop, and an Attorney who never undertook an unjust Cause.

At this the Devil made such a Roaring, that it waked me out of my Sleep, and put an end to my Vision ; your Interpretation of which, my dear Friend *Habakkuk*, will oblige for ever,

Your humble Servant,

E Z E K I E L M A N L O V E.

In my Opinion, (said the Baron) this Vision needs no Interpretation, the Lesson it teaches, is too plain to need a Comment. But I can't endure (said I) that the Devil should be allow'd to speak so much Truth. Phoo ! Phoo ! (assum'd the Chevalier) the Devil may be allow'd to speak his Thoughts truly among his own Tribe, he need only lie to Man, and that too, only when a Lie will do his Business better than Truth. What he is made to utter here, is a fatal Truth, that few or none of Mankind apply themselves to distinguish, the *real* from the appearing Good, which is the Cause of all our Miseries here and hereafter.

But here is another Vision of honest *Ezekiel*.

L E T-

LETTER VIII.

VISION II.

The Vision of Wealth and Poverty, or the false Appearances of Things.

ONCE more, my dear *Habakkuk*, let me divorce thee from the Dreams of the old Wives of Clapham, to lay another of mine before thee. It came to me two or three Nights after the former, and this I think was the Occasion.

Our Neighbouring Village was all in an Alarm about the 28th of the foremention'd Month, and drawn out, Man, Woman, and Child, for the Reception of *Robert Scruby Esq;* who with his Lady in a Coach and Six, and suitable Attendants, was expected that Morning, to pay a Visit to this Place of his Native; and whence about eight Years before, he went in a much lower Condition.

This worthy Person was the Natural Son of a poor Sinner, who receiv'd him in her Cups from a Wayfaring Person, whom she knew not; and so our present Squire was as ignorant of his Father, as his Mother was of her Gallant.

The miserable Drab made shift by her Labour, and the Charity of well minded People, to raise him up to about Fourteen; and as his

Person was sufficiently contemptible, so his Fortune contributed to give him the Name of *Scruby Bob*, and made him the Laughter, and the Footbal of the whole Parish; till his great Soul, unable to bear these daily Indignities any longer, and his good Mother being dead, he was resolv'd to seek his Fortune in some more favourable Climate, and so set forward and beg'd his way to *London*.

He was of a dwarfish Size, his Complexion tawny, his Hair black and greasy, his Legs seem'd set on the wrong End upward; his Body was strait enough, and strongly made to fit him for Labour, had not his natural Laziness render'd him very unactive; all together he made in the Eye of the whole Village, young and old, a most ridiculous and despicable Figure. However Fortune thought better of him, and raised him from *Scruby Bob*, to *Robert Scruby Esq*; When he was first entertain'd, he was only admitted to lie in the Stable, litter'd with the Horses: thence he got into the Kitchen, and in the nature of a Scullion got Warmth, and now and then a good bit of Victuals to eat. How long he remain'd in this Post I have not learn'd; but the next Point of his Advancement we find in a Lady's House not far from *Chiswick* in *Middlesex*, and there he got in a Livery, made the Fires for the Maids, did their Errands, and sometimes was admitted to go behind his Lady's Coach when she took the Air.

He made his Lady's Fire so long in her Apartment, that he kindled a Fire in her Heart unknown to himself or his Fellow Servants.

vants. He was first order'd a new Livery, and care taken to keep him a little clean. When one Day the Coach was order'd to carry his Lady abroad, and no other Lacquey to attend her but himself, the Coachman was bid to drive to Chiswick Church, where while she waited in her Coach, *Bob* was sent to fetch the Parson to her; who being come, she alighted and went in with him and *Bob*, and pulling out a Licence gave it the Parson, and told him she had made choice of him to perform the Ceremony of her Marriage; the Parson assur'd her he was ready to do his Office, but he saw no Husband, but suppos'd he was not yet come; yes, reverend Sir, said she, this is the Man I intend to make my Husband, taking *Bob* by the Hand. He little dreaming of this strange Revolution of Fortune, and full of Confusion, made his Lady many Bows; the Parson refus'd to marry her so much beneath herself; in short, she told him she had ten Guineas in her Hand for him, and the Licence was sufficient Authority for his performing his Office, which if he refus'd, some other Minister should do it, since she was fully determin'd to have it done that very Day. The good Parson was unable to resist the Gold and the Lady's Commands, and so quickly join'd *Bob* and his Lady in the holy Bands of Matrimony: The Lady went into the Coach, and *Bob* as he came thither behind it, and so got home some time before Dinner. *Bob* went up with Madam, neglecting his usual duty of kindling the Fire in the Parlour, which occasion'd him some Reproaches from the House-Maid; but her Lady told her, she

might do it herself, or make some other perform that Office, since Bob was otherwise employ'd. The Maid being gone, Madam gave him a Key, and bid him open such a Closet, and he would find a Suit of Cloaths that would fit him, and Linnen answerable, ordering him to dress himself from Head to Foot now, like her Husband. Bob with Joy put her Commands in Execution, and was got ready by Dinner time to sit down at Table with his Spouse, to the Surprize and Amazement of the whole Family.

Bob behav'd himself with great Moderation in his new Fortune, and none of his Fellow Servants had cause to complain of his Pride or Insolence. He made a very loving Husband, and his Lady grew fonder and fonder of him.

This Exaltation of *Scruby Bob*, to *Robert Scruby Esq;* had not extinguish'd the Memory of our Village, where he first saw Light; but he found a great Inclination to make it a Visit, either out of that natural Love we all bear to our Places of Birth, or out of Pride to shew his quondam Friends his present Condition. But to see how Wealth alters Things, every one of this wise Village now found some Beauty in his Person, or his Actions, and they all swore that surely some Gentleman begot him, since he discover'd such Accomplishments in all he did.

For my Part, I could not be of their Opinion, for *Scruby Bob* was still in my Mind, and I found nothing alter'd in him but his Dress; two or three thousand Pounds a Year thrown on him by the fantastick Freakishness of a Woman,

gave

gave him in my Eye no Quality, nor Appearance of a Gentleman. But this was nothing to me, I let the Villagers enjoy their Opinion, and pass'd on to my own House, fuller of Indignation for the Lady, than Admiration of *Bob*.

When I was got to Bed, I could not but reflect on the strange Alteration in the Opinion of my Neighbours in regard of Mr. Scruby, who could now think him charming in every thing, who a few Years before hist at him as intolerable in all.

In the midst of these Reflections I fell asleep; when Fancy began to work, and I imagin'd myself at the Foot of a Hill, which I had a Mind to get up, but was deter'd by the steepness of the Ascent: But in this Difficulty methought a grave Gentleman join'd me, and taking me by the Hand, conducted me through a secret Path, which soon and with little Pain mounted me up to the Summit. But there I found a stop to my Journey by a most terrible Precipice, defended however by a Wall, in which there were two Holes, and those filled with two Glasses, through which I might take a View in safety of all the Vale beneath me. Over one was written in Letters of Gold *Plutus*; over the other, in plain common Characters, *Penia*.

Here, young Man, said my Guide, look through this Glass, and if thou wilt profit by what thou seest, consider that to be great and happy in this World, this is the God that must have thy chief Devotion: *Plutus* bestows

not

not only Wealth, but Power, Beauty, Wisdom, Valour, and all that is valuable, and esteem'd ; look through and see his *Devotees*, how charming they all are, how worship'd, and what Power and Grandeur they enjoy ; and then be yourself your own Judge, what Course to steer in the after Pursuits of your Life.

Accordingly I look'd through the Glass of *Plutus*, and beheld a vast Plain extended on every side. Here were several Thrones erected, and on them Sovereign Princes surrounded with their Pomps and Grandeur ; there were infinite Numbers of all Sorts, Conditions, Religions, and Nations ; in the midst there march'd on towards the Thrones various beautiful Appearances, preceded by a glorious Image all of burnish'd Gold, supported by several awful Figures, while the Eyes and Hands of all that follow'd it were lifted up to it, and receiv'd in Return whole showers of Gold, which fell all round them, and which though they pick'd not cleanly up, yet was no other permitted to touch any one Piece of it, but all was left, as it were to pave their Way, and not for Use ; as they went, they sung divers Songs or Hymns, which made a most excellent Harmony, and when they approach'd the Thrones, they made several Speeches full of the most moving Oratory that ever Mortals utter'd, till they got round the Kings and Princes, and hem'd them in, so that none could come to them but by their Permission.

Surely, said I, to my Guide, these are some heavenly Beings, something superior to hu-

mane Kind ; how universally charming their Persons, not one Blemish among them ! What Harmony proceeds from their Songs, and what strange Emotions from their Speeches ! With what Applause are they heard both by the Princes, and all those vast Crowds that look on the Proceſſion ; Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Men, Women, and Children, are all tranſported with the ravishing Sight.

But hold, what are those that follow them in a dismal Train, where were they scrap'd together ? What a Rabble of tatter'd Wretches, fee how all draw back at the sight of them !

*As when a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Mens Eyes are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious ;
Ev'n so, or with much more Contempt,
Mens Eyes did scowl on this ragged Regiment.*

No one minded them, or mark'd what they did or said, unless to shew their Contempt of their Songs and Orations.

This Crew was conducted by several lean fower-look'd Figures, to whom they yet seemed to pay a very great deal of Deference. Their Persons seem'd all deform'd, their Voices harsh, and their Speeches without Force. Yet now and then I observ'd, that one of these was on a sudden by a blind Power lifted over the others, and set near the Princes, and then assum'd that Beauty and Charms they wanted before. But these were few in number.

Most of the forwardest and active of this Train minded but little either the Thrones,

or

or those that surrounded them, but seem'd to direct their Course more to the Right, where many of their Eyes were fixt ; which made me look that Way, but cou'd discover nothing but a vast Pavilion, that reach'd up to Heaven, and whose Ends extended so far, that they were not to be pursu'd by the Sight.

As for that Pavilion, said my Guide, it is not worth your regarding, leave it to the ragged Fools, who go on their silly Pilgrimage to it, in hopes of future Glory, Immortality, and I know not what ; you have the present in view, and must think of nothing else, if you would be like that glorious Band, that so dazzles your Sight.

'Tis true, reply'd I, this seems the more agreeable Prospect, but I see no way of coming at them, here is a vast Precipice which hinders me ; and if I were safe down that, I do not find I shall be much the better or nearer to my Hopes, since they seem to mind no other Object but themselves.

Alas ! said my Guide, you are ignorant of these Matters, I that brought you up one Way, can let you down another ; the Descent is wonderful easy, but you can never get up again, nor will you desire it. Give but your Heart and Soul to the great *Plutus*, and you will soon find Means of getting into his Favour, and sharing of his Bounty ; but he will not be serv'd by halves. You do not observe, I find, that those bright and lovely Figures or Beings, who environ the Thrones, and bar all Access to the Princes but by them, are likewise surrounded by another sort of more inferior

Crea-

Creatures, like a Lift to a fine Cloth ; look well, and you will find that they keep off all others from approaching the Rich , as the Rich do them from the Thrones. See how well they merit the Name of *Umbræ* or Shadows , for they watch the Motions of the Great , and imitate their Actions in all Things ; they admire and applaud all the Wealthy say and do , and so get into their Favour , and by degrees make way to the Princes themselves . But those who are the most cunning , and manage best , find out a little Trap-Door , which is under every one of the great Ones , and where his Vices and Pleasures have their Retreat , and if they once get well acquainted with them , their Business is done , and they are sure to rise . There are a Company of silly Rogues , who have tried to recommend themselves by Arts and Sciences , by endeavouring to instruct and improve their Minds , but they seldom get much for their superfluous Labour ; for what should the Rich and the *Great* trouble themselves with such Things , when they are sure of Applause , are secure of being admired without 'em ? Those are Qualifications for the Poor , who with all their Arts , all their Knowledge , all their fine Genius's , can scarce be taken notice of .

This Part of my Guide's Doctrine seem'd less relishing to me , than even all he had said to me before , for which methought I found no great Inclination . But before I could determine , I cast my Eye on the other Glass , and saw a Hand pointing to an Inscription , which was ,

Soror bona & Mantis Paupertas.

It put me in mind of my beloved *Horace*, and that made me resolve to look through that likewise, which my Guide seem'd unwilling to permit me to do. However I followed my own Inclination, and found it look'd into the same Plain. But wonderful ! what a change was there in the View ? how chang'd ! how alter'd were all the Objects I had seen through the other Glass ! Those Demi-Gods, at least those who seemed so before, were now all deform'd, ugly, mean, and affrightful. Their Songs all Discord, their Discourses dull and insipid, their Looks had a mixture of Brute and Ideot ; and those who before appear'd little less than Gods, now seemed below the Dignity of Men. And the ragged Regiment assum'd a more illustrious Form ; Peace and Joy were in their Faces, Charity in their Miens, Beauty in their Figures, and perfect Harmony in their Voices ; the Hymns they sung, excelled those of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, or *Pindar* ; Virtue and Knowledge were their Guides, and led them on to the Pavilion of Eternity, which through this Glass shone out like a thousand Suns. These indeed look'd like the Workmanship of Heaven, the others like the Creatures of *Plutus*, or the Devil, their Eyes all cast to the Earth and the glittering Dirt they ador'd, while the Idol they worship'd, now plainly appeared a golden Calf, supported by Avarice, Pride, Ambition, Self-love, anxious Cares, languid Joys, awkward Mirth, shameful Ignorance,

rance, attended with numerous Vices, tho' here and there were scatter'd a Head adorn'd with Knowledge, a Soul inform'd with a publick Spirit, and Wisdom truly celestial, that has more extensive Views than this Life.

My Guide grew impatient at my Satisfaction in this Glass of Poverty, and left me by myself; the Place and Solitude gave me no small Fear, and that Fear awaked me.

Thus, my Friend *Habakkuk*, you have my second Vision; when you have sent me your Interpretation of both these, you may expect some more from

Your faithful Friend,

EZEKIEL MANLOVE.

So much (said I) for Mr. Manlove's Visions, what is your Opinion of the Matter? for my Part I think them whimsical enough. This latter Vision (said the Chevalier) implies, that we should not trust to the Gloss which Power, Wealth, and Grandeur put on Mens Parts and Actions: but to distinguish the Man from his Equipage. 'Tis true, (pursu'd the Baron) false Appearance is too general in the World, and so hard to be discover'd by the general Spectator, that a true Judgment is seldom made of Men or Things; especially of the Works of Men. For my Part (concluded Downright) I should think that good Sense, and Judgment which is always built on Reason, cannot be so easily deceiv'd; but then I own, that they do not fall to every Man's Share, who forms

forms a Censure, and pronounces in this Case.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. Truwit, at his Chambers in the
Middle-Temple, London.

According to your Desire, I send you the fine Reflections of our Friend on the Poem, call'd, *an Imitation of Nereus's Prophecy*. You know the Author, and will I doubt not approve this, as well as his other Performances. I am in hast,

Your faithful Servant,

RICHARD RICHARDSON.

LETTER X.

To T. S. Esq;

SIR,

SINCE I ventur'd to hint to you my Opinion of the *Imitation of Nereus's Prophecy*, and find it agrees in general with yours: See if I have express'd your Thoughts of it in the following Remarks.

The

The Ode in *Horace* is of the sublime Kind, and one of the noblest Pieces of Poetry in that Author. He designs to express, in a Prophetick Denunciation, the Misery and Ruin which befel the *Trojans* for the Rape of *Helen*; the Subject therefore is not only great and heroick, but has a Mixture in it of the Pathetick: To raise it yet more, a Machine is employ'd, and *Nereus* is brought up out of the Sea, stopping the Ship in which the Adulterer was sailing for *Troy*, whilst he sets before him the fatal Consequences of his Crime. The Speech is fit for a God, and the Dignity of his Character is every where sustain'd in it.

Consider now whether there is any thing in the Cast of this Ode, or the particular Sentiments; that wou'd suggest to you a merry Thought, or that seems proper, by way of Parodie, to be turn'd to a Subject of Humour. I cannot tell whether there is any Allegory in it, or that *Horace* meant any secret Application of this old Story to the Civil Wars, or Factions in his own Country; but this is certain, that the Moral is very noble and important; and the Application of it to the Earl of *Mar*, and to the Consequences of the Rebellion, is an elegant and happy Thought. It is certain too, that this might have been extreamly well executed in the serious Way, and was capable of being work'd up into a very fine Poem. However, I may venture to affirm, that (which way soever is best) it ought to have been of a piece, either wholly grave, or wholly humorous. Instead of that it is neither, and yet both. The Imitator chuses to be pleasant, but he follows a wrong Idea:

Idea: In spight of his Design you see the Sublime and the Pathetick have the Prevalency in it; The Serious destroys the Burlesque; and the Burlesque infects and debases the Serious. Can any thing be more solemn or poetical than these Lines?

*Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro,
O'er his Paternal Hills of Snow.*

But then follows;

*And into these tremendous Speeches,
Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.*

If the Sublime, which preceded, had been the false Sublime, there wou'd have been Humour in giving it this Turn of Ridicule; but as it is, it seems an improper Mixture. When the Speech of the Prophet, who is usher'd in with such a Description, is call'd *tremendous*, you perceive immediately that it is an Irony, and you smile at the terrible Character of his Speech, compar'd with the contemptible Figure of the Man: And yet it happens after all, that his Speech, in some Parts, is really tremendous, notwithstanding this intended Mixture of Levity: And the whole was so originally, till taken out of the Mouth of the God *Nereus*, and put into the Mouth of a poor blear-ey'd second-fighted *Scotch-man*, describ'd in Tatters, without his Breeches.

You will find such another Instance of this improper Mixture in that Paragraph;

Douglas, who draws his Lineage down,
From Thanes and Peers of high Renown, &c.

The Characters are here describ'd with as much Dignity as those in *Horace*:

*Non Laertiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis? &c.*

And the whole is serious till after those Lines:

*And Monroe, kindled into Rage,
Sow'rly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy Foot, tho' ne'er so many,*

But now it sinks into Raillery,
And Horse to boot, if thou hast any.

The last Paragraph of the Poem has the same Fault: For nothing can be more solemn than all the Verses in it, even to the middle of the last Line, when instead of ending seriously, Jockey is brought in to close all with a Jest.

These Instances I think shew, that the Humour is forc'd into the Poem, and has no more to do there, according to Nature and good Sense, than *Penkethman* in the chief Scene of a Tragedy. Or methinks 'tis as if *Wilks*, in the middle of a grave Part, shou'd sometimes fall into his manner of *Sir Harry Wildair*, in the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Give me leave to add a Remark or two about the Characters.

There

There is likewise some Inconsistency here : The God *Nereus* is too much sunk in the *Scotch Wizard*, and yet not enough. His Figure is very naturally drawn ; in the beginning of his Speech you hear and see the *Scotch-man* ; and his Prophecying the Plunder of the *High-land Bonnets* and *Plads*, are good Topographical Strokes of Nature and Humour : But from the Simplicity of this Character, you wou'd hardly expect that he shou'd afterwards grow witty and facetious ; much less that he shou'd rise into the Sublime, and speak like the God *Nereus* in *Horace's Ode*, with no less Dignity both of Sentiments and Expressions. Besides, how comes he, after the first Paragraph of his Speech, all of a sudden to forget his *Scotch*, and not to drop a word more to the end of the Poem ?

The Characters of the Loyal Chiefs are well drawn : *Ilay*, *Athol*, *Douglas*, *Forfar*, *Argyle*, are finely complimented. *Virgil* cou'd not have muster'd his Heroes more honourably. But in all this Part (which I think is much the best Imitation of *Horace*) there is no Offer at Mirth or Humour, and no one of them has any Mixture of the Comick in his Figure, except *Sutherland* with *Voice so rusty* : Which Circumstance (though natural enough) might better perhaps have been omitted, since the other Characters have no such Sprinkling.

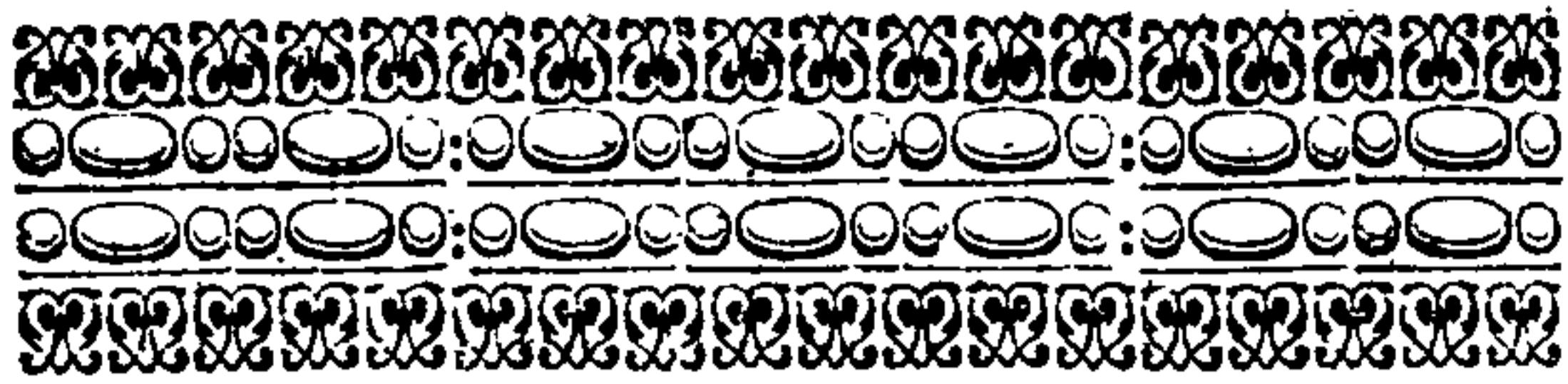
For the Reasons I have here given, I cannot but wish, since there are excellent Lines in this Imitation, that the whole had been Serious, and I am sure the Imitator wou'd have succeeded much better. I am, &c.

R. W.

The Letter (said I) is worthy the Author, who is one of the most accomplish'd Gentlemen I know. True, (said *Downright*) I am of your Opinion, for I know him; and I, who am not us'd to be very forward in praising, must say that he deserves the most you can say of him. He is a Master in Music, a very good Painter, an excellent Poet, and a judicious Critic. Allowing all this, (assum'd the *Baron*) I can I think add something to his Remarks on *Horace's Ode*. It was made (if I mistake not) on this Occasion. *Augustus Cæsar* had a mind to remove the Seat of Empire from *Rome*, to the Place where *Troy* once stood, which put *Horace* on shewing in this manner that the Place was accurs'd by the Gods, and that no City should prosper that should be built on it.

But in my Opinion, concluded the *Chevalier*, the *English Poem*, with all its Faults, has Merit, enough to deserve our Praise.





BOOK II.

WHAT have we here, (said I) a whole Packet ! What, shall I read it, or lay it aside for something of less Bulk ? No, no, the whole Company cry'd out, let us hear it. 'Tis directed, said I, to *John Worthy Esq;* at his House in *Red-Lion Square, London.*

LETTER I.

My dear Friend,

YOUR Earnestness for the inclosed Letters, have made me dispatch them by the Post without regard to the Charge, which I know you do not value. You have already perus'd my † Proposal for the Establishment of an Academy of Sciences here, though more extensive than that of *Richelieu's in France*; for

† See Book V.

for mine includes not only the Improvement of our Language, but the forming a new and much more valuable Body of the History of our Country, and that of our Neighbouring Nations; Painting, Musick, Poetry, the Reformation of our Stage, and the raising it to that Perfection which that of *Athens* had, besides many things useful to the reviving a Publick Spirit in the Love of our Country, and which I need not repeat to you, since my Proposal is in your Hands.

I had great Promises from some of the Leaders of both Parties, but yet you find nothing is done in it, and I am satisfy'd there never will be till some great Man arise, who is above the common Pursuits of the Fortunate. The noble Lord, to whom these Letters are address'd, I believe wou'd have accomplish'd it; but the Change of the Ministry put it quite out of his Power. You will find by the Freedom I took, that he is a Man above the Vulgar, since he was not in the least disgusted by the Boldness of my Address. I will detain you no longer, but subscribe myself.

Your oblig'd and faithful Friend,

CHARLES DICKSON.

LETTER II.

To the Most Honourable the —— of ——
**Great Undertakings fit to be laid before
 Great Men.**

*Quis enim potest aut desertâ per se Patriâ, aut op-
 pressâ beatus esse.*

My LORD,

SINCE my Opinion of your Lordship's Judgment, and Publick Spirit, has already drawn on you my Importunities for a very considerable Service to our Common Country, (for which certainly a Man of your Lordship's Post, Quality and Fortune, cannot be less zealous than I am, who have nothing to lose, by its Ruin, but my Life) I must beg leave to remind your Lordship of those Hopes, you have been pleas'd to give me, that my Proposal of the Academy was not only highly reasonable, but that your Lordship wou'd contribute all your Zeal, Power and Interest, for the speedy perfecting of a Design so beneficial to your Country, as well as honourable to yourself. And, my Lord, I must beg leave of your Lordship to use all that honest Liberty which the Importance of the Affair requires, and the great Reason and Judgment, your Lordship is Master of, will admit: Since after this time, I shall

not

not give your Lordship any fruitless Trouble in a Cause, which in itself (if justly weigh'd) must be more pathetick, eloquent, and prevailing to a Man of Sense, and a true Statesman, than the Tongues of the best Orators and Pleaders cou'd make it, with all the Foreign Additions of Art. For Truth, as well as Wisdom, has in its bare and naked Beauties more Charms than they cou'd receive from the gaudy Colourings of the Pulpit, or the Bar.

If therefore, my Lord, what I have said, and what I now shall say, will not accomplish what I aim at with your Lordship, I am unacquainted with the Advantages of Impudence, and importunate Teizings to recommend it: Not that I am ignorant that few gain their Point at Court without them; but that I am conscious of the evident Merit of the Proposal, and of your Lordship's being not only a true, but a judicious Patriot, whose Understanding distinguishes, and whose Love promotes (without those Goads and Spurs) whatever is beneficial and honourable to your Country, and to your Prince, whose Interest, Honour and Glory are, in my Opinion, truly and inseparably the same; and for which, justly united, I can, I thank God, with as much Willingness and Joy sacrifice myself as *Curtius*, or any honest *Roman* of them all; for as I have always lov'd my Friend better than myself, so I shall always love my Country and my Prince better than my Friend: I hope therefore, that your Lordship will forgive any Liberty I may take in this Discourse, since the Love of that Country prompts me, and the Service of my Prince in her Honour, Grandeur and

Happiness, inspires my Zeal to make this one Effort to obtain that which, I think, deserves (ev'n from your Lordship's Approbation) a Dispatch, or at least a Prospect of one, or some Encouragement worthy your Lordship's Honour and Judgment, and the Usefulness and Excellence of the Proposal; for my Reading, since the last Paper I presented your Lordship, has given me Assurance enough to say so; since, by that, I have found my Opinion concur with one of the greatest Men, and greatest Statesman, that ever Italy bred, I mean, my Lord, *Lorenzo di Medici*: The Similitude of whose Design, for the same End, I shall more than once mention, as well as propose his Honour, Virtue and Resolution, to your Lordship's Emulation: For I have no reason to doubt, but that an *English* Nobleman of your Lordship's Parts and Spirit shou'd do as great things as a Nobleman of *Florence*.

If your Lordship had made any Objections to any part of this Design, I shou'd here have consider'd them, in order to remove all Difficulties that may delay the Publick Service. I do think indeed that I remember, that your Lordship did once seem to intimate, that you were apprehensive that it wou'd be hard to compass this Affair in the time of War; but when I reflect, that your Lordship did not seem to be dissatisfy'd with the Answer I had made to this very Objection, rais'd by myself in my first Proposal to your Lordship, I have some Doubts whether you insisted on that, or not. But to remove all that can be brought, I shall first transcribe what I then said, and then see how

how much farther I can enforce the Argument :
Which shall be the Subject of my next. I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER III.

The Time of War, no improper Time for Undertakings Productive of a Publick Spirit.

My Lord,

TO pursue my Design, I must put your Lordship in mind of my Arguments in my former Paper, mentioned in my last. The Words in my first Proposal, are these ;

" It may be objected, that this Time of War
" is not a proper Juncture for an Undertaking
" of this Nature ; but with Submission to bet-
" ter Judges, (to say nothing of parallel In-
" stances) I think this is infinitely the most
" proper Time that cou'd occur ; for when so
" necessary, bloody and expensive a War is in
" view, all the Means that can be contriv'd to
" keep up the People's Resolution, must be al-
" low'd not only proper, but necessary ; but
" to have a perpetual Succession of publick
" Discourses, directed to that End, attended

" with the Pomp and Ceremony of the Performance, will hearten the People, and fix their Zeal for the Prosecution of a War that wou'd daily be made appear of that Necessity for their Defence, nay Preservation. And the Daily Praise of her Majesty's Conduct, the Actions of her Generals, and the Justness of the Administration, would raise the People's Admiration, Admiration wou'd begat Love, and Love is always active in the Service of the Belov'd.

I must farther add, that *Alfred*, who fought with an Enemy in the Bowels of his Kingdom 40, or as others 80 pitch'd Battles, in the midst of the *Danish* Invasion founded *Oxford*, and several other Schools of publick Learning ; ordained, that all Men should put their Children to School till 15 ; gave Royal Encouragement to Learning in his Subjects, and by Rewards drew hither learned Men from abroad. Poetry had his particular Favour, as Writing in the old *Saxon* Verse himself. This Prince, in infinitely greater Difficulties than the Queen, God be prais'd, is ever likely to be, found, in the midst of a powerful foreign Invasion, not only time to consider the Advancement of Learning and polishing his People, but thought it no ill Policy to do so : For whoever knows any thing of that Prince's Life, must own him as eminent for Civil Government, as War ; witness his admirable Body of Laws, like those of *Justinian's Codex* ; and that Address in the Management of his Affairs, by which, from the greatest Distress a Prince cou'd be liable to, in spight of the excessive Pow'r of a barbarous Enemy, too often

fixt

fixt in the heart of his Kingdom, terrible to his Friends, and watchful of his Motions, he establish'd the Monarchy of *England* in so noble a Degree, that I doubt very much whether this Nation was ever more noble, more dreadful, more just, and more wise, than in his, and the succeeding Reigns, till the successive Degeneracy of Princes destroy'd the Foundation of that Happiness he had so wisely laid.

This, my Lord, is no ill Argument, I hope, that the Time of War is not so improper a Time for the promoting Learning, and the polishing and refining the People, as may be suppos'd, since that only can render them capable of nobler Notions and Actions, than can be expected from Principles so degenerate as are now among us.

If my Proposal requir'd any Money from the State, the important Emergencies that demand it, might be a just Obstacle to it; or if the powerful Interest of an opposite Party were prevalent in the Cabinet-Council, the Tedioufness of the Debates might at this Juncture take up too much time: But when we desire only a bare Charter, without a Farthing out of the Queen's Pocket, and when there is no body to make an Interest against it but two or three Players, and that against the highest demonstrable Justice, Reason, and Religion; I cannot have so mean an Opinion of the Wisdom, Honour, Justice, and Religion of those that compose it, as so much as to fear that there can be one Word offer'd in their behalf.

Besides, my Lord, *Betterton*, whose Licence for Acting expir'd with the late King, has found Interest enough to have it renewed by her Majesty, either with, or without the Advice of the Cabinet-Council. If without it, certainly this, which is so much more to the Honour and Service of the Queen and Nation, can meet with no Difficulty there ; if with the Advice of the Cabinet-Council, certainly those, who had leisure to consider and grant a Licence, that, if thoroughly consider'd, ought to be suppress'd, will never suppose it Time wasted, or Advice ill given to set that up in a much greater Perfection. And I dare be confident, that they wou'd pay an entire Deference to your Lordship's Judgment in a thing of that Nature, if they did not immediately apprehend the Reasons and Demonstrations of its Use and Excellence.

Can any Time, my Lord, be more proper than that of War to reform our Vices and publick Abuses, and promote our Virtues, by which, or the want of which, all Nations rise or fall ? Can any Time be more proper than that of War, to reconcile all Factions, put an end to all Parties, whose Animosities retard the Dispatch of Publick Affairs, and give too many Advantages to the Enemy, as I cou'd easily make appear ? It was a wise and just Observation of *Micipsa*, on his Death-bed, to *Jugurtha*, and his Sons, that *Concordia Res parvæ Crescunt, Discordia magnæ dilabuntur*, Union advances small, while Faction destroys great Kingdoms. But our Enemies, besides their vast Force, are made more powerful by a perfect Union among themselves,

selves, and we are rob'd ev'n of that Pow'r we might have, if united, by fatal Parties, that lose the publick Good in a blind Zeal for private Passions, and all sprung from Avarice, or Superstition ; for whatever interferes with the Good of our Country, is not true Religion ; which certainly, when rightly understood, is the surest Basis of the State, as it has always been its Destruction when mistaken. Can therefore any Time be more proper for the removing, or to begin to remove, those Obstacles to our Happiness, than when that Happiness is most at stake ? For there never has been, since the *Roman Commonwealth*, a Juncture so critical as this, on whose Turn depended so certainly the Liberty or Slavery of *Europe*. Let therefore, my Lord, these weighty Considerations prevail with your Lordship to exert yourself in this for the Rescue of your Native Country, and in that of all *Europe*, from Danger, if not Ruin. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER IV.

More Arguments to the same Purpose, &c.

My Lord,

To pursue this Point yet a little further, the great Division in *England*, my Lord, is betwixt the Dissenters and Church ; for this includes all the lesser Political Factions. The Dissenters have always grown by Persecution ; and their Pride, and Ostentation of Suffering, have won not a few to their Party ; for while Mankind are more govern'd by their Passions than their Reasons, the suffering Party will still engage the Multitude, while their Pity bribes their Judgment to believe, that the Sufferer is always in the Right, especially in Matters of Religion, in which Zeal and Obstinacy have so large a Dominion. That Formality, and specious Hypocrisy, that has promoted this Faction, gain'd new Force from Persecution, which would infallibly fall off on an entire Remission of Severity towards them, and their Vizor of Austerity wou'd drop to the Ground, if they enjoy'd a perfect Tranquillity, and were softned by frequenting publick Diversions. But while the publick Diversions lie under such Prejudices with them, they will never participate of them, and by consequence cannot be polish'd by what they think a Crime to behold : Whereas, if by accomplishing my Proposal they were put on an unquestionable Bot-

tom,

tom, the Dissenters wou'd not scruple to come to them, and by that means in time wear off the Rust of their Affectation, whence both their Obsturacy, and our Miseries proceed, and by consequence, my Lord, no better Time than this can be found to set afoot so necessary a Work, which cannot be too soon begun. But that these Diversions are conducive to this end, I will not obtrude my own Opinion dogmatically; but prove by the same Effect, in the like Circumstances, the Certainty of my Position. No Time nor Age produc'd a greater Man, than *Lorenzo di Medici*; and he, to suppress the Divisions of *Florence*, took this very Method, as will hereafter appear.

Again, my Lord, in this Time of War Mr. V— has got 6000*l.* Subscriptions for the Building a new Theatre for Opera's in the *Hay-Market*, and has already taken measure of that in *Drury-Lane* for his Model; which is a very pregnant Argument, that he understands nothing of Theatrical Architecture, for nothing can be more contrary to it than our Theatres. I confess, my Lord, that your Lordship has not so absolute a Pow'r in the Court, as *Richelieu* had in that of *France*; yet it can be no Doubt to any that know your Lordship, but that if you wou'd exert that Interest and Pow'r you have with her Majesty, and the Cabinet-Council, you might with no great Difficulty obtain a Charter, which wou'd be so honourable to yourself, so serviceable to her Majesty, and so beneficial to the Nation. The Opinion they have of your Lordship's Candor, Judgment and Honour,

Honour, wou'd give a prevailing Influence to their Advice ; and the Evidence, that in this your Lordship acted without any private View of Self-Interest, wou'd still add fresh Force to your Reasons.

If Mr. V—— (without that Quality and Opinion your Lordship justly enjoys) cou'd persuade so many to subscribe so largely to the Six thousand Pounds out of their Pockets for a meer and imperfect Diversion, at a Time when our Great Men are not very forward to part with their Money, (the greatest Obstacle to a thing of that Nature) how much easier wou'd it be for your Lordship to win the Consent of a much smaller Number to that which does not touch a thing so sacred as their Purse ? I have not forgot the Difficulty your Lordship seem'd to raise, that it wou'd be look'd on, in your Lordship, perhaps, as too partial a Fondness of a Study, to which your Lordship's Inclinations were so notorious ; yet, my Lord, I hope, you will give me leave with Submission to answer, First, That when this Design is back'd with so many, and such substantial Reasons for your Zeal, as well as their Consent, it cannot justly be judg'd a partial Fondness of Inclination, for that is never seconded by Reason. Next, this Design is not confin'd to Poetry ; it only protects that, to secure the Fund for the promoting all manner of useful and polite Studies, which can make a People great or happy. Thirdly, To apply myself to those that are not inclin'd to Poetry, and the other Polite Arts and Sciences, wou'd be to create Difficul-

Difficulties not so easily surmounted, by one so little known as myself, while those Demonstrations, I have form'd, will come with greater Force and Advantage from a Man of your Lordship's Quality and Reputation : For the greatest Part of the World judge of the Force of a thing, more from the Condition of the Man, than from its own Energy and Demonstration ; and most of our *English* Statesmen and Courtiers have so peculiar a Path to tread, that to offer any thing out of that common Road, is either to confound them, or raise their Contempt. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LET-

LETTER V.

Too much Caution in listening to Proposals of new Designs destructive of Knowledge and Virtue.

My Lord,

I Am not ignorant of the general Contempt our *English* Great Men have ever bestowed on the most useful Projects ; and *Columbus* is a plain Instance how little apt our Statesmen have been to give Ear to any new Design, by which we then lost the richest and most noble Part of *America* : But, my Lord, a Man that has any Portion of Understanding, must perceive how absurd a Conduct this is ; for if the World had been always so averse to new Discoveries, we had now been as barbarous as the most ignorant of our Ancestors. Nay, this Principle is an Enemy to all Knowledge, for no part of that but daily admits an Improvement : And I'm sure, unless our Politicks had better Events, we have no reason to be deaf to any thing propos'd for their Advantage.

"Tis true, every Age has its peculiar Bent of Genius ; as the last two Centuries almost Enthusiasm prevail'd, and this has begun with Follies not less Epidemical, or destructive : But the Force of one brave Man has often struggl'd through the Follies, Baseness, and Ignorance of the Times, and set his Country, not naturally inclin'd to Arts or Arms, in the foremost

most Rank for both. *Thebes* found this in the Administrâtion of *Epaminondas*, who lifted her up by his single Virtue above all the Republicks of *Greece*, making her a Match for *Athens* and *Lacedæmon*; which Glory she never knew before nor after his time. Thus *Cosmo* the Old, and his Grandson *Lorenzo di Medici*, started up from a private State, and rais'd *Florence* from a degree of Barbarity and Contempt, almost ruin'd by domestick Factions, to the Power of coping with more than one *Italian* State at once. The latter uniting the most seditious and divided City in *Italy*, and during his Life preserv'd that Unity among them, which ended with his Death, to prove that it was only one Man's exerting his own singular Virtue, that did that Miracle. The *Guelphs* and the *Gibellines* for the Popes and the Emperors, were not unlike our Factions of *Whig* and *Tory*, or *Church* and *Dissenter*; yet by a Political Encouragement of Learning, these two Great Men suppress'd them; the latter by a Design not unlike mine, of soothing the rugged People, and diverting them by Plays, Painting, Musick, and the like, from their sullen and malicious Intrigues of Parties, which had before brought their Commonwealth to its last gasp.

Thus, my Lord, if you wou'd exert your Interest, and that noble Spirit so conspicuous in your Lordship, and appear at the Head of Arts and Sciences, and publick National Virtues (as by accomplishing the Design I have offer'd, your Lordship easily might) you wou'd inspire another Genius into the *English*, and stop the hafty

hasty Ruin of your Country. We have the same Factions and Divisions *Florence* was deliver'd from by *Lorenzo di Medici*; but our publick Diversions are too much sunk in the Opinion of the World, and too obnoxious to that very Party they shou'd chiefly be directed to soften; nay, they want another Turn, with something different and more noble than the present, to stir up the Curiosity and Appetite of those who yet frequent them, which my Design will most certainly accomplish, else they must in a few Years fail of course.

But, my Lord, to prove my Assertions from Experience, I shall here quote what *Varillas* tells us in this particular: He was the Restorer of the Drama, like a true Statesman encouraging Poetry, to refine and polish his *Florentine* Fellow Citizens.

