Epistles,

Elegant, Familiar, & Instructive,

Selected from

THE BEST WRITERS,

Ancient as well as Modern;

intended for the

Improvement of Young Persons,

and for

General Entertainment;

being a proper Supplement

to

EXTRACTS in PROSE, & in POETRY.

—at his & in rebus Spiritus, & in verbis Sublimitas, & in Affectibus motus Omnis, & in personis Decor petitur.

Quintil.

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1791.

PREFACE.

THERE are ſcarcely any publications, which are received and read with more avidity, than thoſe containing the epiſtolary correſpondce of perſons who rank high in the records of Fame. Accuſtomed to nſider them as the ornaments of our ſpecies, we are not ſatisfied with wing them in the more ſplendid ſcenes of life, but are poſſeſſed of an er curioſity to accompany them into retirement, to become acquainted h their private characters, their tempers, diſpoſitions, and manner of nverſing with each other. This curioſity we are enabled to gratify, by leſſing their familiar letters to their friends. The features of their minds y be accurately traced in ſuch eaſy and unſtudied compoſitions. And, en reading them, we may imagine ourſelves engaged in converſation with moſt illuſtrious, intelligent, or uſeful characters, who have appeared ong mankind.

An inquiſitiveneſs, therefore, after ſuch kinds of writings, is deſerving encouragement; particularly in young perſons.

Beſide being a ſource of pleaſure and entertainment, they will prove conſiderable advantage in the conduct of life, and their neceſſary interrſe with the world. The beautiful and amiable portraits which they hibit, will have the effect of powerful examples, in recommending the ſful and ornamental virtues. And they afford excellent models in a prac-, to which every perſon muſt, in ſome meaſure, be accuſtomed; and ich forms a neceſſary branch of polite and liberal education.

"The writing of letters," (ſays Mr. Locke*) "has ſo much to do n all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid ſhewng himſelf in this kind of writing. Occaſions will daily force him to

* In his Thoughts concerning Education.

"make

"make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his "affairs, his well or ill managing of it draws after it, always lays him open "to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral "discourses; whose transient thoughts, dying for the most part with the "sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more "easily escape observation and censure. Had the methods of education "been directed to their right end, one would have thought this so necessary a part could not have been neglected."

The design of the following Collection is, partly to supply readers in general, on easy terms, with a rich fund of entertainment; and, particularly, to afford young persons, who are in the course of their education, copious specimens of literary correspondence, by the most eminent writers of antiquity, as well as of modern times.

From such various models, they will derive more advantage, in forming a proper epistolary style, on every various subject which may occur, than from all the boasted rules of art. The only precept with which the sagacious author above mentioned accompanies his recommendation of these "best patterns, whether for business or conversation," is, that young persons, after being taught to write English with due correction, propriety, and order, should only be instructed "to express their own plain easy sense, "without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness." Seneca's instruction on the subject is equally concise: "I would have my letters to be like "my discourses, when we either sit or walk together, unstudied and easy *."—"Indeed, as the subjects of epistles are exceeding various, they "will necessarily require some variety in the manner of expression. If the "subject be something weighty and momentous, the language should be "strong and solemn; in things of a lower nature, more free and easy; "and upon lighter matters, jocose and pleasant. In exhortations it ought "to be lively and vigorous; in consolations, kind and compassionate; and "in advising, grave and serious. In narrations it should be clear and distinct; in requests, modest; in commendations, friendly; in prosperity, "chearful; and mournful in adversity. In a word, the style ought to be "accommodated to the particular nature of the thing, about which it is "conversant. But still nothing more is requisite, than what would happen in discoursing upon the same variety of subjects."

"Besides, the different character of the person, to whom the letter is "written, requires a like difference in the modes of expression. We do

* Ep. 75, ad Lucil.

not

not use the same language to private persons, and those in a public station; to superiors, inferiors, and equals. Nor do we express ourselves alike to old men and young, to the grave and facetious, to courtiers and philosophers, to our friends and strangers. Superiors are to be addressed with respect, inferiors with courtesy, and equals with civility; and every one's character, station, and circumstances in life, with the relation we stand in to him, occasions some variety in this respect. But when friends and acquaintance correspond by letters, it carries them into all the freedom and good humour of conversation; and the nearer it resembles that the better, since it is designed to supply the room of it *."

As to the proper form or composition of letters, it is so plain and obvious, that it may seem unnecessary to observe, that they should consist of a short and inartificial preface to introduce the subject; of a perspicuous and easy narrative in stating it; and of a brief conclusion, in terms of civility, or of affection. But common sense, in a mind that is tollerably informed, and an acquaintance with the best models, will suggest better directions for letter writing than any didactic observations.

The first book in the following collection, consists of a selection from the celebrated letters of Cicero and Pliny, which will not cease to be admired as long as sound sense and good taste exist in the world. The student who is intimately conversant in these beautiful remains of antiquity, and who is at the same time possessed of a moderate share of common sense and ability, will not be deficient in propriety, ease, and elegance in his epistolary correspondence. The translation of them here used, is the most faithful to the sense and spirit of the originals, which hath appeared in the English, or any other language.

The second book consists of letters written by persons of our own nation; some of them at a very early period, and most of them by persons of great and distinguished characters.

Among others, those selected from Sir John Fenn's collection of original letters, written during the reigns of Henry VI. Edward IV. and Richard III. will be found to be objects of great literary curiosity, as well as of entertainment. They relate to a period less illustrated by historical documents, than any other period since the Norman conquest. And they are highly interesting, as they throw considerable light on the

* Ward's System of Oratory. Lect. 41.

private occurrences and domeſtic affairs of perſons of rank and conſequence; and exhibit a ſtriking and artleſs picture of the manners of thoſe remote and dark ages.

The correſpondence of the Sydney family may, to the generality of readers, be conſidered as opening a new ſource of entertainment, as it has been, chiefly, locked up in ſcarce and expenſive publications, to be met with only in the libraries of the wealthy.

The letters of Howel have, deſervedly, maintained a high character for hiſtorical information, juſt and ſtriking pictures of men and manners, elegant literature, wit, and pleaſantry.

Lady Rachael Ruſſel's letters have ever been much admired for their beautiful ſentiments, chaſte and pure language, and the ſpirit which they breathe of chearful piety, and conjugal affection.

The names of Mr. Locke, Mr. Molyneaux, and Lord Shafteſbury, ſufficiently recommend the remaining letters in this book.

The third book is formed from collections of letters which paſſed between Mr. Pope and his friends; from thoſe of Biſhop Rundle to Mrs. Sandys, Archbiſhop Herring to William Duncombe, Eſq.; Archbiſhop Secker, Biſhop Gibſon, the Counteſs of Hartford, afterwards the Ducheſs of Somerſet, and Lord Barrington to Dr. Watts; Biſhop Warburton to Dr. Doddridge, &c. &c.; which have obtained a high and eſtabliſhed reputation, and on which any encomiums are quite unneceſſary.

The fourth and fifth books conſiſt of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Lord Cheſterfield, Mr. Shenſtone, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Gray, Mr. Sterne, Dr. Johnſon; and their reſpective friends.

In ſuch variety, readers of every deſcription may meet with much elegant entertainment. And it is the hope of the Editor, that to young perſons eſpecially they will prove of advantage, not only as models in letter writing, but, by exciting their curioſity to become more familiar with the authors whoſe names they bear, as the means of introducing them to an acquaintance with thoſe compoſitions, that are juſtly ranked amongſt the moſt valuable which have appeared in this, or any other country, on ſubjects of religion, literature, or ſcience.

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LEGANT EPISTLES, &c.

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ANCIENT LETTERS.

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LETTER I.

rentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

undisium, April the 30th. [A. U. 695.]

you do not hear from me so frequently s you might, it is because I can neither to you, nor read your letters, without g into greater grief than I am able to ort: for though I am all times indeed letely miserable, yet I feel my misfor- with a particular sensibility upon those r occasions.

h! that I had been more indifferent to Our days would then have been, if not unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no s thus wretched. However, if any are still reserved to us of recovering part at least of what we have lost, I not think that I have made altogether prudent a choice. But if our present is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest ntia, if we are utterly and for ever a- oned by those gods whom you have so ously adored, and by those men whom e so faithfully served; let me see you on as possible, that I may have the sa- tion of breathing out my last depart- gh in your arms.

have spent about a fortnight at this , with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rites of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should give me reception †. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember.

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum ‡. And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I intreat you under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I intreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself complely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A

rundisium: a maritime town in the kingdom ples, now called *Brindisi*. Cicero, when he withdrew from Rome, intended to have re- to Sicily; but being denied entrance by the or of that island, he changed his direction and came to Brundisium in his way to Greece. *Pro Planc.* 40, 41.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which, among other arti- cles, enacted, that "no person should presume to harbour or receive him on pain of death." Life of *Cic.* i. 354.

‡ A considerable town in an island of the Pro- pontis, which lay so close to the continent of Asia as to be joined to it by a bridge.

question which you yourself must consider: for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose *, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune.—I hope Piso † will always continue, what you represent him to be, entirely ours.—As to the manumission of the slaves; I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserve my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the mean time, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark, could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you, in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honourable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with chearfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they [illegible] undoubtedly be. But alas, whilst I [illegible] deavouring to keep up your spirits, I [illegible] utterly unable to preserve my own!

I have sent back the faithful Philer[illegible] as the weakness of his eyes made him [illegible] pable of rendered me any service. No[illegible] can equal the good offices I receive[illegible] Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has [illegible] me strong marks of his affections: [illegible] hope he will not fail in his respect [illegible] you. Sicca promised to attend me [illegible] exile: but he changed his mind, and [illegible] left me at this place.

I intreat you to take all possible [illegible] your health: and be assured, your mi[illegible] tunes more sensibly affect me than my [illegible] Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful [illegible] best of wives! Adieu. And thou my [illegible] est daughter, together with that other [illegible] solation of my life, my dear son, I bid [illegible] both most tenderly farewel.

LETTER II.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my [illegible]

Thessalonica ‡, Oct. the 5th. [A. U. 6[illegible]

IMAGINE not, my Terentia, that I [illegible] longer letters to others than to you: [illegible] be assured at least, if ever I do, it is [illegible] because those I receive from them re[illegible] a more particular answer. The truth [illegible] is, I am almost at a loss what to write: [illegible] as there is nothing in the present dejec[illegible] of my mind, that I perform with greater [illegible] luctance in general; so I never attem[illegible] with regard to you and my dearest dau[illegible] ter, that it does not cost me a flood of te[illegible] For how can I think of you without be[illegible] pierced with grief in the reflection, th[illegible] have made those completely misera[illegible] whom I ought, and wished, to have [illegible] dered perfectly happy? And I should [illegible] rendered them so, if I had acted with [illegible] timidity.

Piso's behaviour towards us in this se[illegible] of our afflictions, has greatly endeared [illegible] to my heart: and I have, as well as I [illegible] able in the present discomposure of [illegible] mind, both acknowledged his good [illegible] and exhorted him to continue them.

I perceive you depend much upon [illegible] new tribunes: and if Pompey persev[illegible] in his present disposition, I am inclin[illegible] think that your hopes will not be disap[illegible] ed; though I must confess, I have [illegible] fears with respect to Crassus. In the [illegible] while I have the satisfaction to find, [illegible]

* Tullia was at this time married to Caius Piso Frugi; a young nobleman of one of the best families in Rome.

† Cicero's son-in-law mentioned in the last note.

‡ A city in Macedonia, now called Sa[illegible]

d I had reason to expect, that you act great spirit and tenderness in all my ems. But I lament it should be my fate to expose you to so many cala-s, whilst you are thus generously en-ceiring to ease the weight of mine. Be ed it was with the utmost grief I read account which Publius sent me, of the ebrious manner in which you were ged from the temple of Vesta, to the of Valerius*. Sad reverse indeed! thou, the dearest object of my fondest es, that my Terentia, to whom such bers were wont to look up for relief, ld be herself a spectacle of the most ring distress! and that I, who have d to many others from ruin, should ruined both myself and my family by own indiscretion!

s to what you mention with regard to area belonging to my house; I shall r look upon myself as restored to my ers, till that spot of ground is again in ossession †. But this is a point that does depend upon ourselves. Let me rather ers my concern for what does; and la-t that, distressed as your circumstances ly are, you should engage yourself in ne of those expences which are incur-upon my account. Be assured, if ever uld return to Rome, I shall easily re-r my estate: but should fortune con-e to persecute me, will you, thou dear appy woman, will you fondly throw n gaining friends to a desperate cause, hd scanty remains of your broken for-s? I conjure you then, my dearest rtia, not to involve yourself in any gs of that kind: let them be borne those who are able, if they are willing, support the weight. In a word, if you ave affection for me, let not your an-s upon my account injure your health: this evil is already but too much im-ed. Believe me, you are the perpetual ject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: as I know the assiduity you exert in my ffs, I have a thousand fears lest your ength should not be equal to so continu-fatigue. I am sensible at the same time, my affairs depend entirely upon your assistance: and therefore that they may be attended with the success you hope and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly intreat you to take care of your health.

I know not whom to write to, unless to those who first write to me, or whom you particularly mention in your letters.—As you and Tullia are of opinion that I should not retreat farther from Italy, I have laid aside that design. Let me hear from you both as often as possible, particularly if there should be any fairer prospect of my return. Farewel, ye dearest objects of my most tender affection, Farewel!

LETTER III.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

Dyrrachium ‡, Nov. 26. [A. U. 695.]

I LEARN by the letters of several of my friends, as well as from general report, that you discover the greatest fortitude of mind, and that you solicit my affairs with unwearied application. Oh, my Terentia, how truly wretched am I, to be the occasion of such severe misfortunes to so faithful, so generous, and so excellent a woman! And my dearest Tullia too!—That she who was once so happy in her father, should now derive from him such bitter sorrows! But how shall I express the anguish I feel for my little boy! who became acquainted with grief as soon as he was capable of any reflection ‖. Had these afflictions happened, as you tenderly represent them, by an unavoidable fate, they would have sat less heavy on my heart. But they are altogether owing to my own folly in imagining I was loved where I was secretly envied, and in not joining with those who were sincerely desirous of my friendship §. Had I been governed, indeed, by my own sentiments, without relying so much on those of my weak or wicked advisers, we might still, my Terentia, have been happy. However, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will endeavour to restrain my grief, lest the effect it may have upon my health should disappoint your tender efforts for my restoration. I am sensible at the same time, of

* Terentia had taken sanctuary in the temple of Vesta, but was forcibly dragged out from thence by the direction of Clodius, in order to be examined before a court of justice, Concerning her husband's effects. *Rog.*

† After Clodius had procured the law against Cicero, which we have taken notice of, he consecrated the place where his house in Rome stood, to the perpetuity of religion, and erected a temple upon the ground, to Liberty. *Life of Cic.*

‡ A city in Macedonia, now called *Durazzo*, in the Turkish dominions. This letter, though dated from Dyrrachium, appears to have been wholly written, except the postscript, at Thessalonica.

‖ Cicero's son was at this time about eight years of age. *Manut.*

§ Cæsar and Crassus frequently solicited Cicero to unite himself to their party, promising to protect him from the outrages of Clodius, provided he would fall in with their measures. *Life of Cic.* i. 288, 315. *Bet ed.*

the many difficulties that must be conquered ere that point can be effected; and that it would have been much easier to have maintained my post, than it is to recover it. Nevertheless, if all the tribunes are in my interest; if Lentulus is really as zealous in my cause as he appears; and if Pompey and Cæsar likewise concur with him in the same views, I ought not, most certainly, to despair.

With regard to our slaves; I am willing to act as our friends, you tell me, advise. As to your concern in respect to the plague which broke out here; it is entirely ceased: and I had the good fortune to escape all infection. However, it was my desire to have changed my present situation for some more retired place in Epirus, where I might be secure from Piso and his soldiers*. But the obliging Plancius was unwilling to part with me; and still indeed detains me here in the hope that we may return together to Rome†. If ever I should live to see that happy day; if ever I should be restored to my Terentia, to my children, and to myself, I shall think all the tender solicitudes we have suffered during this sad separation, abundantly repaid.