" But (as *Varillas* says) as *Lorenzo* had a nice
 " Wit in Gallantry, as well as all other things,
 " he fell to the Reforming the Recreations of
 " the Carnaval, by making them more ingenious,
 " and more capable of being relish'd by Persons of
 " Honour. * For the better understanding of
 " what I am going to say, it is to be suppos'd
 " that the Factions of the *Guelphs* and the *Gibellines*, by obliging the *Florentines* to be per-
 " petually in Arms, had introduc'd into their
 " Sports abundance of Libertine Actions, which
 " favour'd of War; and had at last degenera-
 " ted into such a Brutality, as made it a Point
 " of

* Our very Case.

" of Honour to avoid 'em ; and scandalous to
 " frequent them : For in these Recreations
 " the Prizes of their Combats were infamous,
 " their Feasts to be drunk, their Balls follow'd
 " by Prostitution ; and the Theatres expos'd no-
 " thing that cou'd be heard with Chaste Ears,
 " or seen with Innocent Eyes. And to bring
 " this Reformation about, he consulted the
 " Men of Sense of *Italy*, and so introduc'd
 " *Tragedy*, that at once delighted and instruc-
 " ted. The Manuscript of the first of which
 " is now in the *French* King's Library, and
 " call'd, *The Nuptials of Perithous, and the Com-*
bat of Hercules with the Centaurs ; adorn'd
 " with Sculpture, Musick, Painting, &c. — And
 " by encouraging these publick Shows, he aim'd
 " at uniting the People's Minds, &c.

Thus far *Varillas* ; from whence your Lordship may see the Method taken by that Great Statesman *Lorenzo di Medici*, for the Refining and Uniting a People not less barbarous and divided than the *English*. And it is plain, that what I have propos'd to your Lordship, is the same Method that brought Arts to their Perfection in *Italy*, and heal'd the Hereditary Feuds that rag'd in *Florence*, though before I had read any thing of this Part of that History. I have, my Lord, laid before you the same Counsel the greatest Man *Italy* ever produc'd, took for the Good and Glory of his Country. The same that the greatest Statesman our Nation ever saw, *Harrington* in his *Oceana* (a most perfect System of Politicks) design'd for *Eng-*
land,

land, in the most perfect Form of Government he cou'd frame for us. The same that *Milton* so wish'd, extoll'd, and recommended with so much Force ev'n when the highest Zeal of Fanaticism domineer'd: In short, my Lord, it is the same that *Richelieu* establish'd with so much Glory in *France*, with this Difference, that mine is more perfect, more extensive, and more glorious than all of them, and this before I had read an Account of either of them. Which confirms me in the Justness of my Foundation and Judgment in this Affair; and gives me the Vanity to believe, that a Proposal grounded on such Experience, such Authority, and such Reason, cannot be rejected or slighted without some Violence to Reason: For if there be any Love of Honour, of our Country, or of our Queen in the Court, and in them who possess her Favour, this cannot fail of a speedy Grant.

The Motives that engag'd *Richelieu* in a less perfect Design of this nature were, no doubt, his Desire of Glory, the Reputation of his Country, and the Service of his Prince, which are Motives that ought to influence all Men of your Lordship's Post and Quality to the like Attempts; for nothing can render Great Men worthy the Dignity of their Rank, but Actions as distinguishing as their Titles: Especially in a Country like *England*, where Popularity is the Way to a just Esteem, and where there is not so profound a Deference paid to meer Quality, as in *France*, *Spain*, and some other Countries. For indeed, that which first rais'd one Man above another, is the only just ground of Veneration,

ration, *viz.* uncommon Actions for the good of the Community ; and the more extensive and lasting such Actions are, the more just and firm are their Respect and Popularity. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER VI.

*Arguments for Glory, and the Love of Praise
against a false Humility.*

My Lord,

OUR Nobility have not enough weigh'd the Nature of Government in general, or of the *English* in particular ; for if the Nobility grow cheap and low in the Eye of the People (as they will surely do, where they neglect distinguishing themselves as much by their Honour as their Titles) by losing their Interest they weaken that Part of the Constitution, which has the Power to do more for the Preservation of the whole, if it kept up the Dignity of the Order, than perhaps all the rest. And the *English* on the other Hand always pay more to Personal Worth, than to Title,

Title, especially when they stand in Competition. *England* values itself extremely on being a free Nation ; and such are seldom won by less than Attempts, at least, at public Actions. The Popularity which arises from those is noble and desireable, and cannot justly be condemn'd of Vanity out of a false Stoical, or Christian Humility ; (in which pure Religion, Public Examples are often, and emphatically recommended) for that can be no Virtue, that is inconsistent with the Good of Humane Society, as that false Humility that contemns Glory is. God made Man a Rational and a sociable Creature ; nay, has put him under so great a necessity of Society, that he cannot subsist without the Benefits of it. Those, therefore, who promote Doctrines destructive of that Society, must be odious to its wise Author Providence, as those are most agreeable to it, who advance Maxims and Designs most conducive to the public Good. The false Maxims of *Seneca*, and those not less pernicious of our Monkish Recluses, have produc'd very considerable Damages to the Republic of *Europe*, and eat out the Coar and Heart of all public Services ; for they are the Refuge of Sloth, and the Source of a mean and private Spirit, Enemies to Society, which can be only preserv'd by Action. The Contempt of Glory is a Doctrine that promotes Avarice, for those who look on Reputation as a Bubble, and esteem it a criminal Vanity, will not be over solicitous of what is said of them, by that Indifference loosing one guard of Virtue, and one defence against the Assaults of Vice, especially

cially Avarice, and the blind pursuit of Riches. For while *Seneca* wrote against Glory, he amass'd Wealth by base Usury, and Extortion; and while the Monks wrote for Retirement, and against Worldly Dignities, they engross'd the Wealth and Power of *Europe*.

No Body certainly ought to be indifferent in public Affairs, for every Man being concern'd in the public Good, every Man ought to have a Regard to, and a Zeal for it, since no private Good can be secure, when that of the Public is in danger. A Nobleman particularly ought to have a public Spirit, and be Zealous for the Interest of the Nation, as receiving his Quality and Title for, and from public Service, and being distinguish'd by public Honours. Nay the false Statesman, who employs all his Interest in making up to himself a great Estate, ought for his own Security (if he understood it) to promote that of the Public; since without that he can have no safe Enjoyment of even his public Robberies. The Necessity, therefore, and Obligation that every one has to contribute to the public Advantage, or Service, is a sufficient Proof of the Folly and Wickedness of recluse Principles; tho' the Preference of the active Life to the retir'd, is too evident to need Arguments to convince us; this being confin'd to ourselves, that extended to Thousands. This Virgil saw, when he prefer'd the *Roman* Art of Government to all the Sciences of *Greece*.

Excedent alii Spirantia mollius era, &c.

Tu regere Imperio Populos Romane momento.

The

The Schools and Gardens of *Athens* bred only useless Speculations, and were only the Nurseries of Philosophical Pride; where, while the Heads of each Sect were busy in advancing different *Summum Bonum*s, they lost the true and solid Good of the Public, in which the Good of all Particulars was included, and which was never the Aim or Endeavour of the Gown in any Religion, who, by Preaching up Duties to make us better than Men can be, make us worse than Men might be, if they propos'd Things more within our Compass and Power. And indeed, the false Pleasures of Speculation are too lazy and supine to give a strong or rational Delight. That which flows to a Man of Sense from an active Life must be refin'd and vivacious. For how can the slothful Retirement of a Melancholy and Pedantic Life afford half the rational Satisfaction that a Man of Business finds in the Success of his Counsels, and Endeavours for the public Good; when he reflects that so many Thousands, that is, his Native Country, depend on, and are happy by his Care, Industry, and Address? Retirement can afford no brisk and lively Pleasure, being remov'd from all those Actions and Accidents, that only can give it a Relish, which can never be found in a calm, insipid Inactivity; for Sloth at best, can only furnish a bare heavy Indolence, a lazy Tranquillity, without any thing Great or Transporting.

Nor is this Preeminence of an active Life merely imaginary, but founded on Reason, in the Nature of humane Society; for that be-

ing built on mutual Assistance, those, who most contribute to it, must act most according to Reason and the common Security: Whereas, if the Selfish-recluse Humour should prevail, the Public Security must fall, and by consequence the Private be destroy'd, while every Man directs his whole Care to his own particular, and present mistaken Tranquility. If Man look'd only on the Present, without any Eye on the Future, in what differs he from a Beast or an Ideot? 'Tis true indeed, that such a recluse Spirit is never likely to be Universal; yet *Spain* gives us an undenialable Proof of how pernicious a Consequence it may be to the Public; for the vast Efflux of People to the *American* Conquests, was not more fatal to the Power of *Spain*, than the overgrown Number of Religious Houses and Monasteries, beyond all Proportion to the rest of the People, where so many were daily busied to the public Service. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

F. L E T.

LETTER VII.

Against Avarice.

My Lord,

BUT tho' there is no great fear of that particular Mode of withdrawing from the Public to the Private in this Protestant Kingdom, yet there are other Ways not less detrimental to the Common-wealth, perhaps more, which may, nay, have too much prevail'd here. For whatever diverts a Man from a public to a private Spirit, must contribute to the common Destruction; and that is the Spirit of Avarice, which has spread so far in this Nation, for it too efficaciously promotes a pernicious Principle of Distinction betwixt the public and private Interest; and by a fatal Mistake makes Men always sacrifice the first to the last, which in Time must inevitably destroy Both. Avarice has the same (if not a far more pernicious) Effect on the Public, as that melancholy, recluse Temper; for it robs the State of as many Members, as there are Persons infected with it; nay, it not only robs the Commonwealth of so many useful Members, but by setting up a distinct Interest in them from that of the Public, creates so many dangerous Enemies to it. And this distinct Interest does greater or less damage

mage to the State in proportion to the Post,
Quality, and Power of the Avaricious Man.

For let us suppose a first Minister of State, or Favourite extreamly Covetous, and then add to this Supposition a Proposal made to him for the Public Good and Benefit, by which his particular Purse gets little or nothing ; out of a Habitude of Court Civility, or unable to contradict Demonstration, he may approve the Design, and give hopes enough of Success to betray a Dependance ; but we must never hope, that he will ever have Sincerity enough to accomplish it ; for he has too many private Aims and Occasions to make use of his Interest with his Prince for encreasing his own Wealth and Estate, to throw away one Demand for the Public Good. On the other hand, my Lord, give me leave to suppose another Proposal made to the same Avaricious Favourite, and that extreamly beneficial to himself, but detrimental to the Public, he is not able to resist the Temptation ; the Gold it brings has no Faults, and his Soul being infinitely charm'd with its Beauty, he employs all his fine Arts of Modern Politics to find how he shall enjoy it under some plausible Name of Public Interest or Necessity ; which Knack alone has more than once made a Man's Fortune, and advanc'd him from a Projector to a first Minister. *Francesco de Pazzi a Florentine Spend-Thrift,* (more infamous afterwards by his Villanous Conspiracy against his Country, and the best of *Florentines, Lorenzo di Medici*) was introduc'd to Pope *Sixtus the Fourth* for his Dexterity and Address in finding out new Imposts

and Taxes under plausible Titles; and for that Faculty alone was rais'd by that Pope to be a Favourite, and chief Minister of State.

But, my Lord, if you will yet give me leave once again to suppose, that the Gold and Address of some Foreign Prince makes way to this Favourite to betray the Secrets, or to mislead the Counsels of his King and Country, what Defence has he against the powerful Charms of such a Bribe? His Judgment is blinded by Desire; the only Thing he loves, is offer'd to his Possession; His Virtue (if ever he had any) long since forgot, and sunk in the Opinion, that it is nothing but a specious Name, of no farther use than to serve his Turn, a taking Bait to angle for Trusts, and his greatest Security in betraying of them. How could (I say) such a Favourite refuse selling his Country, if he met with a Prince, that wou'd come to the Price?

That Things of this Nature have been done, and ev'n in our Age and Nation, is a Truth no Man can doubt, that has known the World twenty Years and upwards; but it is a Truth safer to controvert, than prove. However, from this Supposition, my Lord, it will appear, how much more pernicious this private Spirit of Avarice is to the State, than that of Retirement.

Of Proposals beneficial to the Public I could give various Instances, but I shall confine myself to this, that I have now made to your Lordship; 'tis above seven Years since I made it to my Lord ——, encourag'd to it by the Reputation he had obtain'd of being a mighty Patron

Patron of the Muses, tho' I experimentally found common Rumour as false in that, as her other Reports. For tho' he was so far from rejecting it, (when far from the Perfection your Lordship sees it in) that he receiv'd it with all the Alacrity and Satisfaction imaginable, and with frequent Assurances of a Dispatch as speedy as so useful and noble a Design deserv'd; yet, my Lord, after some Years Attendance, all this Heat and Zeal vanish'd.

But, my Lord, this is a Principle too far spread among our Great Men; the Traders Vice has taken too much hold of them, nay, Avarice is as much more pernicious, as conspicuous in them. They have been too much Slaves to a false Pride, that centers in themselves, that directs all their Thoughts and Actions to the lazy Satisfaction of their own brutal or infamous Inclinations. Their Ostentation and Vanity is confin'd to the narrow Circle of themselves, and cuts them off from the Public more irrationally, than the poor Principles of a recluse Life. For at the same time, that they run down the generous Vanity of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, their Pride of Noble and Heroic Actions in the Public Service, they would fain swell above the Vulgar with a false Pride of Birth, Title, or Wealth! But if, as the Advocate of Truth, I might have leave to speak my Mind, I would ask them what Pretence any Man has to Pride, or the preferring himself to another, who does Good to no Man? When, indeed, he ought as little to value himself, as to expect the Esteem and Respect of others? Assuming without Merit, is the last Point of the

Ridiculous ; for thus Fops, ugly Coquets, and Poetasters move not our Value, but Laughter and Contempt.

From this Source springs that poor, tho' conceited Content, to sink and pass away in the common Flood of Mankind, without distinction from the Vulgar ; but it is no Argument of their Wisdom, as contrary to Reason in that Duty incumbent on all public Members of humane Society, but is a Proof of a Little-ness of Spirit, as well as Sense and Understanding.

*Stemata quid faciunt? quid prodeft, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum? — — —*

As *Juvenal* observes, of what value is an ancient, long Pedigree, if the present Possessor want Personal Merit ? 'Tis but a smoaky Glory existing in Fancy only ; but in reality does but heighten our Contempt, and more expose his Folly and Vice. While the Esteem, that flows from public Actions, is firm, just, and extended ; that which comes from Title, is precarious, and confin'd to the Hats of their Followers.

Oh ! my Lord, what different Principles had the old Romans ?

*Omnibus, qui Patriam conservaverint, adjuverint,
auxerint, certus est in Cælo & definitus Locus, ubi
Sempiterno Gaudio fruantur beati.* " All that have
" preserv'd, assisted, or enlarg'd their Coun-
" try, have a certain and fixt Abode in Hea-
" ven,

" ven, where they will enjoy an everlasting
" Beatitude.

Again,

*Quis enim potest desertâ per se Patriâ, aut oppressâ
beatus esse?* " Who can be happy, that has
either forsaken, or oppress'd his Country ?"
These are Maxims worthy a true Nobleman,
worthy a Man, most distinguish'd from a Brute
by his Reason, forsaking which, he has no
Preheminence above his Horse ; and indeed
the Horse is the nobler Creature, as more just-
ly proud in its Usefulness and Action.

" Twas the foregoing Principle that gave
Rome her *Decij*, *Camillus*, *Cocles*, *Regulus*, *Scipio's*,
&c. From the same, in the Corruption of a
Modern Age, sprung the immortal *Lorenzo di
Medici*, Men given their Nations by Provi-
dence, as Blessings worthy the Gift of eternal
Wisdom.

But are the Actions of these great and wise
Men of any Authority ? or are they only the
wild Caprice of Enthusiasm ? are they founded
in Reason ? or only in Fancy ? Is our general
neglect of great and public Actions, and blind
Zeal for private Benefits more rational, than
their Fondness of the first, and Contempt of
the last ? Or, where those singular Actions to
which the Commonwealth ow'd its Reputa-
tion, Security, and Power, (*Silo nomine sæpè
vincentes*, as *Ammianus Marcellinus* observes) truly
brave, or not ? are they more or less condu-
cive to the Good and Happiness of the Pub-
lic, (which always includes the Private) than

our private Spirit of inactive Sloth, Avarice, or Retirement? or are they not, indeed, infinitely more conducive to the Welfare of our Country, than our Mechanic Maxims? What Motives have We to do any great or brave Action for the Service of our Prince or State? Money is the whole Aim of our Actions, and Motive of our Endeavours; and that which promises most Gain, is surest to engage our Attempts. But alas! very few of those Actions, that bring in most Money, are most for the Public Interest; and where a Public Good, and a private Gain contend, the first always loses the Day. An Instance of this is in our Privateers, who will not attack those of the Enemy, because by that they shall get nothing but Blows, tho' the Destruction of one Privateer is of more Service to the Nation, than the taking twenty of the Adversaries Merchants, considering the low value of their Cargoes, the great value of ours, and how many of these may be successively taken by one Privateer; the Destruction of which is of more use to the Public than all their paltry Merchantmen, as securing our Trade and Commerce; but this brings not the same Profit into the Adventurers Hands, and we understand not the Principles of sacrificing private Gain to public Good.

Mr. Dennis's Design would have obviated all these Difficulties, but the Neglect of that was surprizing to all true *Englishmen*; but to so wretched a Degree are we fallen, and so nigh the very brink of Ruin, that to disappoint

the

the Success of any Design, it is sufficient only that it be feasible, and much for the public Benefit. I am

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER VIII.

Our Hopes from his Lordship, who by this Design may cure those Evils.

My Lord,

IN the midst of this melancholy Consideration, your Lordship presents yourself as our only Hope: In you, my Lord, I am confident, the Spirit as well as Knowledge of a true Nobleman yet lives, the exerting which would furnish a Light to disperse that Darkness, which blinds too many of most of our foremost Ranks.

If our Nobility do not lead the Way, it may perhaps be more difficult to reform the People; but with them it is most easy, because the Conspicuousness of their Dignity and Title being advanc'd, and made glorious by Virtue and public Merit, would have a vast influence on the People, who being by that taught a just

Veneration for your Order, their Veneration would naturally beget Imitation. So that, my Lord, your Lordship sees, that there is no more likely way to spread a public Spirit among us, than by your Lordship's exerting yours; for the Awfulness of the Solemnity of doing it by this Proposal, would run it into a Mode, and then every one would struggle, which should first get into the Fashion.

This I am sure would succeed, if our Noblemen were acquainted with the Sentiments of the People about them; but alas! they are not sensible how much their Conduct has lost their Interest in their respective Countries, as I could prove from a Man of the first Rank for Dignity and Estate, who has not so much Interest, as a Gentleman of Three Hundred Pounds a Year. For his excessive Avarice cuts off all Means of Popularity; that Vice naturally squeezing all the Faculties of the Soul into a very narrow Compass; for getting Money being the whole Aim of the avaricious Mind, it destroys all that, which should render Men truly valuable, that is, truly noble and distinguish'd from the common Rank. For Covetousness is not distinguishing; a Cobler that is covetous, is as cautious, parsimonious, and griping in his small Stock, as the Citizen, or Lord in their greater. Prodigality is preferable to Avarice, as more beneficial to the Public; for in this the Profusion of one promotes the Advantage of many, while the Avarice of one destroys abundance, who would else be useful to the State. It naturally directs its Votaries to the Performance of poor and

and little Actions, which as naturally produce Abhorrence and Contempt in the generality of Mankind ; and it is a hard Matter in our Age (where Reason has obtain'd so great a Liberty) to perswade Men, that the Prince can give a real Value for that, which Reason and Nature command our Contempt of.

Besides, it is the most irrational and foolish of Vices. —— Amassing and heaping up Money to obtain Pow'r, Interest, Glory, and the like, may plead some Excuse, because there is an End propos'd ; but to rake it together, meerly to have Mountains of Gold by one, is a preposterous Desire to be among Feasts and Banquets, without any Appetite or Stomach. I would fain know whether that Man, who proposes no rational End and Aim of his Actions, can deserve the Name of a Man, or rational Creature ? nay, he must be below a Brute, for a Brute acts not without Design, directing all its Actions either to Preservation or Propagation of its Being and Kind. Now I challenge all the Devotees of Avarice, to lay down any rational End of their Desires and Endeavours ; is that then worthy a Man of Quality, which is unworthy a Man ?

But this is too large a Theme throughly to discuss in this Place ; it must suffice to say, that there is no Vice more destructive to humane Society, and the good of all public Communities ; which made *Sallust* in his ingenious Oration to *Julius Cæsar* de *Ordinanda Republica*, or of his reforming the State of *Rome*, recommend a necessary and absolute Discouragement of the Love of Money, as most pernicious to

his Service, and most destructive of the State and Happiness of *Rome*; and very reasonably too, since no Member of the Commonwealth can love any thing beneficial to the Public, that is lost in so infamous a Passion. For how can he act like a Man, who always thinks like a Child? How can he have those noble Sentiments, which your Lordship express'd after your perusal of my first Paper, viz. That if your Life were requited, you would joyfully resign it to establish so useful and so noble a Design, so much for your Country's Honour and Benefit?—This was a Saying, my Lord, worthy an old *Roman*, worthy a *Mæcenas*, *Riche-lieu*, *Lorenzo di Medici*, worthy a true Patriot, worthy, my Lord, of him that spoke it. It sprung from a Principle above the great Money Changers of the Times, and which none but a Poet could be Master of.

I shall not, my Lord, trouble your Lordship with more on a Subject, so little to my present Purpose to enforce, which only now challeng'd my Remark, as a National Vice too dangerous, and too common, not to be an Object of our Reformation in order to the Happiness of our Country, which is aim'd at by the Propofal which yet lies before your Lordship. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D;

LETTER IX.

Of the Degeneracy of the Taste of our Great Men in their Pleasures.

My Lord,

BUT this is not the only Argument of the Degeneracy of the Great Men; the Depravity of their Taste in Pleasure is perhaps yet a greater Proof.

A hundred Years ago, there were about five or six Play-houses in this Town, (which then was far less Populous than it is now) all frequented, and full, tho' the Stage was yet in its rude uncultivated Dress, without Art in the Poet, or in the Decorations, and only supported by the lower Sort of People. Yet, my Lord, these lower Sort of People had Souls enough to be diverted by the naked and unornamental Drama.

But in our Times the Great Men, who should in Reason have been the Guards and Supporters of the noblest Diversion, that the Wit of Man can invent, which at once instructs and transports the Soul, were the first that conspir'd its Ruin, by prodigal Subscriptions for squeaking *Italians*, and capering Monsieurs. And the more infamously to distinguish their poor and mean Diversions from these more noble of the Public, they wou'd have no Play at all mingled with them, lest the World should think, that

that they paid any Deference to Wit and Sense, or that their Satisfaction and Delight reach'd farther, than their Eyes or Ears. And yet to shew their wretched Taste, ev'n in those they were generally pleas'd with what shock'd a nice Ear, and could not divert a curious Eye. For the best of *French* Dancers are without Variety; their Steps, their Postures, their Risings are perpetually the same, and all without any Meaning or Design; and a *French* Dancer is at best but a graceful Mover, full of a brisk and senseless Activity, unworthy the Eye of a Man of Sense, who can take no Pleasure worth attending, in which the Mind has not a considerable share.

Were our Modern Dancers like the Mimes and Pantomimes of *Rome*, our Dotage would be excuseable. For one of them in a Dance by himself, by the variety of his Motions and Gesticulations, would represent a whole History with variety of Persons, and that so very evidently, that a King of *Perſia* seeing one of them, beg'd him of *Nero* for an Interpreter to the several Nations and Tongues he had to do with; since his Action was a universal Language, intelligible to all.

In this something must strike the Mind, and rationally entertain it, every Action depending on another, and all directed to one End. But to be fond of our Modern Dancing, is still to be Children, and pleas'd with a Rattle that makes always the ſame Noise. All that can be ſaid of *Ballon* (or any *French* Dancer of more Reputation) is, that his Motion is easy and graceful, the Figures he throws his Body into fine,

fine, and that he rises high with Freedom and Strength ; the whole in short is, that he is an active Man. But is that, or wou'd indeed the *Roman* Pantomimes be a sufficient Ballance against the Drama to any Man of common Sense ?

I own, their Excuse is greater in their Indulgence of Music in their Subscriptions for *Italian* Singers. Yet to be drawn wholly by Sound, tho' never so harmonious, is neither the greatest or justest Praise. Yet it is certain that Music has an intrinsic Value, discovering a Power not to be resisted. But then this Power is heighten'd by the Addition of Poetry, and passionate Words give a double Force to Harmony, and make it a surer Way to the Heart, than when the Soul is not so fully concern'd in the bare Notes ; and Vocal Music is agreed by all the noblest and most touching ; that Tone being most excellent, which comes nearest to Vocal Sounds.

Music therefore ought still , as originally it wa's, to be mingled with the Drama, where it is subservient to Poetry, and comes in to the Relief of the Mind , when that has been long intense on some noble Scene of Passion ; but ought never to be a separate Entertainment of any length.

I give these Allowances, my Lord, only in consideration of good Music, Vocal or Instrumental, to which those of the 1500*l.* Subscriptions have not the least Pretence, as being the disgrace of Music. But having heard in *Italy*, what Bubbles we *Tramontani* were in their Foreign

Foreign Trash, ventur'd o're the *Alps* to share the Prize.

Hence, my Lord, appears the Degeneracy of the Age, especially of the Great Men, who were the Setters up, and Encouragers of this paltry Diversion. They can with no Shadow of Reason or Justice urge, that our present Plays are worse, than those of 100 Years ago, for that wou'd be too palpable an Instance of their profound Ignorance, or extravagant Prejudice, which is below a Man of Judgment and Sense; as may easily be made appear in Tragedy only, of which we are scarce yet arriv'd to a just Notion. Nor was there much of Comedy known before *Ben Johnson*; for no Man can allow any of *Shakespear's*, Comedies, except the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There are indeed excellent Humours scatter'd about and interwoven in his other Plays; but *Ben Johnson* was the first, that ever gave us a true entire Comedy. Since him we have had *Etheridge*, *Wicherly*, *Sbadwel*, and *Crown* in some of his Plays, with the rest of King *Charles's* Reign. Since that Mr. *Congreve* in two Plays has merited Praise, and in one of them very well distinguish'd his Characters, and hit true Humour. Mr. *Dennis* has excell'd in Comedy in the *Plot and no Plot*, and in *Iphigenia* in Tragedy; and Mr. *Vanbrook* has shewn abundance of rude, ill conducted, and unartful Nature. His Dialogue generally is Dramatic and Easy; he is I suppose no Scholar, and has run on some monstrous Absurdities in Conduct and Manners, which want of Skill in his Art has thrown him on. After these, our very Farcewrights deserve more Esteem,

teem, than the taking Plays of an hundred Years ago, as having as much Nature, more Design and Conduct, and more Wit.

Whence it appears that the Stage wou'd now meet with as much Encouragement, if our Audience of the Great Men had as much Soul, Force, Sense and Spirit, as the Vulgar had then: Or if they cou'd themselves distinguish betwixt Good and Bad, so far as to encourage the Good, and explode the Bad, they would soon have Plays more worthy the *English* Genius; but while they do directly the contrary, we must every Day expect worse, since no Man of Sense wou'd expose his Reputation to so scandalous a Censure.

This, with what I have already said of the Degeneracy of the Nation, is enough, I hope, to move your Lordship to fly to its Rescue, and stop its hast'ning Fall. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

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LETTER X.

Degeneracy produces a certain, tho' not always a speedy Ruin to a State.

My Lord,

BUT it may be objected in defence of the Degeneracy and Vice of the Politics of these Times, that we compass our Ends of Government, as well as the *Greeks* and *Romans* of old, or any of our contemporary Moderns. I might answer in the Negative, that we do not compass our Ends so well as either ; nay, I may say cannot, for while private Interest here delays public Dispatches and Counsels, we often lose Opportunities, which , the Enemy gaining, are never to be retriev'd, which in Time will, nay must inevitably ruin us. Next it is true indeed, that we have People executing such and such Places and Offices, and that notwithstanding the general Corruption of these Officers, the Business of these Offices is in some Manner done ; and by Consequence, that our private Interest has the same Effect with us, as the public Spirit had with the Antients, and other less degenerate People at this Time Yet first— Avarice prevailing in our Ministers and Officers, that exposes them to Bribes, and by those to betray their Trusts and the Nation. And this is plain in the Victualling-Office, where corrupt Negligence, or Avarice ha

has done the Nation irreparable Damage at Sea; the ill Conduct towards, or Oppression of the Seamen in the public Service, discourages them from it, making them rather take up with the *French*, than undergo the Hardships at Home in the Service of their own Prince. Next, the avaricious Discharge of these Offices, makes Men of Spirit and Bravery, who cannot brook the slavish Treatment they meet with from such Hands, forsake the Service of the Public, or else; which is worse, join in cheating it in their own Defence. For no Man ever yet attempted to do Justice to the Public, by discovering the Cheats of these Officers, but was ruin'd by them, the Usefulness and Honesty of the Undertaking not furnishing them with Patrons (even in the Parliaments) to defend them against the Power, Interest, and Money of the Offenders; for tho' an Impunity in robbing the Public be a very great Encouragement to the Robbers, yet the Oppression of all those who attempt their Punishment, puts away all Thoughts of returning to their Duty, being so secure, nay perhaps only safe in the Breach of it. And tho' by the Strength of our Constitution deriv'd down to us from our robust Ancestors, the natural Wealth of the Nation, and the Number and Courage of her People, we may a little while withstand a total Subversion, yet these Evils daily encreasing, must in a few Years entirely ruin us: For, like a robust Person, trusting to the strength of our Body, our Constitution bears up awhile against all the Attacks of a debauch'd and disorderly Life,

Life, yet at last that gives way on the sudden, and perishes all at once.

A sure and lamentable Proof of my Speculation, is the late Address of the *House of Commons*, enough to evidence the Truth of the Fact, and the Certainty of our Ruin, if not speedily prevented.

I might instance the public Loss by Trade purely by the Interest of private Men who gain by it ; but it would be too long for this Place, as well as the Source and Reinedy of all these Evils, which cannot be compass'd so easily, as by the Establishment of my Proposal, and the Consequences of it.

I shou'd too here show your Lordship a Draught of the State of *Rome*, when prepar'd by false Pride, Luxury and Avarice, for that certain and speedy Ruin, which came upon it, as admirably painted by *Ammianus Marcellinus* in his xiv Book, but that it is too long for this Place. Where he shows what Virtues raised the *Roman* State to its immense Pow'r, and what Vices prevail'd among the Nobility and People in its Decay. The Great Men of *Rome* in its Declension were proud of their Equipage, Buildings, vast Revenues, and the like, never reflecting, that *Valerius Publicola* was buried at the public Charge ; the Widow and Children of *Regulus* maintain'd by his Friends, and the Portion of *Scipio*'s Daughter paid her Husband by the State ; the later *Romans* plac'd all their Pride and Glory in themselves and Retinue, wholly forgetting those Virtues, that fix'd such a Force to the *Roman* Name, that ev'n then preserv'd their Luxury and

and Folly. But they soon felt the Consequence; for in an Age or two they sunk under, and were overrun by barbarous Nations, that their Ancestors contemn'd. Gaming, Drinking, Feasting, Mimes, Dancers, Singers, Eunuchs, and the like, were their Pride, and their Pleasures, of which every Man of Figure had whole Bands in his Train. The common People, by their Example, were as idle as debauch'd, by which they lost all Greatness of Mind, all Military Virtue, and in the End their Empire.

In *England* too, we have had Instances of another Sort of a Spirit among our Nobility, as when *Edward the Black Prince* was a Terror to *France*, he bestowed 500 Marks *per Annum* on the Lord *Audeley*, after his Service in the Battle of *Poictiers* or *Cressy*, which Lord immediately gave the Royal Present among his four Squires, who fought bravely with him; which being carried to the Prince by some Court-Informers, as a slight of his Gift; my Lord was sent for, and own'd the Fact in Terms to this Purpose: May it please your Highness, these four Gentlemen behav'd themselves better than myself, and deserv'd the Reward I have given them, and bless'd be God I have Estate enough to enjoy all I desire. The Prince, touch'd with his Generosity, confirm'd his Donation, and gave my Lord Five Hundred more for himself. These are Actions worthy an *English* Prince, and worthy an *English* Nobleman.

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But

But now, like the *Roman* Nobility in the Time of *Ammianus Marcellinus*, our Quality distinguish themselves generally speaking (for I am far from including that illustrious Body, of which many are yet, and would be more worthy their Titles and Esteem) either by excessive Avarice, or Prodigality. Their Quality they urge, as a Defence against their lawful Debts, or as a Bar against the Course of Law: They either swell with the Vanity of an ancient Family, or the Greatness of their Estate and Wealth. A *French* Fidler, or a *French* Valet is generally their Favourite, for they are often so bad *Englishmen* to prefer any Foreigner to a Native, tho' they are generally infinitely worse; but the Foreigner makes up his Defects by Impudence and Fawning. I remember, that *Euripides* in one of his Fragments says, that he, who loves the Manners and Fashions of another Country, has ev'n in that betray'd his own. If we should judge our Great Men by that Rule, (which is very well grounded, if justly weigh'd) how many Traitors shou'd we find ev'n among our Legislators? I have observ'd that Men of Letters, Wit and Sense, are seldom encourag'd and entertain'd by our Quality, whereas if they were, they wou'd be more justly serv'd, and get more Reputation by their Conduct. A Man of true Sense must be an honest Man, and by consequence would not abuse his Master's Ear, to the loss of his Credit or Interest. For there are a great many of Figure in the World, that are so govern'd by their Servants, as to have nothing

nothing but the formal Name of Masters left them, by that Means making themselves a Jest to the World, and a Property to their Domestics. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER XI.

*Address to my Lord to remedy all these Evils,
by establishing this Design.*

My Lord,

BUT, my Lord, it is not the Business of this Time or Place, to draw so just and rigorous a Picture of too many of our Quality, as I easily could ; most of whose Follies wou'd vanish in the Imitation of your Lordship, if you wou'd exert those noble Maxims, of which your Lordship is Master, into Action, in the Accomplishment of only this one Design, on which so many depend of that extraordinary Use to the Public; that, my Lord, you might live to see the *English* Name more glorious by your Lordship's Means, than ever it has been since a Nation. If *England* be now too barbarous, as all Men of Sense must with

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your

your Lordship agree it is, it is now in your Lordship's Power to civilize and polish it, by being zealous and active in this Affair. In short, my Lord, on You the Genius of your Country calls ; to You she sends out her tender and expiring Complaints ; from You she begs Security from impending Ruin. To You the Glory and Safety of *England*. (your native Soil, a Name dear to the most barbarous) comes with suppliant Hands, imploring your Help and your Interest. On You, my Lord, Posterity calls to prevent those Miseries, they must else be born to : Nay, on You, Nature and Reason depend for their Right, and Heaven itself, which is always delighted with Deeds beneficial to humane Society, challenges this Return from your Lordship for that Sense, that Fortune, and that Interest it has given you with your Prince, to exert it all so far, as to accomplish a Thing, that evidently tends to the Safety, Glory, and Happiness of that Nation, of which your Lordship is so very considerable a Member.

Were the Difficulty greater by infinite Degrees, than it now is, yet, my Lord, a Genius like your Lordship's might easily surmount it ; whereas, here is nothing requir'd but your Lordship's speaking to the Queen, and bringing over a few Noblemen to assent to a Demonstration, who would think your Lordship's Authority sufficient. I am,

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most bumble,
and obedient Servant,*

John D.

C. D.

LETTER XII.

*One Man of Virtue and Resolution can raise
a Nation from Contempt to Glory.*

And the Conclusion of the whole.

My Lord,

‘T IS true, as I have already observ’d, that your Lordship has not so arbitrary a Disposal of Things here, as *Richelieu* had in *France*; yet, my Lord, give me leave to say, it is in your Power to do this, by exerting that Interest you have.

How much the Resolution of one Man can do, tho’ a Subject, is plain from *Lorenzo di Medici*, a Nobleman of *Florence*, who on the Death of his Father *Pierro*, (a Man of small Parts, and maintaining his Authority perfectly on his Father’s Reputation) was left scarce seventeen Years old, in the midst of dangerous Wars of the State, and more dangerous Factions against his own House; and yet overcame them all by the Force of his own Genius.

“ Of all the Houses (says *Varillus*) that now bear Sovereign Sway, there is not one, that has been reduc’d to stranger Extremities than that of the *Medici*, nor was that ever so near Ruin, as in the sad Conjunction, when young *Lorenzo* became its Head. The vast Expences he was oblig’d to be at, equal’d the great Fortune his Father left

" him. He became the Head of his Family,
" and one of the most considerable Citizens of
" Florence, at an Age when others require seve-
" ral Years a Guardian ; and his Youth was al-
" most equally despiseable to his Friends and
" Enemies. He found himself engag'd in a
" War, for the Support of which, all his He-
" reditary Wealth was too small ; and which
" was worse, this War seem'd to threaten Con-
" sequences of a longer Date, since the Repub-
" lick of Venice was concern'd in it.

" Besides the declar'd Enemies of his House,
" that appear'd Twenty thousand strong in the
" Field, there were abundance both in the Tus-
" can State, and in the City of Florence, that
" were as much to be fear'd. The Murmurs
" of the People had already shown how weary
" they were of the War, before they had suf-
" fer'd any Inconvenience from it, and gave
" out, that they wou'd make their Peace at the
" Expence of those who had been the Cause
" or Pretext of the Discord.

" The Auxiliary Troops thought their En-
" gagement ended by the Death of Pierro di
" Medici, and acted so faintly, that it was easy
" to guess, that they expected speedily to be
" recall'd. The Gonfalonier, and the Under
" Magistrates, began to despair of maintaining
" the War, and did not believe they were
" powerful enough to keep the Factions in
" Obedience. The Friends of the House of
" Medici had newly lost the Foundation of their
" Union in the Person of Pierro, and durst no
" longer act in concert, out of an Opinion they
" had of one another, that each was managing
" his

" his Accommodation apart. In few words,
 " the Danger was so great, and seem'd so inevi-
 " table, that there needed the utmost Endeav-
 " ours of the most heroick, and consum-
 " mate Virtue, to vanquish so many Difficul-
 " ties.

" Nevertheless, *Lorenzo di Medici*, as a Proof
 " of his Judgment, Resolution and Force, un-
 " dertook it. History supply'd his Want of
 " proper Experience, and he soon shew'd him-
 " self a Man that wou'd fill the Place both of
 " his Father and Grandfather. Thus far *Va-
 rillas.*

In the midst of these Difficulties, my Lord,
 and coming so early to the Management of
 Publick Affairs, the little Wits of *Volterra*, for
 his Progress in polite Learning, and his Stu-
 dies under *Angelus Politianus*, lampoon'd him,
 because Learning was not then usual among
 the *Italian* Noblemen ; yet by the Assistance of
 this, in the height of this Struggle of State,
 and Crisis of the Fortune of his Family, he ut-
 terly destroy'd the *Pitti* under their *Venetian*
General Coglione. And notwithstanding the sor-
 did Jests of the ignorant *Volterreze* on a Noble-
 man's Learning, in his Time he restor'd it to
 that Reputation, that his Master *Politian* had
 500 young Gentlemen of Quality at a time, that
 waited on him from his House to his School,
 and thence Home again.

He founded the University of *Pisa*, and by
 large Benefices and Rewards drew thither Men
 of Learning in all polite Arts and Sciences, and,
 as a Spur to Emulation, fix'd Prizes for the best
 Performers.

Varillas asserts, that there were better Painters, Sculptors and Architects in *Lorenzo's* time, than in Old *Greece*, by his Encouragement of *Alberti*, who commented on *Vitruvius*, and improv'd Opticks in Painting. *Lorenzo* got together all Monuments of Antiquity for their Improvement, as well as the most excellent Masters, to train up, and instruct all that wou'd study those three Arts; providing for those who had not Money, for he never spar'd his Purse in anything that cou'd lift him above the Vulgar. The Works of the Learners were brought to the Test, examin'd by the Masters, and the Faults, which rob'd them of Perfection, pointed fairly out. Emulation was kept up, which encreas'd Industry and Perfection of each Art. In this School *Michael Angelo* improv'd himself so early to that degree, that at Nineteen his Copy of an Original was so wonderful, that they cou'd not be distinguish'd.

He fix'd a Design of Physical and Astronomical Experiments : He persuaded the *Florentines* to build Schools for the *Virtuosi*, and settled Pensions on them himself. To him we owe all the Greek Manuscripts brought from *Constantinople*, when that City was taken by the Turks. He was not content to caress the Muses, and receive them frequently at his Table, (as the Kings of *Naples* and *Hungary* did at that time) but took care to exercise each in his proper Talent, and gave them Spirit from his own Example. He wrote Odes, Sonnets, Letters of Gallantry, a Dialogue of the Nature of Love, &c. without any Imputation to his Gravity or his Politicks. And tho' these, as well as his Book to

his

his Son, are lost ; yet *Paulus Jovinus*, who had seen them, makes them equal to the best Performances of that Age. If we consider the Wars, the Negotiations of State he manag'd, the Conspiracies he escap'd and defeated, the Factions he quell'd, &c. we shou'd think he had no time on his hands to regard Arts and Sciences ; yet if we consider his Zeal for these, and the Advantages they all deriv'd from him, one wou'd think his whole time spent in cultivating the Muses, and all this in a very little time, for he died at Forty three.

By his own Virtue, in the private State of a Subject, without any Post in the Government, he rais'd his Reputation to such a height, that all the *Italian* Princes paid an entire Deference to his Merit : *Bajazet II*, Emperor of the *Turks*, sent to him to testify his Value for his Virtue ; and *Matthias Corvinus*, King of *Hungary*, sent a solemn Embassy to him. The famous *Cayte Bey*, *Soldan* of *Egypt*, sent him such magnificent Presents, as no Prince had seen since the Fall of the *Roman Empire*.

Oh ! my Lord ! which is more reasonable, which more desirable to a Man, a Life like *Lorenzo's*, spent in Action for the Publick Good, his Country's Service, and his own Immortal Glory ; or a sordid, narrow, slothful Age, dream'd out in a stupid Inactivity ? If it is not in all Great Men's Power to do what *Lorenzo* did, it is in all to attempt something like it ; and the surest way not to attain what he did, is to perswade one's self that one can't, for that cuts off all Industry and Attempts : And I cannot, while I am Master of Reason, but believe

that more Great Men have a heavier Account for neglecting to use their Interest for the Benefit of their Country, than for all their other Crimes put together : 'Tis betraying a Trust put into their hands by God and Nature.

Such was not *Lorenzo di Medici*, whose Actions in this Nature, so contrary to those of our Great Men, are justify'd by the Success of his Counsels, and the universal Approbation of Europe.

In short, as he was a Man of Letters, so he had Parts equal to his Learning, which join'd, enabled him to make such a Figure in Italy, both in Peace and War, that he always gain'd his Point, and surmounted all Difficulties, not only of the *Pazzi's* Conspiracy, but the united and open Forces of the Church and *Naples*, the Church and *Venice*, &c. And as by his own single Virtue he freed *Florence* from impending Ruin in the War with *Sixtus IV* and *Naples*; so he by the same rescu'd *Ferrara*, and the young Duke of *Mantua*, from the Ambition of that Prelate, in so Masterly a manner, that it at once disappointed and mortify'd his Holiness, by frightening him with summoning a Council, the Test of which *Sixtus IV* cou'd by no means think of standing. These Successes of *Lorenzo* are the more remarkable, for being at a time when Learning was a Disgrace, and for which he himself had been lampoon'd, as I have said. Though indeed a Statesman that is not perfectly vers'd in History, must be a meer Dabler in Politicks; and the Success of his Counsels, if they ever have any, must be like Empiric Cures, owing rather to Chance, or the Constitution

tution of the Patient, than to his Art : He does in Politicks, as some do in Religion, veil his Ignorance under *Arcana*, or Mysteries. *Lorenzo* was qualify'd in another manner ; he was a perfect Master of the Constitution of the Government, and People of his own Country ; thoroughly skill'd in the Inclinations, Interests, Strengths and Weaknesses of his Neighbours, nicely vers'd in History, ancient and modern ; was furnish'd with a Perspicacity, Readiness of Apprehension, Address, and an inviolable Honour, Royal Liberality ; and was a zealous Encourager of those Arts and Sciences from whence most of these Perfections proceed, and by which the rest are confirm'd, and grow fix'd and robust. As he immediately apprehended what was beneficial for the Publick, so he never wanted Resolution to attempt the Execution of it ; and all the Inconveniencies and Difficulties that oppos'd it, serv'd only to whet his Industry to accomplish it. He had a solid Judgment, and a sprightly Imagination ; was a Scholar himself, and Founder of an Academy of the politer Studies, though not so perfect as what I propose to your Lordship. I wish too many of our *English* Statesmen had not been more like his Contemporaries than him ; for they neither knew nor saw any thing but the Present, and judg'd of present Emergencies from their own Inclinations, or private Interest ; or by some ill digested Maxims of *Machiavel*, which, for want of Experience and History, they never understood, and by consequence always misapply'd ; for he that knows not the Proof of Political Problems from History, will do with them as

some Poetasters do with the Rules in Poetry, pretending to write regularly by Rules wrong understood, and so compose a Piece agreeable neither to the Critick, nor the Town.

But, my Lord, so good a Statesman as your Lordship, and so every way qualify'd for a generous Rival of *Lorenzo*, cannot but be struck with the great Actions of his Life, and prefer the Reputation he had before all the poor Pride, and narrow Aims of our mistaken Great Men. No more reasonable, no more noble, nor any more feasible Means can be propos'd for your Lordship's arriving to the greatest Esteem of all the present and future Learned World, and indeed of all Mankind that can think, and shall know the Affair.

Should I, my Lord, multiply Words as long as my Zeal for this Cause would furnish me, I might be tedious, but I could ne'er be silent. But to avoid that Tedium, I fear I have already incur'd, I shall only add, that if after all I have said, your Lordship may have any Reasons yet to deter and slacken your Zeal in this Cause; I only beg your Lordship to enable me to bring it into such a Forwardness, that your Lordship may have no Trouble but a Word or two to give it the finishing Stroke. I am,

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most humble,
and obedient Servant,*

C. D.

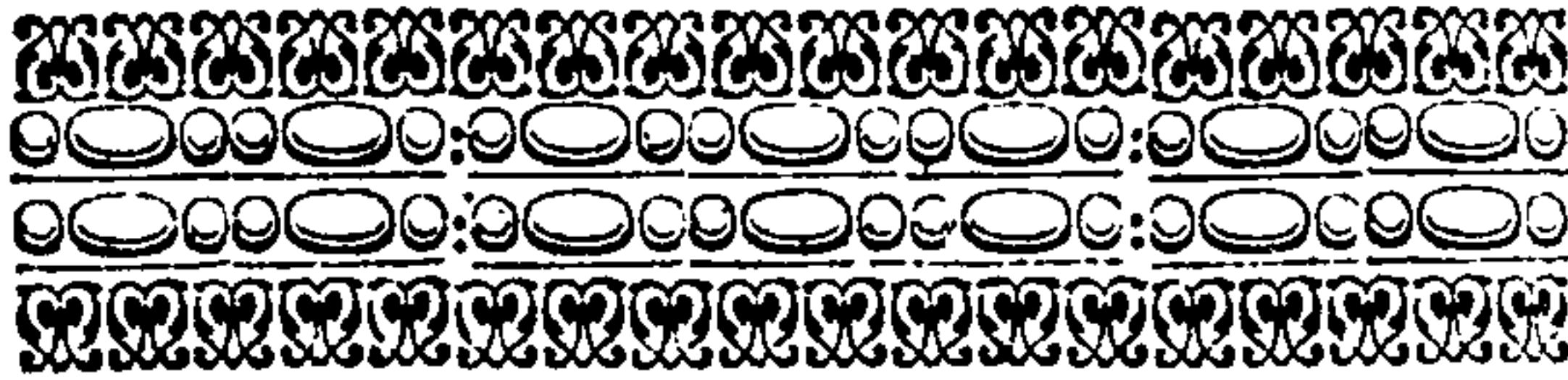
Well,

Well, Gentlemen, (said I) what think you of this Packet? For my part (said the Baron) they please me very much; but I am surpriz'd that so much Reason has found so little Effect in the promoting of so Publick spirited a Design. That (assur'd the Chevalier) ought to be no Surprize in this Nation: It had been a greater Cause of Wonder if the Undertaker had succeeded. Little Projects for private Gain every Day carry their Point; and a Patent is seldom refus'd to those who seek it on the least probable Grounds.

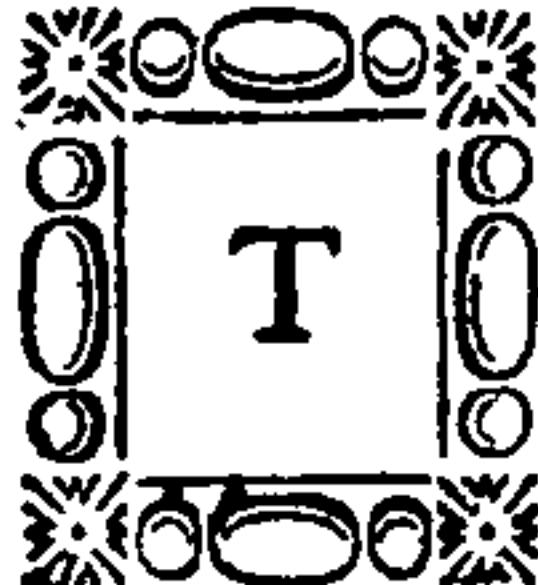
I dare assure you, (said Downright) that whatever Success other Inventions may have, nothing that is merely for the Advantage of Arts will ever do here, till some Man of Pow'r arise with the Genius and Spirit of Sir Philip Sidney.

Here the Servant came in, and let us know that Supper was on the Table; on which, we adjourn'd our Enquiry till the next Day after Dinner.

The End of the Second Book.



BOOK III.

HE next Day after Dinner, having first drank a chearful Glass of October, we went on with our Letters.

LETTER I.

*A Learned Controversy between Adam Pum-
kin a Gardiner, and Alexander Gerund a
Country School-master.*

To Mr. Roberts, at his Lodgings at the Sign of the Mitre in Fleet-street, London.

My Friend Bob,

WHILE your Town is fill'd with the scolding Controversies of the Learned, I venture to send you one that has lately happen'd between a Gardiner of our Parish,

rish, and the School-master. Which of the two was the Aggressor in the Quarrel, I do not certainly know, each laying the Blame on his Adversary. But whatever may have past before by Word of Mouth, is from the present Purpose, since it is evident that *Gerund* gave the first Attack in writing, sure of the Victory as he imagin'd, because *Adam* cou'd not reply by way of Pen and Ink, as not being able to write down his own Defence. However, that was a Defect which he supply'd by the Assistance of the Clerk of the Parish, who makes his Addresses to his Daughter *Maudlin*; by which means I have the Power of sending you his Answer to the proud Pedagogue. How this Dispute will end, I know not, both sides being obstinate, and utterly averse to any Accommodation. If they go on in the same manner, I shall take care to send you what their Indignations shall produce, as very fit to be made a Part in a Collection of the Argumentations of the Times. I am

Yours to command,

Samuel Oddlove.

Adam, thou ignorant Délver, be not proud that I vouchsafe to write to thee, for it is to thy Confusion. Stop that noisy Tongue of thine, nor lose any more of thy Time in railing at Learning, and particularly at us who are the Teachers of it, for thou dost but kick against the Pricks; and bringst no Advantage either to thy self, or thy Cause: I dare be confident that not an old Woman in the Parish will ever

be so far thy Convert as to think the worse of my Occupation, or the better of thine, or put us two on the same foot for Excellence.

Great Princes have been School-masters, and the World grows wise by our Instructions: For utterly to confound thee, *Hercules* himself was but an itinerant School-master, who, travelling from Town to Town, instructed the People, so that all the Monsters he kill'd, was Ignorance in several Shapes. *Homer* was a School-master of *Smyrna*, where they yet keep his Picture; and there writ a fine Romance, or Story Book, in Greek Verse, much finer than *Valentine's Orson*, or the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, which he taught his Scholars, till a Gardiner's Son Role his Verses away, and run into *Greece* with them, and set up for himself; which was the Occasion of *Homer's Travels* to find him out, and get his Book again; and this gave pretence for so many Cities striving for the Honour of his Birth. But we have yet had greater Men of our Profession; *Agamemnon*, after he had conquer'd *Troy*, being cast away on the *Neapolitan Coast*, set up a School, and there had for his Scholar *Petronius Arbiter*, who in Gratitude mentions him in his facetious Book of Tales, written in excellent *Latin* in the time of *Nero Emperor of Rome*.

What was *Dionysius*, but a great Prince, who, when his rebellious Subjects had driven him from his Throne, went to *Athens*, and as the nearest Dignity to a King, chose to set up a School? where he had such Success, that he was chosen Parliament Man for that State; and was actually one of the *Areopagus* when St. Paul

Paul converted him to Christianity, in which he prov'd so zealous, as to go and preach the Gospel in *France*, and in the Massacre of *Paris* had his Head cut off; but he taking it up in his Hand, walk'd away as far as St. *Dennis*, where he had a Mind to be buried, and has ever since been the Patron of *France*, all whose Kings are buried in the very same Place. When will a Gardiner arrive at that Honour? What should I mention more? *Socrates* was a Schoolmaster, and had *Aleibiades*, *Zenophon*, *Plato*, and others to his Scholars; but being forc'd to fly from a Conspiracy of the Gardiners, who always hated Learning, he escap'd to *Constantinople*, and there set up a School, and writ part of the *Ecclesiastical History* which is yet extant. *Quintilian* and *Seneca* were Schoolmasters in *Rome*, the latter had the great Emperor *Nero* for his Scholar, who burnt *Rome* only to have the Honour of rebuilding it of Marble; but a Gardiner getting into his Favour in the sixth Year of his Reign, he put his Master *Seneca* to Death. For whom St. *Austin* had that Veneration, that he pray'd so heartily for him, that he was carried by a sort of *Habemus Corus* from Hell to Heaven, and left all the Gardiners behind him with the Devil. But what do I talk of this? Did not *Adam*, the first Man who was a Gardiner, damn all Mankind, and brought such a universal Ignorance on his Race, that it has been the Business of the Schoolmaster to endeavour to remedy this Evil ever since?

To mention *Orbilius*, *Priscian*, *Philemon*, and a long Catalogue of *Roman* Schoolmasters, would be to make my Letter a Volume. I need it not, my Cause requires it not, and therefore I shall conclude with a Saying of an eminent *Roman* Schoolmaster, call'd *Cicero*,

Cedant Arma Togæ, concedat Laurea Lingue.

" Let the pruning Knife give Place to
" the Night-gown, and a Sallad to a Neats-
" Tongue.

Now, *Adam*, hang thy self in Despair, which
is the hearty Wish of

ALEXANDER GERUND.

LET

LETTER II.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Sawny Gerund,

THOU hast reckon'd without thine Host, when thou didst think to confound me with thy Epistle, which I shall in few Words confute, and shew thee to be a very lying Ass. For first, *Hercules* was no Schoolmaster, but a good lusty raw-bon'd Fellow, and could do a better Day's Work than most of his Time, and therefore was employ'd by an eminent Gardiner, to cleanse his Stable, and dung his Ground ; but then asking more Hire than *Augæus* thought he deserv'd, he could not get his Wages, which the Gardiner honestly refer'd to the next Justice of the Peace. But *Hercules* wou'd admit of no Reference, and knock'd poor *Augæus* on the Head, and so run away to the next Country, and was safe till he play'd some new Prank, for the States of that Part of the World were so small, that a Man run through two or three of them in a Day.

As for *Homer*, I am told he was a blind Beggar, who having pawn'd his Verses to that Gardiner for Herbs, Roots, and the like, was not able to redeem them, and so as a Forfeiture they were carried away. And bad Payment too. For how cou'd the Gardiner pay his Men, and go to Market with an old Ballad or two? but he was a mighty Lover of Ballads, and so was

was content with that Payment, when no better was to be had. That *Agamemnon* was no Schoolmaster, is plain, for he was a good Cudgel Player, which no Schoolmaster ever was; so that from his breaking so many of the *Trojans Heads*, I rather believe him to have been a Gardiner. But as for your *Roman Pedants*, I have little to say to them, unless that it's likely they had all Popes in their Bellies; but you have forgot the Schoolmaster, who, to betray his Country, carried all his Scholars, under Pretence of airing them, into the Enemies Camp; but the Enemies General, who eat abundance of Sallad, if he were not a Gardiner, sent them back again with each a Rod in his Hand, with which they flog'd the Traytor Pedant back to his own Town, where he was soon hang'd, as you all should be, were I your Judge and Jury.

But how hadst thou the Impudence to mention *Socrates*, who was the Scourge of all the Pedants of his Time, and who was so fond of Gardens, that he had some fixt in *Athens* itself, for the Philosophers to walk in and chop Logic? And as for his *Ecclesiastical History*, it is a meer Fiction of thy own Brain, for he never writ any thing in his Life: He was a Fellow of a voluble Tongue, and could out-talk all the wise Men of his Age; but I question whether he could write or not; but sure I am he never writ History, therefore, Gerund, thou liest in thy Throat. Thus thou hast made St. Dennis a Schoolmaster, whereas on Enquiry of my Neighbour Monsieur *Dancee*, a Frenchman born

and

and bred, I find he scarce ever went to School himself.

I could say much for the Honour of Gardiners, and tell you of one *Alcinous* a Prince of a Country, and who entertain'd *Ulysses* in his return Home, who was famous for his Gardens. I could likewise, *Gerund*, mention one *Dioclesian* an Emperor, who quitted the Empire to turn Gardiner. And your Anger against *Adam*, the first Man whom your Dogship owns to have been a Gardiner, it shows your Ingratitude, for if he had not faln, we never had had the Curse of Pedants, but all the World had been Gardiners. In short, you are yourselves a Tax upon the Nation, and a Nufance to the Place where you are, and next Quarter-Sessions I intend to indite you, for your Brats make such a bauling, that it frights my Team every time I drive to Market, and I am afraid some time or other I shall suffer in my Cattle, by the damnable Noise of a Company of idle young Rascals, who learn to rob an Orchard, before they can tell what's *Latin* for an Apple. The Conclusion of your Letter is as impudent as the beginning, by putting one *Cicero* on me for a Schoolmaster, when he was a Dealer in Vetches in the Herb-Market in *Rome*, and had his Name from that Pulse, for Pedant *Cicero* comes from *Cicer*, which is a Vetch in *English*. He was I believe a great Cornchandler, and by some of his Works I fancy a Costermonger likewise, if not a Gardiner, for he writ a Book *de Finibus bonorum Malorum*, that is, of the End or Use of good

good Apples, that is, of our Kentish Pippins, they are the best Apples that I know of.

But the Gardiners are not without their History Writers too ; for, blundering *Gerund*, what dost thou think of one *Lucius Florus*, whose very Name proves him a Gardiner, for that is in English *Luke the Florist*, from *Flores Flowers*; *Florus* easily comes from *Flores*. So I now return thee the Halter you sent me, and do not doubt but to hear thou hast hang'd thyself, on being so handled by honest

ADAM PUMPKIN.

This is a merry Quarrel (said I) and I think that old *Adam* has got the better of the Pedagogue. The Pedagogue (assum'd the Chevalier) discovers a great deal of Ignorance, or Impudence, or both ; and I believe (pursu'd the Baron) the Gardiner by the help of the Parish Clerk, who seems to be a notable Wag, is not behind Hand with him in either. In my Opinion (concluded Downright) the whole Controversy seems much of a Piece with those of the Learned, as they are call'd ; there is a hearty Contempt of his Adversary in each ; false Quotations, much Wrath, and very little Wit.

L. E T.

LETTER III.

Some Comfort for a Cuckold.

It is thus directed,
 To Mr. Oldsap, at his Chambers in New-
 Inn, London.

Dear Ralph,

I Have receiv'd your melancholy Letter, in
 which you complain of your hard Fate in
 having a Wife. You know what *Gomez* in the
Spanish Fryar says, —— *We are married for our
 Sins, and the Lord have Mercy upon us ought to be
 written over our Doors.* And old *Acasto* in the
Orphan, in his dying Advice to his Sons,
 says,

*Let Marriage be the last mad Thing you do,
 To satisfy for all the former.*

Did you know Woman so little, as to place
 any Happiness or Content in a Wife? How came
 you to forget the Success you had found with
 other Mens Wives, that you could ever think
 of having one yourself? What Charms did
 you think an old Bachelor should have to
 tie the wandering Appetite of a Woman to
 himself? Or cou'd you have the Confidence or
 Vanity to imagine, that you shou'd fare better
 than your Neighbours? For my Part, I have
 that

that value for the Sex, that I will trust none of them, that I may not be oblig'd to suspect, or curse any.

But you may comfort yourself in this Affliction, by reflecting you are not a Cuckold alone, you have a jolly Company of Fellow-sufferers; and it is so much the Fashion now-a-days, that a Man would be look'd on as a Monster that was out of the Mode: Every one wou'd think that you had made a very scandalous Choice, who was not capable of provoking one to ask her the Question; for you know what Ovid said long ago, who had a pretty large Acquaintance among the *Bona Roba's of Rome*:

Castia est quam nemo regavit.

All I can blame your good Wife for in this Affair, is, that she manag'd so ill as to let her Intrigue be found out by the only Man in the World from whom she ought to have conceal'd it; for as long as the Husband is ignorant, the Wife is virtuous.

You know my Client Mr. Goldbite; he married too, and thought himself the only happy Man, till he caught her in the Fact; but then with the Temper of a Philosopher he remain'd perfectly Calm, no Blood and Wounds follow'd; he only presently order'd his Coach to be got ready, and taking her by the Hand, Come Madam (said he) we must just now make your Father a Visit. How unwilling soever Madam was, she was fain to submit; for as the Emperor in *Aurenzebe* says, —— *Vice makes them humble, gives them Care to please.* They got to her

her Father's by Noon, where Mr. Goldbite let both Father and Mother know the Adventure; and told them he had brought them their Daughter again.

The old Gentleman was very much troubled, for she was his Darling, and therefore endeavouring to pacify his Son-in-Law, he proffer'd to give him 500*l.* more, if he wou'd hush all up, and take her Home with him again. In short, Goldbite having brought him up to 1000*l.* consented. The Father bid his Wife take her Daughter to her Chamber, and severely chide her. The young Lady and her Mother retiring; the old Man press'd his Son to go with him, and listen to what his Wife should say. The Motion being agreed to, they fixt themselves to overhear the Maternal Lecture —— When they hear these Words, —— Oh! you heedless silly Whore, to be caught! I do not blame thee for Cuckolding thy Husband, for that's a common Peccadillo in our Sex; but I blame thee for doing it with so little Caution as to let thy own Husband catch thee in the Fact; why I have made thy Father a Cuckold a hundred Times, and he knows nothing of it yet. —— Come, come, Son, said the old Gentleman, come away, we have heard enough to satisfy you, that you are not the only Cuckold; you have me for a Partner, but with this Difference, you have got 1000*l.* by being a Cuckold, I nothing.

Thus Goldbite being doubly satisfied, return'd home with his Wife, who has ever since been, if

if not more virtuous, at least more cautious.
I wish you as good Luck, who am

Thy faithful Friend,

but no married Man,

JEFFRY SINGLEMAN.

Poor *Oldsap* (said the *Baron*) is it come to this at last? Is thy Enclosure broke up? Why sue the Trespasser, a good *London* Jury will give thee Costs and Damages enough, if thy Wife's Gallant can but pay them.

But, (assum'd the *Chevalier*) perhaps the good Lady made choice of one who is not worth a Groat, and then it wou'd be proclaiming himself a Cuckold for no manner of Advantage. 'Tis no great Matter (said I) that this is befall'n *Oldsap*, who has all the Tricks of a thorough Attorney, (for I know him) and of a Usurer, and a damnable Extortioner; and if all the young Fellows he has drawn in, or injur'd, shou'd be receiv'd by his Wife, it wou'd be but just upon him.

Tho' I am no great Admirer (said *Downright*) of the Fair Sex, yet I cannot agree with Mr. *Singleman*, but shall always believe, that there are a great number of chaste Women, meerly out of a Principle of Virtue.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Of Dancing

To Mr. Gayland, at his House in the Pall-mall, London.

My good Friend,

YOUR two or three last Letters have given me the Spleen so much, that I can't prevent your having a share in the Effect of it. I have no Patience to read your extravagant Panegyrics on a couple of scoundrel French Dancers. How there is nothing so fine, so charming, so transporting as Monsieur Coupee; and then Monsieur Rigadoon surpasses all Mankind; I am not able to repeat their Praises. If your Letters were read to a third Person, without mentioning their Faculty, he wou'd imagine you were giving the Eulogium of some Heroes of Antiquity, for nothing Modern can come up to it.

Had your Description been of the dancing of two beautiful young Ladies, it had been excusable; for there Nature wou'd have pleaded for you, and your young Blood being set in Motion by so engaging an Object, might stir up in your Fancy strange Ideas of Pleasure. But to feel such Raptures from the Antic Postures, Capers and Gesticulations of a senseless Monsieur, wou'd persuade one that your Head is as light

light as their Heels. I expect e're long we shall have a Book of your writing in the Praise of this senseless Diversion ; but if you have any such Thoughts, I wou'd advise you to read the Antients on this Subject, as *Lucian's Dialogues*, *Athenaeus*, and others ; join to them *Hieronymus Mercurialis*, and some modern Antiquaries ; and by that time you have done so, you will despise your French Dancers. Or if you are averse to the Greek and Roman Performances of this kind, travel into *Africa* and *Asia*, and there you will find Wonders worthy your Pen. Take a short Account of some of them as I had it from a grave Citizen of *London*, who assur'd me that he himself had seen it.

On the Coast of *Guinea* there are wonderful Fellows at this Art ; one in his Dancing shall so amuse you, and deceive your Eyes in so strange a manner, that you believe you see him thrust himself through an Augerhole in a Tree set there on purpose. Another, in his Dance, throws up a Ball of Packthread into the Air, and then the Thread mounts up after it quite out of sight. A third has a Fire made by the Stage where he dances, and has his Wife by him ; in his Dance he expresses his Uneasiness at her Tricks, and threatens to throw himself into the Fire ; accordingly he seems to cut off his Legs one after another, and lastly his Head, throwing them into the Fire : But while the Spectators are gazing at this strange Action, and the burning of his Limbs, he is seen whole and sound by the Stage laughing at the Company, and making ridiculous and apish Tricks at their Credulity. If you will go so far as

China,

China, there you may see half a score lusty Fellows stretching out a Piece of fine Shadow Muzlin , and then one or more jumping upon it, and dancing after their Way on it without breaking so much as a Thread of it.

But you will say these are all Lies, and that my grave Citizen bubbled me into a Belief of his Romance by the Solemnity of his Countenance. As for that, I shall not say much, nor will I defend his Narration as a Truth in all its Parts ; but it is agreed by most who have been in those Places, that they perform such unaccountable things, that our *Europeans* attribute it to the Devil, and the Black Art : But be it as it will , I had rather hear these Lies, than see your Monsieurs caper. Therefore prithee trouble me no more with your *Coupées* and *Rigadoons* ; if you see any dancing Monkeys, Dogs, or Bears, pray let me rather have their Panegyricks for the future. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

NIC. PLAINSTEP.

This Gentleman I find (said the *Baron*) is something of my Mind, though he carries his Aversion further than I do. I am so far for it, that I wou'd have Children taught, because it gives them a graceful Mien ; but, I confess, I cou'd never find any Pleasure in seeing grown People dance. I am of your Mind, (said the *Chevalier*) and I never went to the Play-house when I saw *L'Abbe* or *Ballon* in the Bills. I know not, (said I) but I must own I take a great deal

of Pleasure in a fine Dancer ; and the Family of the *de Whimseys* have been often great Proficients that way. As for my part, (said Down-right) though I am not for any *French Kick-shaws*, yet I love a Country Dance ; it is sociable, and a good Exercise ; and requires not throwing away of so much of our Time to learn as the others.

LETTER V.

Advice to a young Gentleman, who was going to turn Author.

It was directed
To Mr. Sprightly at his Chambers in the
Middle-Temple, London.

Dear Harry,

I Receiv'd yours of the 18th Instant with a great deal of Satisfaction, because it brought me the News of your Recovery at a time when Distempers prove so mortal as they have of late.

But this is not the only News your Letter brings me, for you there inform me that you are setting up for an Author. I wish your Luck may be equal to your Abilities, else I must tell you, that you will write in vain, either for Reputation or Profit. It is not Learning, it is not Wit, and those eminently join'd, that will do your Business ; Fortune has as large a share in this, as in any other particular Pursuit of Man's Life.

Life. You run a great risk, for you stake all that Reputation that your Conversation has gain'd you against the injudicious Approbation of a giddy and ignorant People, whose Fancy and Caprice are the only Guide of their Censure, which is erroneous ten times for once it is in the right, and then it is the meer Effect of Chance too.

There are a great many Authors who have been Favourites of the Publick, whose real Merit cou'd not challenge two judicious Readers. A lucky Concurrence of Accidents often, nay generally, does the Work; as violent Parties, the striking in with one may give Success. To this *Oldham* ow'd what little Name he has. Scandal is another great Help; for I have known an Author obscure and neglected for many Years, and the Contempt ev'n of the sixth Rate Scribblers, who by boldly publishing Scandal has become a celebrated Person, and set up a Bookseller by the Sale of his Works. If the Party you choose be undermost, it is ten to one but you have not only a sufficient Number of Buyers, but numerous Defenders of your Merit, how indifferent soever it may be in Reality; for it is so with both Parties, that all the Wit and fine Writing is of their side. But these Works, and the Glory they gain you, is but transitory and mortal as yourself, nay often of shorter Date, as dying with the present Heat.

Never think of growing popular by Wit, good Sense, or solid Reason; there is a Burlesque Spirit that rules the Age, and a merry Buffoon is sure to carry the Prize; a *Tale of a Tub*

This spreads immediately into every Corner of the Nation, and the Wicked and the Godly join to propagate its Sale.

If you design any thing for the Stage , you must remember to prepare its Reception by all the modern Arts which the Authors have found out who would be successful. You must make a Confidant or two of some leading Wits ; you must make your court to the young Gentlemen of the Town, shew 'em a Description, applaud their Judgment, and pay your Devoirs to the Ladies, especially such of them as have great Visiting-Days, and frequent all the Assemblies of the rest of their Sex : If you can insinuate the Merit of your Performance by any publick Papers, it is of great use ; then when by your Obsequiousness to the Players, both Men and Women , it comes on , you must place Parties of your Friends in the Pit and first Gallery, who will be sure to begin Claps enough ; and this artfully manag'd , may do your Business, and establish you for a Dramatic Poet for the future. Yet you must not grow above using the Means that rais'd you, which must in some degree be repeated every time you think fit to appear on the Stage with any thing new. But notwithstanding all these politick Practices, it is possible you may miscarry, or meet with a cold Reception, and then you must in your Preface arraign the Judgment of the Town ; for though you are satisfy'd in it when it gives you Applause, though never so unmerited, yet you will never acquiesce in it when it condemns you. In the latter indeed you are more likely to be in the right ; for a thing must be very execrably

execrably bad indeed when they hiss with Justice, that is in comparison of what they approve.

I know there are some Sanguine Gentlemen who flatter themselves with the Assurance, that their Works will find that Justice from Posterity, which the present Age denies them. But this is built on a very false Foundation, that is, their real Merit and Excellence, and a vain Belief that Posterity will have more Judgment and Understanding than we have, and that what they write will ever reach Posterity.

That many Plays, and other Books likewise, which have not the good Luck to please, have yet far greater Desert than the most taking, I grant to be true; but I can see no Reason from thence, that they will be more approv'd by those who come after us, than by our Contemporaries, because I see no Prospect that they will know more of the Matter; and we have Proofs from Experience, that we have not done so by our Predecessors: *Massingr* is far a better Poet than *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*; yet we find the Plays of the latter are printed and reprinted, while it is a difficult thing to meet with those of the former. 'Tis true, the Dramatick Poets of the foregoing Times were not worthy of that Name, as being at most but Dialogists, except the immortal *Ben. Johnson*, in some of his Comedies: Yet on that Bottom *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* deserve the veryleast Praife, since they never design'd a just Character in their serious Plays; their Kings are all Footmen, or of the Mob, and have nothing Royal; and their Women seldom Modesty

enough for a Whore in a Comedy. Talking with Mr. Dryden about the Success of these two Poets, he told me, that they were first cry'd and help'd up by a Party, and some of their Plays afterwards continu'd in Reputation on the Stage by the great Actors that follow'd; so that now they are receiv'd by Prescription; and indeed it is pretty plain from this, that let us revive any of them, without some new Helps, they will not be borne. Another Reason that those Poems and Plays, as well as other Books, which meet not with immediate Success, never can come to Posterity, is, that the present Book-sellers, when they do not sell, condemn with the many, and sell off the Remainder for Waste-Paper, or to *Moor-fields*, where I have often met with more valuable Books than most that set out the Booksellers Shops.

One Advice I had forgot, and which I learnt of a Poet, (as he is call'd) who has met with frequent Success: For asking him what Rules he follow'd to please the Town, as he had done, he frankly told me, no Rules at all, except what he had gather'd chiefly from the *Rehearsal*. That indeed, reply'd I, may furnish you with many just Criticisms, especially in avoiding the Blunders of your Predecessors. What Criticisms in Art he may afford, said he, I have never consider'd; but I was of opinion, that he endeavour'd to ridicule nothing that had not pleas'd the Town, concluded that what once pleas'd, might please again, and so I chose to imitate what you call Blunders, and I have seldom miss'd my Aim when I did so. And you may observe, that the very same Audience that

clap

clap at the *Rehearsal*, clap likewise at those Plays which have been ridicul'd in it. But you may say, this wou'd be to make the People laugh at a Tragedy, which seems not the Aim of that sort of Poem : Nay, if you are for moving Pity and Tears, you may meet with the Fate of a Friend of mine, who was condemn'd for having mov'd Tears from the Beginning of his Tragedy to the End, and that by a celebrated Wit among the Ladies. I have known an Author, whilst all the Audience were in a loud Laughter at his Tragedy, stand at the Stage-door and be as merry as they : Our Spectators are so fond of Mirth in these Representations, that they are more willing to laugh than weep at Tragedy itself.

Thus it is plain, that it is with Authors as *Hippocrates* wou'd have it with Physicians, when he advises to choose one for his Fortune more than his Skill.

These are a few of the Considerations which I have on this Subject ; my Paper denies me Room for more ; and if these are not enough to stop your Pen, why write on as long as you can find Booksellers to print your Copies : I am sure I shall be a Gainer by it, since I shall then be able to enjoy you in your Books, when I cannot in Person. Pray send me a Book I have heard much of, call'd, *The Complete Art of Poetry*. If it answer the Title, and meet with Success, I have some Hopes that our Posterity may be better Judges than we, and that they will have better Subjects for their Judgment. Poetry is a sort of wild uncultivated Region yet, quite over-run with Versifyers and Poetasters ;

Regularity may introduce Beauties, which we have seldom seen in *Britain*. I am

Your sincere Friend and faithful Servant,

HUGH JEAN.

This Gentleman has muster'd up (said I) such a Company of terrible Difficulties, that I fear he will rob us of a new Author in his Friend. Never fear that, (said the *Baron*) for when a young Fellow has the Itch of Scribbling upon him, he is hardly cur'd till he has scratch'd himself sufficiently in Publick to shew his Perfection.

Mr. Sprightly (said the *Chevalier*) may do as he pleases ; but let him reflect, that as there is nothing more valuable than a good Writer, so there is nothing more despicable than a bad. For my part (said *Downright*) I think we have Books enough already, and, as *Solomon* says, *there is no end of writing of Books.*

Here is another Packet, (said I) though not so big as the last : Shall I break it open, and read the Contents, or pass on to the next ? By all means (said the *Baron*) read it in its turn, for I lik'd the last so well, that I am not frightened at the Bulk. On this I read the Direction, which was thus.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

To Robert England, Esq; at his House in Queen's-Square, Lambs-Conduit Fields, London.

I Have, Sir, according to your repeated Importunities, now sent you a Translation of that Piece of the *Latin* Book which I told you of; I have heard that there is one more complete in *London*, but I cannot yet meet with it. If the Letters want of the Spirit which they have ev'n in the *Latin*, I hope you will excuse it, because you know that I have too many Years upon me, to have all that Fire that a Version of this Nature requires. Besides, the People of *Provence* were once very famous for their Poetical Genius, and Love is more strong and touching in such, than in us. More of a calmer and more indifferent Temper. The Title is thus.

Suspiria Amantis:

ET ASINAE

EPISTOLÆ

FORMOSISSIMÆ

STRE MUNIAE

A. D.

ALPHONSUM

SAPIENTEM,

Castiliæ & Aragoniæ Regem,
Provenciæ Comitem, &c.

Ex Provinciali Linguâ in Latinam
transtulit Gonfalus de Mendoza.

T H E
L O V E R ' S S I G H S :

O R, T H E
L E T T E R S

Of the most Beautiful

S T R E M U N I A

T O

A L P H O N S O

The Wise,

King of Castile, Aragon, and
Earl of Provence, &c.

Translated out of the *Provencial*
Tongue into *Latin*, by *Gonsalvo*
dè Mendoza.

The Translator's Preface or previous Discourse begins thus:

‘ **D**uring my late stay in *Provence*, I met with the following Letters in the *Provincial Tongue*, which pleas’d me so well, that I got the Permission of the Gentleman to whom they belong’d to transcribe them, and which I have now put into *Latin*, for the Benefit of all those who do not understand the Original.

‘ *Alphonso the Wise* (says my Author) was born to the absolute Sovereignty of *Provence*, tho’ with the Title only of *Count* or *Earl*; his Administration was so just and equal, that he might be said to govern by Love, and not Fear, or if his People felt any Fear, it was of offending against a Father.

‘ This admirable Justice of the Prince diffus’d itself through all his Ministers, who were sure of his Favour, only as they discharge’d their Duty with Impartiality and Uprightness.

‘ This Prince so belov’d at home, and so deserving to be belov’d, was for the Fame of his Wisdom and Justice, as well as his Relation to the Kings of *Castile* and *Aragon*, call’d to those Thrones on the Death of the last Prince of a former Race, and so oblig’d to leavè *Provence* to the Administration of his Brother, and such other great Men as he thought fit to join with him in his Commission.

‘ There

' There was a general Grief through all his
 ' Dominions, on his Departure from his native
 ' Country to go and take Possession of his
 ' new Dignities; where he was not to meet
 ' with so loving a People, as unacquainted
 ' with his excellent Qualities and Virtues tru-
 ' ly Royal. These Kingdoms had been too
 ' long in the Hands of weak and irresolute
 ' Princes, which had given Rise to great and
 ' dangerous Parties, and he was sure which
 ' ever of them he chose, he shou'd have the
 ' other his Enemy.

' He was advis'd not to distinguish himself
 ' in either, but to have his Ministers and
 ' Council mixt of both; but those moderate
 ' Measures were rejected, either by the new
 ' King's Opinion, that but one of them was
 ' sincerely in his Interest; or, because it was
 ' urg'd that a medly Ministry wou'd always be
 ' so clashing and thwarting each other, that the
 ' Business of the State must be at a stand,
 ' and nothing but Confusion be at the Helm.

' Which of these two Considerations pre-
 ' vail'd, I dare not pretend to determine;
 ' but believe that the King was fixt in one
 ' Party by the most prudent and wise Reasons.
 ' But having thus chosen, *Alphonso* with the
 ' bravest Resolution in the World kept to his
 ' Choice; which caus'd many Troubles, Tu-
 ' mults and Rebellions, all which he van-
 ' quish'd with Glory, and at laft brought the
 ' hateful Distinctions which had so many
 ' Years divided the *Castilians* to nothing; and
 ' that Peace and Plenty that ensu'd, that In-
 ' terest and Power he attain'd in all the Courts
 ' of

‘ of Spain and other Parts of Europe, made the
most factious of the Castilians own the Ble-
sing which Providence had bestow’d on
them in so wise and brave a Sovereign.

‘ But I have not much to do with his Poli-
tical Excellencies, at least only with that
Part of them which was found ev’n in his
Amours; for it is certain that the several
Love Engagements that this Prince had, were
not the bare Effect of Constitution, but in
some Measure were influenc’d by political
Considerations; for by his Gallantries he
got the good Word of the Ladies, who by
this Means fancy’d themselves not excluded
entirely from his Thoughts. For I know not
how it is, a King or other Sovereign Prince,
who has no visible Amours, is sure to pro-
voke the Malice of the Women, and set
them on inventing Scandals not so popular
as a wise Prince would like. They wou’d
represent him as a detested Slave to unnatu-
ral Lust, or barbarous, avaritious and cruel.
Whether the natural Vanity of the Sex gives
hopes to them all, of having a lucky Chance
of being the happy Woman in her Turn, or
that the great Men and Courtiers generally
imitate their Lord, and so the Ladies find
the Benefit of more frequent Addresses and
Intrigues. And when a Court is that way
inclin’d, the Mode takes away the Fear of
the loss of Reputation.

‘ Be this as it will, Alphonso by his Amours
kept himself in the good Graces of the Fe-
male Sex, with whom he never engag’d so
strong-

' strongly, as to be at the Command of any particular.