Nothing can exceed the affection and humanity of Piso's‡ behaviour towards every one of us: and I wish he may receive from it as much satisfaction, as I am persuaded he will honour.—I was far from intending to blame you with respect to my brother: but it is much my desire, especially as there are so few of you, that you should live together in the most perfect harmony.—I have made my acknowledgments where you desired, and acquainted the persons you mention, that you had informed me of their services.

As to the estate you propose to sell; alas! my dear Terentia, think well of the consequence: think what would become of our unhappy boy, should fortune still conti[illegible] to persecute us. But my eyes stream too [illegible] to suffer me to add more: nor would I d[illegible] the same tender flood from yours. I [illegible] only say, that if my friends should not [illegible] sert me, I shall be in no distress for mon[illegible] and if they should, the money you can r[illegible] by the sale of this estate will little avail. [illegible] conjure you then by all our misfortunes, [illegible] us not absolutely ruin our poor boy, who [illegible] well-nigh totally undone already. If [illegible] can but raise him above indigence, a mo[illegible] rate share of good fortune and merit [illegible] be sufficient to open his way to whate[illegible] else we can wish him to obtain. Take c[illegible] of your health, and let me know by an[illegible] press how your negociations proceed, [illegible] how affairs in general stand.—My fate m[illegible] now be soon determined. I tenderly sa[illegible] my son and daughter, and bid you [illegible] farewel.

P. S. I came hither not only as it is [illegible] free city||, and much in my interest, bu[illegible] it is situated likewise near Italy. But if [illegible] should find any inconvenience from its b[illegible] ing a town of such great resort, I shall [illegible] move elsewhere, and give you due not[illegible]

LETTER IV.

To Terentia.

Dyrrachium, Nov. the 30th. [A. U. 6[illegible]

I RECEIVED three letters from you [illegible] the hands of Aristocritus, and have w[illegible] over them till they are almost defaced [illegible] my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am w[illegible] out with grief: nor do my own perso[illegible] misfortunes more severely torture my m[illegible] than those with which you and my child[illegible] are oppressed. Unhappy indeed as you a[illegible] I am still infinitely more so; as our co[illegible] mon afflictions are attended with this [illegible] gravating circumstance to myself, that t[illegible] are justly to be imputed to my imprude[illegible] alone. I ought, most undoubtedly, ei[illegible] to have avoided the danger by accep[illegible] the commission which was offered me; o[illegible] have repelled force by force, or bravely [illegible] have perished in the attempt. Whe[illegible] nothing could have been more unwor[illegible] of my character, or more pregnant [illegible] misery, than the scheme I have pursued. [illegible] am overwhelmed, therefore, not only [illegible] sorrow, but with shame: yes, my Tere[illegible] I blush to reflect that I did not exert [illegible] spirit I ought, for the sake of so excellen[illegible] wife and such amiable children. The [illegible]

* Lucius Calphurnius Piso, who was consul this year with Gabinius: they were both the professed enemies of Cicero, and supported Clodius in his violent measures. The province of Macedonia had fallen to the former, and he was now preparing to set out for his government, were his troops were daily arriving. Cicero has delineated the characters at large of these consuls in several of his orations: but he has, in two words, given the most odious picture of them that exasperated eloquence perhaps ever drew, where he calls them *duo reipublicæ portenta ac pœnæ funera*: an expression for which modern language can furnish no equivalent. *De prov. consul.*

† Plancius was at this time Quæstor in Macedonia, and distinguished himself by many generous offices to Cicero in his exile. *Pro Planc. passim.*

‡ Cicero's son-in-law.

|| That is, a city which had the priv[illegible] though in the dominions of the Roman rep[illegible] to be governed by its own laws.

in which you are all equally involved, your own ill state of health in particu- are ever in my thoughts: as I have the tification at the same time to observe, there appear but slender hopes of my g recalled. My enemies, in truth, are y; while those who are jealous of me almost innumerable; and though they nd great difficulty in driving me from country, it will be extremely easy for m to prevent my return. However, as g as you have any hopes that my resto- on may be effected, I will not cease to operate with your endeavours for that pose, lest my weakness should seem upon occasions to frustrate every measure in favour. In the mean while, my person which you are so tenderly concerned) ecure from all danger: as in truth I am so mpletely wretched, that even my enemies rselves must wish, in mere malice, to pre- e my life. Nevertheless, I shall not fail bserve the caution you kindly give me. I have sent my acknowledgments by Dippus to the persons you desired me, and tioned at the same time, that you had in- med me of their good offices. I am per- tly sensible of those which Piso exerts to- rds us with so uncommon a zeal: and in- ed it is a circumstance which all the world aks of to his honour. Heaven grant I may e to enjoy with you and our children, the mmon happiness of so valuable a relation*! The only hope I have now left, arises from new tribunes; and that too depends up- the steps they shall take in the commence- nt of their office: for if they should post- e my affair, I shall give up all expecta- of its ever being effected. Accordingly e dispatched Aristocritus, that you may d me immediate notice of the first mea- es they shall pursue, together with the neral plan upon which they propose to ndict themselves. I have likewise order- Devippus to return to me with all expe- tion, and have written to my brother to re- ed he would give me frequent information what manner my affairs proceed. It is with view of receiving the earliest intelligence from Rome, that I continue at Dyrrachium: a place where I can remain in perfect security, as I have upon all occasions distinguished this city by my particular patronage.—However, as soon as I shall receive intimation that my enemies† are approaching, it is my resolution to retire into Epirus.

In answer to your tender proposal of accompanying me in my exile; I rather choose you should continue in Rome; as I am sensible it is upon you, that the principal burthen of my affairs must rest. If your generous negociations should succeed, my return will prevent the necessity of that journey; if otherwise—But I need not add the rest. The next letter I shall receive from you, or at the most the subsequent one, will determine me in what manner to act. In the mean time I desire you would give me a full and faithful information how things go on: though indeed I have now more reason to expect the final result of this affair, than an account of its progress.

Take care of your health I conjure you; assuring yourself that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewel, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, Farewel.

LETTER V.

To Fabius Gallus ‡.

[A. U. 696.]

I HAVE been attacked with a disorder in my bowels, which continued with great violence during ten days: but as it was not attended with a fever, I could not persuade those who had occasion for my services, that I was really indisposed. In order, therefore, to avoid their importunities, I retired to Tusculanum, having observed so strict an abstinence for two days before, as not to have tasted even a drop of water. Reduced then as I am by my illness and my fasting, I had more reason to hope for a visit from you, than to imagine you expected one from me.

Distempers of every kind I greatly dread, but particularly of that sort of which the Stoics have censured your favourite Epicurus, where he complains‖ of being violently afflicted with the dysentery and the strangu-

* He had the great misfortune to be disappointed therewith: for Piso died soon after this letter was written. Cicero mentions him in several of his writings, with the highest gratitude and esteem. He represents him as a young nobleman, of the greatest talents and application, who devoted his whole time to the improvement of his mind, and the exercise of eloquence; as one whose moral qualifications were no less extraordinary than his intellectual, and, in short, as possessed of every accomplishment and every virtue that could endear him to his friends, to his family, and to the public. *Pro. Sex.* 31. *De clar. orator.* 271. *Ad. Quirites*, iii.

† The troops of Piso.

‡ Gallus is only known by three or four letters which Cicero has addressed to him: from which, however, nothing particular can be collected concerning his history or character.