' He was generous enough to those he chose, to leave the old one no Cause to complain whenever he thought fit to make a new Choice ; and that, with his great Dignity, and the Charms of his Person, made it no difficult Matter for him to gain whom-ever he had a Mind to. He was inclining to be low of Stature, but his Person most agreeably turn'd, all his Limbs perfectly proportion'd and strongly knit together, his Countenance majestic, his Eyes awful, and yet full of Sweetness ; so that he at once commanded Veneration and Love ; and indeed there were such evident Lines of Goodness in his Face, that his very Enemies were not able to check their Respect and Value for him.

' I shall not here mention all the Ladies who successively were his Mistresses : Of all of them *Sacclimene* had the Art of remaining longest in his Favour, tho' not always kept in it by the Charms of her Person, or the Power of Love. She was more govern'd by Ambition and Gain, than by that, so that she easily prevail'd with herself to be officious in promoting his fresher Amours with other Ladies, and so always preserv'd an Interest in the Prince, sufficient to answer her Desires of Profit, when several, who for a while transported *Alphonso* with their Beauty, grew stale and neglected.

Thus

‘ Thus none was more obliging to the
 ‘ young *Stremunia* on her Advancement, or
 ‘ more forward to engage her Heart to the
 ‘ King, than *Sacclimene*; tho’ she afterwards
 ‘ repented of what she had done, finding her
 ‘ grow so much in Favour, that none before
 ‘ her had receiv’d such Marks of Honour,
 ‘ Distinction and Bounty, as this young Mistress
 ‘ had done. She consider’d that *Alphonso* grew
 ‘ in Years, being past Fifty, and did not know
 ‘ but he might at last be wholly engross’d by
 ‘ a Lady that had so much Youth and Beauty
 ‘ as *Stremunia*.

‘ She was not therefore idle in seeking out
 ‘ some other Lady to put in the King’s way,
 ‘ to break, at least divide his Inclination,
 ‘ which if she cou’d obtain, she did not fear
 ‘ but that his Passion wou’d soon grow so
 ‘ weak towards her, that she wou’d be no
 ‘ longer so dangerous a Rival.

‘ The *Castilians*, tho’ fond enough of Stran-
 ‘ gers out of the Court, were yet always un-
 ‘ easy at their living in Power with their
 ‘ Prince; and *Alphonso* had all along, after his
 ‘ coming to the Crown, shown a particular
 ‘ Fondness of some of his Countrymen of *Pro-*
 ‘ *vence*, perhaps more than was consistent with
 ‘ the Prudence of so wise a Prince; nor had
 ‘ he yet admitted any *Castilian* Lady to his Bo-
 ‘ som. But *Sacclimene*, being destitute of *Pro-*
 ‘ *vencial* Beauties to promote, thought she
 ‘ might ingratiate herself with the *Castilians*,
 ‘ by advancing some Beauty among them.

‘ With these Thoughts she had Recourse to
 ‘ a certain *French* Count, who had fixt him-
 ‘ self

‘ self in that Kingdom, and had render’d him-
‘ self very acceptable with the Nobility, by
‘ finding out Means of diverting them.

‘ This Count had found out a most perfect
‘ Beauty, and one whose Accomplishments he
‘ did not doubt wou’d touch the King’s Heart:
‘ There was but one Obstacle, and that was,
‘ she was Daughter to one of the Party which
‘ were esteem’d the King’s Enemies ; but Am-
‘ bition, and the Hopes of those Advantages
‘ which attend a King’s Mistress, stifled all
‘ other Thoughts in the young Lady, who
‘ cou’d be as zealous for *Alphonso*, if she had
‘ the Benefit of it, as ever her Father had
‘ been against him.

‘ In short, the Count had her at one of his
‘ Entertainments, set out with all Advantages
‘ that Art cou’d add to her natural Perfections.
‘ There the King saw her, lik’d her, and de-
‘ termin’d to have her, if she cou’d be won by
‘ any reasonable Means. That Task was left
‘ to the Count and *Sacclimene*, who, glad of the
‘ Office, soon fitted her for his Bed, by af-
‘ furing a noble Settlement, and magnifying
‘ the King’s Bounty, and his personal Excel-
‘ lencies.

‘ All this was transacted without the Know-
‘ ledge or ev’n Suspicion of the poor *Stremu-*
‘ *nia*, but thought herself safe in the Posse-
‘ sion of her belov’d *Alphonso*.

‘ The very Night of this fatal Interview,
‘ she had a very ominous and troublesome
‘ Dream, which made her send the King the
‘ following Letter.

L. E. T.

LETTER VII.

To the dearest of Men, and the greatest of Kings.

' Pardon me, my most adorable Prince, that
 ' I dare intrude the Extravagance of my
 ' Passion into your busy Hours; if it be an
 ' Impertinence I shou'd not be guilty of, yet
 ' if you consider me betray'd to this Offence
 ' by the violence of Love, you will not only
 ' forgive, but pity me. Alas! were the Souls
 ' of Men half so tender as ours, I shou'd not
 ' need to make this Apology; but Ambition
 ' governs there, and Love is not known. Ah!
 ' my King, that you were as great and unex-
 ' ampled in Love, as in all those Royal Vir-
 ' tues, that make you the Admiration of all
 ' the other Sex, and the Idol of ours! Then
 ' you wou'd feel those Tortures and Agonies,
 ' that last Night tormented your poor *Stremu-*
-nia. Oh! Horror! I tremble but to think
 ' of it again! 'tis true, it was but a Dream,
 ' and blessed be my Stars that it was no more;
 ' for had it been real, I shou'd not have had
 ' Life to have writ down my Misery. Me-
 ' thought, oh God! far be the Omen, I
 ' thought, that whilst I had you in my Arms,
 ' in a Moment you vanish'd away, and left me
 ' embracing the empty Air. Imagine the
 ' Racks I was upon: In despair methought I
 ' flew from my Bed, and wander'd distracted
 ' to

' to another Apartment in the Palace, and
' there I found you! But how? Oh my King!
' In the Arms of another. Despair, Rage,
' Grief, with united Force made an Assault
' upon my Soul, that the Bands of Sleep
' cou'd not contain, but immediately burst
' in sunder: And waking I found myself all in
' Tears, and so terrible an Agony, that I
' came not to myself perfectly in some Hours.
' But oh, dismal Night! when at last I fell
' again into a Slumber, the same cursed Im-
' ages disturb'd me once more; so that I gave
' the rest of the dark Hours to wakeful Pain,
' while my fearful Soul form'd direful Appre-
' hensions upon these empty Dreams. Oh!
' rather let me never sleep again, than have
' any more such.

' Oh ! my adorable Prince, let your Goodness indulge the fond Weakness of your poor *Stremunia*, so far as to let her see you this Morning, and with your desirable Presence dissipate the Anxieties of my lovefick Mind ! But if the Tyranny of Business deny me that, this Night is mine, and I beg you wou'd lengthen the Joy by coming as soon as possible, ev'n tho' you leave something of State undone till to Morrow ; the Public will not suffer ; but till I see you, your *Stremunia* dies,

' The Messenger brought Word, that the
the King was so engag'd in Business, tho' so
early, that he cou'd get no Answer ; which
gave her a fresh Alarum, since her Messengers
were not us'd to want Admittance, let the

‘ Affairs of State be what they wou’d. How-
 ‘ ever, she comforted herself that all would be
 ‘ well at Night, since it was one of those on
 ‘ which she us’d to have the King’s Company,
 ‘ and of which she had yet never fail’d. But
 ‘ she sat up all the Night in expectation of
 ‘ the wish’d-for Blessing ; but no *Alphonso* came
 ‘ or sent. As soon as she cou’d see, she writ
 ‘ him the following Letter.

LETTER VIII.

‘ A H ! cruel Prince ! and cou’d you know
 ‘ that your *Stremunia*’s Soul was in sor-
 ‘ row, and that on your Account too, and
 ‘ rob her of her only Comfort ? Not give her
 ‘ one Moment, ev’n in the Night, when Bu-
 ‘ finess is no more, and all the Crowds of
 ‘ Courtiers besiege you no longer ? What not
 ‘ on that Night, which hitherto you have let
 ‘ me call my own, when I us’d to possess you
 ‘ free from all the World, have you all my-
 ‘ self ? Oh ! my cruel King, are you grown
 ‘ weary of your *Stremunia* ? are all her Charms
 ‘ wasted already ? is her Youth flown ? has
 ‘ hateful old Age and frightful Wrinkles fur-
 ‘ row’d her Face already ? and do you love no
 ‘ more ? or indeed, did you ever love me at
 ‘ all ? That you have lov’d me I cannot doubt,
 ‘ for you told me so, and it was below *Alphonso*
 ‘ to dissemble with his Slave ; doubly his
 ‘ Slave, by Birth, and then by Love ! for oh !
 ‘ I love

' I love you still, yes, to Distraction love you ;
' and if you have ceas'd to love me, there can
' be nothing so miserable as *Stremunia*.

' But sure it cannot be ; my lovely Prince, my
' King, my Hero, cannot be so fickle. No, my
' Heart be at rest, he loves me still ; his Royal
' Office often engages his Nights as well as
' Days, and this has rob'd me this one Night
' of my Soul's Wish : The next dusky Hours
' will make me amends. Fly fast then glorious
' Sun, and come ye Shades and bring my
' Sun, that gives me Light, Heat, and Moti-
' on. Oh my dear King, cou'd you have seen
' me last Night, beheld my Impatience,
' mark'd how every little Noise made my
' Heart bounce against my Bosom with a mo-
' mentary Transport of Joy. Ha ! there comes
' my *Alphonso* ! I cried often aloud ; but no *Al-*
' *phonso* came ! I told the Hours, counted all
' the Minutes, and hop'd, and sigh'd, and
' wish'd in vain, ev'n all the livelong Night.
' Sleep fled my Eyes, nor did my Bed once
' know me till now the hated Sun appears
' again, to show me, to point me out my Mi-
' sery. The Night seem'd doubly long, and
' yet I wish'd it had not yet an End ; for
' while that lasted, I fed myself with Hopes
' I yet shou'd see you. But now those Hopes are
' dead, and black Despair assumes their Place ;
' yes, yes, my Prince, I languish, despair and
' die. Oh ! my dear Lord ! my King ! my
' Sovereign ! the Sum of all my Joys, my
' Wishes and my Desires, take Pity upon your
' poor *Stremunia*, and by a speedy Visit prevent
' her Distraction. Come, if it be but for one

‘ Minute, to tell me that my Fears are vain,
‘ and that you love me still.

‘ *Stremunia*, as soon as she had finish'd this Letter, seal'd it up, and sent it by her Favourite Maid *Cloria*, with a strict Charge to deliver it into the King's own Hand, and to mark his Countenance on the Reception.

‘ *Cloria* had liv'd with her from her Childhood, and was Witness to her most secret Thoughts, and always employ'd by her in her most important Affairs. She was bold, and pushing, nor wou'd she be easily denied.

‘ After two Hours she return'd to her Mistress, who had waited for her with the last Impatience, her stay having been much longer than it us'd to be on these Occasions.

‘ As soon as she enter'd the Room in a Melancholy Manner ; Well, cried *Stremunia*, how does my King ? is he well ? what ill News else can't thou bring ? for thy sad Looks threaten me with no pleasing Message.

‘ The King (reply'd *Cloria*) is well, I suppose, for I have not been admitted to him. When I press'd it, *Morat* told me that the King was not stirring, but spoke it with another Air, than he us'd to receive your Messengers with. I propos'd to wait till he rose : He with a scornful Smile told me it wou'd be to no Purpose, for he was sure the King wou'd not see me ; that if I wou'd leave my Letter, he wou'd find a fit Time to deliver it. I wou'd not be put off, assuring him, that by your Order I was to give the

‘ Let-

' Letter into his Majesty's own Hands. That
 ' you will not, fair *Cloria*, this Day, said he ;
 ' I dare not admit you, no nor your Mistress
 ' neither, shou'd she come herself.

' Oh ! Insolence, interrupted *Stremunia*, durst
 ' the Slave behave himself in that Manner ! I
 ' will have him dismiss'd ! does he not know
 ' me, nor my Power with his Master ?

' Alas ! (said *Cloria* with a Sigh) I fear that
 ' Power is at an End. You may be sure, Ma-
 ' dam, he knew what he did, and plainly told
 ' me that your Pride had met a Check : That the
 ' King had got a new Mistress, and so turn'd
 ' short upon me, and went his Way. I thought
 ' myself oblig'd to make an Enquiry into this
 ' Affair, which I found was no Secret. They
 ' inform'd me, that what *Morat* had said of a
 ' new Mistress was certainly true ; and the Re-
 ' port was, that she was a *Castilian*, and that
 ' which was more surprizing, the Daughter of
 ' one of that Party, which was look'd on as
 ' Enemies to the Royal Cause. She was cried
 ' up as a most accomplish'd Beauty, and had
 ' all the Praises given her, that Flattery pays
 ' to a rising Favourite.

' No more (cried out *Stremunia*) no more of
 thy hateful News ! 'tis false ! it can't be
 true ! it is impossible ! 'tis forg'd to give me
 Pain by the Slave *Morat* and his Creatures ;
 but I shall revenge myself upon his daring
 Insolence. But you deliver'd not my Let-
 ter then ? Not to the King, but to *Ismael*,
 who treated me with more Civility, and pro-
 mis'd to deliver it to him the first Minute
 he was admitted. I question'd him on this

‘ Report ; he said, he wish’d that there were
‘ no Grounds for it, but hop’d ——

‘ Hop’d ! what did he hope ? Oh ! *Cloria*,
‘ What cou’d he hope of Comfort to me ?
‘ That it was only (reply’d *Cloria*) a transient
‘ Piece of Gallantry, and that you still had
‘ his Heart ; but be it as it wou’d, he wou’d
‘ omit nothing to procure an Answer, which
‘ he wish’d might be satisfactory to you.

‘ No *Cloria* (cry’d *Stremunia*) nothing can be
‘ satisfactory to me, when I have a Rival, that
‘ cou’d take him from my Arms ! I can’t bear
‘ the racking Thought ! She run on in a most
‘ violent Passion, and throwing herself on the
‘ Bed, cry’d out, Oh ! ungrateful King ! and
‘ shed a Flood of Tears, beating her Breast,
‘ and tearing her lovely Locks.

‘ *Cloria* did all she cou’d to pacify her, and
‘ put her in Hopes that it was all false, that
‘ *Morat* was a malicious Fellow. But, said she,
‘ *Ismael* is not so, *Ismael* wishes me well, and
‘ that there were not too much ground for the
‘ Report.

‘ Were it certain, said *Cloria*, you cou’d not
‘ do more ; this Agony, this Passion is no Re-
‘ medy ; it only disorders you to no Purpose ;
‘ and shou’d your Enemies know it, you cou’d
‘ not afford them a greater Triumph. Be-
‘ sides, it will discompose your Charms, which
‘ you ought to heighten, to retrieve what you
‘ suppose you have lost. Have Patience, and
‘ I will try again to speak with the King,
‘ sound him to the Bottom, and let him know
‘ the Tortures you feel for his Absence, and
‘ the false Reports that are come to your Ears

‘ about him. Compose yourself with a little
 ‘ Sleep, and I warrant you see the King before
 ‘ many Hours are past.

‘ Sleep! (said *Stremunia*) no, thou has mur-
 ‘ der’d Sleep with thy Account of my mis-
 ‘ rable State! I care for no Beauty, since my
 ‘ King is inconstant; I desir’d only to seem
 ‘ beautiful for him and to him—— Sleep! I
 ‘ hate thee now, *Cloria*, to think I can Sleep on
 ‘ this News — No, I shall Sleep no more, till
 ‘ Death close my Eyes with an eternal Sleep.
 ‘ But go and try what thou canst further learn
 ‘ of this curs’d Event. I will not leave you
 ‘ (said *Cloria*) in this Agony, of which I dread
 ‘ the Effect, were you to be left alone. Let
 ‘ some other go on this disagreeable Affair, I
 ‘ wish I had died rather than have been the
 ‘ first Messenger of such ill Tidings.

‘ After some Time spent in this Manner, *Clor-
 ia* prevail’d to send another, which being
 ‘ done, she made use of all her Art to pacify
 ‘ her Mistress’s Rage. About Noon a Letter
 ‘ was brought her from *Sacclimene* to the fol-
 ‘ lowing Purpose.

LETTER IX.

*From Sacclimene to the fair Stremunia,
Health.*

‘ THO’ I am always watchful to do *Stremunia* Service, yet what I shall endeavour to do her now, I have not the Satisfaction to boast the Effect of my own good Will to her, but of the Commands of one whom we both, I hope, take Pleasure in obeying.

‘ You know, fair *Stremunia*, that we are Slaves to our Prince, made for his Service, and his Pleasure ; and that the Actions of Princes are not to be too nicely examin’d, if at all ; they are unaccountable ; it is Happiness enough that we can please them, and still a greater that we can share their Favours. You must remember, fair *Stremunia*, that you are a Courtier, bred in the Court from your Infancy, and shou’d not therefore be deceiv’d by other Notions, than which nothing can be more injurious to your Happiness. Love is an agreeable Amusement for a time ; but to have that puling Passion take up all our Thoughts, especially when we once come to Woman’s Estate, is a Weakness, I hope, *Stremunia* is too much a Woman to be guilty of. Fidelity, Constancy, and the like, are the vain Day-dreams of a Green-Sickness Girl in a Country Village, and never rule in the Court, where Passions of more Consequence ought to reign ; ‘ the

' the Pursuit of Wealth and Power is what
 ' may last one all one's Life, but the Love of
 ' Man cannot hold long ev'n with the most
 ' Romantick. There is no such thing in Na-
 ' ture as a constant Man, much less a King. If
 ' you value the King, and wou'd always keep
 ' in his Favour, you should do as I have done ;
 ' never make him uneasy about your Love ; but
 ' if you find he will be wandering, never pine,
 ' or be out of Humour, but contribute to the
 ' promoting what he seems to desire, which
 ' will make Friendship arise out of the Ashes
 ' of dead Love, and that may hold as long as
 ' he lives. All Objects lose by a too familiar
 ' View ; and believe me, dear *Stremunia*, our Sex
 ' is not furnish'd with Variety enough always
 ' to furnish out an agreeable Feast as a Mistress.
 ' 'Tis true, if we cou'd seem amiable in our
 ' Lovers Eyes as long as we do in our own, our
 ' Empire wou'd be of a longer Date than it ge-
 ' nerally is ; nay, I am so sincere as to think
 ' it wou'd then be longer than we wou'd have
 ' it ; for when we cease to love ourselves, Con-
 ' stancy in the Men is very troublesome.

' Not to detain you longer in Suspence, the
 ' King is a Man, a true Man in Love-Affairs ;
 ' Change is as much in his Nature, as in that
 ' of other Men ; and if the Charms of *Stremu-*
 ' *nia* cou'd not fix him, you have no Cause to
 ' envy your Successor, who must have less
 ' Beauty, and therefore reign a much shorter
 ' time. The King has order'd me to let you know,
 ' that he will always regard you, and that you
 ' may, if you will, always enjoy a large Share
 ' of his Favours, though he has chosen ano-

ther Mistress at present. Bear yourself like a Woman ; and if you have any Girl-like Fondness yet remaining after this Information, throw it away, or give it your Maid, like an old Gown out of Fashion. I wish you easy and happy, which is wholly in your own Breast. *Adieu.*

‘ It was with great difficulty *Stremunia* went thro’ this Letter ; but the Conclusion struck her so to the Heart, that she fell into a Swoon, from which *Cloria* had much ado to recover her ; but she no sooner was brought to herself, but she relaps’d, and that so often, that *Cloria* despair’d of her Life ; so, calling for more Assistants, they got her into her Bed, where she lay all Night without saying one word, but shedding abundance of Tears, and sending forth lamentable Groans.

‘ This Agony by the Morning had cast her into a violent Fever, which, in spight of all the Doctors cou’d do, ev’ry Day increas’d, till her Life was despair’d of. *Cloria* found means to give the King an Account of all that had past ; and though he was vex’d at her Folly, yet he order’d all the Care that cou’d be taken to be employ’d in her Recovery : But upon a Motion , that his Majesty wou’d pay her a Visit, he rejected it, saying , That in his Opinion, that wou’d be to put her into a new Agony, and revive a Passion he hop’d expiring ; as having begun from the Suddenness of the Change of her Fortune ; for the King wou’d not attribute it to Love, as know-

‘ ing

‘ ing the great Distance of their Age, but to
 ‘ Pride; and perhaps that was really at the
 ‘ Bottom; for *Stremunia* had given frequent In-
 ‘ stances of her haughty Temper, so far as to
 ‘ have disgusted many of the Ladies of the
 ‘ Court. At most, ’tis thought that her Pride
 ‘ was so incorporated with her Love; that she
 ‘ took the Effects of that for this.

‘ After a Month’s Sickness, she began to re-
 ‘ cover in her Health, but was not yet cur’d of
 ‘ her Passion for the King; which when she had
 ‘ got a little Strength, she made appear by the
 ‘ following Letters.

LETTER X.

O ! my cruel King !

‘ I Was in hopes, that before this time I
 ‘ shou’d have been at Rest in my Grave,
 ‘ beyond the Power of Kings, beyond the
 ‘ Power of yet a greater Tyrant LOVE: But,
 ‘ alas ! Fate has destin’d me to greater Evils
 ‘ yet; and I am doom’d to live ev’n when Life
 ‘ is lothsom ; to love when I am hated ! to
 ‘ live without Comfort, without Ease ; in per-
 ‘ petual Disquiets, in continual Wishes and
 ‘ Desires, without the least Dawn of Hope :
 ‘ Oh, most miserable *Stremunia* ! thou hast no
 ‘ Refuge from thy Griefs ! Hope, that visits of-
 ‘ ten the most wretched, will never come to
 ‘ me ; never flatter me with so much as empty
 ‘ and imaginary Joys to come : No, no, all my
 ‘ I 3 Plea-

' Pleasures, all my Joys are gone, never more
 ' to return ! I have been happy, ev'n to the
 ' Envy of the most Fortunate, for I once was
 ' belov'd by *Alphonso*. Ah, no ! never truly
 ' lov'd by him ; that had rais'd my Condition
 ' above Mortality : Yet I thought I was truly
 ' lov'd by him, and that gave me Transports,
 ' Raptures, ne'er to be forgot while Thought
 ' remains : But, ah ! why shou'd they not be
 ' forgot, since the Memory of them aggravates
 ' my Misery ? My Pains, my present Agonies,
 ' wou'd be more tolerable, cou'd I bury in per-
 ' petual Oblivion the Thoughts that I have
 ' been happy. Thou art most fortunate, *Sac-*
climene, who cou'd part with such a Royal
 ' Charmer without a Pang ! but she lov'd the
 ' Power, I the Person ; she lov'd the King, I
 ' *Alphonso*. Oh ! that he had not been a King,
 ' but some faithful Shepherd in the Mountains
 ' piping to his Flock, unknowing the False-
 ' ness of Courts ; then might I still have been
 ' blest in his Arms. If, like *Sacclimene*, my Pas-
 ' sion were for Wealth and Dignity, I shou'd
 ' have no cause to complain ; your Love and
 ' your Bounty have all along prevented my
 ' Wishes, nay my Thoughts, which were ne-
 ' ver set on any thing but yourself : If I had
 ' your Heart, I was rich enough, glorious
 ' enough, had Honours and Dignities suffi-
 ' cient. But, alas ! I wish'd a Treasure I never
 ' cou'd obtain ; or if I did, it was like a Fairy
 ' Treasure, short, fleeting, and like a Dream :
 ' Oh ! Dream Divine, thou art vanish'd ; and
 ' I wake to Misery and Distress, to all the grind-
 ' ing Pains of a lasting Poverty, for *Alphonso* has
 ' forsaken

' forsaken me ! has left me for another, who,
 ' now has my Kisses; my Embraces, my Joys,
 ' my Transports ! No, no, she has my *Alphonso*
 ' indeed, but no Body can have my Raptures
 ' but one that loves like *Stremunia*, which no
 ' proud *Castilian* can do.

' But, my King, how durst you take to your
 ' Bosom a profest Enemy ? My Prince, you are
 ' not safe in her Arms, who may with so much
 ' Ease destroy that precious Life on which the
 ' Happiness of so many Thousands depends !
 ' Alas, I tremble, I shiver at the Thoughts of
 ' what such a favour'd Traytor may do : Avert
 ' it, Heaven ! let me rather perish than hear
 ' of it ; Oh, that my Life cou'd secure yours
 ' any where but in her accursed Arms ! But, I
 ' hope, Providence watches over your Safety :
 ' Oh ! may you be safe, may you be happy,
 ' whatever becomes of the poor forsaken *Stre-*
munia.

' This Letter she, by the Assistance of *Ismael*,
 ' got convey'd to the King, but without any
 ' Answer, or the least Token of Kindness on
 ' his Reception of it, or afterwards ; which
 ' was no little Mortification to our Love-sick
 ' Lady ; who lov'd still, or fancy'd at least
 ' that she did so. However, she wou'd not yet
 ' give over writing, hoping that the Continu-
 ' ance of her Passion, and her Sufferings, might
 ' in time have some better effect on the King,
 ' quite mistaking his Temper ; for these amo-
 ' rous Disquiets of *Stremunia*, too often giving
 ' him an unwelcome Disturbance, rather lessen'd

‘ his Regard to her. And it is seldom known
 ‘ that Love once at an end ever revives to the
 ‘ same Person: But that was a Reflection which
 ‘ never enter’d the Thoughts of *Stremunia*; she
 ‘ fore sends him the following Letter.

LETTER XI.

‘ BE gone vain Memory of past Delights!
 ‘ why dost thou still pursue me? Why,
 ‘ oh, cruel King! will you not once see the
 ‘ Wretch you have made? Is it too much for
 ‘ you to grant one Moment’s Interval of Woe?
 ‘ Do you fear that the Sight of me shou’d re-
 ‘ vive your former Love? Ah! fear not that,
 ‘ my Prince, I am not that *Stremunia* I was when
 ‘ I mov’d your Inclination; all the Roses of
 ‘ my Cheeks are faded, all dead and gone; the
 ‘ Fire of my Eyes extinguish’d, and nothing
 ‘ but an Ashy Paleness covers my Countenance,
 ‘ Sadness and Daily Sorrows deaden my Looks;
 ‘ you will find nothing that can move your
 ‘ Love, but sure a great deal that may your
 ‘ Pity. Oh, how alter’d! oh, how chang’d
 ‘ from what I was when first I sigh’d for *Al-*
phonso! Pain I felt then, but it was a Pain
 ‘ with Hope, finding, as I thought, frequent
 ‘ Regards from your Royal Eyes, that flatter’d
 ‘ me I was not indifferent to you: For, my
 ‘ King, I lov’d you before you let me know
 ‘ that I was not disagreeable in your Sight.

‘ I remem-

' I remember what Joy I felt, when almost
 ' all the People of *Provence* were in Tears for
 ' your leaving them for the haughty *Castilians* ;
 ' Joy, that I was to follow you to your new
 ' Kingdom ; that I was not to stay behind ; for
 ' all the pleasing Vales of *Provence* cou'd not
 ' afford Satisfaction when *Alphonso* was gone.
 ' Ah, poor *Stremunia* ! better had it been for
 ' thee, hadst thou never left thy own Country !
 ' Thou hadst indeed miss'd of the Happiness
 ' thou didst afterwards experience ; but then
 ' thou hadst likewise escap'd the Misery thou
 ' dost now find ! Short Happiness, but lasting
 ' Woe !

' Oh, that I was again in *Provence*, far from
 ' the Cause of all my Pain ! Ah, no, let me
 ' rather stay here, and be wretched still ! per-
 ' haps I may sometimes here get a Sight of
 ' *Alphonso* ! There never. Here he may some-
 ' times hear how I suffer for him, and so not
 ' forget me entirely. Here he may perhaps
 ' take me by the Hand when I am expiring,
 ' and perhaps kiss my cold Lips when I am
 ' dead. Oh, may I soon find the King of Ter-
 ' rors more willing to put an End to my Pain,
 ' than my King, my *Alphonso*, is ! Ah, vain
 ' *Stremunia*, thy King, thy *Alphonso* ! he is thine
 ' no more ; he is another's now. Oh ! torment-
 ' ing Thought, it brings fresh Agonies upon
 ' me, and I am able to write no more———

The rest of my Book is so defective, that I
 can give thee, dear *England*, no more of these
 Letters, nor Affairs, till I have procur'd ano-

ther Copy, of which I have some Assurances. When I have it, it shall not be long before I communicate the Remainder to you, which by the Scraps that I have, I guess will be equally diverting. I am

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

PHILLIP ANECDOT.

These Letters (said the Baron) I find, form a sort of Secret History; but I have seldom much Faith in those Historians who pretend to convey things of this Nature to Posterity. What Credit these Secret Histories (assum'd the Chevalier) may challenge, I do not know, yet they are always entertaining by their very Character. For my part (said Downright) I am such an Infidel to most Histories, that I can as easily believe these as any. Faith Jack (said I) I give not myself much Trouble to be very critical in the Veracity of Historians, provided they please me in their Narrations.

L E T.

LETTER XII.

Against Witches.

To Mr. De Whimsey, at his House in the Wild of Kent.

Dear Whim,

I Cou'd not but smile at your last Letter, which brought me the Account of the great Witch in your Neighbourhood ; and your Complaint of the Justice, who refus'd to make her Mittimus, notwithstanding the many Evidences against her. But I must applaud the Prudence and Justice of that Civil Magistrate, who, without doubt, was very well satisfied, that there was no such thing in Nature. And indeed, if there were, do I see how any Proof can be made of it, at least strong enough to bear either a Judge or Jury out before God for condemning of her. First, the Matter of the Evidence that is commonly given against those unhappy poor Creatures, who are generally accused as Witches, is monstrously ridiculous, and very often impossible, as well as derogatory from the Goodness and Power of God. The ignorant accuse the ignorant, and often, nay always give such a Power to the Devil and his Deputies the Witches, as belongs only to the Deity. Thus they make them change their Shape, and most commonly into Cats,

tho' the humane Body be so much larger than that of a Cat ; they likewise make them pass through a Key-hole , or a broken Pain of Glass , and sometimes through Doors and Walls , without the least Inlet of ev'n a Crevice . Then they make them almost remove Mountains , whirl People from one Place to another , without any vifible Vehicle , and yet the poor Witches themselves can't convey themselves away from a Mob or a Constable . It is remarkable likewise , that we never hear of a Witch that is rich , they are all miserably Poor and in a starving Condition , tho' the Devil be Lord of Wealth .- But you say , that many People fwear pofitively in the Case of your Witch ; and so they have in that of many others . But ſhe makes People ſpew Pins , Needles , and the like . Still this is no Proof , ſince Cheats of this Nature have been found out , as the Contrivances of others , and not the Effect of the Witch's Power ; as about the Year 1702 , a Waterman in Southwark was discover'd by my Lord Chief Justice Holt's Directions , who accus'd a poor Washer-Woman of having bewitch'd him , and accordingly vomited crooked Pins , and the like . The reverend Mr. Martin then of St. Saviour's made the first ſtep in the Discovery ; when the Person pretending to be bewitch'd , scratch'd another Woman in the Dark , and thinking it to be her whom he accus'd , pretended to recover from his present Fit . This Impoſture was carried fo far , as to bring in the Woman's Husband as a Witness againſt her , tho' innocently enough in him , for he only ſwore that ſhe got up every

every Morning by Four a-Clock, which she did to go to her Washing, tho' it was urg'd by her Accusers, that it was to go to her Diabolical Meetings. And had a Judge less circumspect than my Lord Chief Justice *Holt* heard the Cause, it might have went hard with her; but by his Care the Imposture was found out, the poor Woman acquitted, and the Rogue punish'd.

I know that those who have written in the Affirmative of this Argument urge, that several who have been executed for Witchcraft, have own'd their Guilt before their Death. But I must reply, that these have been forc'd to it by the Tortures they have been put to; by the same Means wou'd confess any thing, thinking Death the more eligible Evil, as putting an end to their excessive Pains here.

But they have own'd their nocturnal Meetings, and riding through the Air to adore and feast with the Devil, in the Shape of a Goat. But this might be the Effect of a strong Imagination, and certainly was so, since those who have been strictly watch'd the whole Night, and had Witnesses that they never stir'd out of the Place where they lay, have yet, when they wak'd, asserted the same thing of their aerial Journey.

I have been inform'd, that in the Houses of one of these reputed Witches in *France*, there were some Bottles of Ointment found, and the Physicians of *Paris* guessing it to be of a sort of intoxicating Nature, try'd the Experiment on two or three Malefactors, that were condemn'd to Death. They caus'd a good Fire to be made,

made, and then the Malefactors to be anointed all over with this Medicament. They first grew drowsy, and fell a-sleep, in which they got up and run up and down the Room for some time, and then fell all down on the Floor, and lay there till the Morning; when coming to themselves, they told the Company that they had flown over Hills and Dales, had fed well with the Devil, and all the usual Story of the Witches.

I remember when I was in *Flanders*, I saw one Witch burnt in this Manner: In the Market-Place there was erected a Scaffold or Stage, which being cover'd about a Foot deep with Sand, the Stake and Faggots were fixt on it; and a poor old decrepit Woman was bound to it, and burnt. The People had a thousand Stories of what she had confess'd by the Force of the Presence of the Host, or Sacrament of the Eucharist; and that she had foretold, that all who saw her Execution, shou'd be fill'd with Lice, and all the holy Water-Pots in the Town shou'd be fill'd with Blood. But nothing of this came to pass, the poor Creature was soon dead, and there was an end of that Sham. But the Popish Priests are fond of these Executions, and never fail of inventing Stories enough, both of the Confessions and lying Wonders of these miserable Creatures.

What a Noise was there about one *Grandier* an honest Priest of *Lodun*, who was burnt in a solemn Manner, for being a Conjuror? The Nuns were taught their Tricks, which were various Distortions of the Body, in which they

they at last arriv'd to a tolerable Perfection, by the Instruction of their Father Confessor, who was *Grandier's* inveterate Enemy. These Nuns accus'd this poor Priest as having bewitch'd them, and putting them in these Convulsions, whenever they were exorcis'd. This Piece of Malice was secretly abett'd by the Cardinal *Richelieu*, who never forgave a Foe, nor miss'd some Way or other of being reveng'd upon him. This was *Grandier's* Fate, and he at last was, after a formal Trial, condemn'd and burnt for a Conjurer. There is a Book written upon this Subject, which I recommend to your reading ; it is in *English*, and is call'd, *The Devils of Lodun*. That alone, I dare believe, will give you enough of this Affair of Witchcraft. If not, pray read Mr. *Mathers's* Account of the Witches of *New-England*, which tho' he publish'd to justify the Regency of that Place, (I mean the Judges in this Case) plainly prov'd, that they proceeded without Justice or Reason, as will appear from the Reply of one of the unhappy Woman who suffer'd. It was sworn against her, that she came in at a Window, and did such and such Mischief to a young Woman in a certain Chamber. My Lords, said the suppos'd Witch, if my Likeness was seen in this Manner, it must be the Devil who had taken my Shape, and well might he take my Shape who am a Sinner, since he cou'd take that of *Samuel* a Prophet of the Lord, at the Witch of *Endor's*.

The Judges made no material Answer to this Saying of the Criminal, but, in spight of
that

that and common Sense, condemn'd her to be burnt.

This had run so far at last, that they began to bring in some of their Clergy, and then a stop was put to the Madness, and we heard no more of the Witches of *New-England*.

But it wou'd be endless to pursue this Subject, fince the Impostures of this Kind have been very numerous, nay, as numerous as the Persons who have suffer'd for this Crime in all the Nations of the Earth.

I have not room for more; but if you are still for believing in this Pow'r of the Devil, enjoy your Fancy. I am

Your bumble Servant,

ABRAHAM GODLOVE.

Whether there are Witches or not (said I) that is, poor miserable Creatures, who have sold their Souls to the Devil, I think a Dispute not worth entring upon. It is however (assum'd the *Baron*) very strange; that the Devil, who has so much Gold at his command, shou'd let his Servant starve. Nay, (said the *Chevalier*) his Wages are so bad, that I fancy he will haye but few Guests at his nocturnal Orgies. Why truly (concluded *Downright*) the Reward of a good and religious Life ev'n here, is so very much preferable, that if there are any Witches, they must be look'd on as Ideots, and so ought to escape Punishment here at least;

least; for Madmen are only punish'd by Confinement, a dark Room, Straw and a Whip.

LETTER XIII.

The Chinese Fortune-teller.

To Antony Foresight Esq; to be left at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, London.

SIR,

I Have almost finish'd my *Chinese Fortune-teller* in the *English Tongue*. I believe it will surprise you to find all the Secrets of Futurity discover'd with that Ease, with which it is done in this Book. I will spoil the Market of most of our *London Dablers* in Nativities, Horary Questions, and the like, by rendring every one capable of knowing his own Fortune. I intend to publish it as soon as it is perfect, and then a little Experience will show, that my Labour and Pains have not been thrown away. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

E BEN CLEARSIGHT.

What (said the *Baron*) have we more of these foolish Sham's of Fortunetelling to come? Ay, ay, (said the *Chevalier*) as long as there are Fools enow to give credit to what is said on that Subject, you need not doubt but that there will be some who will write upon it. They may write (said *Downright*) as long as they please; but I promise them, I shall never buy nor read any of their Books of that Kind. Nor I neither (said I) for I am satisfied in two Things, first, not to trouble myself with what is to come, which I am sure I can't tell; and that those who pretend to know it, are as ignorant as myself.



LETTER XIV.

On Matrimony and Love.

To Sir John Amorous, to be left at White's Chocolate-House in St. James's-Street, London.

My dear Knight,

YOUR Letter of the 19th came not to my Hands till Yesterday, else you had sooner heard from me on the Subject of yours, I mean on your intended Marriage: But I hope this may come time enough to be useful to you; for perhaps what I have to say may stagger your Resolution, tho' I confess, when once a young Fellow is set-on Wedlock or any other mad Frolick, it is in vain to think of reasoning him out of it; for had he not shaken Hands with Reason, he wou'd never have entertain'd such a Resolution.

However, I shall send you the Reflections that have hitherto kept me out of that holy Noose. Were I to reason like a Politician, I confess, I shou'd be as warm for it, as I am now against it; for the World must be peopled, and the Race of Mankind be kept up, which a general Celibacy wou'd in one Generation destroy. Not but the World might be peopled without Marriage, at least that Sort of Marriage in use in our Parts of Europe, where *one-to-one* is *cursedly confin'd*, as old Dryden has it. And there are or have been Countries (as Sparta for

for one) where all Copulations were lawful, and the Off-spring taken for the Children of the Public, and accordingly educated by the State. But these Customs are look'd upon as Heathen, and we are on the contrary oblig'd to be ty'd to one Wife *till Death does us part.* Terrible Words, my Friend, and hard Condition, which has no Regard to humane Frailty, and the Changeableness of all Mankind of both Sexes, who are this Day fond of what the next renders odious. Methinks the Legislators (many of whom feel the Hardship of the present Course) shou'd allow us at least a Year of Probation, to see how our Tempers agree, which it is impossible to know, till living together discovers it. You come to your Mistress, during your Courtship, gay and in good Humour yourself, and find her no less so, and set off to all the Advantage that Art can add to Nature, which take my Word for it, my Friend, often gives the better half; but when Distance is remov'd, and you come to a closer and more constant View; when you are with her all the Day and every Day, nay and all the Night too, you will see another Scene open, and all the Defects of Person and Mind reveal themselves in such a Manner, that you are amaz'd how you cou'd have been so damnably deceiv'd, as to take a Devil for an Angel. But alas, there is no Remedy; 'tis *Death, only Death can sign your Quietus.* All you can hope for, is, that your Wife will (if she have Sense) endeavour to deceive you still, and so make herself at least tolerable.

This Maxim you must always follow, to have an implicit Faith in your Spouse's Virtue,

let

let her Conduct be never so suspicious, which puts me in mind of an excellent Song of my Friend Cheek's, and which I send you for your Instruction and Comfort.

*Love's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
Which in Fancy we possess ;
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
Wisdom ever makes it less.*

*When we think, by Passion heated,
We a Goddess have in Chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.*

*Only happy is the Lover
Whom the Fair one well deceives,
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at Ease.*

*But the Fool that wou'd be knowing
What the Fair one wou'd disguise,
Vainly seeks his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.*

So that Credulity, which a prudent Man shou'd always avoid in the rest of the Conduct of his Life, is here the greatest Prudence : Wretched State, my Friend, which has all its Support, or at least all its Comfort built on a Folly.

Methinks I here find you making a great deal of bustle with Love ! You tell me I know nothing of that divine Passion, nor give any Allowances to it. That Love makes all Things pleasant and easy, nay transporting. Pretty Fan-

Fancies indeed, these are for Girls and young Fellows, who throw their Time away in reading Romances ; it is indeed a Kickshaw dress'd up in *France*, the Whimsey of the *French* Writers, and not to be found any where but in *Calprenede*, *Scudery*, and the other unnatural Scribblers of Volumes of no manner of use to the Readers. They have indeed fill'd their Books with this Sort of Love, which consists only in Talk ; and so unnatural, that a *Spanish* Lady reading in them, found when the Lovers had gain'd an Interview with great Hazards and Difficulties, she threw away the precious Time in Chit Chat, which she thought might be better employed, and more agreeably to the Nature of Love : *They are got together*, said she, *what Occasion for talking?* implying this Truth, that the Love between the Sexes was Lust with a softer Name ; and this was the Opinion of the Antients, as is plain from all they have written on this Subject.

In Furiis Ignemque ruunt Amor omnibus Idem,

says *Lucretius*, by that putting the Love of all Animals on the same Bottom, the Desire of Copulation. The God of Love, the *Latins* call'd *Cupid* or *Cupido*, which is Lust or the Desire of Enjoyment. And let our Ladies say what they please, and put on what demure and severe Airs they please, what they mean by Love is the same. There was a rich Citizen's young Daughter, who fell so much in Love with her Musick-Master a Foreigner, that, to save his Daughter's Life, the Father was content to take

take him for his Son in Law, and accordingly made the Motion to him, and inform'd him of his Daughter's Passion; and told him, when he found him declare against Marriage, that he shou'd have a very considerable Fortune with her: On which the Musician was so honourable as to let the old Gentleman know, that he cou'd not in Gratitude make so ill a Return to the young Lady as to marry her, since he had the Misfortune of being incapable of performing the Duty of a Husband.

Care was taken to convey this to the amorous Lady, who, notwithstanding the violence of her Love for him, cou'd not resolve to wed only the Picture or Image of a Man, and so in a little Time came to herself, and has since married a more substantial Husband.

Now, my Friend, had Love been what these whimsical Persons make of it, something different from the Joys of the Marriage Bed, she might have persevered in her Passion for the Fiddler, since he cou'd talk to her, sing to her, fiddle to her, nay, and kiss her too, as eagerly as any other Man cou'd. From hence I draw this Truth, that you have a strong Desire of enjoying your Mistress; no more my dear Knight, which when sufficiently satisfied, she will have no more Charms than the rest have had in the same Circumstances; but you cannot get so easily rid of her when you are weary, and find nothing new in her Person or Mind. No, you must still have her in your Bosom, you must think of no other, much less give a loose to your Appetite; you must eat of no other Dish, tho' the finest Food in the

World were set before you. Well, but you know yourself, you are constant by Nature, she has all you can desire, and you shall now change no more. I wish you may not flatter yourself with a Virtue that is not yours, at least, I am sure you cannot be certain of it till you have try'd; and it is a terrible Experiment on yourself, to risk the Happiness of your Life on a Chance, when it is ten to one you throw out. You have no great Reason from your past Conduct, to hope for what you have never yet found. You have been in Love with accomplish'd Beauties, you have found them easy and complaisant to your Desires, and yet you have chang'd; the next Face that you lik'd, extinguish'd your Flame with a new one; but now you are grown constant, that is, in Imagination. Be it so; but are you sure that she will be so too? You know what *Virgil* says,

—*Varium & mutabile semper
Fæmina*—

* *Woman's a various and a changeful Thing.*

Do you think you shall find her always like and love you? never admit any wand'ring Thoughts, nor view any other Object with Desire? ne'er listen to the Flatteries of the young and the gay, who will be assiduous in their Addresses, take all Opportunities of pleasing her, be Slaves to her Will, while you are indifferent; and, because your own, make use now of none of those Endearments that first engag'd her Heart to you? You no longer watch

watch the Motions of her Eyes, and thence catch the Occasion of obeying her, even before her Lips have pronounc'd her Commands; you no longer gaze on her whole Hours with Transport, hear her speak with Rapture, nor kiss her with Fire; when you embrace her, your Heart does not bounce against your Breast, nor does your Soul mount up to your Eyes. All is calm and cold, Civility now takes the place of warm Transport, which yet she finds in others; and therefore concludes that you do her an Injury, and pay not that Tribute to her Charms which they still deserve. What's the Consequence of this but Revenge? and what's a Wife's Revenge but Cuckoldom for the Husband? If after all this you are bound obstinately for the Port of Matrimony, why *un bon Voyage*, my dear Knight, a prosperous Gale and unruffled Seas attend you, 'tis a long Voyage, and the Winds and Waves very fickle; your best way is to take her out of the Sea of Temptation, that wicked Town of *London*, where there are so many Pirates resort, that it is ten to one if some do not board your Pinnace. Go down into *North-Wales*, and there let her cure her poor Neighbours broken Shins and scald Heads; and so employ her Time more innocently, if not with so much Diversion. I will not insure your Cargo for all this Caution, yet it is the best I can give you. *Mirabel* was my particular Friend, a young Fellow of a great deal of Wit and fine Sense, as well as Learning; he was the Darling of all that knew him,

him, and made a Figure at *Will's* and in St. Steven's Chapel ; but he had an old Father who minded not the Praises of his Son so much as to let him long enjoy the Place and sort of Life that acquir'd them ; no, *Mirabel* was an *Elder Brother*, his Father old, and the keeping up of the Family was now his Duty. The old Gentleman gets him a Country Lady for a Wife, with a good Fortune. *Mirabel* obeys this Call with some Reluctance, but Necessity will have it so ; his Opinion of the Sex gives him no great Prospect of Pleasure and Happiness in the holy State ; but he resolv'd to arm the best he could against the worst Effects of an Evil he could not avoid. He leaves the Town, the Conversation of the Gay and the Witty, and retir'd into the Country, marry'd, and there has remain'd ever since, taking no more notice of his Friends than if he had none ; his only Company now is his Wife, his Children, his Books, and a Pipe of Tobacco ; he is grown very religious, says Prayers every Night to his Family, and with them goes constantly to Church. There's your Example, Knight, follow it, and if it make you not very happy, it will keep you, perhaps, from being very miserable ; and that's a pretty good hit, considering how the World goes, and the vain Cares which disturb Mankind. But all my Fears may be vain, and you may meet with a *Lucretia*. Yet *Julius Cæsar*, with all his Accomplishments of Mind and Person, had the infamous *Clodius* found in his House among the Women, the Chief of whom was his Wife.

Wife. I have no more to say at present to you on this Head. So wishing you a great deal of Joy, I am

Your faithful Friend

and Servant,

WILLIAM FREELOVE.

What an Harangue (said *Downright*) is here against Marriage ! he may be a Wit for ought I know, for I think the Wits always laugh and rail at Religion and Wedlock ; but I am~~s~~ sure he has as little Wisdom as Love for his Country, or humane Society, which is supported by Marriage. I seldom have known (assum'd I) one of these Wits a very eminent Patriot. And yet they all marry at last,

*D —— purring, like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd, but wiser Puss ne'er thought of that.*

said one of them, yet afterwards marry'd three times. Ay, ay (said the *Baron*) this sort of Railing is only a Trick of Youth ; but when we come to Maturity, we all become the Subject of our own Jests. In my Opinion (said the *Chevalier*) ridiculing and railing at Institutions, that spread through all Mankind, is no more a Proof of Wit than Honesty, but gives shrewd Suspicions of both.

LETTER XV.

Of Gentility, &c.

To Mr. Pedigree, at his House near Canterbury, Kent.

Good Sir,

YOUR Letter about the Slight you imagin'd put on you by the Corporation of *Maidston*, has given me some Chagrin, because I am sensible that the Reason of your Mis-carriage in your Pretensions was not what you suppose, nor, indeed, any Slight at all ; for your Antagonist has been a great Benefactor to the Town ; and it had not been Gratitude to have rejected him for a Stranger. Know, you have not been long a settl'd Inhabitant of *Kent*, tho' you have now purchas'd a good Estate there. You say, your Antagonist is an Upstart, of no Family, the Son of a *Cit*, and the like. Ah ! Sir, I am sorry to find you in the Number of those who value themselves on an antient Race ; I believe it only the effect of Resentment ; for you know what the Poets have justly said upon this Subject.

Qui Genus jaEtat suum, aliena laudat. And
Et Genus & Proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voca —. And
Nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus.

Virtue

Virtue is the only Nobility, and he who boasts an old Family, boasts of another's Merit, not his own. *Ovid*, who was himself of the *Equestrian* Order, makes the wise *Ulysses* speak the second Quotation. As for my Pedigree and Ancestors, and what I have not perform'd myself, I scarce call them mine. For, indeed, what Merit can I boast, in having had one of my Family, some hundreds of Years ago, who rais'd himself above the Level of the common People, by his own Actions, or his Prince's Favour, if I do nothing myself, to shew I deserve to be of his Race and share his Honours? This Antiquity of House is a mere *Chimera*, and peculiar indeed to none; for could we trace the poorest Wretch in the Parish to his Original, we might, perhaps, find a Prince or King of his Blood. We know that the Family of the illustrious *David*, King of *Israel*, was sunk to a Carpenter, in the Husband of the holy Virgin Mother.

Then for your *Upstarts*, your *Novi Homines*, the *Romans*, indeed, in the Days of their foolish Pride and little Merit, call'd all such as made a considerable Figure in the Commonwealth, and could not produce the *Pictos Vultus* of their Ancestors *longo Ordine*, as *Juvenal* has it, a long Train of their Fore-fathers Statues, who, in the Time of the first *Consul*, at least in the *Carthaginian* War, had done something worth taking notice of. Thus they reproach'd *Cicero* with being an Upstart or *Novus Homo*, tho' one of the greatest Men that the Age he liv'd in produc'd, and meriting to be put in the same

Class with *Bratus*, *Cato*, and *Cæsar*; for, besides his Services to the State, in the dangerous Affair of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, in which he attain'd the Appellation of Father of his Country, and deserv'd it, since he sav'd it from a shameful Destruction; he has transmitted to Posterity the only Proof that the *Roman Eloquence* excell'd that of the *Greeks*. What was the first of the *Arsacidæ* but a poor Shepherd, and yet got to the Head of the *Parthians*, and settled their Empire in such a manner as to make it a Terror to the *Romans*, who were not able to revenge the Death of *Crassus*, and the Loss of his whole Army; in many Years; for what *Anthony* did against them, was, at most, but a saving Game.

But our *Gentry*, our Distinction of *Gentleman*, scarce ever had so reasonable a Rise, nor so noble, as that of the Nobility of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In those Commonwealths it was either some brave Action against the Enemy, or eminent Justice, Virtue or Ability, that rais'd one Man above another; Wealth had no Share in it. For *Athens* paid more Deference to *Aristides* in extream Poverty, than to *Callias* with all his Riches, and whom they were about impeaching, for letting his Friend *Aristides* want when he abounded, and ow'd great Part of his Abundance to his Favour, during the several Magistracies he had gone through in that City, without the least Profit to himself.

This was the way in those Commonwealths; but I fear it will be a hard Matter for the best

best of our old Families to prove their Rise so honourable, under the Kings, from which Fountain they derive their modern Distinction. I will not say as *Aeneas Sylvius* (who was afterwards Pope *Pius IV.*) that most of the Nobility had been rais'd more for their Wickedness than their Virtues, for some had for their Founders Pimps, Court Parasites, Usurers, and the like. He was a Man of the Family of the *Piccolomini*, sufficiently known to be of Figure in *Italy*.

But I would fain know of you who it is, that ever asks the Question, when a Man has a good Estate, whether he came in with the Conquest or not? and who pay'd less Respect to Sir *H. F.* because his Mother was an Apple-Woman? not one but a Coxcomb; he was receiv'd and caress'd by the greatest of our Quality and Statesmen, for he had personal Merit, by which he rose, and render'd himself not only useful, but necessary to his Country in difficult Times.

I would not have you believe that I have one jot the worse Opinion of myself, because my great Grandfather, or his Father (for I am not so very learned in my Genealogy as to determine) was a poor Taylor in the Country near one Hundred Miles from *London*: No, I value him the more, who junpt from his Shop-board into the Arms of a considerable Heiress, and so became a Gentleman; his Son married a young Lady of one of the most ancient Families in those Parts, and so confirm'd our Gentility; but then my Father

took up with the Bastard of a certain wealthy Knight by an Herb Woman ; but having a good Fortune, and a great deal of Beauty, marry'd her, and so produc'd your humble Servant.

You may, perhaps, mistake me, by what I have said, for a meer *Leveller* ; but none is farther from it. I am not for destroying *Subordination*, without which no Government can subsist ; but I am as far from thinking that this *Subordination* consists in this Point of Antiquity of Family, and the contrary ; but in the various Magistrates, their Substitutes, and the People governed. As for the other Part, which consists in Rich and Poor, in those who labour and those who enjoy what they have without their personal working, that will always be ; for the mutual Benefits they receive from each other, with the Demands of humane Life, will make them always necessarily subsist as long as there is Property, and this as fully, if there were no Gentleman of an antienter Date than this present Year, as if they had all such antient Pedigrees, as would puzzle a *German* or *Welsh* Genealogist to trace them a thousand Years a piece.

In short, this Pride of Birth is the Refuge of Idleness, of Sloth, and all manner of Baseness. Throw it away therefore, if you are wise, or would be thought so ; for it is contemptible in itself, and makes those, who value it, so in the Eyes of all Men of common Sense. If you had no other Merit than that
peculiar

peculiar to your own Person, I should be
asham'd to subscribe myself, as I do,

Your most humble Servant

and hearty Friend,

HARRY ALLIKE.

This Gentleman (said I) seems to have too little a value for the Prerogative of great Birth. Not at all (reply'd *Downright*) you find he only fights against it as it stands separately from all other Worth. No, (assum'd the *Chevalier*) and that is a sovereign Truth that hinders not the Advantages that Birth gives, when join'd with other Merits. And that's as much as can with Reason be requir'd (concluded the *Baron*) and it is to no Purpose to strive for more in this Country ; in *France* and *Spain* this Doctrine would be look'd on as a sort of an Heresy.

LETTER XVI.

Of Benefit and Gratitude.

**To Mr. Jeoffry Purseproud, at his House in
Cheap-side, London.**

My good Friend Jeoffry,

YOUR late Complaints of my Ingratitude to you, has given me some Uneasiness, and made me resolve to send you this Letter, to remove so disagreeable an Imputation. I am afraid that you do not sufficiently know the Condition of Benefits ; and that you will never be able to judge how far a Man proves grateful or ungrateful. I have not *Seneca* by me, who has written largely on this Subject, so that I shall be content with what my own Reason suggests. A Benefit, to lay an Obligation on a Man, must, first of all, be just, that is, without Injury to any one ; it must be done easily, without long and tedious Solicitations ; *easily*, for there are a sort of Men, who may be wrought upon to do a Favour, and yet in the doing of it discover so much Unwillingness and Chagrin, that it cannot be very much valu'd by the Receiver ; nay, I have known a Gentleman oblige his Friend more by the manner of his Denial, than another did at the same time by granting his Request.

With-

Without long Solicitations, for there are other Men who do Favours, but make you pay such an Extortion of attendant Dependance, so tedious a Suspence between Hopes and Fears, that what they do at last makes not amends for the Trouble of obtaining it, and very often wears out the Benefit, by the Inconvenience which so long waiting for it brings with it: And this is the Method of Courtiers, where the Suitor has not Bribe enough to purchase a Dispatch; not but others likewise have the same Vice, from a Love of seeing a long Train daily attend their Levees; but these are Men who have but little Claim to Gratitude.

There are Men too, rich Men like yourself, Jeoffry, who think they infinitely oblige, even when they lend Money on good Security, and shall be vain enough to boast that they have oblig'd Mr. such a one very much; whereas every Money Scrivener and Usurer has the same Pretence.

There are some who do real Benefits; but then they expect that the Person oblig'd should be perpetually at their Command, think as they think, and do whatever they shall order them. But these, in my Mind, deserve less Gratitude than any, for they buy our Liberty, a Blessing more valuable than Life; they do for you, but it is that you ever after shall be their Slave.

Find me a Man that bestows a Favour freely, just when it is wanted; nay, that prevents your Demand, and then forgets the Good he

has done himself ; or, if he remembers it, it is only in the Satisfaction he has of having done a good or generous Action ; and not to pay all Acknowledgments to such a one, is to be truly, that is, monstrously ingrateful.

Titus Quinctius Flaminius was one of this kind, who took such Pleasure in doing Good to others, that he thought himself oblig'd to the Man who receiv'd a Benefit from him ; and he was an Enemy to none but such as did prevent his Generosity by doing a Favour himself ; for he thought that by that means he was rob'd of an Opportunity of exerting his darling Quality of Beneficence.

But alas ! there have been few great and powerful Men who have had his Temper, which makes him, to me, seem the most valuable Character in all the *Roman History*.

But of all Men there are none less fit for Friends or Benefactors, than Scholars and Wits, especially Poets (I mean as they are now a days) it is a hard Matter to engage them at all ; and yet more difficult to engage them to extend their Assistance, I mean, their Mediation (for they are seldom qualified with Ability to be Benefactors in their own Persons) whether it be out of Self-opinion that makes them think little of other People, or that they imagine a small Matter, by their means, sufficient for the greatest Distress. The Gown knows little of Generosity or Charity, or any practical Virtue.

But to come to yourself, you will find you are not forgot in this List ; you have lent me

me Money, but not without Security ; you may say, perhaps, the Security is not so good but that you were fain to call in your Inclinations to serve me to make you part with it. I will not contest that Point, for I hope your Kindness for me had a Share in what you did ; however, I have not fail'd in my Payments, or in my Respect for you. If you have heard otherwise, assure yourself I am highly injur'd by the Malice of the Reporter : for I am sincerely,

Your oblig'd .

humble Servant,

WILLIAM TRUSTY.

There is, indeed (said the *Baron*) no Task of humane Life more difficult than this of Benefits. I confess (assum'd the *Chevalier*) the want of considering it well has rais'd more Complaints of *Ingratitude* than are just ; you shal' scarce meet with a Man but has suffer'd (if you believe him) by the Ingrateful. But that is only a Pretence to avoid doing some Favour or other in his Power. Nay, I have a better Opinion (said I) of Mankind, than to think that Vice so general as 'tis made. How general it is (concluded *Downright*) I will not pretend to determine ; but sure I am, that a Man of any Figure and Conversation in the World will find too frequent Instances of it in all Degrees, and generally in them most who complain most of it.

The End of the Third Book.



BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Mr. Fickle, at Mr. Loveit's House near Dover, Kent.

Oh! dear Mr. Fickle,

 H O' you have basely left me, after all your Vows and Proteſtations; after you have betray'd me to Folly; and bequeath'd me a long Punishment for my easy Faith: I find myself with Child, and hope you will have the Justice to contrive some Means of my being convey'd from my Friends, to conceal my Shame; else you may, perhaps, be the Caufe of a double Murder, that of my Infant, and of

Your unfortunate,

A. L.

Here is another Scene of Ingratitude (said the *Baron*) But one (assum'd the *Chevalier*) that is very common in this wicked Age. As common as it is (said *Downright*) I think it deserves an adequate Punishment. That Affairs is very little taken care of by our Legislators, who have been very hard upon the weaker Sex, and leave the guilty Man at Liberty to betray and ruin Hundreds, without so much as the Punishment of Scandal ; for even the Women like a young Fellow never the worse for having had a Bastard or two laid to him. That is but a poor Help (said I) to the Woman, that her Oath will fix the Charge of the Child on the Man, which, for a little Money, he puts off to be starv'd ; but her Reputation is gone for ever. And this I take to be the Cause of so many young Whores making Abortions, or murdering of them when born. In other Countries they have Receptacles of all the Byblows of the Place, where they are bred up and put to Trades, when big enough.

LETTER II.

*To Mrs. Florella Gaywit, at her Lodgings
in -----street, Westminster.*

FAIR *Florella*, I know you expect to hear from me in my Absence, and I know that I ought to write : But what to write I confess I do not know ; for to tell you that I love you, is what you know ; to tell you that I long to possess all your Beauties, I tell you no more than what you easily believe, since it is the natural Consequence of my loving you : But to tell you that I will always be constant, would be to say what you will not with so little Difficulty give Credit to, or, perhaps, desire should be true ; I shall therefore only say, that I will be constant as long as you would have me so, and when you are willing that I should be no longer so, I will endeavour to change that Virtue for some other that will be more agreeable to you at that Time. I could protest my Constancy should last as long as Life, that Streams should run back to their Springs, the Planets invert their Course and spoil the Musick of the Spheres, the Moon cease to change, and a thousand such common Places of vulgar Lovers ; but I fancy what I have said will (if you are that Woman of Wit I take you to be) please you better. I make Love like a Gentleman, those Fops like Pedants ;

Pedants ; if you approve my Method, you may hear more from

Your faithful Lover,

COMPLAISANT JACK.

This Gentleman (said the *Baron*) shews us a Lover who has the Pleasure of Love without the Pains. And, perhaps (assum'd the *Chevalier*) takes a shorter Road to the Aim of his Desires, than by a whining Address, especially, if the Lady be of a gay Temper. But (said I) it often happens that these gay and airy Lasses are won with more Difficulty than the grave ones, who love to hear of the Power of their Eyes, and the Pangs they give their Adorers. For my Part (concluded *Downright*) it is my Opinion, that all that depends on Chance, Opportunity, and Importunity ; for the veriest Coquet in Nature lays aside her false Advances when those come in Play.

L E T-

LETTER III.

*To Mr. Thomas Gripus at his Chambers in
Furnival's-Inn, in Holborn, London.*

Tom,

HERE was young Ned Truant last Week, who was very lavish in your Praise, as of a fine young Gentleman, which I do not like; I had rather it had been of a hopeful young Attorney: But considering whom the Praise came from, an idle young Rake, it gives me an Idea of your Conduct, which I do by no Means approve. *A fine young Gentleman*, is, in my Sense, a fine Ass, a Fellow that will never get, but spend an Estate; if you continue thus, I am resolv'd you shan't spend mine, which has been got by great Industry, and other Maxims than those of a fine Gentleman. In short, *Tom*, thou dost not seem to know the World, thou must love no Man, nor no Woman, believe no Man, trust no Man, except on treble Security, do Service to no Man, unless thou can't get by it thyself. Mind not thy Bottle; or when thou dost drink, let it be with thy Clients, and they will pay for it; study all the Cunning of thy Profession, and make thy own Benefit the wise Aim of all thy Actions. Keep no poor Company, there is nothing to be got by that. Be no Peace-maker, that is against thy Interest; thou must live and grow rich by Discord, not Amity. I sent you Orders

Orders three Posts ago, to have that Scoundrel *Barelive* arrested ; instead of which you send me word that he is poor, has not wherewithal to pay me, if in my debt, and that he says he discharg'd what you demanded when I was last in Town. If he cannot produce my Acquittance, arrest him ; if he can't pay me, let him rot in a Jayl, I know no Compassion in these Cases ; in a Prison, perhaps, he may find some Fool or other that may pay my Debt, since it is under forty Shillings. I therefore give you my positive and repeated Order not to spare him, as you will avoid the Anger of

Your loving Father,

GABRIEL GRIPUS.

Here is an old miserable Dog for you (said I) who has so much of the Devil in him now he is so near his Grave. The more for that (said the *Baron*) for the nearer to Hell, the riper for Hell. That he is no *Christian* is plain, from the Maxims he preaches to his Son, which are truly diabolical, and opposite to those of *Jesus Christ*. What an inhumane Dog is he (purso'd *Downright*) to put a poor Creature in a Jayl for less than forty Shillings, and which, in all likelihood, he has paid ! This is one of the Grievances (said the *Chevalier*) of your *English* Liberties, where every Man can ruin his Neighbour, by claping Actions on him without Ground or Justice. If People must lose their Freedom for Debt, and suffer for Misfortunes, certainly the Plaintiff ought to prove his Debt before he takes that way.

L E T-

LETTER IV.

To Mr. Galliard, at his House near Faversham in Kent.

My old Friend Galliard,

I Was not a little surpriz'd at your last Letter to your Nephew, when he shew'd it to me. What ! has the *Kentish* Air quite chang'd you ? Is all your gay Humour fled, and is your Blood all curdl'd with the aguish Temperament of the Soil you are retired to ? Nay, have you left your Reason at the same time you left *London* ? But why all this Indignation at Plays ? Have you lately been reading *Prynn*, and his Copyist of a contrary Kidney ? The Invectives against the Stage, which we have had in *England*, have been given us first by a sort of mad Enthusiast, who at the same time that he contemn'd the Fathers in all other religious Disputes, builds all his *Histrionatrix* on their Authority misunderstood, and misapply'd. The other great Enemy of the *Drama*, is a most violent *Jacobite*, a *Laudian* in the highest Degree, who forgetting the Favour the *Martyr*, and Archbishop *Laud*, with the most Celebrated of the Clergy of those Times, bestow'd upon these Diversions, joins Antimonarchical *Prynn* against them.

But it is no hard Matter to find the true Reason of the Rage of the latter against the Theatre;

Theatre ; for though he carry the Face of Zeal for Religion in his Book, the real Cause was, by putting an end to Plays, to make the People uneasy ; since he knew what the ingenious *Harrington* observ'd, that you wou'd in vain perswade the People that they are free, while you depriy'd them of those innocent Diversions to which they were so inclin'd. And *Collier* thought that if Plays were in vogue in King *William's* Reign, it wou'd look to be on a Foot too pleasing for his Hopes.

I cannot but smile to see that his Book found so many Advocates, even of those who most frequented the Playhouse, and who yet were every Night in the Boxes or the Pit. But we have a whimsical Town. Well, what was the Event of all this Clamour ? Why, *Collier* got a great deal of Money by what he writ against Plays, and the Players got better Audiences.

I cannot omit one Remark on his Book. He begins it with assuring us, that the Wit of Man cannot find out any Means more conducive to the promoting of Virtue, and the banishing of Vice, than the *Drama* ; and yet at the End, he gives you a whole Crowd of the Fathers to prove that there should be no such thing at all in a Christian Country ; that is, according to himself, that the Thing that is the most conducive to Virtue, which the Wit of Man could invent, shou'd not be made use of to that End.

But his Friends wou'd salve this Absurdity, by pretending that he is only against the Corruption of the Stage, and not against the Stage itself.

itself. If that be his Meaning, he had no need of transcribing the Fathers Authorities from *Prynn*; nor is there any Man in his Senses who is against the Reformation of this Noble Diversion, except those who get by its Corruption. But if that had been his real Intention, his Pen and Reputation were at that Time high enough to have accomplish'd so laudable a Design; a Design so worthy of a Divine, and which has been long pursu'd in vain by such who wanted his Interest.

I do not find by your Letter that you have started any new Complaints against the Stage, and all these have been sufficiently answer'd already. To come therefore close to you---- Your Nephew is a young Gentleman of the Inns of Court; he studies hard all the Day; wou'd you allow him no unbending Hours, no Hours of Refreshment? That is ridiculous, and humane Nature cannot support itself always on the Bent. Well, you will; nay, you must therefore give him Diversions: But are you for the most Innocent, or most Criminal; the most Idle and Vain, or the most Useful? If for the latter, let us examine all that this Town affords, and some of which he must have recourse to. The first is the *Bottle*: Do you prefer that to Plays? I confess a Bottle now and then, in a good Conversation, is very well, and very refreshing; but it is a hard matter to pick out such Companions at the Tavern that make use of this Diversion with Moderation; one Bottle draws on another, till Drunkenness ensues with all its wild Train of Follies and Vices; and it is a hard

a hard matter for a young Man, of a free and generous Temper, to observe that Moderation in it as is requisite. Well, wou'd you have then quit the Tavern and go to the Gaming Houses, even to the Groom Porter's itself? Sure you cannot be so mad as to approve of this Destruction of Health and Estates; the Season of this vile Diversion is all the Night, or at least the most part of it; and when the Spirits are spent with Vexation and Losses, and want of Rest, the Mind has but little Time to recover itself, and be fit for Study or Business. What Course must he then take, apply himself to the Ladies Conversation? get in at their Assemblies, or their Visiting-Days? Alas! my Friend, a Man of Sense (as your Nephew must be allow'd to be) makes but a ridiculous Figure among the Ladies; a Man must be furnish'd with a large stock of Impertinence and Follies; must think little, and prate much, must be skill'd in the Tattle and Chitchat of the Place to render himself agreeable there. Beaus and Coxcombs will have a much better Interest in the Fair, notwithstanding all his real Merit, which will make him the Jest of the Women and their Favourite Fops.

There is another sort of Diversion with the Ladies, I confess, but sure you are too grave to recommend that; and shou'd you, it wou'd take up too much of his Time, nay, and of his Money too, for a young Gentleman of his Estate and Employment.

What other Diversions there may be found in this Town I do not know; but sure I am,

that

that these are the principal, and not one of them I think to compare with Plays; in which you have an Image of Life, its Passions, and its Humours, that give us, whilst they divert us, most excellent Lessons, and such as glide gently into the Heart in the Vehicle of Pleasure. In Tragedy, you see the ill Effects of giving way to our Passions, which ought to be resisted in their first Approaches, if we wou'd maintain our Innocence, and our Tranquility. By seeing the Misfortunes which attend People of great Stations in the World, the Mind is brought to pity Objects worthy of Compassion, and to become less liable to mislead us in those which in justice ought to engage it. It likewise regulates our *Fear*, by having such Things, such Events plac'd before us, that while they cause Terror for themselves, render us less subject to it in the common Accidents of Life: But the Benefit of seeing Tragedies, that are well written, and well acted, are too many to be here enumerated.

In *Comedy* you have the droll Pieces of Poetry, the ridiculous Face of Nature, where Folly is laugh'd out of Countenance, and Virtue recommended with a Smile; the Singularities of Affectation and Humour, (for they are not the same, though confounded by a very ingenious Author in his Discourse of Comedy) the Disappointment of Vices not fit for *Tragedy* to take notice of, and the like.

These were the Diversions of the wisest, the bravest, and most polite People that Nature ever produced; I mean the *Greeks* and the

the *Romans*. Whoever knows the least of the *Athenians*, know that no People ever excell'd them in Bravery, witness their beating so many Hundred Thousand of the *Perians*, at the Battle of *Marathon*, under the Command of *Miltiades*. After the Victory was got, one of the Soldiers ran to *Athens* (not many Miles from the Field of Battle) in his Armour, not waiting till his Wounds were dress'd, and entering the City, knock'd at the Doors of several of the principal Citizens, crying out, *Rejoice, O Athenians, all is well,* and so dropt down dead with his loss of Blood, with a great deal of Satisfaction, that he had not only fought the Enemy, and had a Share in their Overthrow, but had brought his Country the first News of the Victory ; but he lost not all his Reward, the *Athenians* performing his Funeral Rites with great Solemnity.

These were the People who were so delighted with Plays, who sat whole Days in their Theatre, who wou'd on no condition suffer the Revenue appropriated to the Stage, to be applied to any other Uses. These People, who, tho' the greatest Traders in the World in that Age, yet polish'd all the rest of the World by those Arts and Sciences, that had either their Beginning in that City, or their Perfection.

For shame therefore, my old Friend, quit thy new assum'd and cynical Whimsy, and suffer your Nephew to enjoy so rational a Choice of his Diversion.

But you will reply, That were our Stage like that of *Athens*, you should be as much for it, as you are against it. I confess, I wish it were so; yet as bad as it is, it must be allow'd the best of our Diversions.

Another Charge you give him, is, that he do not keep Company with the Players. I believe he has no need of that Caution, for I never found that he made any of them his Companions. But, good Sir, if a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Man of Sobriety, happens to be a Player, shou'd that cut him off from our Conversation? Certainly there is no manner of Reason. But my Letter is swelled to a larger Bulk than I intended; therefore, with my humble Service, conclude that I am,

Sir, Your Sincere Friend,

GEORGE GOODTASTE.

I have always observ'd (said the *Baron*) that the most noisy against the *Stage*, are those who are the most liable to find themselves there in some ridiculous Shape of Folly or Vice, which is their real Quarrel to it. And have they not Reason (assum'd the *Chevalier*) to be against that which is against them? How can they who thrive by Avarice, Hypocrisy, and the like, be pleased to see those Vices so graphically describ'd, that every one may know them when they meet with them in the World, though under never so grave and religious a Countenance. For my Part (said *Downright*)

I wonder how the Cheat goes on, since the Marks of Knaves is so very well known to the Youngest. Prithee (said I) our Follies and Vices help one another, and blind the Bubble at the same time that they make the Sharper quick sighted.

LETTER V.

Of Liberty.

To Roger Cartmaign, Esq; at his House in
Duke-street, Westminster.

Trusty Friend Roger,

I Was pleas'd with your Zeal for *Magna Charta* in your last Letter, and must own it to be a great Happiness to this Nation ; and yet I must needs say it is no such Bulwark against Slavery as you imagine ; since at the same time that it wards so watchfully against the Invasions of our Properties and Rights by the Prince, it leaves us expos'd to worse from one another. The Security of your Property is the Law ; but then the Practice of the Law is in such Hands, that you are no longer secure in the Possession of it than any one has a mind to disturb you, who has Money to do it. The Lawyer, in the first place, never minds whether your Cause be just or unjust, provided he wants not his Fee ; nor can you want Evidence who will swear what you please, if you will pay them

for it, and the just Cause by this Means often loses the Day, or is compell'd to have recourse to false Oaths likewise, to support it self. We have had eminent Proofs of this in *Westminster-Hall*, where the Witnesses, whose Evidence past in a Trial the last Term, are all prov'd guilty of Perjury this. A roguish Attorney forg'd a Bond for Three Hundred Pounds; the Execution of the Bond, and the Payment of the said Money, was sworn to by the Knights of the Post. The Gentleman consulted his Lawyer what to do in the Case, who frankly told him, he had but one Way, and that the same that his Adversaries had taken, to acknowledge the Bond, but plead that it was discharg'd, and provide Evidences enow to swear it. He did so, and carry'd his Cause. When the Adversary heard it, Zounds, what a Rogue is this, said he, to acknowledge the Receipt of Money which he never receiv'd or saw ?

This is enough to shew how precarious a Tenure you hold your Property by, and how liable you are to lose it in spight of *Magna Charta*. You hold your Liberty in as slight a manner; for if a money'd Man clap an Action on you, though you owe him nothing, he immediately destroys your Credit, and ten to one confines you to a Goal for want of Bail sufficient; and if you have not Money, you may lie and starve there in expectation of an Act of Grace. These Things are done every Day; and I dare say, that Three Fourths of all the poor miserable Prisoners, in all our Prisons, are

are there either on this Account, or for Trifles, which they are not able to pay; and yet no Remedy has been obtain'd, notwithstanding the Grievance has more than once been represented to the Publick.

One great Source of part of this Evil is, that Perjury is not made Death; for were it so, the Rogues, who now fear nothing, wou'd be deter'd from their swearing by the Terror of the Gallows. The Manner of our Oath, and the Solemnity of it, is not sufficient to strike many who take it. Pho, says the Attorney to his scrupulous Country Evidence, it is but kissing the Book, that's all, you say little or nothing. Which puts me in mind of a Story of a *Scots* Evidence, who by this Representation of the Lawyer who employ'd him, made no difficulty of kissing the Book; but when the *Scots* Oath was propos'd to him to take on the same Point, he cry'd out, that he would not damn himself by taking that Sacred Oath to a Falshood; for the *Scots* Oath is truly terrible, and pronounc'd with great Solemnity.

Add to this your Chancery Suits, which may hold you and your Heirs their Lives, and never come to a final Decision as long as each Party can find Money to carry it on, till at last your whole contested Matter is spent, and in the Lawyers Pockets, and you both fit down like a Couple of obstinate Coxcombs without a Penny.

More Instances might be given to prove that your boasted Liberty is a meer Chimera;

but I think these are sufficient to make one Nation miserable ; and the worst of it is, that there appears no manner of prospect of any End to it. It is true, that some excellent Chancellors have arisen, who have, during their Terms, cut off abundance of the dilatory Abuses of that Court, as that excellent Person the Lord *Couper* ; and we have all the Reason in the World to hope the like from that illustrious Person who now has the Seals ; his Learning, his Humanity, native Equity, Virtue and Religion promise no less. But for the Tyrannies of the Court of the *Marshalsea*, &c. I see no Help approaching. The Miserable have few or no Friends ; and the Oppressors have hitherto met with too much Interest to fear a Suppression. And yet we find the Court of *Ludlow* suppress'd for its vile Practices. May the *Marshalsea* meet the same Fate ; for none get by it but about Four Hundred Bam-Bailiffs and their Followers, Four principal Attorneys, besides Pettyfoggers and little Solicitors, half a Dozen Counsellors, &c. with the Jayler and his Turnkeys ; from whom, good Lord deliver every honest Man. I am, dear Roger,

Thy faithful humble Servant,

ADAM RIGHT.

LETTER VI.

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

To Mr. Busy, at his House in Threadneedle-street, London.

S I R,

BY your Letter of the 12th you seem too much a Leveller, when you make all Men alike. I mean, not that you are for destroying the different Degrees of Men in that necessary Subordination which humane Society requires ; but the Nature, Temper, Merit and Demerit of Men, as they are divided by their Individuation : For it is certain, and must be evident to any one that will consider, that

MAN differs more from MAN, than MAN from BEAST.

This is a Verse of the famous Lord Rochester, if I mistake not ; and the Justness of it will appear from some few Reflections.

If we take a View of Mankind, we shall find the Difference most apparent, both in their Understandings and their Inclinations. We cannot indeed make a perfect Discovery of these in the Quadrupede Animals, that is, we cannot tell how far the Knowledge of them

extends ; but this, I think, is pretty plain, that some are more silly and stupid, others more sagacious and docile : So that the Animal Kingdom rises from Creatures that are but just remov'd from the Earth they move on, or at least from the Vegetable Kingdom, which is only in Increase and Decay, till it comes up to Men, and some of them are scarce a Remove from Beasts. What are all the numerous Part of Men, that make by many Degrees the greatest Bulk of the Kind, but, as Dryden calls them, a scarce animated Clod, that are wholly employ'd (like the Beasts) in Propagation and Nourishment ? that is, in Manuring the Earth, and carrying on the under Business of the World, that relates to Food and Raiment, in all its several sorts, or as Soldiers, or Traders, or some such Employment, which takes up all their Care, all their Study, all their Thoughts, and all their Time ; who come into the World, and go out of it, without knowing or ever reflecting on what they are themselves, or indeed what any of those Things and Objects are with which they are surrounded, and ev'ry Day have to do.

Do not these differ as much from Man, endow'd with Knowledge, and the Use of Reason, as they do from Beasts ? Are there not Men in the World, who may be call'd a sort of Gods to these thoughtless Animals of the same Figure and Shape ? I mean such whose Souls rise above the common Necessaries of Life, and mount to the Contemplation of the Heavens, and their Divine Author ; that find by this Contemplation, that there is a Supreme immor-

immortal Being, from whom all visible Things must of necessity derive themselves; who have thus discover'd that this Earth, they inhabit, is but a Point, a Mote in comparison of the whole System of the *Material* World; who, though their Bodies are confin'd to this Terraqueous Globe, travel with their Minds thro' the vast Expanse, and take a View of the ineffable Wonders of Omnipotence there, find in this Journey Myriads of Worlds, all replenish'd with various Beings of a different Nature to themselves. These Men, who having found out the several Motions of the Planets of our Vortex, with so much certainty, as amounts to a sort of infallible Knowledge; these Men, I say, may be allow'd of a superior Excellence to the groveling Creatures, which yet bear the same Name of Man.

To these we may add all those great Genius's, who have either invented, or who excell in the other Arts and Sciences which have polish'd the World, and render'd that Life pleasing and desirable, which else wou'd be only tolerable, and little different from that of Brutes; that is, those who have invented, improv'd, or carry on the Arts of Building, Navigation, Arithmetick, and all the Mathematicks, from which all the useful and finest Mechanick Arts are in some manner deriv'd; Letters, Writing, Printing, Philosophy in all its useful Parts, Oratory, Musick, Poetry, and the like.

I believe you will agree with me, that these Men ought justly to be distinguish'd from both

the Great Vulgar, and the Small, as Cowley calls them. The same will hold good in the several Inclinations of Mankind ; those who are generous, beneficent, good, and adorn'd with all manner of Virtues, may be said to differ more from those who are led by the contrary Defects and Vices, than Man from Beast.

There are Men in the World, who, like *Titus*, are or ought to be the Delight of Humankind ; who have such a Particle of the Divine Nature in their Minds, that they are never so well pleas'd, as when they are doing good to their Fellow-Creatures ; who are, like *Aristides*, incorruptly Just ; like *Cimon*, Generous ; like *Flamininus*, Beneficent. 'Tis true, in these more degenerate Ages of the World, their Number is extreamly small, at least who arrive to such Perfection ; but the Smallness of the Number renders it the more Valuable, and challenges the more of our Esteem. Yet even now we may meet with private Men who take delight in serving their Friends, helping the Unfortunate, and promoting Arts and Sciences. While, on the contrary, you meet with others that seem made for the Destruction of all that is Good ; who take delight in Mischief, and even glory in their Address in scandalous Irregularities and Inhumanity. Some seem made by Nature for the Good and Benefit of Society, never satisfied in Advantages that none share in but themselves ; others, visibly born only for themselves, care little who suffer so they gain.