‖ In a letter which he wrote during his last sickness: a translation of which is given us by Cicero in his treatise De finibus, ii, 31.

ry: as the former, they assert, is the consequence of table indulgences, and the latter of a more shameful intemperance. I had indeed great reason to apprehend a dysentery: but whether it be from a change of air, or a relaxation from business, or that the distemper had almost spent itself, I know not; but I am somewhat better since I came hither. You will wonder perhaps what excesses I have been guilty of, to bring upon myself this disorder. I must inform you then, that I owe it to the frugal regulations of the sumptuary law*. The products of the earth being excepted out of the restrictions of that act; our elegant eaters, in order to bring vegetables into fashion, have found out a method of dressing them in so high a taste, that nothing can be more palatable. It was immediately after having eaten very freely of a dish of this sort, at the inauguration feast of Lentulus†, that I was seized with a diarrhœa which has never ceased till this day. Thus you see, that I who have withstood all the temptations that the noblest lampreys and oysters could throw in my way, have at last been overpowered by paltry beets and mallows: but it has taught me, however, to be more cautious for the future. As Anicius found me in one of my sick fits, you must undoubtedly have heard of my illness: I was in hopes, therefore, you would not have contented yourself with inquiring after my welfare, but would have given me the satisfaction of a visit. I purpose to continue here, till I shall have re-established my health: for I am extremely weakened and emaciated. But if I can once get the better of my disorder, I hope I shall find no difficulty in recovering all the rest. Farewel,

LETTER VI.

To Publius Lentulus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 697.]

AULUS Trebonius, who is an old and intimate friend of mine, has some important affairs in your province, which require immediate dispatch. His own illustrious character, together with the recommendations of myself and others, have, upon former occasions of this kind, obtained for him the indulgence of your predecessors. He is strongly persuaded, therefore, from that affection and those mutual good offices which subsist between you and me, that this letter will not prove a less effectual solicitor in his behalf: and let me earnestly entreat you not to disappoint him in this his expectation. Accordingly I recommend his servants, his freed-men, his agents, and in short, his concerns of every kind, to your patronage: but particularly I beg you would confirm the decree which Titus Ampius‡ passed in his favour. In one word, I hope you will take opportunities of convincing him, that you do not consider this recommendation as a matter of common and unmeaning form. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

[A. U. 697.]

YOU will receive a full account from Publio, of all that has been transacted in your affair, as he was not only present, but a principal manager. Believe me, I am much concerned at the unfavourable aspect of this business. However, it affords me a very sensible consolation, that there is strong reason to hope, the prudence of your friends will be able to elude the force of those iniquitous schemes which have been projected to your prejudice. Even time itself will probably contribute to this end: as it often wears out the malevolence of those who either professedly, or in a disguised manner, mean one thing. I am yet farther confirmed in these pleasing hopes, whenever I reflect upon the faction that was formerly raised against myself: of which I see a very lively image in the present opposition to you. In the latter instance indeed, the attack is by no means so extensive or so dangerous as that which was made upon me; nevertheless there is, in general, a strong similitude between the two cases: but you must pardon me, if I cannot fear upon your account what you never thought reasonable to be apprehensive of on mine. But whatever may the event, convince the world that you are influenced by those principles for which I have admired you from your earliest youth: and believe me, my friend, the malice of your enemies will only serve to render your character so much the more illustrious. In the mean time, do me the justice to hope from my affection whatever the

* Manutius conjectures, that the law alluded to, is one which is ascribed by Aulus Gellius to Marcus Licinius Crassus, and which passed in the year of Rome 643. By this law the expences of the table were regulated both in regard to ordinary and extraordinary occasions, with the express exception mentioned by Cicero in the next sentence, concerning the article of vegetables. *Vid. Aul. Gell.* ii. 24.

† He was son of Publius Cornelius Lentulus, one of the consuls of the present year; to whom the next letter and several of the followings ones in this and the subsequent book are written. He gave this entertainment, on occasion of his being chosen a member of the college of Augurs. *Manut.*

‡ The predecessor of Lentulus in this government. *Pigh. Ann.* U. C. 696.

...ed friendship can effect; and be assur-
...ll not disappoint your expectations.
...el.

LETTER VIII.

To Lucius Lucceius.

[A. U. 697.]

...AVE frequently had it in my intentions
...talk with you upon the subject of this
...r; but a certain awkward modesty has
...restrained me from proposing in per-
...what I can with less scruple request at
...distance: for a letter, you know, spares
...confusion of a blush. I will own then,
...I have a very strong, and, I trust, a very
...ensible passion, of being celebrated in
...r writings: and though you have more
...once given me assurance of your intend-
...me that honour, yet I hope you will excuse
...impatience of seeing your design execut-
...I had always, indeed, conceived an high
...ectation of your performances in this
...d; but the specimen I have lately seen of
...rs is so far superior to all I had figured in
...imagination, that it has fired me with the
...ardent desire of being immediately dis-
...guished in your glorious annals. It is my
...bition, I confess, not only to live for ever
...the praises of future ages, but to have the
...ent satisfaction, likewise, of seeing my-
...f and approved in the authoritative re-
...ds of my ingenious friend. I am sensible,
...the same time, that your thoughts are al-
...dy deeply engaged in the prosecution of
...r original design. But as I perceive you
...ve almost completed your account of the
...ic and Marian civil wars, and remember
...u proposed to carry on the remainder of
...r history in a regular series; I cannot for-
...r recommending it to your consideration,
...ther it would be best to weave the rela-
...n of Catiline's conspiracy into the gene-
...l texture of your performance, or cast it
...o a distinct work. It is certain, several of
...e Greek historians will justify you in this
...ter method. Thus Calisthenes wrote a
...ve of the siege of Troy, as both Ti-
...us and Polybius did of the Pyrrhic and
...mantine wars, in so many detached peices
...m their larger histories. As to the hon-
...r it will arise to me, it will be much the
...e, I must own, upon whichever scheme
...ou may determine to proceed: but I shall
...ceive so much the earlier gratification of
...y wishes, if, instead of waiting till you re-
...ularly advance to that period of our an-
...ls, you should enter upon it by this method
...anticipation. Besides, by keeping your
...ind attentive to one principal scene and character, you will treat your subject, I am persuaded, so much the more in detail, as well as embellish it with higher graces. I must acknowledge it is not extremely modest, thus to impose a task upon you which your occupations may well justify you in refusing; and then add a farther request, that you would honour my actions with your applause; an honour, after all, which you may not think, perhaps, they greatly deserve. However, when a man has once transgressed the bounds of decency it is in vain to recede; and his wisest way is to push on boldly in the same confident course, to the end of his purpose. I will venture then, earnestly to intreat you, not to confine yourself to the strict laws of history, but to give a greater latitude to your encomiums, than, possibly, you may think my actions can claim. I remember, indeed, you declare in one of your very elegant prefaces, that you are as inflexible to all the pleas of affection, as Xenophon represents Hercules to have been to those of pleasure*. Let me hope, nevertheless, if friendship should too strongly recommend my actions to your approbation, you will not reject her generous partiality, but give somewhat more to affection, than rigorous truth, perhaps, can justly demand.

If I should prevail upon you to fall in with my proposal, you will find the subject, I persuade myself, not unworthy of your genius and your eloquence. The entire period from the rise of Catiline's conspiracy to my return from banishment, will furnish, I should imagine, a moderate volume. It will supply you likewise with a noble occasion of displaying your judgment in politics, by laying open the source of those civil disorders, and pointing out their proper remedies, as well as by giving your reasons for approving or condemning the several transactions which you relate. And should you be disposed to indulge your usual spirit of freedom, you will have an opportunity of pointing out, at the same time, with all the severity of your indignation, the treachery and perfidiousness

* The story to which Cicero here alludes, is this: Hercules when he was yet a youth, as Prodicus relates the fable, retired into a place of undisturbed solitude, in order to determine with himself what course of life he should pursue. Whilst he was in the midst of his contemplations, Pleasure and Virtue appeared to him under the figures of very beautiful women; and each accosted him in her turn. He heard their respective pleas with great attention; but Virtue gained her cause and entirely won the heart of the future hero. If the English reader is disposed to know this story in all its circumstances, he will find it wrought up in a very beautiful poem by the late Bp. Lowth, and inserted in Polymetis, p. 135.

of those who laid their ungenerous snares for my destruction. I will add too, that this period of my life will furnish you with numberless incidents, which cannot but draw the reader's attention in a very agreeable manner: as nothing is more amusing to the mind than to contemplate the various vissitudes of fortune. And though they were far, 'tis true, from being acceptable in experience, they cannot fail of giving me much entertainment in description: as there is an inexpressible satisfaction in reflecting at one's ease, on distresses we have formerly suffered. There is something, likewise, in that compassion which arises from reading an account of the misfortunes which have attended others, that casts a most agreeable melancholy upon the mind. Who can peruse the relation of the last moments of Epaminondas at the battle of Mantinea, without finding himself touched with a pleasing commiseration? That glorious chief, you may remember, would not suffer the dart to be drawn out of his side, till he was informed that his shield was safe from the hands of his enemies; and all his concern amidst the anguish of his wound was, to die with glory*. What can be more interesting also than the account of the flight and death of Themistocles †! The truth of it is, a mere narrative of general facts affords little more entertainment to the reader, than he might find in perusing one of our public registers. Whereas in the history of any extraordinary person, our fear and hope, our joy and sorrow, our astonishment and expectation, are each of them engaged by turns. And if the final result of all should be concluded with some remarkable catastrophe, the mind of the reader is filled with the highest possible gratification. For these reasons I am the more desirous of persuading you to separate my story from the general thread of your narration, and work it up into a detached performance: as indeed it will exhibit a great variety of the most interesting and affecting scenes.

When I tell you it is my ambition to be celebrated by your pen, I am by no m[illegible] apprehensive you will suspect me of f[illegible]tery. The consciousness of your merit [illegible] always incline you to believe, it is e[illegible] alone that can be silent in your praise: [illegible] on the other side, you cannot imagine [illegible] so weak as to desire to be transmitted [illegible] posterity by any hand, which could not [illegible]cure to itself the same glory it bestow[illegible] When Alexander chose to have his pic[illegible] drawn by Apelles, and his statue formed [illegible] Lysippus‡, it was not in order to ingrati[illegible] himself with those distinguished artists: [illegible] was from a firm persuasion, that the wo[illegible] of these admired geniuses would do eq[illegible] credit both to his reputation and their o[illegible] The utmost, however, that their art co[illegible] perform, was to perpetuate the persons [illegible]ly of their celebrated contemporaries: h[illegible] merit needs not any such visible exhibitio[illegible] to immortalize its fame. Accordingly, [illegible] Spartan Agesilaus, who would never su[illegible] any picture or statue of him to be taken, [illegible] not less universally known, than those w[illegible] have been most fond of having their pers[illegible] copied out for posterity. The single tr[illegible]tise which Xenophon has written in pra[illegible] of that renowned general, is more to h[illegible] glory than all the pictures and statues of a[illegible] the artists in the universe. It would be [illegible] much higher satisfaction to me, therefor[illegible] as it would be a far greater honour, to b[illegible] recorded by your hand than that of an[illegible] other; not only because your genius wou[illegible] raise and adorn my actions with the sam[illegible] advantage as Timæus‖ has displayed tha[illegible] of Timoleon, or Herodotus those of Th[illegible]mistocles; but because of the addition[illegible] credit I shall receive from the applause [illegible] so illustrious, so experienced, and so a[illegible]proved a patriot. By this means I sha[illegible] enjoy, not only the same glorious privileg[illegible] which, as Alexander observed when he wa[illegible] at Sigeum, Achilles received from Homer§; but what is still more important, the powe[illegible]ful testimony of a man who is himself dis[illegible]tinguished by the noblest and most unco[illegible]mon virtues. Accordingly, I have bee[illegible]

* Epaminondas headed the forces of the Thebans, in a battle which they fought with the Lacedæmonians at Mantinea, a town in Arcadia. The Thebans gained the victory, but lost their invaluable commander: whose death was attended with the circumstances which Cicero here mentions. *Justin.* vi. 7, 8.

† Themistocles, after having distinguished himself among his countrymen the Athenians by his military virtues, particularly in the wars in which they were engaged with Xerxes, had rendered himself so popular, that it was thought necessary to remove him: and accordingly he was obliged to withdraw from Athens.

‡ A famous statuary: of whom Demetrius, [illegible] cited by Quintilian, remarks, that he was m[illegible] celebrated for taking a strong than an agreea[illegible] likeness. *Quint. Inst. Orat.* xii. 10.

‖ The works of Timæus are lost.

§ Alexander, being elected commander in chi[illegible] of the confederate troops which the Grecians se[illegible] against Xerxes, crossed the Hellespont with h[illegible] army and landed at Sigeum, a promontory ne[illegible] Troy, where he visited the tomb of Achille[illegible] Upon this occasion he is said to have broken o[illegible] into the following exclamation: "O happy youth! in having found an Homer to celebrate thy vi[illegible]tues!" *Plut. in vit. Alex. Cic. pro Arch. poet.*

wonderfully pleased with the senti-
hich Nævius puts into the mouth of
, where that hero, speaking of the
ation he had received from his il-
s father, adds, that it gave him so
he more satisfaction, as coming from
o was himself the great object of
al applause. But should want of
(for it would be an unjustice to our
hip to suppose it could be want of
tion), should your occupations then
t your compliance with this my re-
I may perhaps be obliged to take a
d, which, though often condemned,
orted nevertheless by several consi-
e examples: I mean, to be the his-
of my own transactions. But you
sible, there are two inconveniences
attend this scheme: for a man must
rily be more reserved in setting
hose parts of his conduct which merit
ation; as he will be inclined entire-
pass over others which may deserve
ch. I must add, likewise, that what
r says to his own advantage, always
with it a less degree of force and
ity, than when it comes from any
per. In a word, the world in general
disposed to approve any attempt of
nd. On the contrary, one often hears
re modest method of the poets at the
ic games, recommended upon such
s, who, after they have crowned the
victors, and publicly called over
nes, always employ some other per-
perform the same office to themselves,
ey may not be the heralds of their
laude. This imputation, therefore,
d willingly avoid; as I certainly
you should comply with my request,
et this employment out of my hands.
will be surprised, perhaps, that I
so much time and pains in soliciting
this purpose, after having so often
you declare your intentions of giving
nd a very accurate history of my ad-
ation. But you must remember the
warmth of my temper, and that I
d, as I told you in the beginning of
er, with an impatient desire of see-
s your design carried into execution.
n the whole truth, I am ambitious of
known to the present generation by
ritings, and to enjoy, in my lifetime,
ate of that little share of glory which
expect from future ages. If it be
o much trouble, therefore, I should
d you would immediately let me
your resolution. And should it prove
ble to my request, I will draw up
some general memoirs of my transactions for your use: if otherwise, I will take an opportunity of discoursing farther with you upon this affair in person. In the mean time, continue to polish the work you have begun, and to love me as usual. Farewel*.

LETTER IX.

To Quintus Ancharius †, Proconsul.

[A. U. 698.]

I RECOMMEND the two sons of my very excellent friend Aurelius, as well deserving your esteem. They are adorned, indeed, with every polite and valuable qualification: as they are in the number likewise of those with whom I most intimately converse. If ever then my recommendation had any weight with you (and much, I am sensible, it ever had), let it prevail, I conjure you, in the present instance. And be assured, the honours with which you shall distinguish these my friends, will not only indissolubly unite to you two excellent and grateful young men, but at the same time confer a very singular obligation upon myself. Farewel.

LETTER X.

To Fabius Gallus ‡.

[A. U. 698.]

I RECEIVED your letter immediately upon my return from Arpinum, together with one likewise from Avianus ||, in which he very generously offers to give me credit as long as I shall require. Now let me desire you to imagine yourself in my situation, and then tell me whether I can, with a good grace, ask him to allow me even the least time for the payment of this money, much less above a year? Indeed, my dear friend, I should not have been in this difficulty, if you had not exceeded the limits of my commission, both in the particulars and in the sum. However, I am not only will-

* Pliny has made a request to Tacitus, of the same nature with that which is the subject of the letter before us.

† Quintus Ancharius was tribune An. Urb. 694: when he distinguished himself by his resolute opposition to the factious measures of his colleague Vatinius. In the year 697 he was chosen prætor; and at the expiration of that office, he succeeded Piso in the government of Macedonia: in which province this letter is addressed to him. *Orat. pro Sext.* 53. *in Pison.* 36. *Ross's remarks on the epist. of Cic.*

‡ The same person to whom the 5th letter is written.

|| He seems to have been the proprietor of the statues mentioned below.