You

You will surely also allow as wide a Difference between these as between the former. This is a Subject too copious to be fully discuss'd in the Compass of a Letter ; for it includes the Consideration of all Humane Nature, and its Virtues and Vices. I shall therefore refer it to a better Opportunity, wishing you may always meet with the better Sort, and that with your Wealth you may be one of them, and encourage all you find of them with your Assistance. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM NOBLE.

That what this Gentleman has observ'd (said the Chevalier) is most true, appears to me self-evident. But this we may add, (assum'd the Baron) that the World pays not its Honours and Respects according to this Division ; for those who generally meet with the most Success and Applause too, are the Men justly levell'd by this Gentleman with the Brutes ; Men who have little or no Philanthropy, and esteem all things made for themselves. I confess (said I) Things are now in such a State, that there is scarce Hypocrisy wanted to make the Wicked and the Fools go down with the Publick ; not but some disguise Matters more plausibly, and pass for knowing and good Men, who are in reality extreamly ignorant, and

profligate to the last degree. The World (concluded *Downright*) may take its own Course; but with me a Blockhead shall always be a Blockhead, tho' garnish'd with all the Robes of Science ; and a Knaver a Knaver, though in Scarlet.

LETTER VII.

For Retirement.

To Mr. Lovejoy, to be left at Button's Coffee-House in Russel-street, Covent-Garden, London.

My old Friend,

I Receiv'd your merry Letter by the last Post, and that shews me that you are the same jovial Companion you have always been. Company is your Delight still ; your Bottle and your Friend have all your unbending Hours that you can spare from the Ladies. I have nothing to do to find fault with your Way of living ; I have no Authority to direct your Actions, and therefore it might seem an assuming Impertinence for me to throw in my Reflections against those Enjoyments you have still a Relish of : Yet, my Friend, methinks the Increase of your Years shou'd now and then give you some more serious Thoughts ; and I wonder, that for the sake of Variety, (if no other Motive can prevail) you should not try the Pleasures

of

of Retirement. The perpetual Hurry of Noise, and of Business and Pleasure, shou'd make you weary of the Town, and force you to wish for the calm Fields, the lonely Grotto's, Woods, Rivers, and open Air. Believe me, as these wou'd be quite a new Scene to your Eyes, than what you daily see in that smoaky Town of *London*, so they wou'd open to you a new View of Pleasures you are not yet acquainted with, I mean those of Contemplation, of the highest Flights of Thought, and all the satisfactory Discoveries of Reason.

For my Part, I cou'd find no such Charm in the Pursuits of a busy Life, or a Life of Pleasure, as they call it, to hold me longer in the Chace, perpetually the same Things over and over again, with very little Variation. However they have amus'd me in my younger Days, my Pakite is quite alter'd with my Years. Me-thinks Man was made for some nobler End, than to spend all his Time, and employ all his Thoughts either in what they call Business, or in the little Toys they call Pleasures. Me-thinks he shou'd have something else to entertain him than just how to laugh, and be merry, or play the Fool for Company sake; and you are a lucky Man if you can fix your Conversation so, as not to find more Folly than good Sense in your Bottle-Friends; and it is a wretched Repast to a Mind, that thinks justly, to have every Dish favour'd with Folly and Impertinence.

In short, all the Conversation, nay, almost all the Actions of the World seem to me very insipid,

infipid, and like the Tittle-Tattle of Women and Children, which disgust and not delight me. I think it is high time for me to look into my own Nature ; examine for what Cause I was made, and what I may expect after this short uneasy Day of Life is at an End. I know some of your Wits make short of that Enquiry, and dogmatically pronounce an End to all Things with Life. They tell us that *after Death nothing is, and nothing Death* : And that therefore it is a foolish and superfluous Trouble to enquire into that which is nothing in itself, and yields in reality neither Fear nor Hope : That he is the wisest Man who avoids all these anxious Considerations, enjoys the present Hour, and all that Life affords, as long as he can, and then goes to sleep for ever.

How these Gentlemen came to know this, I confess, is what I cou'd never discover. They have been too modest to back their Opinions with Reason, with Demonstration ; for nothing less can justify their Conduct, and positive Decision of a Point of the utmost Importance, such as the Immortality of the Soul is, if they shou'd be in the wrong. All that they have offer'd (for they sometimes write, tho' wretchedly) amounts only at an endeavour at a meer Probability, encompas'd with Ten Thousand Doubts. Whereas if they wou'd come up to their Pretensions of being govern'd by Reason only, they should admit nothing, much less advance any thing but Reason that cannot be disputed, in all their Declarations. Instead of this, when they find themselves gravell'd in this

Argu-

Argument, they turn it off with what they call Wit, or shrewd Questions. Who ever saw a Soul ? (said one of them once in my Company). Set aside the fabulous Narrations of the Priests (continued he) and I never cou'd hear of any one Man of common Sense and Honesty, who wou'd seriously avouch that he had ever seen a Soul or Spirit: So that as it goes out of the Body invisibly, it always remains so ; for what is the Object of our Senses at any Time, is so at all Times, unless it change its Nature.

As for our Souls not being seen (reply'd my Friend) I know not what Consequence you wou'd draw from it, unless it be that because it is never seen by our Eyes, therefore it has no Being ; for, admitting what I know you hold, that there is nothing in Nature but Matter, yet we find many Bodies that are invisible to our Eyes, which yet evidently exist. As the Air and the Wind. What Body is of greater Force than the Wind ? It bears down all before it, and yet I never heard nor read of any one who saw it. You wou'd not allow this as a good Argument against the Being of the Wind, and why then shou'd it be so against the Existence of the Humane Soul ? Has not the Microscope made Discoveries of almost an infinite Number of little Animals, which yet with our meer Sight we never see ? Do we not find all Places and Things almost replenish'd with Beings ; and shall we be positive that the vast Expanse of Air is without any ? Do we know the Extent of the Power of Omnipotence, and that God has no way of ex-

exerting his Omnipotence, but by Objects visible to our Eyes? But this is too silly to deserve so much as has been said about it. If therefore the Soul may be immortal; if a Part of this Creature Man survives the Grave, sure it is worth our while, nay, it is the Duty of common Prudence, and ev'n of Self-love rightly understood, to employ our Thoughts upon it, though but a meer Probability, nay, if only a Possibility. But God has himself assur'd us that the Soul is Immortal, and capable of Pains and Pleasures everlasting; and therefore it is Madness not to give our selves up to a Contemplation of Death and its Consequences, how to obtain the Good and avoid the Evil. But you will say, I take it for granted that God has declar'd this, which is what they deny, and yet remains to be prov'd: This has been so often prov'd, that it wou'd be but to repeat what has been said to gain the Victory, and silence these *Fools*, who have said in their Hearts there is no God. And the Subject wou'd be too large for this Place; it may therefore suffice to say, that since the Points in Controversy betwixt the Atheists and Deists are of such Importance, it is worth our while to examine thoroughly into them; and that cannot be better done than in Retirement, where, freed from all the daily Avocations of a Town Life, nothing may interrupt us in a Study truly as transporting as necessary: To meditate on God, and his Works, to find out the Wonders of his Ways, and the like, assure your self (my Friend) are the only Pleasures worthy

worthy a Rational Creature ; and these are what Retirement presents you withal. Mistake me not, I am not preaching up the Life of a Monkish Recluse, against which I declare myself. Nor am I against the necessary Employments, which Humane Society requires, for that would be highly absurd ; but I only recommend this Retirement to you, and such as you, who, having past through the busy Part of Life, have left it to enjoy yourselves as you call it, and reap the Benefit of those Riches you have got together ; for that is seldom done till Years come on, and then it is high time to think of some more valuable Riches, which you have not yet obtain'd.

I do not deny but that you may do all this in Town ; nay, and that you may meet there with some Persons extreamly fit to help you in this new Pursuit, Men of great Learning and great Piety, both Clergy and Laity ; but they are seldom sought as long as we are pleas'd with the Laughers, the merry Fellows, the mighty Men at the Bottle, the Scandal Carriers, who gratify our Spleen and our Envy with malicious Characters of their Acquaintance, and which is generally the common Subject of Conversation in Coffee-Houses, and those of People of the best Reception. Which puts me in mind of a young Gentleman that us'd *Will's* Coffee-House, who complain'd of the Gravel, cursing that Place as the Cause of it : And on enquiring how that produc'd such an Effect, *Why*, said he, *I observ'd at our Table (and so at the rest) the Person that*

that left the Company was always the Subject of our Raillery as soon as his Back was turn'd ; so that to escape this, I generally out-sate the Company, and would not so much as go into the next Room to make Water, for fear my Character should be drawn before my Return, which has given me the Gravel or Strangury, I know not which. I laugh'd at his Fear of an Evil Tongue, and at him, for letting an imaginary Evil throw him into a real one.

I have not room to say more, but that if you love not my Retirement, love, at least, my Study, enjoy that where you think fit ; tho', for the sake of your Conversation, I could wish you near me, where we would laugh sometimes too ; but it should be at the silly Creatures who never think, or never think as they ought. I am

Your faithful Friend,

ADAM DUETHOUGHT.

I was afraid (said the *Baron*) at the Beginning, that we should have had an Harangue for Retirement, from the usual Topicks of a Country Life. That, indeed (assum'd the *Chevalier*) is a Subject so threadbare, that the best that can be done on it, is to give us a good Translation of *Horace*, and the rest. As for this Gentleman's Vindication of the Soul's Immortality (said *Downright*) I approve of it ; and I have often wonder'd what could move those Persons, who have appear'd against it, to declare for so abandon'd a Cause, that is, why

why they should entertain and endeavour to promote a Notion which affords no manner of Benefit or Pleasure, either to themselves, or any of Mankind. Can they be so stupid as to be pleas'd with Annihilation; Is *to be no more* a Fate so eligible? *Milton* allows the Devils this Comfort, even in the Misery of Hell, that they have yet a Being. I believe (said I) that it would be no difficult Matter to prove that the Immortality of the Soul is declared by God, not only by Revelation (which cannot be deny'd) but by that Reason which discovers to us, that he himself has a Being.

LETTER VIII.

Of Pride, Modesty, Vanity, &c.

To James Billville, Esq; near Maidston in Kent.

Dear Jemmy,

I was extremely pleas'd with your last, for I am never indifferent in my Friend's Satisfaction ; his Pleasure and his Pain are sure to find me a Sharer in them. I am glad you pass your Time so agreeably in the Country ; this is indeed the Season to find all the Diversions of that in their Perfection. But you seem to have entertain'd a Resolution of fixing yourself at your Manor-house, and of throwing off all Thoughts of this Town ; and think the Pursuit of the Fox, the Hare, the Chace of the Stag, and the Sports of the Gun and the Net, much more eligible, both for Innocence and Delight, than the Game we are so eager after here, I mean, of Wealth, Places, Dignities, Power, and the like. I confess that I believe I must allow you the Preference in Innocence ; but as to the Pleasure, that is a Point that will admit of some Debate, since that depends on the Humour, Inclination and Passions of every Man, who having a different Taste of Things, must of consequence have the same of Pleasures : And sure, a fair Stander-by would judge by the

the Eagerness of the Pursuit, that our Men of Business, our Candidates for Power and Gain have no common Satisfaction to engage them so entirely and so perpetually in their Chace.

But you say, you could never bring yourself to an Observance of all those Requisites that are necessary in Men who design to make or mend their Fortunes; a slavish Attendance and Dependance, the shocking Pride and Insolence of Men of Power and Dignity, their Impertinence and Vanity, which must all be borne, and that with an Air of Content, if not Satisfaction.

You say, you could never bear disguising your Thoughts, and sacrificing that little Knowledge you have to my Lord's Ignorance, which yet you must do, or forego all your Pretensions. It is, indeed, a hard Task to a generous Mind, to smother its Sentiments in deference to the Folly and Pride of another. I have sometimes wonder'd why Men, that know themselves Ignorant in any Arts, should yet be so impertinent as to thrust their Notions into Conversation with Men of Skill in them, since that is the way never to know more than they do. But this certainly proceeds from *Pride* and *Vanity*, which having been all along fed with Flattery from the Cradle, are grown so much a part of them, that they can never divest themselves of them during their whole Lives.

It is a Saying of some Author (I think *Rocheſoucault*) that all Men are proud alike, tho' they have a different way of showing it.

How

How far this may hold good, in a very nice Speculation, I will not contend; but if we judge by the manner of Men's showing of it, certainly that Maxim cannot be justified; since, as some Men appear, in all they do, insufferably *proud* and *vain*; so others, in all their Conduct, discover a Modesty, nay, a Bashfulness which cannot be excused, because injurious to both their Fortune and Reputation. And this Cicero calls *Pudor subrusticus*, and is always accompanied with a strange Diffidence in a Man's self. That which is most observable, is, that this is seen most in Men of the greatest Merit. No Body had more Desert in his Art than *Virgil*, and yet he is noted for this excess of Modesty. This may be deriv'd from two Sources, sometimes, perhaps; it may be the Child of what seems its opposite, P R I D E; an over-rating of our own Merit, that expects to be courted, to be sought to, and therefore disdains to seek after others for Reward or any manner of Benefit; and this more plainly in some than in others. It may likewise proceed from Sloth, an inactive Temper, that cannot be brought to bestow so much Pains as are necessary to gain a Point in this World. And I do believe, in Arts, especially Poetry, it may come from the great Idea the Artist has of his Art, which makes his best Performances seem lame and imperfect to him, at the same time that they are admir'd by all Men besides; and this was the Case of *Virgil*.

I have made it my Observation, that the meanest Artists, the worst Poets have the greatest

greatest Opinion of what they produce ; and are the most easily flatter'd into Insolence, their Vanity heightning all they hear to their Advantage ; and often bespeak a Flattery by their own previous Praise of their Works to their Auditors.

Beauty and *Wit* are two things that most of both Sexes would be thought to have, and are therefore the soonest won to credit what is said to the Advantage of either. I once knew a Gentleman of Figure in this Town, whom one would have thought Nature had arm'd against this Weakness, on account of his Beauty, who yet was more than once betray'd by the cunning Flattery of an artful Woman, to think himself a *Beaux Garçon*. His Head was in Shape something like a Sugar-loaf, his Forehead long and small rather than high, his Cheeks like a Trumpeter's, a short Neck, narrow Shoulders, Hips and Buttocks like a Dutch Skipper, and his Legs short and doubly crooked. Yet, with all these Defects, had no little Vanity in the Power of his Person with the Ladies, among whom one was found that thought it agreeable to her Interest to flatter him in that Particular, persuading him not only that he was charming in her Eyes, but by some pretty Songs to that Purpose, quite disarm'd him of all Reserve, and would in Raptures bring out, *Ab! dangerous Strain* ; which was part of one of the Songs she had made upon him. It is common enough to find this Folly eminent in an ugly Woman ; but I never saw it so strong in any Man

Man before, who had so little to justify it. 'Tis true, that many of our dressing Fops are sufficiently hideous in their Persons, and that those generally set up for Conquests on the Women, who appear the worst qualify'd for it, if you abate Impertinence, tho' that alone sometimes is more successful than real Charms, than the Gracefulness of Body and Brightness of Mind; for, as one maliciously observ'd, the Fair Sex love themselves in them.

But I am wandering from my Point, and the Length of my Letter puts me in Mind that it is time to release you from my Impertinence, and no longer detain you from your more agreeable Entertainments, like the rest of the World, sacrificing more to my own Satisfaction than yours; for whilst I write to you, I seem to converse with you, than which there is no greater Pleasure to

Your faithful Friend

and humble Servant,

WILLIAM WILLIS.

It is true (said I) it seems to me that the Gentleman is in the right, when he makes Pride and Vanity the Portion of all Men. I allow you (assum'd the Chevalier) that every Man has such a Share of them, that it is a hard matter to find one of us that is absolute Proof against Flattery, provided that it be but adapted to our Gout. Right, (said the Baron) for

for I have seen a Man resent a gross, ill-deliver'd piece of Adulation, and yet the same Person sufficiently taken with a clean Commendation, which yet had scarce Justness enough to save it from that Name. For my Part (said Downright) I think *Vanity* no such Evil, if it be not troublesome to others, since it is a kind Remedy that Nature has planted in every one to keep him in Humour with himself.

LETTER IX.

On TRAGEDY.

To Mr. Johnson, to be left at Button's Coffee-house, Covent-Garden, London.

My Friend,

I Am afraid you will think me negligent of the Favour of yours in delaying thus long my Answer; but a Man is to be a little excus'd, who has not been a Month in Paris, where there are so many Things to entertain a Stranger: You send me Word of a new Tragedy that you have had at London, and seem full of Admiration of the Poet's Performance. If I did not know your Gotick Taste of that Poem, I shou'd congratulate my Country on its Improvement in the *Drama*, at least in the noblest Part of it, *Tragedy*. But I know you think the Language the highest Perfection
M of

of a Tragic Poet; and yet in that you and I shall never agree. Our Modern Writers of this Poem, I mean, such as have excell'd most in the Diction, seem to imitate the *French* in the Time of *Rapin*, of whom the Critic complains, as of the Destroyers of a true Poetic Stile, the Perfections of which are very different in all Languages from that of Prose. There is more room for figurative Expressions; and a bold and strong Way of speaking, justly manag'd, is beautiful in Verse, which wou'd be scarce pardonable in Prose. There is no Man who has read the *Latin* Poets, and is acquainted with the Beauties of the Prosaic Diction, but knows this. I confess, I wou'd not on a Tryal of my Writing in the *Latin* Tongue appeal to most of my Countrymen, whose Education has been entirely *English*, for their Approbation. For our Schoolmasters here corrupt the Stile and the Taste of a young Student, by entring him in the Poets, before he has settled his Stile in Prose, which renders him incapable of distinguishing between the two Modes of Expression, both beautiful in their Kind, and separately, but abominable when join'd promiscuously together. In some Parts of *Europe*, they never let a Youth read a Line of Poetry till he is Master of the best Prose Authors; and can write in the Stile of *Cicero* or *Sallust*, as the Subject requires: I do not mean after the Manner of *Tully's* Orations (except where that diffuse Way is proper) but his *Offices*, his *De Senectute*, *Amicitia*, *Paradoxes*, *Somnium Scipionis*, and his Philosophic Pieces, not forgetting his Epistles. When a Student is thus perfect and fixt in Prose,

they

they advance him to read the Poets; and then he likewise learns to Versify, and not before. Nor does he begin with *Virgil* and *Horace*, as here, but proceeds from the easiest or least difficult to the hardest.

Tho' perhaps this may not be thought of much Consequence to the *English*, yet take my Word for it, it is of more Importance than the general Talkers of Language imagine. And our Reformers of our Tragic Diction wou'd not aim at bringing it to the Standard of the best Prose, if they consider'd justly. I confess, I cou'd sooner forgive *Lee's Fustian*, than the Coldness of the latter. *Milton*, endeavouring to raise the *English* Poetry up to the Dignity of the *Latin* in Variety and Numbers, has recourse to all the Privileges those Poets made use of to the same End in their Speech. It is true, that the Imitation of *Milton's* Manner of Expression in a Play, has made it nauseous to good Judges; but that is, because the Imitator did not distinguish the difference between the Diction of an *Epic* and *Dramatic* Poem; whereas *Milton* himself, in his *Samson Agonistes*, makes use of a Stile more agitant, and fitter for Dialogue and the Passions.

But indeed, to me this seems a Point not to be meddled with in the Praise of a *Tragedy*; so far as to determine its Fate, and give it the Name of bad or good. The first thing we ought to consider, and the chief Thing too, is the *Fable* or *Plot*. If that be well design'd for the proving some one important *Moral*, it goes a great Way in deciding the Merit of the Piece. That is the Work of a Poet, and none

but a Master in the Tragic Art has ever yet been faultless in the drawing of it. This is the Orthography of the future Building, and Defects in this unrectified are never mended in the Superstructure. We must next examine whether the *Manners*; that is, the Characters of the Persons introduc'd are well mark'd, that is, whether they are sufficiently distinguish'd from one another; and that the Qualities we give them are necessary to the Plot; for all that are not so, are faulty. Nor must you strive to make your principal Characters sovereignly virtuous and innocent, especially if your *Catastrophe* be unhappy, for the Innocent ought never to suffer on the Stage. There must be some Defects always visible in them, and those the plain Effects of some Passion which seems implanted in their Character, and which from their first Appearance lets us see what Course they will take, which Course must produce their Misfortune. But then they must not be scandalously wicked; that is as bad; for no Pity is due to a Man, whose Life is directed by an habitual Course or Principle (if I may call it so) of infamous Vices. There are two Crimes which are never to be admitted in Tragedy, Cowardice in the Man, and want of Chastity in the Woman; in the last of which many of our Play-writers are abandondly guilty. Nor must there be any *Facos*, *Villains*; they shock us too much, and seem really out of the Character of Humankind. But the Success of *Iago* in *Shakespear* has made our other Writers run mad after such like Characters; nay, one proceeded so far, as to give his Play the Name of

of *The Villain*. This is a Practice peculiar to our Stage, and unknown to the Antients and Moderns of all other Nations. The Sentiments are the next Thing that comes under our Reflection ; if they are the true Effect of the Manners, that is, such as the Passions and Inclinations that we see in the Characters inspire, they are good, else abominable. I fear we too often err here in our most celebrated Tragedies.

If these are all good, I wou'd not fear to determine that the Tragedy is good, let the Diction be what it will. I know it is urg'd by a very ingenious Person, that all those Poets among the Ancients, who were eminent for the other Parts of this Poem, were also eminent for this. I allow it, but that will be of very little Advantage to the Fautors of fine Language (as they with Mr. Bays are pleas'd to call it) since as they were exemplar in this, so were they in all the more essential Parts of Tragedy ; and therefore our Grammatical Critics do nothing, till they find one or more among them who excell'd in the Diction, and not at all in the *Fable, Manners and Sentiments*.

On the contrary, we may, from Aristotle's Remarks on this Head, be certain that there had been before his Time, if not then, likewise some who were defective in the Diction, and yet valuable in the rest.

I have taken no Notice of the Unities of Action, Time and Place, not that I think them Things indifferent, for on the contrary I esteem them Essentials ; but because I find that now our Poets begin to make Advances in that

Particular; and though we have few yet perfect in it, yet we have reduc'd the extravagant Ramble in all three of them into a much narrower Compass. In this City of *Paris*, the Poets are most exact in them, and indeed, in all the other Parts of this Poem.

I know we have some who contemn the *French Tragedies*, but in my Opinion for want of Judgment and Taste. I confess, there is one Thing which has too much prevail'd, both at *London* and *Paris*, and that is your whining Scenes of Love. Majesty is the Characteristic of this Part of the *Drama*, which is utterly destroy'd by such Scenes.

*Non bene convenient nec in una sede morantur
Majestas & Amor.*

says the Master of Love, *Ovid*; which I wonder a great Critic of our Nation did not consider when he look'd on Love as an Improvement of the *Antient Tragedy*. Besides, it seems not to be Dramatic, because it wants Action, which is an Essential; nor is it an easy Matter to reconcile these Scenes to that Modesty, of which a Woman of Figure ought to be Mistress, especially if the Scene lie in some of the hotter Climates, where the Ladies did not use to allow themselves the Liberty of owning their Passions in so open a Manner, before they were either espous'd or marry'd. By this you will find that I am not for excluding Love from our *Tragedies*; but then it ought to be between Man and Wife. Thus the Love of *Alcestis* in *Euripides* charms us, as well as that of

Hele.

Helena in the Play of that Name, of the same Poet. The Distresses of married Love are highly moving and command our Pity ; the tedious Scenes of Lovers before Marriage provoke either our Indignation or Sleep.

But I have exceeded the Bounds of an Epistle, and shall therefore conclude with the old Assurance, of my being entirely

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

ROBERT GRANGOUST,

This Gentleman (said I) I find is for a great Regularity in Plays, but does not consider that our Poets are not very able to come up to that Standard. Nor wou'd our Audience (as sum'd Downright) bear it ; we have been us'd to such a latitudinarian Way, that we cannot relish any Thing regular. That is a vain Excuse (said the Baron) of the Writers ; the French Stage was as irregular till the Time of Corneille, and that of *Athens* itself, till *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*. This is the same Pretence (said the Chevalier) the Spanish Poets made ; whereas the great Wit Cervantes proves, that the most regular found the best Reception.

LETTER X.

To Mr. Friendly, to be left at Button's Coffee-House, Russel-Street, London.

Friend Tom,

IN compliance with your Desire, I send you my Verses on the Sickness and Recovery of the Dutches of Newcastle. I know I send them to a Friend, and therefore shall say not one Word about them. I must be short with you, for by this same Post I send two large Packets, besides other Letters. My next shall make it up, let my Verses do it now ——

I am Yours,

CHARLES DICKSON.

ON

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LETTER XI.

To Mrs. Sylvia Allbright, to be left with Mr; Rightdo, at his House in Aldermanbury, London.

Dear Sylvia,

I Am got as far as Dover, in the Way to that Banishment your Father's Arts have impos'd upon me, in getting me sent, by such a Power that I durst not resist, so far from all my Soul holds dear ; by that Means to get Time to work upon your Constancy, and give your Person, if not your Heart to another. This Fate brings into my Mind the Case of *Valentine*, in Shakespear's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for it expresses the Passion I sent so nicely, that I will here set down his Words.

*And why not Death, rather than living Torture ?
To die is to be banis'h'd from myself ;
And Sylvia is myself. Banis'h'd from her
Is self from self—A deadly Banishment.
What Light is Light, if Sylvia be not seen ?
What Joy is Joy, if Sylvia be not by ?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon that Sioudow of Perfection !
Except I be by Sylvia in the Night,
There is no Music in the Nightingale :
Unless I look on Sylvia in the Day,
There is no Day for me to look upon.*

She

*She is my Essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair Influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive!*

This is the unhappy State of your faithful Lover,

EDWARD TRUBY.

I like this Gentleman (said the Chevalier) who, rather than trouble his Mistress with an awkward Speech of his own, makes Shakespear speak for him. And that perhaps (said the Baron) may please the Lady better. For Verse has strange Power (assum'd I) and makes its Way to the Female Heart with a great deal of Ease. Mr. Truby (said Downright) has made a good Choice in his Spokesman, whatever he has in his Loyer.

L E T-

LETTER XII.

A Dramatic Poet's Slavery.

To Mr. C. C. to be left at Hall's Coffee-House,
in the Play-House Passage, in Drury-Lane,
London.

SIR,

THE Objections you made the other Night were so surprizing, and the Play at that Time so much out of my Head, that I cou'd not presently make a just Reply; but having since, at my Leisure, consider'd their full Weight, I shall now, I question not, entirely remove them, and shew that they are wholly without Ground. Your first Objection, at least the most material, was, that the first Act had no Relation to the rest of the Play; which, if true, had indeed been of Force enough to have stifled my Endeavours for the acting it. But on a Review of it, I am amaz'd to find so nice a Judge, as Mr. ——— raising an Objection from nothing, or from reading with the extreamest Neglect or Prejudice, which is below a Man of Sense. For, Sir, if you will but recollect yourself, you will find, that it is as clear as the Day at Noon, that the whole Fable or Plot depends entirely on that Act, and that all the Incidents in the Play are produc'd successively by it, as much as the Incidents of the *Ilias* are by the Quarrel betwixt Agamemnon and Achilles;

les ; and yet that has always been deservedly esteem'd the most just and complete Fable that ever was drawn. Aristotle makes two Sorts of Fables, one, where the Incidents produce each other, as in the *Oedipus* of Sophocles ; and the other, when they naturally follow each other ; but he with Justice and Reason makes the first the more Excellent. Now, Sir, the Fable of this Play happens (unluckily) to be of this better Sort. For the changing the Place of First President (which is in the very opening of the Play) was absolutely necessary to the producing the ill Treatment of *Chalons* by the Brutality of old *Beaumelle*, and by that the Pity of *La Foy*, and his Desire of marrying him to his only Child, whom till that Moment he had design'd for young *Beaumelle* ; and this hasty Resolution of the Father, the stopping of the Daughter's Love to young *Beaumelle*, and the fatal Marriage, produc'd every other Incident ev'n to the Catastrophe ; so that your Objection is so far from being true, that the whole Play is entirely built on the first Act, which you were pleas'd to tell me was not of a Piece with the rest of the Play. The next Objection, as well as I can remember, is, That there are several good Hints of Passions, which are not pursu'd. In Answer to this Assertion I must bring another, which is, that I am confident that there is not one, no not one Hint of Passion in the whole Play, but what I can prove to be pursu'd as far as Nature and the just Conduct of the Play will suffer ; for, Sir, you must know, that there really are certain Limits and Bounds in these Things, which to-

trans-

transgrefs, ev'n in a Line, sometimes is mon-
strous, and destroys all the Beauty of the Pa-
ssion. If you had instanc'd in Particulars, I
could have given a more particular Answer.
However, I can observe to you from this very
Play something on that Head, (I mean be-
fore I alter'd it) it was Mr. Bret's, and Mr.
C—— Opinion, and that very justly, that af-
ter Renault had discover'd to Chalons, that
young Beaumelle was in his House, I had pur-
su'd the Hint of the Passion (as you call it)
and made him talk too much after the Know-
ledge of this, when the Nature of his Passion,
and the Incident requir'd him to make haſt in,
to seize him, and revenge his injur'd Honour.
Another Objection is, That there are in the
Play several vulgar Expressions — Tho' this
be a Trifle scarce worth taking Notice of, yet
I will youchsafe an Answer to it. First, I must
assure you, that I cannot find them out (at
least in any of the new Part) tho' I believe,
without Vanity, I know as much of the va-
rious Proprieties of the *English* Language, as
Mr. any Body; but, Sir, you must understand,
that there are several vulgar Words, which by
their Position assume a Grandeur not naturally
their own, as in *All for Love*, (the Stile of
which is the most True, Sublime, and Tragi-
cal of any in our Tongue) the Word *Trim* is not
only a Vulgar, but a Burlesque Word, yet is
exalted by the Position in these Lines.

*But they shall find we'll sell these hunted Lives
More dearly, than you trim Bands can buy.*

But

But allowing that the Words you have by a singular Penetration discover'd in my Play, have not this happy Advantage, it ought to be no more an Objection to the acting mine, than it was to the acting *Perolla*, or *Ibraim* the 13th; the Diction of which last wou'd make a Cat spew, (as the Saying is) yet the *Pathos* of the Story made it take. But there cannot in Nature be a more moving and greater Distress, than is in this very Play; which has never been read, without drawing Tears from the Hearers. You further objected, that the Method taken to make *Amelia* innocent, seem'd to you forc'd — But Sir, I am confident, that on second Reflections, you will find this Objection very weakly grounded. First, for the Incident itself, it is so well prepar'd, and those concern'd in it make it so feizable, that there is not the least Difficulty in the effecting it, which frees it from the Imputation of being forc'd; next it has been on the Stage, in the great *Otway's Play of the Orphan*, but loaded with far greater Difficulties: There *Polydore* is to deceive the Maid, and a waking Mistress; here the Maid is confederate, and the Wife asleep.

But there are some Incidents, tho' not without Fault, are very excusable, because they produce great Beauties; as the extravagant Passion of *Castilio* in his Disappointment may, perhaps with Justice, be thought something beyond Nature, and its Cause; but then all the subsequent Beauties of that Play depend entirely upon it, and therefore we easily forgive and oversee so beneficial a Peccadillo. As for

its

its being written in hast, and negligently, I confess I know not how to answer it, because it carries such a latitudinarian Sweep, that it can't bear a particular Reply ; I must have particular Objections, to refute particularly.

Upon the whole, if Plays have been brought on, and approv'd by you the awful Judges, with ten Times the Faults, nay, with Faults that amounted to the grossest Absurdities, and not one half of the Beauties ; I hope I shall have the Justice from you, to let this Play have a public Tryal before you condemn it,

CHARLES DICKSON.

This Letter (said Downright) shews what hard Measures a Gentleman is brought to, who will venture to write a Play. True (said the Chevalier) the Pains and Labour of composing the Piece are recompens'd by the Pleasure ; but when that is done, he must be mortify'd first, by submitting it to a Person who knows nothing of the Matter. And then (said the Baron), if he escape that Shelf, risks the damning by Votes as injudicious in the Acting. I know this Play (said I) it is *The Fatal Dowry of Maffinger*, alter'd very much for the better ; and, tho' it never appear'd on the Stage, is so moving, that I never heard it without Tears.

L E T.

~~I CANNOT tell you what
you will say to this Letter, but I
will assure you, it is written by a
very good Writer.~~

LETTER XIII.

To the Reverend Mr. Goodly, to be left at
Child's Coffee-House in St. Paul's Church-
Yard.

HOW, (said I,) this Letter is directed to Mr. Goodly, and begins Mr. Bickerstaff; here must be some Mistake. That is plain, (said the Chevalier) the Ink is different; the Letter seems to have been written a good while, the Superscription will more. I'll solve the Difficulty, (said Downright) Mr. Dickson tells you he sends many Letters this Post; in the Hurry he has sealed up and directed this that lay by him and left the other, if not sent to some Body else. A common Mistake.

Mr. Bickerstaff, YOUR Advice from Will's, in your Tatler of the 20th, gave me the Satisfaction of finding you mortify'd for your *quondam* Favours to that Player you mention. Manly says of my Lord Plausible, that he will praise the very Poets of the Age, whom no Body else will praise; and I was really surpriz'd to find the Censor of the Age falling yet lower; and praising the Players of the Age, whom no Body else will praise, except Settle, in hopes, by their Favour, of exerting one of his admirable Qualities of Taylor, or Poet. I am glad however,

that

that the Folly of the Fellow has made you capable of distinguishing betwixt the Buffoon and Coxcomb in him. As for his talking critically, and using the Terms of Art, I am sure it must be as the Lady did the Word *Obscene*; which she taking for a fine Word, when she first heard it, apply'd it to every thing, as far as her Head-Dreis; for I am sure he knows no more of the Art of the Stage, or of any other Part of Poetry, than the Lady did of the Word *Obscene*. That he is now one, nay perhaps by his Address the chief of the Managers of the Stage, is a scandalous Truth, and that is the Reason the Town is furnish'd with such wretched Plays; Men of Parts and Learning will not submit their Writings to such a Judge: For tho' an ignorant Person may, before this, have had the Management of the Theatre; yet a Man had better have to do with simple plain Ignorance, than with an Ignorance that is swell'd with a Smattering, or Opinion of Knowledge; With the former the Force of Art and Nature may prevail; but here Conceit destroys the Taste of Nature, and out of an Affectation of Judgment, throws him perpetually into the Pursuit of Caprice. *Michael Cervantes*, one of the greatest Wits of Spain, attributes the Corruption of the Stage to the ignorant Management of the Players; and as soon as the Poet and State had left off the Care of that of *Athenis*, all Beauty and *Decorum* forsook it, as *Aristotle* assures us. When you therefore find the Stage prefer'd by the Learned to Philosophy it-self, it is not any Stage under the Direction of Players; for there must be Confusion and Corruption,

ruption, because Ignorance and private Gain will be there. Whatever Partiality, Favour, Oppression, Injustice, Treachery, and the like, there is in the greater World, I can assure you, the Miniature of it, the Stage, bears an exact Proportion to it in every Particular. There you see the Unworthy, the Impudent, the Tricking thrive, wear Buskins, and govern momentary Kingdoms ; while modest Merit is thrown down and oppress'd , perhaps to the bringing in of a Message, though of more real Value than the *Tinsel* Monarch. There you shall find very worthy Gentlemen and Ladies quite turn'd out of the Affair, while others, by a very partial Injustice, are kept in, who have not half their Desert. There you shall find C—— at the Head of the Ministry, and growing rich by the Plunder of the Underlings ; while *Ben Johnson*, the best Comedian in the Nation , is an humble Dependant , and content with a bare Salary : And there is honest *Will Pierre* , who has stood the Shock of so many Turns of State, so many *Revolutions*, and Transmigrations, without advancing beyond a Property-Man. Perhaps it may be the Providence of his good Genius, which has preserv'd him in that humble Station below Envy and above Contempt, equal to his unambitious Hopes ; while Mr. *Bright*, being in a high Post , has been subject to the evil Fortunes of all great States, is fall'n into Banishment, and stroles about for a Living ; and Mr. *Dowins*, who had been prime Minister to so many Buskin'd Monarchs, is thrown aside into a Pension, which, like those at Court, are not long well paid : *Altos ferunt Fulmina Montes.*

But

But the Evils of this State were the more tolerable, did they extend no farther than itself; but by this means the Town is injur'd in their Diversion, the best Plays are suppress'd, the worst expos'd to Sibilation, just as the Caprice or Interest engages this Judge and Manager. He had lately by him, as he told a Friend of mine, twenty Plays. Now how blind Chance shou'd direct him to choose the good, and reject the bad, I can't imagine; unless he does like a *French Governor*, who understood no Law, and was yet by his Post oblig'd to hear Causes, by the Decision of the Dice; for having judiciously heard both sides, he threw a Main betwixt the Plaintiff and Defendant, and to which ever the Dice gave it, he decided it, and with that Success, that his Justice gain'd great Reputation. This Method, in the present Management of the Theatre, wou'd be of great use; for by it the Author had a Chance of Success, and a Certainty of no Abuse; it wou'd dispatch a great deal of Business in a little time, for a Man without reading the Play wou'd soon decide the Author's Fate, without having his Play garbled, and his Scenes transfer'd to some *Scription* (to use an elegant Word of Mr. D'Urfey's, proper enough in this place) of the Player. By this Means a valuable Jewel, lately brought to them by a Friend of mine, might have had a Chance of obliging the Town with a noble Diversion. I mean, a Play written by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and the immortal *Shakespear*, in the Maturity of his Judgment, a few Years before he dy'd. A Piece so excellent, that a Gentleman, who is allow'd a Master of the Stage, tells

me, that after reading it seven times, it pleas'd and transported him, and that it is far beyond any of the Colleague Poets, and inferior to few of the other Poets which are in Print. There is infallible Proof that the Copy is genuine ; yet this Rarity, this noble Piece of Antiquity, cannot make its way to the Stage, because a Person that is concern'd in it, is a Person, who of all Persons Mr. C——does not approve. The Reason you shall have in my next, having here kept you too long, though the regulating this little Representative of the World is worthy the Care of a Censor, in my poor Opinion : Who am,

SIR, Yours,

CHARLES DICKSON.

I know not (said the Baron) what Pique Mr. Dickson had to the *Tatler* ; but it is certain, it was the most entertaining Paper that ever was publish'd Weekly. But (said the *Chevalier*) it was not without its Faults ; and as he had made bold with the Peccadillo's of all the Town, it is pardonable in another to make bold with his. And in nothing he is (said I) more faulty than in the Praises he gave, not justly distinguishing his Subjects. I confess (said Downright) I cou'd not bear to see the Duke of Marlborough have the same Panegyrist with *Estcourt* and *Gibber*.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

On the Complete Art of Poetry.

To Mr. Gildon, to be left at Mr. Rivington's, Bookseller, at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

Dear Sir,

I have just look'd over your *Art of Poetry*, and thank you for the many new Observations contain'd in that Work. I don't question but the Sile will answer its Worth ; I wish it may your Pains. As a Friend, however, you will give me leave to say, that I think you have not said enough on the Enthusiasm of Poetry. *Casanova* the younger will furnish you in his Treatise on that Subject with fine Remarks, as will Mr. Dennis's Essay. But of this more when we meet, which I intend very soon, when Mr. Gildon may expect to find me

His hearty Friend and Servant,

GEORGE SEWELL.

I am glad (said I) that Dr. Sewell has given his Approbation of this Book, which was my Companion in this Journey to Paris, and which entertain'd me very agreeably there. For my part (said the Baron) I know nothing of it ; so that I can say nothing to it : Nor I (as-
sum'd

sum'd the *Chevalier*) but I will get one as soon as I come to *London*, on this Recommendation. The Doctor (said *Downright*) seems to mistake the Design of the Author, when he wishes he had said more of the Enthusiasm of Poetry : For he proposes Rules for regulating the Fancy, and informing the Judgment ; but pretends not to teach a *Genius*, that must be born with the Poet, that is the Nature which *Horace* joins with Art to make a complete Bard, and with which therefore his Design had nothing at all to do.

LETTER XV.

On little Sawny the Poet.

To Mr. *Spleenall* at his Chambers in the
Inner-Temple, London.