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ing to ratify the agreement you have made for the statues you mention, but am likewise much obliged to you. I am sensible, indeed, that in the zeal of your friendship, you have purchased for me what pleased your own eye, and what you imagined would be worthy of mine: and I always consider you as a man of the most judicious and elegant taste in every kind. Nevertheless, I shall be extremely glad if Damasippus* should continue in the resolution of taking these figures off my hands: for, to own the plain truth, I have no sort of inclination to them myself. As you were not apprized of my intentions, you have actually consented to pay more for these four or five pieces of sculpture†, than I would have given for all the statues in the universe. You compare the images of the priestesses of Bacchus, to those of the Muses which I bought of Metellus. But surely, my friend, the two instances are by no means parallel. For in the first place, the Muses themselves would have condemned me, if I had ever rated them at so extravagant a price: and in the next, I purchased the figures you mention as bearing an allusion to my studies, and affording a suitable ornament to my library. But where can I, with any propriety, place these Bacchanals? That they are, as you assure me, extremely beautiful, I know full well; for I have frequently seen them; and therefore I should particularly have named them to you, if they had suited my purpose. The purchases which I usually make of this kind, are such only as are proper to embellish my Palæstra‡, in the same manner as the public Gymnasia are generally decorated. But would it not be absurd enough, my good friend, if I, who upon all occasions, know, have distinguished myself a friend of peace, should erect a statue to God of war? It is well there was not a turn too: for how could I have expected have been out of debt, whilst I had under the aspect of two such unlucky nities‖? Mercury would have be much more welcome guest; for I have hoped, by his influence, to have more advantageous bargain§ with Avi As to the figure designed for the of a table, which you intended to for your own use; you shall have it, if still remain in the same mind: if not, ready to take it myself. Upon the however, I had much rather have ed this money in the purchase of a lodge at Tarracina¶, that I might ways trouble my friend and host. mistake is partly owing to the care of my freed-man, in not observing structions I gave him; and partly Junius: whom I suppose you know, is a particular friend of Avianus. have lately built some additional apart to my little portico at Tusculanum** was desirous of adorning them with pictures: for if I take pleasure in thing of this kind, it is in pain However, if I must have these statues me know where they are, when they arrive, and by what conveyance you pose to send them. For if Damas should change his intentions of them, I shall find, perhaps, some p der to his taste, who may be glad purchase: and I should be willing to with them even at a loss.

When I received your first letter cerning the house you want to take longing to Cassius, I was just setting from Rome, and therefore I left your mission with my daughter. How took an opportunity myself of talking

* Damasippus was a celebrated virtuoso of these times, who after having ruined his fortunes by his extravagant passion for antiques, turned Stoic. Horace has ridiculed his character and his conversion with great humour, in one of his satires. *Vid. Horat. Sat.* ii. 3.

† These statues appear, by what follows, to have been three Bacchanals, a Mars, and some figure designed for the support of a table.

‡ The Palæstra was properly a part of those public buildings, which the Grecians (from whom the Romans took them) called Gymnasia: which were originally designed for exercises of various kinds, and in which, in after-times, the philosophers likewise held their schools. What Cicero here calls his *Palæstra*, seems to be the same building which in a letter to Atticus he terms his *Academia*, and which appears to have been some apartments, or perhaps a distinct building, of his Tusculan villa, appropriated principally to the purposes of study, but adapted also to those bodily exercises which the ancients seldom passed a day without practising. *Vid. ad Att.* i. 5, 6. 9.

‖ Alluding (as Manutius observes) to the tions of the judicial astrologers; who pr that Mars and Saturn were unlucky pla

§ Mercury was supposed to preside over merce: from whence it is probable that the *riales*, mentioned in a letter of Cicero to Li were a *company* of merchants. *Vid. Ad Q.*

¶ It is now called *Terracina*: a town *campagna di Roma*. It lay in the road from to Cicero's villa at *Formiæ*.

** Cicero, if we may credit the invective ed to Sallust, expended immense sums in favourite villa: which probably was a very when it came into his possession, as it origi longed to Sylla the dictator. Some considerable remains of it are still shewn at Grotta *Sallust. declam. in Cic.* 63. *Plin. H. N.* xiii

air with your friend Nicia, who, you is very intimate with Cassius. At urn hither, and before I had opened f letter, I enquired of Tullia what done in this matter. She told me, d applied to Licinia to speak to her r Cassius: but I believe he is not ery good terms with his sister. The which Licinia gave my daughter hat her husband being gone into the durst not remove* in his absence ithout his knowledge. I am greatly d to you for being so desirous of my ny as to be impatient to get into a where you may not only be near me, ually under the same roof. Be assur- m no less desirous of having you for ighbour: and as I am sensible how t will contribute to our mutual satis- n, I shall try every expedient for that se. If I should have any success, I t you know; in the mean while, I ou would return me a particular an- o this letter, and tell me at the same when I may expect to see you. el.

LETTER XI.

To Marcus Marius †.

[A. U. 698.]

our general valetudinary disposition vented you from being a spectator of te public entertainments ‡, it is more tune than to philosophy that I am to e your absence. But if you declined ity for no other reason than as hold- just contempt what the generality of ould so absurdly admire, I must at tongratulate you both on your health our judgment. I say this upon a sup- on, however, that you were enjoying hilosophical advantages of that de- al scene, in which, I imagine, you were almost wholly deserted. At the same time that your neighbours, probably, were nodding over the dull humour of our trite farces, my friend, I dare say, was indulging his morning meditations in that elegant apartment, from whence you have opened a prospect to Sejanum, through the Stabian hills ‖. And whilst you were employing the rest of the day in these various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself; we alas, had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations, to which Marius, it seems, our professed critic, had given his infallible sanction! but as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you, that though our entertainments were extremely magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished; at least if I may judge of your taste by my own. Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great applause, but had long since retired, I imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage; as in honour, it seems, of the festival. Among these was my old friend Æsopus: but so different from what we once knew him, that the whole audience agreed he ought to be excused from acting any more. For when he was pronouncing the celebrated oath,

If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurl'd, &c.

the poor old man's voice failed him; and he had not strength to go through with the speech. As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainments, you know the nature of them so well, that it is scarce necessary

* Hirtius seems to have been the tenant of the which Gallus wanted either to buy or hire. he person to whom this letter is addressed, have been of a temper and constitution, ce him far below the ambition of being to posterity. But a private letter from hand, has been sufficient to dispel the y he appears to have loved, and to render ment suspicious.

† They were exhibited by Pompey at the open- his theatre: one of the most magnificent es of ancient Rome, and so extensive as to no less than 80,000 spectators. It was ter the model of one which he saw at Mity- n his return from the Mithridatic war; and with the noblest ornaments of statuary and . Some remains of this immense build- ubsist. *Liv.* xxxix. *Plin. H. N.* vii. 3. *Tacit. Tacp.*

‖ Sejanum (if that be the true reading: for the MSS. differ extremely) is found in no other ancient author. Stabiæ was a maritime town in Campania, situated upon the bay of Naples, from whence the adjoining hills here mentioned took their name. One may figure the philosophical Marius as looking down upon the world from this his delightful retirement, with reflections of the same kind as those which the poet has so exquisitely imagined, in the following beautiful lines:

Here, on a single plank, thrown safe on shore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms,
And meditate on scenes more silent still.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Leaning his head, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see:
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursu'd: each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for guile:
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all!

YOUNG.

to mention them. They had less indeed to plead in their favour, than even the most ordinary representations of this kind can usually claim. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would very willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to a judicious spectator, to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage, in the tragedy of Clytæmnestra; or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armour, in that of the *Trojan horse*? In a word, what man of sense could be entertained with viewing a mock army drawn up on the stage in battle array? These, I confess, are spectacles extremely well adapted to captivate vulgar eyes; but undoubtedly would have had no charm in yours. In plain truth, my friend, you would have received more amusement from the dullest piece that Protogenes could possibly have read to you* (my own orations, however, let me always except), than we met with at these ridiculous shews. I am well persuaded, at least, you could not regret the loss of our Oscian and Grecian farces †. Your own noble senate will always furnish you with drollery sufficient of the former kind ‡; and as to the latter, I know you have such an utter aversion to every thing that bears the name of Greek, that you will not even travel the Grecian road to your villa. As I remember you once despised our formidable gladiators, I cannot suppose you would have looked with less contempt on our athletic performers: and, indeed, Pompey himself acknowledges, that they did not answer the pains and expence they had cost him. The remainder of our diversions consisted in co[illegible] wild beasts ‖, which were exhibited [illegible] morning and afternoon during fi[illegible] successively; and it must be owned, [illegible] were magnificent. Yet after all, wh[illegible] tertainment can possibly arise to an e[illegible] and humanized mind, from seeing a [illegible] beast struck to the heart by its [illegible] hunter, or one of our own weak [illegible] cruelly mangled by an animal of much [illegible] rior strength? But were there any [illegible] really worth observing in spectacles [illegible] savage kind; they are spectacles extr[illegible] familiar to you: and those I am spe[illegible] of, had not any peculiar novelty to re[illegible] mend them. The last day's sport was [illegible] posed entirely of elephants, which, [illegible] they made the common people stare [illegible] did not seem however to afford the[illegible] great satisfaction. On the contrary [illegible] terrible slaughter of these poor an[illegible] created a general commiseration; an[illegible] prevailing notion, that these creatu[illegible] some degree participate of our rati[illegible] culties §.

That you may not imagine I had the [illegible] pineſs of being perfectly at my ease [illegible] the whole of this pompous festival, I m[illegible] quaint you, that while the people w[illegible] musing themselves at the plays, I was [illegible] killed with the fatigue of pleading for [illegible] friend Gallus Caninius. Were the w[illegible] much inclined to favour my retreat, a[illegible] shewed themselves in the case of *Ma*[illegible] believe me, I would for ever renou[illegible] art, and spend the remainder of my [illegible] with you and some others of the same [illegible] sophical turn. The truth of it is, I be[illegible] grow weary of this employment, ev[illegible] time when youth and ambition pro[illegible] my perseverance: and I will add too, [illegible] I was at full liberty to exercise it in d[illegible] of those only whom I was inclined to [illegible] But in my present circumstances, it is [illegible] lute slavery: for, on the one side, I ne[illegible] pect to reap any advantage from my [illegible] of this kind; and on the other, in comp[illegible] with solicitations which I cannot refu[illegible] sometimes under the disagreeable ne[illegible] of appearing as an advocate in beh[illegible]

* It was usual with persons of distinction amongst the Romans, to keep a slave in their family whose sole business it was to read to them. Protogenes seems to have attended Marius in that capacity.

† The Oscian farces were so called from the Osci, an ancient people of Campania, from whom the Romans received them. They seem to have been of the same kind with our Bartholomew drolls, and to have consisted of low and obscene humour. As to the nature of the Greek farces, the critics are not agreed. Manutius supposes they differed only from the former, as being written in the Greek language. But it does not appear that Greek plays were ever represented upon the Roman stage: and the most probable account of them is, that they were a sort of pantomimes in imitation of those on the Grecian theatre. *Liv.* vii. 2. *Merg. rem. sur les lett. à Att.* vi. 449.

‡ The municipal or corporate towns in Italy were governed by magistrates of their own, who probably made much the same sort of figure in their rural senate, as our burgesses in their town-hall. This at least seems to have been the case in that corporation to which Marius belonged, and to have given occasion to our author's raillery.

‖ Beasts of the wildest and most uncomm[illegible] were sent for upon these occasions, fro[illegible] corner of the known world: and Dion Ca[illegible] lates, that no less than 500 lions were [illegible] these hunting-matches with which Pompey [illegible] tained the people. *Dio, lib.* xxxix.

§ This was not merely a vulgar opinion, [illegible] tertained by some of the learned among the a[illegible] as appears from the last cited historian: wh[illegible] wise takes notice how much the spectators o[illegible] pey's shews were affected by the mourn[illegible] of these poor animals. *Dio, lib.* xxxix.

oill deserve that favour at my hands. se reasons I am framing every possi- ence for living hereafter according n taste and sentiments: as I highly prove and applaud that retired scene hich you have so judiciously chosen. nsible at the same time, that this is son you so seldom visit Rome. How- the less regret that you do not see it , as the numberless unpleasing occu- in which I am engaged, would pre- e from enjoying the entertainment r conversation, or giving you that of if mine, indeed, can afford you any. ever I should be so fortunate as to dis- gle myself, in some degree at least (for contented not to be wholly released), these perplexing embarrassments; I undertake to shew even my elegant , wherein the truest refinements of life t. In the mean while, continue to take of your health, that you may be able, that happy time shall arrive, to accom- n e in my litter to my several villas. u must impute it to the excess of my ship, and not to the abundance of my e, that I have lengthened this letter be- my usual extent. It was merely in dance with a request in one of yours, e you intimate a desire that I would emate in this manner what you lost by eing present at our public diversions. ll be extremely glad, if I have succeed- if not, I shall have the satisfaction how- to think, that you will for the future be e inclined to give us your company on occasions, than to rely on my letters r amusement. Farewel.

LETTER XII.

To Quintus Philippus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 698.]

HOUGH I am too well convinced of your friendship and esteem, to suspect that are unmindful of my former application behalf of my friends Oppius and Egna- yet I cannot forbear again recommend- their joint affairs to your protection. connection indeed with the latter is of so erful a kind, that I could not be more cious for my own personal concerns. I eat you, therefore, to give him proofs my enjoying that share of your affection, ich I persuade myself I possess: and be ured, you cannot shew me a more agreeable ance of your friendship. Farewel.

LETTER XIII.

To Marcus Licinius Crassus.

[A. U. 699.]

I AM persuaded that all your friends have informed you of the zeal with which I lately both defended and promoted your dignities: as indeed it was too warm and too conspicuous to have passed over in silence. The opposition I met with from the consuls*, as well as from several others of consular rank, was the strongest I ever encountered: and you must now look upon me as your declared advocate upon all occasions, where your glory is concerned. Thus have I abundantly compensated for the intermission of those good offices, which the friendship between us had long given you a right to claim: but which, by a variety of accidents, have lately been somewhat interrupted. There never was a time, believe me, when I wanted an inclination to cultivate your esteem, or promote your interest. Though, it must be owned, a certain set of men, who are the bane of all amicable intercourse, and who envied us the mutual honour that resulted from ours, have upon some occasions been so unhappily successful as to create a coolness between us. It has happened, however (what I rather wished than expected), that I have found an opportunity, even when your affairs were in the most prosperous train, of giving a public testimony by my services to you, that I always most sincerely preserved the remembrance of our former amity. The truth is, I have approved myself your friend, not only to the full conviction of your family in particular, but of all Rome in general. In consequence of which, that most valuable of women, your excellent wife†, together with those illustrious models of virtue and filial piety, your two amiable sons, have perpetual recourse to my assistance and advice: and the whole world is sensible, that no one is more zealously disposed to serve you than myself.

Your family-correspondents have informed you, I imagine, of what has hitherto passed in your affair, as well as of what is at present in agitation. As for myself, I intreat you to do me the justice to believe, that it was not any sudden start of inclination, which disposed me to embrace this opportunity of vindicating your honour: on the contrary, it was my ambition from the first moment I entered the Forum, to be ranked in the num-

* The consuls of this year were L. Domitius Abenobarbus, and Appius Claudius Pulcher.

† This lady's name was Tertulla.

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ber of your friends*. I have the satisfaction to reflect, that I have never, from that time to this hour, failed in the highest sentiments of esteem for you: and I doubt not, you have always retained the same affectionate regard towards me. If the effects of this mutual disposition have been interrupted by any little suspicions (for suspicions only, I am sure they were), be the remembrance of them for ever blotted out of our hearts. I am persuaded indeed from those virtues which form *your* character, and from those which I am desirous should distinguish *mine*, that our friendly union in the present conjuncture cannot but be attended with equal honour to us both. What instances you may be willing to give me of your esteem, must be left to your own determination: but they will be such, I flatter myself, as may tend most to advance my dignities. For my own part, I faithfully promise the utmost exertion of my best services, in every article wherein I can contribute to increase yours. Many, I know, will be my rivals in these amicable offices: but it is a contention in which all the world, I question not, and particularly your two sons, will acknowledge my superiority. Be assured, I love them both in a very uncommon degree; though I will own, that Publius is my favourite. From his infancy indeed, he discovered a singular regard to me: as he particularly distinguishes me at this time with all the marks even of filial respect and affection.