Dear Ned,

I Have just receiv'd your Invective against little *Sawny* the Poet, with whom you seem very angry that he has, without Merit, gain'd the Applause of the Town : But, my Friend, you seem concern'd at what ought not to move you at all ; for it is what daily happens, and ever has, as we find by the repeated Complaints of the good Poets almost of all Ages. That you are in the wrong, is plain ; for either he has Merit, or he has not ; if he has, you injure him ; if he has not, you injure yourself to be uneasy at a worthless Trifle. But prithee, dear

Ned,

Ned, envy him not so transitory a Satisfaction as the Publick Applause, which is but of a Day; for the same Town often condemns the Creature of its own Praise, and leaves him to Oblivion or Contempt; so that if this be all that *Sawny* gets, 'tis nothing at all. But you say he gets Money by it at a strange rate, nay far more than the best Writers ever got in so small a time, and that he does not deserve, as being a miserly sneaking Fellow. And does this raise your Anger? Why, if he has not the Soul to use it, he gets nothing, according to that, *Tam indiget Avarus quod habet, quam quod non habet;* the Miser wants what he has, as well as what he has not. I can't find by all this, but that you are in reality *Sawny's* Friend, and not Enemy; you are angry with him that he is envious, malicious, a Miser, and a Poetaster; that is, you wou'd have him generous, free, candid, and a good Poet; what Friend cou'd desire more for him, or wish him better? At worst it is no just Cause of Anger; for if he be that Man you describe him, he has a Devil within him, always about him, that does and must perpetually plague and torment him, and needs not your Curses to make him more wretched.

But after all, what if *Sawny* shou'd really have Merit at the Bottom? You don't like his Poesy, nor do I much admire it: But what then? that does not make him a Poetaster. But all Men of Sense are of our Mind; that is very uncertain. That there are Men of Sense that do not approve of his Poetical Performances, is true. Mr. Dryden himself lay under the same Disadvantage: *Matt. Clifford*, the late Bishop of

Rochester, the late Duke of Buckingham, and Sir Charles Sidney, were Men of the first Rate of Wit, and they unanimously condemn'd, if not contemn'd him; yet sure no Body now will deny him to be a Poet, and a very good Poet too. Sawny is a young Man, and has a great deal of Time before him to improve his Learning and Judgment, in which his greatest Defect lies. He seems not to want Fancy, but that Fancy wants Regulation. He is perhaps too ignorant of the Rules of Art, and has given us a great deal of Stuff that will not stand the Test of a good Judge. Well, but you must confess that in Mr. Dryden's Works there is a great deal of Rubbish, and that his latest Performances are his best. Take away Coopers-Hill, and a very few more things from Sir John Denham, and what is there worthy the Name of a Poet in his Works? I might proceed to some others, as Cowley in particular; take away his *Hymn to Light*, his Pindaricks, and some Occasional Pieces, with his Fragment of the *Davideis*; and though he will always maintain the Character of a Man of Wit and Learning, I fear that of a Poet will be scarce his due. Let Sawny therefore alone, let him go on, and if he never give us things better than he has done, why then he will vanish like a Flash in the Pan, and ne'er be thought on more: If he does ever give us a good Poem, why then we ought to forgive him all his bad ones. This is the Opinion of, dear Ned,

Thy faithful Friend,

INDOLENT EASY.

I think (said *Downright*) Mr. *Easy* is in the right on't, and that we ought not to condemn a young Man for some ill Pieces of Poetry, provided there be any Prospect of better from him. · *Sawny* (assum'd the *Chevalier*) began at the wrong End, in writing Rules for others e'er he understood the Rules of Art himself ; that is the Task of Judgment, and Years. The *Athenians* (said the *Baron*) never suffer'd a Poet to bring a Play on the Stage till he was past Thirty ; and, I think, that it wou'd be better if our young Fry were deny'd the Press till that Age at least. The Advice of *Horace* (said I) shou'd be remember'd by them, *Nonum prematur in Annum*, and that wou'd save us a World of that *Grambo* that now 'tis fill'd with.

LETTER XVI.

*The Labour in vain, or Laws about
Marriage.*

To Mr. Wedwoud, at his Chambers in
Coney-Court in Gray's-Inn, London.

Dear Billy,

YOU have impos'd a difficult Task on me, when you desire my Advice about your Choice of a Wife. 'Tis true, I have more Years over my Head than you, and know something more of Mankind ; yet I do assure you I confess my Incapacity of giving you Counsel which you may depend on in this Particular. It is a terrible Risk we run when we marry, since all the Content and Happiness of our future Lives depend upon it, and yet, like Death, it seems instituted by Nature ; and the Reason of humane Society is too strong to be laugh'd out of the World by our young Debauchees. There must be married Men, or all would be Confusion, or the Race cease to be. You must therefore consider what you propose to yourself in a Wife, and then chuse accordingly. Do you propose merely the Propagation of your Family, to keep up the House of the *Wedwoud's* from your own Loins ? if so, be sure you chuse a Teemer, a Woman that is likely to make you a Father of a strong and lusty

† Race.

Race. If you would have her to be your Friend and Companion of your Counsels, you must take care that she have Sense, Prudence and good Humour, as well as Virtue. But, alas, few of the Sex are thus qualify'd, their Education is not directed to improve the Beauties of the Mind, and teach them the use of Reason ; they are left to the Guidance of their Passions, and to the adorning of their Persons ; they are instructed in all the little Arts of captivating the heedless Hearts of Men, generally as ignorant as themselves. We meet with no *Cornelia's* now-a-days, who instructed her Sons the *Gracchi* in Eloquence, and other manly Virtues ; if a Wife prove a good Housewife, and manage prudently, it is the height of a Man's Expectation, and too few of them do even that.

This being the State of Matrimony at this Time, and this the Condition and Qualifications of the fair Sex, our Business is to make the best of a bad Market, and endeavour to chuse a Woman who may give us the least Disquiet. This should make you avoid the choice of a very beautiful Lady ; for, first, they are seldom remarkable for good Sense, and there can be no Happiness with a Fool ; next they are generally proud, conceited, and unmanageable, and really believe that all the Flatteries of their Beauty give them every Perfection that their Adorers place in them in the height of their Desires ; and thirdly, it is to draw all the Fops in Town after you, in hopes of Opportunities with her. And you may

know, by your own Frailty, that multiplying Temptations is not the way to be always innocent, which holds still stronger in a young Woman, who has not that strength of Reason to defend her from the subtle Insinuations of every agreeable Fellow, who makes it his Business to be skill'd in all the most easy Approaches to the Fair, that may give him Success. A young beautiful unexperienc'd Lady thinks not far enough to consider the ill Consequences of her Infidelity, being wholly amus'd and taken up with the present Satisfaction and Pleasure of an Intrigue, and too late finds the long Pains and Anxieties that attend a Cause which Virtue does not direct; and if she ever reform, it is not till your Peace and Honour are destroy'd, which can never be restor'd. If, indeed, you can bare the Fate of a Cuckold with Calmness, and caress in your Bosom the Charmer that betrays you, you may chuse a Wife for her Beauty. I have seen a Man, who had the appearance of a Gentleman, kept the best Company, and past for a Person of some Consideration, who could, as the Town talk'd, even see his dear Wife cornute him before his Face; and another, who, to let his Wife's Gallants know when she would be at leisure, declare in the publick Chocolate-House, that such a Day he was engag'd out of Town with a Mistress, who, he believ'd, would not part with him till the next Morning, the poor Creature was so fond of him; and this was the Cue to his own Wife's Lovers, to have recourse to her without Interruption.

Interruption. But both the Wretches made Profit of their Help-meet's Prostitution, who, though beautiful in the Opinion of the Town, were yet thoroughly mercenary, and skill'd in all the meretricious Arts of a common Trader. But, my Friend, I am very sure this is not your Temper.

There have been and are other Husbands who are so bewitch'd with Fondness of their Wives, that they cannot resolve to resent their Injuries; but, after a Ramble with some Scoundrel, or, at least, some Fop or other for a Week or a Month, receive them with Joy at their Return. Nor are you one of these, if I am not very much mistaken in your Notions of Things. I am sure nothing could render you more miserable than such a Wife; avoid therefore a beautiful Mate; such a one may do well enough for a Mistress to satisfy a present Appetite. But assure yourself that the Saying of *Dryden* is perfectly true in this;

All Objects lose by too familiar View.

The most sparkling and amazing Beauty wears away by having her always before your Eyes; she affords nothing new, or, at least, not enough to render herself so always; when you are admitted to all her Receffes, see her in all Conditions, feel her ill Humours, and the like, the Goddess vanishes, and leaves only a peevish worthless Creature behind. On the other Hand, a Woman, who is but very indifferent in her Person, grows, by Custom, agreeable,

able, and, if she have Sense and good Humour, endears herself to you by Time, till you discover Charms in her worthy your Friendship, and which you did not, perhaps, expect, because you judg'd by her Body, not her Mind. And it is, indeed, a difficult Matter, to thrust the Impressions made by the Appearance of a beautiful Figure out of our Councils, when we consult about this Choice. But I throw not my Advice away on such as are drunk, or in a feverish Frenzy of the Blood, but offer it to one in his Senses. If you are in love, it is too late to advise ; Reason has then fled the Field, and Passion rides in triumph, and will not be contradicted.

In short, let your Choice fall on one who is your Equal for Birth and Fortune, one that is truly religious and prudent, that is Mistress of a complying Temper, not govern'd by Violence and desire of Rule ; one who shall think you as you are, her Head, her Lord, and be ready to submit to your Will in all reasonable Things, for you must be sure to make your Sway easy and just.

If, after all these Cautions, you miss of that Happiness you propos'd to yourself in Wedlock, it must be the fault of your false Judg-
ment, in raising your Expectation to Things that cannot be hop'd for from this State ; or it is because there is no perfect Happiness in this Life, and you ought to bear the Condi-
tions of Mortality with a Manly and Chris-
tian Resolution.

I know

I know that the general Inquietudes of the marry'd Life have made some Men offer at Ways and Means of remedying the Evils of it ; but I could never find any of them reasonable or capable of being reduc'd to Practice. I have more than once heard, from both Sexes, that our Laws, on this Account, are defective, in confining Man and Wife together for Life ; and urge, that since mutual Consent made the Union, the same ought to put an End to it. Others are for having a Year's Probation, before they enter into the fatal *For better or worse.* But all these Things are meer Whimseys, and would certainly not remove the Evil complain'd of.

Give me leave to tell you a Story I have read in a Book of Travels to this Purpose. I will not be answerable for the Truth of the Fact, but I am very sure that the Moral is just.

" Among the many Islands about *Borneo*,
 " there is one, says my Author, of a pretty
 " large Circumference, and very well peopled,
 " call'd by the Natives *Adraſti*. The King of
 " this-Island is in his Power absolute, and his
 " Will is the only Law of his Subjects. There
 " reign'd here, about a Century ago, one
 " *Avieſti*, which; interpreted, is the *Father*,
 " which Name he gain'd from his Love of
 " his People, whose Ease and Happiness was
 " all his Study and his Care. There is a great
 " Freedom of Conversation in *Adraſti*, and
 " the Manners of the Inhabitants are very
 " near

" near those of our Part of Europe. Their Marriages are for Life, as ours are, and full of the same Complaints and Uneasinesses.

" The good King was heartily troubled at the Consideration of this Evil, and set himself to find out some Remedy for it. Accordingly he consulted the wise Men of his Nation ; and ordered every one to offer what he thought might be of use in this Affair. Upon the whole it was thought that a Year's Probation, or a temporary Marriage, which the Couple might dissolve by mutual Consent, attested before a Magistrate, were the only means of making that State more agreeable. The First was first try'd, and the King's Will promulgated, and put in Execution with the utmost Exactness. But, alas, to no manner of Purpose, the Women easily dissembled their ill Humours for a Year ; and then being fix'd, prov'd more intolerable than if there had been no such Tryal. Besides, this was but a lame Remedy, since it reach'd only those who were not marry'd already, which left the greatest part of the Sufferers in their former ill State. The Second therefore was put in Execution, but to full as little purpose, this being not the proper Medicine for the Malady. Besides, it produc'd a thousand ill Consequences not foreseen, as a general Confusion ; present Passions were the Ground of present Divorces ; and these multiply'd to that Degree, that all other Business of the Magistrate was set aside, to hear Causes of this nature ;

" nature ; and many Men marry'd the di-
 " vorc'd Wife, only to get into the Secrets of
 " his Enemy's Family. This was the Source of
 " litigious Suits, and, in a little Time, brought
 " all into Confusion.

" The good King, troubled that all his
 " Endeavours, in this Particular, had been
 " but a meer Labour in vain ; and that the
 " Evil he sought to cure was made worse,
 " and his Subjects more miserable ; he re-
 " establish'd the old Law again, and so it re-
 " mains to this Day. He told his People that
 " he had done all he could to make them hap-
 " py, but he found that lay only in them-
 " selves ; and that if they would grow wiser,
 " and regulate their Passions, and more con-
 " sult their Reason in their Actions and Con-
 " duct of Life, they might be happy ; if not,
 " their Misery lay at their own Doors, and
 " not his.

The King, indeed, was in the right ; and if the marry'd Couple would, they might be easy, at least, if not happy. If therefore you resolve to marry, resolve to make yourself easy, be prudent yourself, and your Wife cannot make you uneasy ; for it is, in my Opinion, generally speaking, the Man's Fault, who wants Prudence in his Conduct, that makes the Wife bad. Be cautious in your Choice, and always carry an even Hand ; be religious yourself, govern your Passions, and show a Tenderness for her you chuse ; convince her of her Errors with Mildness and Reason ;

Reason ; and then it is ten to one you may come in for the Flitch of Bacon. I am

Your faithful Friend,

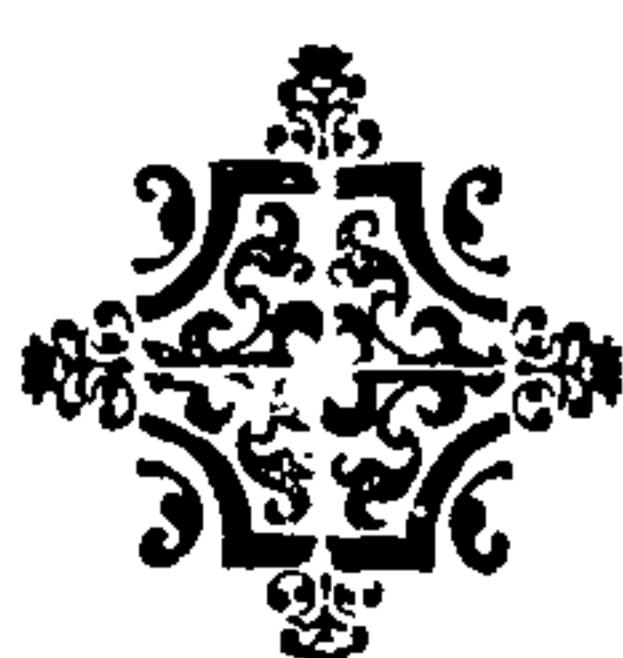
and Servant,

WILL. CAUTION.

A very wholesome Lecture (said I) for those who are bound for the Coast of Matrimony. True (assum'd Downright) but I am afraid he will have but few Hearers. He may (said the Baron) have Hearers enough, but, like other good Preachers, not so many Followers of his Doctrine. Good Advice, indeed (said the Chevalier) against our Corruptions is seldom much regarded, which makes us so wretched as we are.

Here Supper and Company put an End to this Day's Enquiry.

The End of the Fourth Book.





BOOK V.

E began the next Day two Hours more early, that we might dispatch our intended Task before Interruption could come upon us.

LETTER I.

Of Musick, which preferable, ours or that of the Antients.

To John Savage, Esq; near Maidston in Kent.

My good Friend,

YOU impose a hard Task upon me, and at a Time when I am not at leisure to consult such Books as are necessary on this Occasion. To decide the Question which is the most

most preferable, the Musick of the antient Greeks, or that of our Times, a Man should have both before him; but we have nothing of the Antients, in that kind, left us, by which we may with exact Justice decide this Controversy. However, I shall go on such probable Conjectures as the Matter will afford; and that is sufficient for an Opinion which extends not beyond Curiosity. The wonderful Accounts of the Force of the Greek Musick would persuade us that they ought to have the Preference in this, as well as in Painting, Poetry, Sculpture and Oratory.

For this Reason, as well as others, I do venture to declare, that it is my Opinion that the Greeks excell'd the Moderns in Musick, at least, in the Vocal, if not Instrumental. *Isaac Vossius*, in his admirable Book *De Viribus Rythmi*, & *De Poematum Cantu*, has evidently prov'd the Advantage to be on the side of the Antients, answering all the Arguments that have been brought by the Moderns to the contrary; to him I therefore refer you. *Pancirollus*, a learned *Italian*, and a very curious Enquirer into Antiquity, in his Book *De Rebus inventis & amissis*, will not allow the best of his Countrymen to merit the very Name of Musicians, in Comparison of the Greeks. Him also you may consult on this Subject for your full Satisfaction.

If Encouragement be the Life of Art, Musick had never greater than in that wonderful Nation; it was reckon'd the Qualification of a Gentleman, nay, and of a Hero. Thus *Euripides* in his

his *Alcestis* introduces *Hercules* himself singing at his Entertainment in the Palace of *Admetus*.

If we may credit the wonderful Effects of Musick, which are on Record, we may justly give the Preference to the Greeks, no modern Musick ever producing the like; particularly what we read of *Timotheus*, in the Time of *Alexander*, who by the Force of his Song rais'd and laid what Passions he pleas'd. *Saxo Grammaticus* indeed tells us of the like done by a *Gothick Fidler*; but that is look'd on all to be a meer Fable, Musick never having been in that Perfection in those Northern Parts; nor were that People ever so remarkable for a fine Ear and Taste. Perhaps the fine Gusto of the *Grecians* might be mov'd easier, and transported at a Harmony which wou'd not have the same Effect on a more insensible Generation. Their Passions were strong, and carry'd them on many Occasions beyond what they do the common sort of Men; whether it were caus'd by the Climate, or by the Nature of their Government, which was free; for Example, a Courtezan of *Athens*, whose Name, if I mistake not, was *Phryne*, was accus'd in a Capital Case, and the Fact prov'd so fully against her, that her Advocate us'd all his Arguments in vain to deliver her; which finding, he took off the Veil with which she was cover'd, and bid them condemn her if they cou'd. She was of so exquisite a Beauty, that the Judges were quite confounded, and taken Captive by her Charms to such a degree, that they acquitted her; which produc'd a Law,

that

that no Criminal for the future should appear bare-fac'd in the Court.

Tho' this may be look'd on as a Weakness, yet it is a Proof of the Force of the Passions in the *Athenians*; and indeed I have observ'd, that those People, who have the greatest Wit and Sense, have always the strongest Passions.

This gave that Power to the *Demagogues*, who, by their Oratory, and the fine Arts of Persuasion, cou'd, and frequently did carry their Point, by working on the Passions of the *Athenians*. The *Athenians* indeed were nice Observers of the Performances of Poetry, Musick, Oratory, &c. and were sensible of the least Slip of the Poet, Musician, &c. Thus when *Amphiarus* was seen in the Tragedy of that Name to go into the Temple, and afterwards found to be elsewhere, they damn'd the Play, because the Poet had not taken care to bring him out again before their Eyes. And when *Euripides*, in his Play of *Bellerophon*, had made that Prince speak in the Vindication of Avarice; the whole Audience rose up and interrupted the Action, till *Euripides* came out on the Stage, and desired them to have patience till they saw how he punish'd him for what he had said. This appeas'd them, and *Bellerophon's* Punishment made them go away well satisfy'd. The same happen'd on *Hippolitus*'s saying, *My Tongue has sworn, but my Mind is free*; because it seem'd to encourage Equivocation in an Oath. But this reach'd all the Greeks, the *Lacedemonians*: themselves not excepted; for when *Lysander* had taken *Athens*, and

and it was debated whether that City shou'd be destroy'd, upon hearing some Verses out of the *Eleætra*, that General spar'd *Athens*, and return'd Home.

After *Nicias* was routed in *Sicily*, and his Army almost destroy'd, many of the Soldiers sav'd their Lives only by repeating some Verses out of *Euripides*.

But it would be endless to give all the Instances of this Kind which yet remain in History ; these are enow to shew the Genius and fine Taste of the People ; and where those are join'd with such Encouragement, it is impossible but that Musick as well as Poetry, and the other fine Arts, must arrive at Perfection.

Musick was a great Part of their Dramatick Entertainments, for the Chorus in their Tragedies was all sung to Instruments, and Dancing ; and what made it the more touching, was that the Poets then compos'd their own Musick, and, if I am not mistaken, there was scarce any such thing as Instrumental Musick without the Vocal ; so that the Sounds being assisted with the Words, prov'd more pathetick, and reach'd the Soul. Whether in the *Odæum* there were any Performances wholly Instrumental, I cannot remember, tho' I am apt to think there were not from the very Name of the Place.

We have Vocal Musick 'tis true ; but, as *Isaac Vossius* observes, more Regard is had by our Composers to the Notes than to the Words ; nay, we find the most senseless Songs generally the best set ; and, with the Masters Pardon,

don, I must say it, we have had few of them remarkable for their Sense and Understanding. *Harry Purcel* indeed began to consider what he compos'd, and made his Notes always express what the Poet design'd ; he shew'd the Way, but I do not find that there has been any great Progress made in it since he dy'd. He indeed painted (if I may say so) in Musick, witness his Frost-Scene, and several other Parts of his Opera Musick.

Thus have I in short given you my Answer to your Question, Whether the modern or ancient Musick was most excellent : There is more to be said of the modern Instruments, at least of the Violin ; for we cannot discover by those which we find in the *Basso Relievo's* any one among the Antients (except the Wind Instruments) that cou'd have the Length of Sound : That they had long Notes and short in their Musick, is plain from their Poetry, which cou'd not else be possibly express'd. The Organ was of later Invention than the old Greeks, and the Violin is wholly modern. What might be said on this Head is too large to come into a Letter ; I shall defer that till we meet, and here subscribe myself,

Your faithful Servant,

PHIL. PHILANTIQUE.

Tho' I am of this Gentleman's Opinion (said the Baron) yet I think it is one of those Points which cannot at this distance be decided.

cided. It is in that Particular (continued the *Chevalier*) like the Dispute about their Painting : If we credit what *Pliny* and others tell us of *Apelles*, *Polignotus*, *Zeuxis*, and others, we must grant the Palm to the *Greeks* : If we look on those Narrations to be fabulous, we cut off the surest Foundation of their Praise and Preference. I think (said *Down-right*) these are idle and useless Enquiries, since it is impossible, as Things stand, ever to come at the Truth. It is however certain (said I) that our Vocal Musick will admit of much Improvement, and very likely that they who study'd that so much, and had such a Regard to it, should excel us, who mind the Words little, if at all.



LETTER II.

The Sin against the Holy Ghost.

To Mrs. Eusebia Saintly, at her Father's
House, in Maidston, Kent.

Dear Cousin,

SINCE my coming to London, I have heard some News, which I believe will not be very agreeable to you ; but yet what you wou'd willingly hear ; for tho' the Misfortunes of a Friend can never please us, yet we are desirous to know all that befalls them. Your old Playfellow, Mrs. Betty Ambigh, is married ; but her Marriage was of fatal Consequence to her Mother, I wish it may prove better to herself.

The old Lady you know was a constant Church Woman, and never miss'd Morning nor Evening Prayers at the Abby, when she was in Health and able to go from her House thither. But alas ! I am afraid all this Devotion was meer outside, the Effect of Custom, the Church Musick being a sort of Entertainment to her, and took up some of her Hours which lay heavy on her Hands. I wou'd not willingly traduce the Dead, but the Event shew'd that the Bent of her Soul was to this World, and not to the next, since a Disappointment in her Desires cou'd make her guilty of Self-Murder. In short, the Matter is thus :

thus: You know, that because her Daughter was a good Fortune, she was always for a Son-in-Law of Quality, no common Gentleman cou'd go down, for she thought three hundred Pounds a Year deserv'd no less than a Coronet. How many good Matches, which Mrs. Betty might have had, did she set aside? At last a Valet-de-chambre, understanding the Ambition of both Mother and Daughter, in his Lord's Absence out of Town, made use of his Coach and Equipage to pass for a Man of Quality, and carried the Imposture on so well, that he won the young Lady's Heart, and the old one's Consent. They had not been married many Days, but the Truth was discover'd, to the great Mortification of the Mother, tho' not of the Daughter, who, tho' disappointed of her imagin'd Grandeur, yet lik'd the young Man so well, that she seem'd easy with her Lot. One Sunday when they were all going to Church together, the old Lady pretended she had left her Prayer-Book at Home, and wou'd needs go back for it herself, bidding them go on, for she wou'd not be long behind them. She return'd Home, and immediately hang'd herself; her Daughter finding she did not come, sent her Boy Home to see whether she were well or not, who brought back the fatal News. I need not tell you of the Daughter's Trouble, since you know she was perfectly dutiful, and lov'd her Mother as much as the Indulgence she had always found from her deserv'd.

This Sin of Self-Murther I look upon as the Sin against the Holy-Ghost, since the Sinner dies in the very Act of Sin, and cannot there-

fore repent, and without Repentance there can be no Remission. *Thou shall not kill* is the express Commandment; whoever therefore kills, breaks that Commandment; but whoever kills himself, in the Act deprives himself of the Means of Forgiveness. I may be mistaken, but I am sure if final Impenitence be a Sin against the Holy Spirit, this must be, for this is so.

One wou'd have thought that this Miscarriage of Mrs. Betty shou'd have been a warning to her Sister, Mrs. *Olivia*; but it was not, her Youth, her Beauty, and the same Chace of Quality run in her Head, tho' her Fortune was but One Thousand Pounds; but she had not better Luck than the other, a Barber took Lodgings by her, and past for a Knight, and so carried her. But *Olivia* us'd not that Moderation on the Discovery, which her Sister had done. On the contrary, full of Revenge she runs away from him, and surrenders herself to a criminal Amour with a certain Nobleman, who had made Addresses to her before, but who was a married Man.

This is the ill Fortune of these two young Ladies, I dare say it never will be yours; however, to avoid it, put an end to honest Ned's Suit, and let me find you married when I come down into the Country. Your Father approves him, and I believe you have no Aversion to him; I am no Friend to these tedious Wooings, the sooner you marry, the sooner you'll be a Mother; I promise to stand Godfather to the First-born. Who am

Your loving Cousin,

ANTHONY FRUGAL.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Your Sister has one from me this Post, and in that you will find an Account of the Fate of our Cousin *Biddy*.

Pride is the Destruction of those (said the *Baron*) who have not the Art of managing of it with some Caution. Pride (said I) has been thought one of the best Preservers of a Woman's Honour. I am afraid (said the *Chevalier*) that it is but a weak Defence of Virtue, that is borrow'd from our Vice and Folly. This young Lady (said *Downright*) confirms me in the Opinion, that Women shou'd never have a greater Fortune than just to marry them suitably to their Birth. There is a Law against stealing an Heiress, but that has seldom had any great Effect; besides, I think it unreasonable, that a Man shou'd be hang'd for marrying any Woman with her own Consent; and I do not see how any one can be married against her Will. I think it wou'd be much a better Law, if it were enacted that if a young Woman was married without the Consent of her Relations, her Fortune shou'd go to her next Male Relation, and then few wou'd pursue an Heiress only for her Money.

LETTER III.

*To Mrs. Sarah Saintly, at her Father's House,
in Maidston, Kent:*

Dear Cousin,

YOUR Sister has one from me by this Post about the ill Fortune of a Friend of yours, consult her, and you'll see the Particulars, and I desire you wou'd communicate this to her. Your Cousin *Biddy* is married, the Manner something out of the Way. You know that she has lately been perverted to Popery by the Arts of the Priests and the Means of a young Fellow, for whom *Biddy* had a more than ordinary Love, and whom at last she resolv'd to take for her Husband: *Harry Trusty* had laid long Siege in vain, not knowing her Attachment to this young *Papist*; but *Harry* was an Heretic, and therefore had little hopes left him, but in her Maid, who was perfect in his Interest, and inform'd him that her Mistress had a Design of marrying the other privately, and that a *Romish* Priest was to perform the Ceremony in the Night, for fear her Mother shou'd find it out, who, since her turning her Religion, kept her very close, nor suffer'd any one to come near her. But what will not a young Woman do and contrive to compass the Man she loves, especially if she be oppos'd by her Relations? She made her Maid

Maid her Confident, because she cou'd not carry on her Design without her ; and she betray'd the to *Harry*, and contriv'd Matters so as to admit him for the other Lover, and not to appoint the Priest to come ; his Shape, Stature, and Voice, at least in that Whisper they were forc'd to make use of on this Occasion, could not distinguish him from the other. He caress'd her, and was as impatient as a young Fellow uses to be when he is in the Bedchamber of his Mistress, whom he lov'd, in the Night, and in the Dark. In short, no Priest came, the House Doors were fasten'd up, and he cou'd not retreat if he wou'd : She was undress'd as having gone to Bed, to disguise all to the Mother. He press'd, she faintly denied ; but on his contracting himself with the express Words of the Matrimony , in the Maid's hearing, and Vows and Imprecations of marrying her the next Day ; all was agreed, and to Bed they went, and *Abigail* withdrew. All had like to have been spoil'd, when he cime to say, I *Henry* take thee *Bridget* — — How said she, *Henry*? I thought your Name had been *James* ! No, no, my Dear, said he, that was a Nick-Name given me for being a Jacobite. This satisfied her till the next Morning, when she found herself in Bed with *Harry Trusty*, her slighted Lover ; but it was too late to go back. The Mother caught them together ; but when her Rage was over, he told her the whole Story, and thought she wou'd be better pleas'd to have a Protestant for her Son-in-Law than a *Papist*, since there was hopes that by that Means her Daughter might

might be regain'd to the Church of *England* from that of *Rome*. The old Gentlewoman was by this Consideration appeas'd, and so *Biddy* and *Harry* were by her Consent married. I hope she will hear Reason, and then I am sure that all the Popish Priests in *London* will not be able to argue with him on that Point. I have no more News to send you this Post. But am

Your loving Kinsman,

ANTHONY FRUGAL.

How busy (said *Downright*) are these Popish Emissaries, in perverting our People to their Superstition? But (said I) chiefly among poor Women, weak, ignorant Girls; for none else will be misled by their Sophistry. If we lose Ground (said the *Chevalier*) among the Vulgar, we find the better Sort frequently coming over to us; and one Gentleman's Family lost to Popery, is more Damage to its Cause, than an hundred of the Vulgar gain'd, and will in Time put an end to our Fears that way; for when there are no Men of Estates to support and harbour the Priests, they will cease pursuing their Market here. They are bold Men (concluded the *Baron*) who, notwithstanding that it is Treason to pervert a Protestant, dare yet so openly attempt it as they do; but our Laws in that Case are so seldom put in Execution, that they lose their Terror. The *Swedish* Law well executed wou'd be more effectual.

L E T -

L E T T E R . IV.

Merit of no Consideration with our Great Men.

To Mr. Kenright, at Canterbury, Kent.

My Friend,

I Was two Days ago to wait on my Lord——
and prest my Case to him as close as I
cou'd. I laid aside that foolish Modesty which
I am sensible had done me not a little Mis-
chief in my Pretensions, and spoke with all
that Freedom and Boldness which a good
Cause ought to inspire. But I know not how
it is, an assum'd Assurance is so aukward, that
it seldom does us any good; it must be natural,
and attended with an artful Address, which I
find I am wholly to seek in. I urg'd my
known Merits, and the Sufferings I had gone
through very close—— My Lord laugh'd, I
press'd them more home: My Lord laugh'd lou-
der: Well said he at last, honest Mr. *Faircäse*,
I will do what I can for your *Merit*, which Word
he pronounc'd very emphatically, and with a
loud Laughter left me. You are a Man who
have known the Court, and may perhaps in-
terpret this Riddle to me, for my Lord's Be-
haviour seems to me to be very enigmatick.
Is *Merit* really a Jest then? If so, the best way
to Preferment, is to have none. I know not
how it is, but I plainly perceive that I am out

in my Conduct. I desire your Instructions, which shall be faithfully follow'd by, Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

HARRY FAIRCASE.

Mr. Faircase (said the Baron) is most certainly out in urging his Merit to a Courtier. True, (assum'd the Chevalier) it is a sort of Upbraiding him, or is a kind of Dun for a Right; whereas a true Courtier must never be told, that he has any Fault; and perhaps the good Lord, who was here address'd to, had no Merit himself, and then it was affronting him to pretend to any. Preferment at Court (said I) is like Heav'n (in some sort) it is not the Wife that get it; but such only who as they have no Merit pretend to none. Our great Men (concluded Downright) are for making what they do real Favours, and shou'd they prefer the deserving, it wou'd be like paying a Debt, not doing a Favour.

L E T.

LETTER V.

To Mr. Smoothly, to be left at Peter's Coffee-House, in Charles-Street, Covent-Garden.

Mr. Smoothly,

I Send to you for my Money ; and you reply, you love me, you die for me; and I do not know how many good Morrows. You tell me, that my Eyes warm you at this distance : If they do, Mr. Smoothly, you are the more ingrateful not to pay me my Money. You say you have won an hundred Pound such a Day, Two hundred another, and that I shall have it all ; pray let me have my Fifty, which I lent you in Distress, and give whom you please the rest. Let me have no more of your filthy Love, but let me have my Money, or you shall hear from me in another Manner.

ABIGAIL SHORTSIGHT.

This Letter (said I) shou'd have been sent away with the rest that are about Business. But this we may observe, that this poor Woman has been impos'd on, and bubbled of her Money by a Town Sharper, for such is Smoothly ; he lives by gaining the Opinion of the old Women, to whom he makes all his Addres-ses. And past (said the Baron) no doubt, for a fine Gentleman in her Eyes, till he had got her Money and left her. And she may write

long enough (said *Downright*) before Mr. Smoothly will put an end to her Pain. Men of his Kidney (said the *Chevalier*) are not frighten'd with the Name of a Bailiff; and the old Woman may rest assur'd, that her Money will ne'er revisit her Eyes from such a Hand.

LETTER VI.

To Jeoffry Amherst Esq; to be left at the Post-House in the Temple, London.

Dear Sir,

I Here enclose my Letters to the Most Noble _____ which contain the Proposal we us'd to talk of about the Establishing an Academy of Sciences here in *London*, much superior to that set on Foot by the famous Cardinal *Richelieu*, as you will find on the Perusal. For that extended no farther than the regulating and fixing the Standard of the *French Tongue*; this to History and all Arts and Sciences, which can polish the Mind, and bring in a useful Course of Learning. I have this Post sent the Sequel of these Letters to your Friend Mr. *Worthy*, who will let you have a Sight of them. When you have perus'd what I send you, your Approbation will be extreamly agreeable to me, because when I have that, I am sure I have Reason of my Side. But I shall say no more on this Head, leaving your Judgment free in the Decision of my Defect or Merit. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful, bumble Servant,

CHARLES DICKSON.

LETTER VII.

To the Most Noble the ——— of ———

*A Proposal for establishing an Academy Royal
for Sciences, in Seven Letters.*

My Lord,

THO' the Illness I have lain under, has thus long defer'd my Satisfaction in bringing this Design in a more complete Form, than your Lordship has yet seen it ; yet, my Lord, it has been no small Amends to me to find, that the Demonstration of what I propose was not more convincing of its Feazibility, than my Application to your Lordship of its Accomplishment, to the Men of the best Judgment, to whom I have imparted both. For where there is a Soul capacious of great Designs, and a Fortune able to keep it above the lower Aims of private Interest, and a Zeal for its Country's Good, evident on ev'ry Occasion, there can be no Obstacle great enough to oppose, nor Difficulty sufficient to vanquish its Endeavours for the Service of the Public, especially in a Thing, which brings with it Advantages as great as the Glory ; where you refine the Degeneracy of a once noble People, from that Barbarity it has for want of a Public Spirit contracted ; and revive that antient Virtue, which once made so considerable a Figure

gure in the World, nay, lift it up, in all Probability, not only above that, but to a Worth above the noblest Nations of Antiquity: For the Glory of a People consists not only in the Extent of their Dominions, but also in their Renown for Politer Studies, Bravery, Resolution, Stability of Virtue, and by consequence of their fixt State of Happiness.

This has made *Epaminondas*, and *Timoleon*, with some other Greeks, raise the Merit of their petty Battles, and narrow Acquisitions to a Balance, at least, with those greater, and more extensive of the most successful Roman Conquerors, and to weigh down all the spreading Desolations of the *Huns*, *Vandals*, or *Goths*, whose Arms subdu'd *Europe* and *Africa*.

Those therefore, my Lord, are the Advantages the *English* ought most to covet, whom Nature seems to have forbidden Foreign Conquests, at the same time that she persuades Virtues sufficient to establish and defend a Happiness, that no Foreign Force can destroy, without our own Consent; and which nothing has so often shaken, as those Domestic Feuds and Parties, set on foot, and fomented by Men of little Designs, whose narrow Souls led them to nothing but the Consideration of, and Zeal for their own particular and private Gain, never reflecting how unsafe and how precarious that must be while the Public is in danger; for he that sacrifices the public Safety to private Advantage, takes away the Certainty of the Possession of that very Advantage, by putting it in any one's Power but the Public to be Master of it, (for the general Laws of a

Coun-

Country are a surer Foundation and firmer Security, than any distant Hope or promis'd Favour of a Foreign Invader) or by provoking the Public to take that unlawful Gain from him, for which he quitted the Common Security of his Legal Possessions.

The Ground of this has been a Mechanic, a Trader's, nay a Usurer's Vice, that has invaded Men of Public Stations, whose Hands ought to have been pure of all those Pollutions in Administration, which spring from a Thirst of Money, without any regard to Justice. *Salust*, in his Advice to *Cæsar* about the new Regulations of *Rome*, has these Words,

Sed multò maximum Bonum Patriæ, Civibus, tibi, Liberis, postremò humano Generi pepereris, si Studium Pecuniaæ aut sustuleris, aut, quoad res feret, minueris; aliter neque privata Res, neque Publica, neque Domi, neque Militiæ regi potest: nam ubi Cupido Divitiarum invasit, neque Disciplina, neque Artes bonæ, neque Judicium ullum satis pollet, quin Animus, magis, aut minus mature, postremo tamen succumbit, &c. i. e.

“ The greatest Good you can do your
 “ Country, this City, your Self, your Poste-
 “ rity, and indeed all Mankind, is to take
 “ away, or at least to lessen, as far as hu-
 “ mane Nature and the Necessities of Life will
 “ permit, that eager Intenseness and Zeal for
 “ Money, which now prevails; else there can
 “ be no just Administration of Affairs, Pub-
 “ lic or Private, War or Peace; For where-
 “ ever this Lust of Riches invades, neither
 “ Dis-

“ Discipline, wholsome Arts; nor any strength
 “ of Judgment, are able to be so much on the
 “ Guard, as entirely to prevent the Mind
 “ from falling sooner or later under its Ty-
 “ ranny. .

And as a Reason of this Advice, he urges
 in the same Discourse, that Avarice

*Bellua fera, immanis, intoleranda est; quo intendit,
 Oppida, Agros, Fana, atque Domos vastat; Di-
 vina cum humanis permiscet; neque Exercitus, neque
 Mænia obstant, quo minus vi suâ penetret, Famâ,
 Pudicitiâ, Liberis, Patriâ, atque Parentibus cunctos
 Mortales spoliat, &c. i. e.*

“ Avarice is a Beast, wild and full of in-
 “ supportable Cruelty; where-e'er it jour-
 “ neys, it spreads a vast Destruction round
 “ about; it lays waste Houses, Temples, Towns,
 “ and Countries, impiously and promiscuously
 “ mingling Things divine and humane. No
 “ Walls have strength enough, nor Army
 “ force enough to resist its Progress, while it
 “ robs all Men of Fame, Modesty, Children,
 “ Parents, Country, &c.

This is no enthusiastic Fancy of Speculation,
 no Poetic, or Hyperbolical Flight, but the
 Observation of a Man of Business, and the
 real and common Effect of this Vice. We
 have daily Examples of the Truth, and some
 too fresh in our Memory to mention without
 Pain. We daily see Armies, Towns and Coun-
 tries betray'd for Money. This is too obvious
 to

to dwell on to your Lordship: To remove it therefore, as much as possible, and with it all its fatal Consequences; to plant in its room the Love of Praise, (the Source of all the greatest and bravest Actions) the Love of our Country, and of one another, and so putting an End to our Divisions and Factions at Home, secure a perpetual Happiness to ourselves, and unspeakable Glory to the *English* Name, and in that to her Majesty, and to your Lordship, is the Design of this Proposal; more reasonable in its Means, more extensive in its Aim, and more reputable by Consequence in its Establishment, than that propos'd to Cardinal *Richelieu*: The Sum of, and the Motives to which, " were only the Advantage it wou'd be to Eloquence, in perfecting their Language, to render it capable of succeeding the *Latin* and *Greek*, dead now to any national Use; to rescue their Tongue from the common Barbarity of the other Modern Speeches, of which they suppos'd it the most capable of Perfection. That *France* had never wanted Brave Men, but only great Writers, to recommend their Actions to Posterity, as the *Greeks* and *Romans* had done.

All which wou'd hold more true of the *English*, whose Language is more Copious, more Masculine, and more Harmonious than the *French*, as is evident from the Numbers and Versification of the Poets of both Nations, as might be prov'd were it our present Subject; and as our Language is more worthy cul-

cultivating, so are our Heroes by no means inferior, tho' they have indeed, generally speaking, more wanted Writers to recommend them to Posterity.

'Tis a glorious Task reserv'd for your Lordship to give us greater Heroes to celebrate, a more perfect Language, and more excellent Pens to celebrate them as we ought, and that by the Establishment of the Academy propos'd; which is secure from that after Remissness and Neglect, which generally follow very laudable Designs, after the first Heat of the Institution is over: As in the Royal-Society, much fallen from its primitive Vigour, which proceeds from the want of a Fund to support Industry, and maintain Emulation. But here, my Lord, where there are Beneficiary Fellowships, Prizes for those that excel, and a perpetual Succession of Tasks to employ them, there is no fear of its languishing in a few Years. Besides, this deals in Things more obvious, as well as more useful to the Generality than the molt part of our Physical Enquiries, which tracing the Cause through the Effects, are too obscure to be satisfactory, and too uncertain to be useful; and, indeed, amount to little more, than an ingenious and curious Amusement for speculative Men, perfectly retir'd from Action and the Business of Life: Whereas the greatest Part, if not all of what I propose, is conversant about our Actions, prevalent in our Passions, and directive of our Conduct in all the Stations of Life, and must make us useful as well as good.

From

From hence, and from what I have and shall offer, it will, my Lord, I hope appear, that what I propos'd to your Lordship, is demonstratively true, that is, an Academy of Sciences, first, more useful and extensive than that of *France*; and next, that it shall be on a Fund of 8 or 10000*l. per Annum*, arising neither from a Tax on the People, nor a Donation out of the Queen's Pocket. Part of which I have already, the rest I now lay before your Lordship, without disguise, not fearing the Projector's Fate, when I confide it to your Lordship.

Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.

For when your Lordship finds that I seek more the public Good, than my own particular Advantage; and that I shall in some Measure be necessary, or at least useful in the Execution of this Design, I have no manner of doubt, but I also shall find my Account in its Success; which I only wish, that I may be able to serve my Country, if possibly more, than in this; tho' I doubt not, but your Lordship will think this no despicable Service; when you have perus'd these Papers, which my past Illness has oblig'd me to write, I confess, in too great a Hurry for a Writing to be presented to such a Judge as your Lordship; but I chose rather to neglect that Accuracy of Stile and Disposition, the Subject I wrote on, and the Noble Person I wrote to requir'd, than

to

to let so necessary a Design be prejudic'd by my longer delay. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER VIII.

My Lord,

I Will not detain your Lordship with an Account of the *Italian Academies*, where there are above Thirty * in Number, each Town of Note having one; or of that more noted, as well as more Modern of *France*, except what occurs in the Course and Order of this Discourse, as far as this and that agree; only beginning leave to transcribe a few Words out of their

* *The Della Crusca* of Florence; *the Humoristi*, *Lincei*, and *Fantastici* of Rome; *the Intronati* of Sienna; *Otiosi* of Bologna; *the Adormentati* of Genoa, *the Recovrati*, and *Orditi* of Padua; *Olympici* of Viacenza; *Innominati* of Parma; *Nascosti* of Milan; *Ardenti* of Naples; *Invaghiti* of Mantua; *Assidati* of Pavia: *The Offuscati*, *Disumpti*, *Caliginosi*, *Adagiati*, *Assorditi*, *Insensati*, &c.

their Charter or Patent, worthy a nobler Design.

" Il nous a representé q'une de plus glorieuses Mar-
 " ques de la Felicité d'un etat, etvit que les Sciences,
 " & les Arts y fleurissent, & que les Lettres y fus-
 " sent en Honneur, aussi bein que les Arms, puis qu'el-
 " les sont un de Principaux Instrumene de la Vertu.

These are indeed Sentiments worthy a great Politician, and a Motive deserving a Patriot's Zeal for the obtaining a Charter ; for 'tis the Interest of a just Stateseman to have the Public Virtue increas'd, as here suppos'd ; if their Design answer'd the Expression. But their whole Aim, indeed, is to polish the Language, improve Eloquence, and supervise and adjust the Correctness of Stile, all which is but a distant Help to Virtue, and may be turn'd to the Service of Vice ; nor is it one of the most immediate Steps to the promoting useful Arts and Sciences, and is, in regard of the Public Service, the most inconsiderable Part of my Proposel.

There are but forty Members of the *French Academy*, and those provided for only by Places in the Government, or precarious Pensions from the Crown, which indeed *Richelieu* design'd to remedy by a perpetual Fund, when Death prevented him. Besides, the Number is too small to have the decisive Pow'r of a Language over so large a Body of Learned Men, as such a Nation contains ; which Objection is remov'd in this, by more than doubling the Number, and in that par-

ticular leaving room for all other Men of Learning to come in, as will be seen by perusing my Proposal; which is,

To establish an Academy of sixty Honorary Fellowships, consisting of (a) Nobility, (b) Commons, and University-Men of the most Interest, Judgment and Learning. And forty Beneficiary, (c) ten of which to be Dramatic Poets, and ten Historians; the rest Mathematicians, Lyric, Heroic and Satyric Poets, Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers, Musicians, &c. and that these Members be all Natives of *England*, for it wou'd be an Infamy too shameful,

(a) I mean by this, those Noblemen, that have the most Interest in the House of Lords, as well as those of the most polite and solid Parts.

(b) By this I mean the leading Men of the House of Commons, who being of the Academy, wou'd facilitate the establishing the Academy by Act of Parliament, and be its Defence for the Future. And by the University-Men, I mean, those Men of Learning and Parts who have Benefices already, and those that have Estates or Places, so as to be provided for without this. Nay, I know not but the leaving the Number of the Honorary Fellows undetermin'd wou'd be best, so leaving room for all that may appear worthy of the Honour.

(c) The Reason of this Number of Dramatic Poets, is plain from my last Paper to your Lordship, from them proceeding so large a Share of the Fund; and as for the Historians, your Lordship will soon see a convincing Reason for it.

ful, to have the *English* Language directed by any Foreigners, who, if they once get in, will leave no room for any one but their own Countrymen in a little Time. Against which Scandal the only Defence is the making it a fundamental Law, that none whatever on any Account or Consideration whatever be admitted a Fellow, without a substantial Proof of their being born in *England*, or of *English* Parents.

That under their Royal Protector there be a Chancellor of the first and most worthy of the Nobility, their first, your Lordship, and who hereafter, is to be chose by the Academy. A Vice-Chancellor, Secretary, Register, and Library-keeper, chose out of the Beneficiary Fellows, as being oblig'd to Duties, in which the Honorary are free.

The (a) Vice-Chancellor presides in the Assemblies (unless when the Chancellor thinks fit to be there) gathers the Opinions of the Fellows, giving his own last, keeps the Seals, and Seals all the Orders and Acts of the Academy.

The Secretary is to write all Letters Domestic and Foreign by the Academy's Order, all Dispatches, Orders, Certificates, to read the Statutes to the Member that is admitted, before the Vice-Chancellor exhorts him to the Observation of them. (b) The

(a) He is also to see that the Laws and Statutes of the Academy be put in Execution; and to have a casting Vote on an Equality.

(b) The Secretary also ought to draw from the Register's

The Register writes down the Resolutions and Debates of the Day, keeps the Papers, or at least the Register of the Papers, &c. of the Academy. (c)

Those three Officers chose by Plurality of Voices, or by balloting, out of the Beneficiary Fellows; and that on their Election, Addition be made to their Salaries, 100*l.* *per Annum* to the Vice-Chancellor, who is to be chose once a Year, and 50*l.* *per Annum* apiece to the other two.

That the Methods of Debate, Decision, &c. be establish'd by the Academy.

That the Academy have a public Seal, with Device and Motto, the Queen's Picture in a Minerva's Habit, with these Words, *Armis tutetur, moribus ornat*, or what else may be agreed on by the Academy.

The most impartial Way that I can think of doing Justice to Merit, and to keep out worthless Intruders, is, either for your Lordship to choose all the Beneficiary Fellows, or else that the Honorary being nam'd and compos'd of such, as I have mention'd, get the Charter pass'd by Act of Parliament; and then choose the Beneficiary Fellows from such Candidates

as

gister's Books the Transactions, reduce them into Form, and, after the Approbation of the Academy, to publish them, if order'd, or else to place his Manuscript in the Library.

(c) Receives all Papers sent to the Academy, peruses, and presents them, having first enter'd them in the Register.

as shall appear in the several Arts to be encourag'd by this Academy; but that then no Member can be admitted, without the Approbation of thirty Fellows; and that after the Number is complete, any new Fellow that is admitted on a Vacancy, must come in by the Vote of the Beneficiary, as well as Honorary Members.

That there be five Clergymen Beneficiary Fellows, that they be eminent for Mathematics or some of the politer Literature.

(a) That no Candidate shall stand for a Beneficiary, that has not done, or does not then produce before the Members of the Academy, some valuable Book, or made some Improvement in the Art or Science he pretends to.

(b) That no poetical Member be admitted for what he has already written, except that will

(a) This is meant effectually to defend this Design from worthless Intruders, who often by a voluble Tongue, and plausible Assurance, impose themselves on Men of Quality for Men of great Parts, who are wholly ignorant in the Arts they pretend to. 'Tis not for want of Instances I give none, but to avoid the Odium.

(b) The Reason of this is, because too many of the taking Plays, and Poems too, have ow'd their Success to a Faction, Party, or ev'n to their Defects, supported by the Arts. of the Players, in spight of Sense and Reason. But when no Plays are suffer'd to be play'd that cannot pass the Censure of Men of Understanding, 'tis more likely than now that Merit will take Place; or at least it will be a Satisfaction and Honour

will stand the Test of a just Examination according to Art.

That the Library-Keeper be oblig'd constantly to attend the Library himself at certain Hours, and to have a Deputy there at all seasonable Hours. That he take care of the Impressions of the Academy's Books, of which he is to make no Alteration when past the publick Censure ; And that he be Superintendent of the Press over the Overseer of the Press.

That there be an Overseer of the Press, a Printer by Education, and that it be his Care to buy the fairest Letters of all Sorts to make the Impressions the more beautiful, and those not us'd after they are a little wore, but either new cast, or sold to some Printer ; that a Share of the Profits of all Books printed, be laid aside for the keeping them in Repair. That the Academy pay no Duties nor Customs for Paper either Foreign or *English*, which will be a Trifle to the Revenue, and will enable them to print on the best Paper cheaper than others on the worst, buying it in at the best hand from the Maker ; and that severe Penalties be laid on those that dispose or sell the Academy Paper to others, or under the Name of the Academy import and buy up Paper for any but the Academy : This will in some measure secure the Academy

to the Poet, if the Representation be less successful with the People (as it sometimes happen'd in Athens itself) to remember, that what he has wrote has receiv'd the Publick Mark of Applause from the Wise and Judicious.

Academy Copies from being pirated on, that is, printed by others.

That there be three or four travelling Fellows at 300*l.* per *Ann.* each, to examine the Vatican, the French King's Library, the Emperor's recover'd at Buda, the Duke of Courland's, &c. and to transcribe any valuable Manuscript, Record, Inscription, &c. and that these Fellows be countenanc'd, and recommended by the Ambassadors of *England* in the several Courts of their Residence; and that the Emperor's, or any other Confederate Ambassador do it at *Rome*, where we have none. That the two Universities be exhorted to depute some of their Members, with a just Allowance, for the same End, into the several Parts of the World, which they might easily afford out of those vast Revenues that belong to their Universities.

(a) That all the Fellows in general be oblig'd to submit their Works to the Censure of the Academy; who, in their Examination, shall allow the Member, whose Works they are considering, the Liberty of answering Objections from the Rules of Art, which are to be the

(a) Here is the Defect of the French Academy, as is plain from their Difficulty of censuring the *Cid*. And 'tis there express'd, that they were to censure none but what were submitted to them by the Authors; and in the *Cid* they were afraid to go against the *Vogue*, which by their Institution they ought to oppose, if wrong, as generally it is.

Standard of each Art ; but if in the Meaning of those Rules they differ, the Particular must give way to the General ; none therefore of these Censures to be made without 30 or 40 Members present, and most of them Beneficiary.

That every *Sunday*, and publick Holy-day, all the Beneficiary Members that are in Town, and as many of the Honorary, as please, go to Church together in their (a) Robes, and thence to Dinner in their Publick Hall, each paying his Proportion to the Expence, (hereafter to be specify'd) or that at certain Terms or Seasons of the Year they be in Commons.

That the Poetical Members of the Academy be oblig'd to publish once a Year, at least, a greater or smaller Volume of Hymns, Anthems, &c. in the Praise of God, and that by noble Translations of the Poetick Parts of the Bible, as *Psalms*, *Prophets*, &c. which lose half their Force from their enervate Translations ; for certainly whatever the Spirit of God dictated in Verse, can never be so justly express'd in Prose : If the Divine Wisdom thought Numbers and Harmony in the Original necessary to the End he propos'd, it is certainly more so in the Translation, where there is a need of all the Force of a Poetick Genius, to keep within View of the Original.

That

(a) Those to be hereafter adjusted by the Academy, both as to Colour and Form.

That there be Satyrs once a Week, or Fort-night, on the prevailing Follies and Vices of the Town : As well as Songs, Odes, and Panegyrical Verses on those that have serv'd their Country, freely, bravely, &c. and some of them to be sung before the Orations, some after. The Profits of these Books made up of these Weekly Products, to be put into the Bank for Prizes, or for the repairing the Letter.

That there be a Book wrote on the Excellence of the *English* (a) Language, Laws, Constitution, Country, Learning, &c. in all the chief *European* Tongues, and that this Book be printed in *Italy* and *France*, in those two Languages, because they permit no Books printed in what they call an Heretical Country, to be read, according to the Direction of the Council of *Trent*, &c. Which will spread the Glory of the *English* Name, Wit, Learning, Language and Happiness farther, than the *Roman* Arms spread theirs.

That there be some inferiour Writer maintain'd by the Academy, to write the Penny-Books, &c. that spread among the Vulgar : In which by Stories, adapted to their Capacity, and Reasons proportion'd to their Understandings, Virtue, the Love of their Country, and attempting great Actions, be recommended.

That the Admission-Oath oblige the Members to endeavour by their Pens, &c. to take away all Factious Names, and live amicably

(a) That is, in comparison with those of the most known of Europe.

together, whatever their Party Principles may be. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER IX.

My Lord,

I Now come to the Duties of the Members, and propose that the first general Work of the Academy be the forming an exact *English Grammar*, and *Dictionary*, for the Restraining the Licentiousness of Writing, fixing a Standard of our Language, settling the Orthography, Syntax, Etymology, &c. according to our best Authors, old and modern; to which End, the *Danish*, *Dutch*, *German*, *French*, and other Languages be examin'd for our Fundamentals. The expressive double Letters of the old *Saxons* to be consider'd, whether worth Reviving, &c. by this to arrive not only at a true Etymology, but also to know how far our Tongue will bear an Improvement, without departing too far from its Foundation. To which may be added, a History of the several Alterations it has undergone from its first Original. That in composing this Dictionary, the several

* several Fellows contribute the particular Terms of their several Arts, in all their Extent of Propriety, Etymology, &c. But to make this Dictionary the more complete, all the other learned Men of the Nation to be invited to contribute their Pains to the compiling it; with this Assurance, that what they contribute shall be publickly acknowledg'd. And the better to obtain this, there shall be from time to time printed Notice given of what the Academy go upon; among which, if any difficult Case arise, that in particular to be recommended to the Learned, whose Papers are to be transmitted to the Secretary or Register of the Academy, who is to register them and their Author, to take a Receipt of each Member to whom he, according to the Academy's Order, delivers them out; for if out of Design he smother any of them, he must lose his Place. That every Gentleman, that sends any Paper, set down his Reasons for his Opinion in Etymology, Orthography, Syntax, &c.

That either an entire Poetick Dictionary, or the Poetick Part of the Grand Dictionary be compil'd by the Poets.

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That

* Thus the Physician the Terms of his Art, the Philosophers of theirs, the Lawyer of Law, the Mathematician of Mathematicks, the Chaplain of Divinity, the chief Musician of Musick, &c. and so down to the Husbandman, to collect a complete Body of our Tongue in all its Extent and Variety.

That the Proposals, and Method of the French Academy, in composing their Dictionary be consider'd, follow'd, or rejected, according to the Judgment of the Fellows.

That the Grammar, and Dictionary being done, they proceed to a Prosodia and Rhetorick. In the Rhetorick, besides the Tropes and Figures, the Propriety of Stile, and the true Beauties of Eloquence in the English Tongue, with an Enquiry which is most just and natural, Ours or the Ancients. That here the Characteristick of the Sublime, the mean and the low Stiles be fix'd; and in this they must divide the Language into its proper Distinctions, answering in Propriety to those three Stiles; they having by some Authors of Note been all promiscuously confounded together. (a)

To the forming the Prosodia, the Poets must contribute their Discoveries; and they must consider Elegancies, and Uses of Words in a poetical Sense; examine the Positions of Words,

(a) In Rhetorick they shou'd give us a good Version of Aristotle, Quintilian, and any other Authors, ancient or modern, to the Improvement of Eloquence; for 'tis certain that there is nothing more prevalent in our Actions, than the Passions; and a Pow'r to work them into the Interest of Virtue, is a very effectual Way of promoting it. For where one Man pursues the Dictates of Right Reason, a Million follow it corrupted by the prevailing Passion, and Ten Million follow the Passion, without consulting Reason at all.

Words, and their Transpositions, according to the Use of the best of our Authors, and to consider how far they are Beautiful, that is, how far they contribute to Variety and Harmony. That here the whole Art of Poetry be discuss'd, and a true Standard of Criticism in the several kinds of Poetry fixt, which must be drawn from the Design of the Art, the Nature and Reason of the Thing, the Genius of the People, that is, from *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and the *Essay on Poetry*; in which, some are such Libertines, that they think all regular Principles of Art an Imposition not to be born; yet, while they refuse in Poetry the Rules of that Art as the Test of their Performance, they will allow no Man a Master in any other, that follows not the Rules of his Art, though those of Poetry are not less founded in Nature and Reason, and indeed are the only Distinction betwixt an Artist and a Pretender. This has open'd the Door to all the abominable Scribblers that have so often won a Reputation from the Ignorance of the Town; nay, who have past for Authors of the first Rank, though their Writings, as *Ben Johnson* in his Discoveries has it, "a Man wou'd not wrap up any wholesome Drug in, &c." For if Poetry have no certain Standard of Excellence, no fixt Rules to go by, then it must be an arbitrary Licence of saying and writing what extravagant Thing soever one pleases; and that Mess of Madness that is best cook'd up by the Players, and goes best down with the Mob, is the best

Poetry ; a Notion so very whimsical, that it was never entertain'd in any City in the Universe but this, which levels all Men, makes R--- and Durfey as good Dramatick Poets as Otway and Wycherley. Nor was there ever a plainer Evidence of this than in T----- which having not one single Qualification of a just Play, run away with the Opinions, not only of the common Sort, but ev'n with some Men of Sense, either through Inadvertence, or Ignorance of the Art : For if they had ever read and understood any thing of the Matter, they wou'd never have borne an Act of it.

To take away this false and uncertain Applause, that has discourag'd, and always must deter Men of Sense and Judgment from meddling with the Stage, is one of the Aims of this Academy, and particularly of this Pro-sodia, and Art of Poetry. For since there can be no doubt but that the Drama is absolutely the most useful, and, I think, the most noble Province of Poetry, it will, by this means appearing in its true Grandeur, be judg'd so by all Men. For this Reason it will be necessary, before the Choice of the Dramatick Members, that there be a Standard fix'd, as a Test of their Performances, and that drawn from Aristotle's Rhetorick, Poeticks, &c. in which I'm sure Dacier's Notes ought to be consulted, as being the most Gentlemanlike Criticism of that Nation, and really deduc'd from Nature, and the Author he explains.

That

That the Fellows by degrees translate, each in his Way, all valuable Books out of other Languages, most of our present Translations being abominably done by the hackney Authors, employ'd by Booksellers for trifling Considerations. I am,

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most humble
and obedient Servant,*

C. D.

LETTER X.

My Lord,

A Nother Busines of the Academy is to establish publick Schools for all useful Arts and Sciences in the *English Tongue*.

i. For History, Domestick and Foreign. That at least six of the Historical Fellows, by their Turns, be employ'd, in searching, abridging and transcribing Records of the Tower, Journals of Parliament, Inscriptions, Medals, Manuscripts of the Universities, *Cottonean Library*, &c. collecting from Historians of all Nations that relate to our History, so to frame a nobler System of it, than any we now have. That in their Abridgments, &c. they refer in all Particulars to the Records, Journals, Inscriptions, &c. in so plain a manner, that

Recourse may be easily had to the Originals. Thus furnishing us with a more useful Study of the History of our Country, than is to be got purely out of the Monkish Writers, Men out of the way of Business, and unacquainted with our Laws and Constitution, to which this Method will easily lead our Student.

That any Honorary Member, that pleases, may join in these Enquiries. That while the Six are busied in the Search, the other Four be reading History in the Schools, to such as come to hear them, and so each in his Turn. And since the Knowledge of our Acts of Parliament, Saxon Laws, and Common Law are a Part of the useful History of this Nation, that the most compendious Method be found out for teaching them; at least in the Abridgment. By these Means this School of History will be a Nursery for young Gentlemen, that are to serve their Prince and Country.

Next for Foreign History, that that of our Neighbouring Countries be first studied, as it goes along with our own, as to Negotiations, Treaties, &c. and for them which we find not in *Libnitz*, &c. that their Records, &c. be search'd for, and compar'd with ours for the greater Certainty; which in a few Years will furnish us with a complete Course of History, both Foreign and Domestic.

That in reading *English* and Foreign History, the Student be put in Mind of the brave Actions that he hears, and exhorted to imitate them; that he be remember'd of the Fame and

and Reputation that is due to them, and the Infamy of a slothful, unactive Life ; and that to give Nobility its Ancient Lustre, he must show those public Virtues in the Service of his Country, which first distinguish'd Man from Man in the Esteem of ev'n the Wife themselves.

That there be Degrees taken in History, and public Examinations ; and Rewards for the greatest Proficients in it.

That the Mathematical Fellows have publick Lectures of all useful Parts of the Mathematicks in the *English* Language, as Arithmetick, Algebra, Geometry, and the new Improvements of it, Astronomy, Mechanicks, Fortification, Navigation, &c. and free Dissertations and Experiments, that may tend to promote the Knowledge of Nature, and be serviceable to Mankind.

That the Physicians be oblig'd to have a public Lecture of Anatomy, Plants, Herbs, &c. and communicate the History of their Practice. See *Baclivius*, &c.

That the Lawyer being chosen more for his Parts than Practice, have either a Lecture of the *English* Laws, or contribute his Part of the Law towards the Historical Lecture before mention'd.

That there be publick Lectures of Musick and Painting, the Rules of which Part of the Academy I have by me drawn from the most celebrated of *Europe*, and much improv'd.

That there be an *English* Lecture, that is, an *English* Grammatical, Poetical and

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Rhetorical Lecture, &c. which will form the Poetick's and Rhetorick above requir'd; and will in Time spread a juster Notion of, and wear out that false Judgment that has too long reign'd in *England*, to the Scandal of our Name; and so make Way for Merit only to be encourag'd, by suffering it no longer to be judg'd by Ignorance and Fools.

Thus, my Lord, I have in some Measure already shown the admirable use of this Academy, at least for the Advancement of Arts and Sciences. But what remains, I think is yet of a higher Nature, as promoting more immediately, and more diffusively the Moral and Political Virtues of the Nation, now too much decay'd; nay, I may venture to say, almost quite extinguish'd, and to be despair'd of, had not Providence preserv'd your Lordship to revive, restore, nay and to exalt it to a nobler Height than ever. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

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LETTER XI.

My Lord,

IT must be confess'd that Religion is not only an admirable, but the best Rule and Motive of our Actions; yet through the Frailty of our Nature, the Rewards and Punishments Religion promises, and threatens, being not present, but at some Distance, the Number that is influenc'd by them to Action is extreamly small; for what by Forgetfulness of what we do not see; the Weakness of humane Nature, too much immers'd in immediate Affairs, and the false Hopes of a satisfactory Repentance at last, Men find not so strong a Band and Tie to Virtue and Actions beneficial to the Publick, as they wou'd if there were some present Rewards and Punishments to excite them, either by menacing some immediate Detriment, or promising as sudden an Advantage to our Reputation, or predominant Passions.

But Punishment, tho' present, has not so lively and forcible an Effect on Mankind, as Reward. For first, the meanest and most inferior Sort of People are only affected by them, as the Execution of all Penal Laws sufficiently demonstrates, proving ev'n there almost wholly inefficacious. Next, Penal Laws can never be equally and impartially administer'd; for the Executors of them are Men

of

of little Sense, and by Consequence of no great Honesty, and of a low precarious Fortune, without the Benefit of Education or Knowledge to season them from Knaves ; such as Beadles, Informers, Hackney Constables, or at most Justices of the Peace, who too often are Men that thrust themselves into the Commission for a Livelihood, or such, as are put in, without regard to their Abilities, or Honesty, meerly to serve a Turn. But if by chance a Justice of Peace be a Man truly qualified for, and exact in the Execution of his Office, he will have nothing to do ; for the Constables and Beadles will only go to those Justices, who will connive at their Rogueries, and let them come in for a Share of the Profit. Farther, Penal Laws are the Market of Informers oply, Fellows of the most profligate Principles, set to work purely by the Extremity of a necessitous Fortune , and (their Oaths being their Livelihood) who Swear for, or against, as the Criminal has, or has not Money to bribe them, without regard to Right or Wrong, or the Dictates of Law or Conscience.

But, my Lord, to enter into the Detail of this Matter, wou'd be to entertain your Lordship with what is not so agreeable as true. I will therefore turn to Rewards, which set the brisker Spirits to work, that are not touch'd with Punishments (which at most only deter from Vice, but promote no Virtue) and such Rewards, as affect our Passions ; that gratify our Pride, have an uncommon Force in the pursuit of Actions beneficial to the Publick ; for

for Men love to strive for those Rewards that make them immediately conspicuous among their Friends and Acquaintance, and give them a Place and Regard above those, whom either Birth or Fortune may have made their Superiors.

For this Reason, (to say nothing of the Rewards and Triumphs of the (*a*) Romans) on extraordinary Emergencies, several Princes, to promote the publick Bravery, have (in Imitation of *William Duke of Guienne, and Count of Auvergne*, who in 898 instituted the first against the Normans) establish'd Orders of Knighthood, by present Honours to excite their Subjects to extraordinary Actions: Thus this Design sets up publick Rewards, and publick Orations to rouse us up to a vigorous Defence of ourselves, against the common Enemy; and to nobler Acts and Ambition, than usually we have known of late.

That Reformation of our Minners which the false Zealots have for some Years made such a preposterous Pother about in the Streets and Brothels, when they neglected Morality in their Pulpits, is not to be obtain'd but by spreading the Excellence of the Moral Virtues, and raising the Esteem of them in the Minds of Men, busy'd now about Things of a more groveling and servile Nature; as how to increase their own Wealth, not the publick Glory

(*a*) Which when the Romans left off, as they did in the Reign of Theodosius, they sunk in their Virtue, and every Day decay'd till they came entirely to Ruin.

ry and Security, for they perceive not, that the first must fall to the Ground, if the latter be not supported. For the effecting which I presume the following Rules will be of sufficient Force.

That there be at least one Moral Lecture or Oration every Week, made by the Benefic'd Fellows, each in his Turn; and one once a Month by such Honorary Fellow as shall think fit to make it. That the Aim of these Moral Lectures, and their chief Topicks, shall be to recommend the Moral and Political Virtues; to show their Excellence and Necessity to the Subsistence, Well-being and Happiness of Humane Society. To recommend the Ties of Nature in the Alliances of Blood, &c. exposing the Folly of the Vices destructive of Morality, and to show them punish'd in Examples drawn from History sacred and prophane. These, and all other Arguments, directed to instill a Love of Glory from the Service of our Country, a Thirst of Fame by doing Actions serviceable to our Prince.

The better to promote this, great part of ev'ry other Oration shall be spent in the Praise of some particular *Englishman*, that has formerly, or shall do now any publick brave Action, or any general Good, either by the Sword (and that chiefly at Sea) or by his Wit, Ingenuity, Liberality, &c. as the finding out, promoting, or improving any profitable Trade to the Nation; publick Donations to Arts; publick Buildings, as Ships, &c. or to the Academy in particular. That besides this publick Praise, their

their Names to be enroll'd among the Heroes, and Patriots of their Country, and that every one, or most of the Poets be oblig'd to write on him, and a Prize given to the best Performer, which being read after the Oration, his Name shall be enroll'd in the midst of Triumphal Songs and Musick.

If any private Seaman does any extraordinary Action, (besides the Queen's Reward, which is usual) he shall sit in an eminent Place in the Oratory, and hear his Act prais'd, and receive some Badge of Favour of the Academy to wear, by which others wou'd be encourag'd to do the like, and he to attempt more. If more than one be concern'd in the Action, that they sit all together in the same Manner. But if done by an Officer or Man of higher Post, then to sit in a more eminent Place, with the Members of the Academy on each Side of him or them, presenting each with a Laurel of Silver or Gold; with various other Ceremonies too long here to particularize. Sir Walter Raleigh, no speculative Politician, advises these publick Rewards, Triumphs, &c. as prevailing Motives to publick Actions; and the Romans practically experienc'd the good Effect of them. For tho' Pride and Vanity be the Cause here, yet the Publick wou'd receive the same Advantage from them, as if they sprung from a Modern, more refin'd Nation. For as *Salust* observes in his Discourse to *Cæsar*, of modelling the Common-wealth, *Gloria Industria alitur; ubi eam demperis, ipsa per se Virtus amara, atque aspera est.* "Industry is
" nou-

" nourish'd by Glory, which if you take away,
 " Virtue remains too forbidding, and uncouth." For indeed, however gay and agreeable Virtue may seem to the sublimer Part of Men, her Trappings and Appearance only touch the many.

At the end of ev'ry Oration, the Moral of the Plays to be acted the following Week, or of those acted the Week before, shall be explain'd and enforc'd, that is, the Use that may justly be made of the Characters and Incidents, &c. of both the Tragedies and the Comedies; the Doctrines that may be drawn from them to the End propos'd, by seeing the Inconveniences of Vice, the Ridiculousness of Folly, as there drawn from the Practice of the World; and represented truly, that true Conclusions might be deduc'd from it. And on the other Side must be urg'd the Glory and Advantages of Virtue, &c.

That if any Man of Parts, tho' not of the Academy, desire to speak or have spoke, any Moral Oration, the Academy must first License it: In which regard must be had to these Particulars, that it contain nothing offensive to Religion and good Manners: 2dly, Nothing derogatory to the Academy, or the Cause they promote by these Orations: 3dly, That it be not tedious nor dull: And lastly, That it be rather spoke by one of the Actors, than the Author; that so first they may be sure to have what they licens'd spoke; and next, that no damage be done to the Discourse, by an ill and ungrateful Delivery; that the Player that speaks

speaks it, have a Guinea Reward, being oblig'd to get it so far by Heart, as to be able to deliver it volubly, with variety of Voice and Gesture. Nor are any of the Members to speak their own Orations, if they are not sure of a graceful Action and Utterance, for the Honour of the Society, for that wou'd make them ridiculous, and what is thought ridiculous; can ne'er have Authority.

That the Moral and Encomiastick Orations be printed by the Academy, and that the greatest part of the Profit arising from thence, be put into the Bank for Prizes; and the Impression to be Monthly, in a small, but fair Character, that they may make a cheap Pocket Book.

That they be dedicated to some Man of Merit among the Nobility, dignify'd Clergy, &c.

That whatever Poet, Moral, Historical, Philosophical, Mathematical, &c. Writer of the Academy is prov'd guilty of Flattery in any Dedication; or out of a mercenary Hope dedicates to a Man unworthy, that is, who has never done any Service to his Country; to Learning, &c. or who is notorious for Avarice, Injustice to his Creditors, or others, for raking, &c. shall forfeit for the first Offence half his Year's Salary, and the whole Profits of that Piece to be all put into the Bank for Prizes; to be stigmatiz'd for a Flatterer and Robber, in taking away the Reward of good Men, by praising one that is ill: But if he repeat this Offence, to be expel'd the Academy; none of whose Fellows are to be guilty of Avarice, being dedicated to the pub-

publick Service, and handsomely maintain'd from Want by the publick Authority. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

LETTER XII.

My Lord,

WE now come to the Poetic Fellows in a more particular Manner, as to their Regulation and Duties.

The Lyric Poets, and those who write the lesser Poetry, are, at least, ev'ry Week, or Fortnight, to produce either some Hymn in the Praise of God, his wonderful Works, from the *Psalms, &c.* (and set to new Tunes to be sung in the Chapel) on the Sufferings of Martyrs for Religion, or for their Country ; with Satyrs on Vice and Folly ; Praise of Virtue, and noble Deeds, in Odes, Copies of Verses, larger Poems, &c. the Subjects generally *English* ; and that when they swell to a Volume, they be printed, one half of the Profits arising thence to be divided among the Authors, and the other to be put into the Bank of Prizes.

Next

Next for the Dramatic Poets — No Play to be acted whose Author is known before ; because Party and Interest else may give a Run to a bad Play, or stifle a good one. They are to be divided into Tragic and Comic, neither of which to be admitted, as Fellows, till two Plays of theirs have been acted with the Approbation of the Academy, and the Applause of the Town ; for though the latter is very fallacious, yet are they not incompatible. Nay, I am very well assur'd, that if a Play be wrote according to the Rules, perfectly understood, and with a Genius, it cannot fail of pleasing both the good and bad Judges. — But to proceed : — No Tragic, nor Comic Poet, to have a Play acted , nor to be admitted, till past 28 Years old at least, (none in *Athens* being admitted till past thirty) for the Performances of the Drama require a fixt and settled Judgment, or a Knowledge of Mankind, which few have before that time, or are capable of producing any thing worthy the Dignity of the Stage, or of lasting Merit.

That after Admission ev'ry Dramatic Poet be oblig'd to write a Play, at least, once in two Years, till superannuated ; for this is not design'd to be a Hive of Drones.

That the Dramatic Poets, both before and after Admission, have the 3d and the 6th Day free, without any Charges, half the Profits of the 9th, and the 8th Part of the Profits above the Charges every time 'tis acted for ever, or rather during their Lives, after which the Academy to have the whole.

That

That if, after the Beneficiary Fellowships are full, any young Man appear above 28, worthy Encouragement, and bring a Play which the Academy approves, and promises a Great Man hereafter, that on his Second he be admitted as a Fellow extraordinary; and besides his 3d and 6th Days, &c. if necessary, that he be allow'd 20 s. per Week, till there be a Vacancy to receive him.

That the Burden of the Poetic Part of the Dictionary lie not so much on the Dramatic, as the other Poets, who must be Scholars, and draw their Opinions from the Practice of our best Poets, Reason, and the Imitation of the Antients.

As for the *Materia Dramatica*, I dare not trespass on your Lordship's Patience to transcribe it, having so many things to mention which cannot be omitted.

That the Dramatic Poets shall not take any Foreign Story to write on, that the Virtue of the English Nation lose not the Glory of the English Wit, and Poetry to celebrate it. The Saxon Story being obscure enough to give the Poet as much room for Invention, as the fabulous Part of the Greek History did those Poets, (and that with a greater Probability) to whose Invention we owe the receiv'd Examples of all Heroic Fortitude and Wisdom; as *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, *Theseus*, *Pirithous*, *Jason*, *Alcestis*, *Iphigenia*, &c. By this means the Greek Poets made their own Country the Spring and Source of Virtue and Wisdom, never vouchsafing a Foreign Hero in their Plays; whereas we find Heroes for ours in ev'ry Country but our own.

To

To improve this, Encouragement must be given to such as shall improve the *Saxon Story* in little Histories, or Novels, building fine, tho' fictitious Incidents on certain Grounds, which wou'd be a Store-house of Plots, and a great Help to the Poet's Invention. The Greeks justly believ'd that Domestick Examples were more likely to affect than Foreign, where Clime, Customs, Manners, Religion, &c. might alter and confound the Lesson it shou'd teach. Tho' now and then a shining Character of *Greek or Roman Virtue* may be wrote on; and *Otway's Orphan*, and *Venice Preserv'd*, be play'd with some Alterations. The most regular of *Shakespear's* are excepted out of this Rule. (a) But the Comic Poet must never, on any Pretence whatever, lay his Scene out of *England*, lest the Follies and Vices represented may not seem to relate to us. Besides, most, if not all our Dramatic Poets, that have laid their Scenes in Foreign Countries, have been guilty of monstrous Absurdities, and sin'd against the Manners to a great degree; to avoid which, none on a Foreign Story shall be admitted in Comedy, and, as I have said, extremely few in Tragedy. Besides, by this Means the Dramatic Poet may have an Opportunity of Complementing some present Families, either as his private Obligations, or their publick Merits demand.

As to what Characters shall be allow'd, the Academy on their Meeting be the Judge;

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who,

(a) Or rather, that there be a Reward for any Plays of *Shakespear's* reduc'd to the Rules of the Drama in the Plet, where he generally fails.

who, after a fair Discussion, may determine. A Committee of whom to be Judge of what is truly Immoral, Prophane and Obscene, nor must suffer any Thing of that Nature to pass, on any Account whatever ; but then they are not to consult the Fantastic Tast of some particular Enthusiasts, but right Reason.

That no Poetic Member have under 150*l.* *per Annum* : That no Dramatic Fellowship be under 150*l.* *per Annum*, nor the Chief above 300*l.* *per Annum* Salary, and that to be the Laureat, who is to be chose once a Year ; and after a Sermon and Prayers in the Church, to be crown'd with a golden Laurel in the public Hall, with all the Pomp of the Academy in Verses, Music, &c.

That the *English* Lecture be taken by Furns, and that the Lecturer have 50*l.* *per Annum* added to his Salary during the Time of his Lecturing.

Thus far I have entertain'd your Lordship with the Order and Rules of the Fellows of the Academy itself ; I now proceed to the Regulations of the Dependants on the Academy ; who are to be the Medium, not only of raising great part of the Fund, but also of gaining it no small Popularity and Esteem in the World, which will fortify its Interest, and show how much a perverted Thing may be improv'd to the Service and Glory of our Country and Religion. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

C. D.

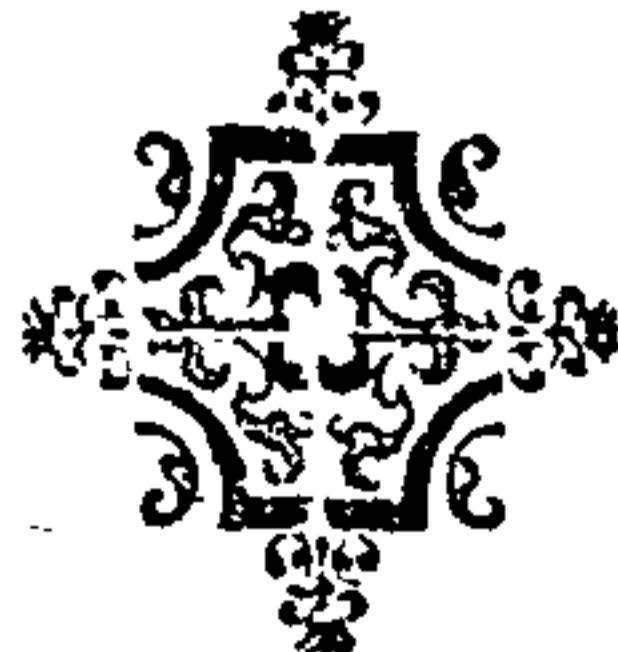
(339)

The remaining Part of this Proposal relates wholly to the Reformation of the Stage, and I being now on making several Alterations in it, defer sending it till another Opportunity. But if you are impatient for it, your Friend Mr. Worthy has a Copy, which he will show you on your Desire. I am

Your oblig'd Friend,

and humble Servant,

CHARLES DICKSON.



Q 2

(340)

Before we cou'd proceed to make our Reflections on these Letters, there arriv'd half a dozen of the *Baron* and *Chevalier's* Friends from *London*, whither they oblig'd them to go with them that Night; which put an end to our Enquiry into the Mails for that Meeting. What we farther discover'd on our next coming together, the Public may expect in another Volume, from its

Humble Servant,

R O G E R D E W H I M S E Y, Kt. and Bar.

F. I N I S.