Let me desire you to consider this letter, not as a strain of unmeaning compliment, but as a sacred and solemn covenant of friendship, which I shall most sincerely and religiously observe. I shall now persevere in being the advocate of your honours, not only from a motive of affection, but from a principle of constancy: and without any application on your part, you may depend on my embracing every opportunity, wherein I shall think my services may prove agreeable to your interest or your inclinations. Can you once doubt then, that any request to me for this purpose, either by yourself or your family, will meet with a most punctual observance? I hope, therefore, you will not scruple to employ me in all your concerns, of what nature or importance soever, as one who is most faithfully your friend: and that you will direct your family to apply to me in all their affairs of every kind, whether relating to you or to [illegible]selves, to their friends or their depe[illegible] And be assured, I shall spare no pa[illegible] render your absence as little uneas[illegible] them as possible. Farewel.

* Crassus was almost ten years older than Cicero; so that when the latter first appeared at the bar, the former had already established a character by his oratorical abilities.

LETTER XIV.

To Julius Cæsar†.

[A. U. 699.]

I AM going to give you an instance [illegible] much I rely upon your affectionate [illegible]vices, not only towards myself, but in [illegible] also of my friends. It was my inten[illegible] if I had gone abroad in any foreign [illegible]ployment, that Trebatius‡ should have [illegible]companied me: and he would not have [illegible] turned without receiving the highest [illegible] most advantageous honours I should [illegible] been able to have conferred upon him. [illegible] as Pompey, I find, defers setting out [illegible] his commission longer than I imagined; [illegible] I am apprehensive, likewise, that the de[illegible] you know I entertain in regard to my [illegible]tending him, may possibly prevent, as [illegible] will certainly at least delay, my jour[illegible] I take the liberty to refer Trebatius to [illegible] good offices, for those benefits he expe[illegible] to have received from mine. I have [illegible]tured indeed to promise, that he will [illegible] you full as well disposed to advance his [illegible]terest, as I have always assured him he w[illegible] find me: and a very extraordinary cir[illegible]stance occurred, which seemed to co[illegible] this opinion I entertained of your g[illegible]rosity. For in the very instant I was tal[illegible] with Balbus upon this subject, your l[illegible] was delivered to me: in the close of w[illegible] you pleasantly tell me, that "in co[illegible] "ance with my request, you will [illegible] "Orfius, king of Gaul, or assign him [illegible] "to Lepta, and advance any other p[illegible] "whom I should be inclined to re[illegible] "mend." This had so remarkable a [illegible]cidence with our discourse, that it [illegible] both Balbus and myself, as a sort of a [illegible]omen that had something in it more [illegible] accidental. As it was my intention, th[illegible]fore, before I received your letter, to [illegible] transmitted Trebatius to you: so I [illegible] consign him to your patronage as upon [illegible] own invitation. Receive him then, [illegible] dear Cæsar, with your usual generosity; [illegible] distinguish him with every honour tha[illegible] solicitations can induce you to confer.

† Cæsar was at this time in Gaul, pre[illegible] for his first expedition into Britain: whic[illegible] Tacitus observes, he rather discovered tha[illegible] quered.

‡ See an account of him in the following l[illegible]

commend him in the manner you so ly rallied, when I wrote to you in of Orfius: but I will take upon me re you, in true Roman sincerity, that ives not a man of greater modesty and I must not forget to mention also indeed is his distinguishing qualifi-), that he is eminently skilled in the f his country, and happy in an un-on strength of memory. I will not out any particular piece of prefer-which I wish you to bestow upon him: only in general intreat you to admit nto a share of your friendship. Ne-eless, if you should think proper to guish him with the tribunate or præ-re*, or any other little honours of that e; I shall have no manner of objec-In good earnest I entirely resign him f my hands into yours, which never lifted up in battle, or pledged in friend-without effect.—But I fear I have d you farther upon this occasion than necessary: however, I know you will se my warmth in the cause of a friend. e care of your health, and continue to me. Farewel.

LETTER XV.

To Trebatius †.

[A. U. 699.]

EVER write to Cæsar or Balbus, ithout taking occasion to mention you e advantageous terms you deserve: and in a style that evidently distinguishes or your sincere well-wisher. I hope, efore, you will check this idle passion he elegancies of Rome, and resolutely here in the purpose of your journey, till your merit and assiduity shall have obtained the desired effect. In the mean time, your friends here will excuse your absence, no less than the ladies of Corinth did that of Medea in the play ‡, when she artfully persuades them not to impute it to her as a crime, that she had forsaken her country: for, as she tells them,

> There are who distant from their native soil,
> Still for their own and country's glory toil:
> While some, fast-rooted to their parent-spot,
> In life are useless, and in death forgot.

In this last inglorious class you would most certainly have been numbered, had not your friends all conspired in forcing you from Rome.—But more of this another time: in the mean while let me advise you, who know so well how to manage securities for others, to *secure* yourself from the British charioteers ‖. And since I have been *playing* the Medea, let me make my exit with the following lines of the same tragedy, which are well worth your constant remembrance:

> His wisdom, sure, on folly's confines lies,
> Who, wise for others, for himself's unwise.

* The military tribunes were next in rank to lieutenants or commanders in chief under the al; as the *præfectus legionis* was the most ho-ble post in the Roman armies after that of illitary tribunes. The business of the former among other articles, to decide all controversies rose among the soldiers; and that of the lat-was to carry the chief standard of the legion.

† This is the same person in whose behalf the ing letter to Cæsar is written, and which to have had so good an effect, that we find mentioned by Suetonius as in the number of r's particular favourites. He appears in this r part of his life to have been of a more gay indolent disposition than is consistent with g a figure in business; but he afterwards, ever, became a very celebrated lawyer: and one e most agreeable satires of Horace is addressed m under that honourable character. If the ish reader is desirous of being acquainted with spirit of that performance, he will find it pre-ed, and even improved, among Mr. Pope's ent imitations of Horace. *Suet. in vit. Jul.* r. *Hor. Sat.* ii. 1. *Pope's poems*, vol. ii. p. 109.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I TAKE all opportunities of writing in your favour; and I should be glad you would let me know with what success. My chief reliance is on Balbus: in my letters to whom I frequently and warmly recommend your interest. But why do you not let me hear from you every time my brother dispatches a courier?

I am informed there is neither gold nor silver in all Britain §. If that should be the case,

‡ Medea, being enamoured of Jason, assisted him in obtaining the golden fleece, and then fled with him from her father's court. He afterwards, however, deserted her for Creusa the daughter of Creon king of Corinth, whom Medea destroyed by certain magical arts. Ennius, a Roman poet who flourished about a century before the date of this letter, formed a play upon this story: from which performance the following lines are quoted.

‖ The armies of the ancient Britons were partly composed of troops who fought in open chariots; to the axle-trees of which were fixed a kind of short scythe. *Cæs. de bell. Gall.* iv. 29. *Sir William Temple's introduction to the Hist. of England.*

§ A notion had prevailed among the Romans, that Britain abounded in gold and silver mines: and this report, it is probable, first suggested to Cæsar the design of conquering our island. It was soon discovered, however, that these sources of wealth existed only in their own imaginations: and all their hopes of plunder ended in the little advantage

case, I would advise you to seize one of the enemy's military cars, and drive back to us with all expedition. But if you think you shall be able to make your fortune without the assistance of British spoils; by all means establish yourself in Cæsar's friendship. To be serious; both my brother and Balbus will be of great service to you for that purpose; but, believe me, your own merit and assiduity will prove your best recommendation. You have every favourable circumstance indeed for your advancement, that can be wished. On the one hand, you are in the prime and vigour of your years; as on the other, your are serving under a commander distinguished for the generosity of his disposition, and to whom you have been recommended in the strongest terms. In a word, there is not the least fear of your success, if your own concurrence be not wanting. Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I HAVE received a very obliging letter from Cæsar, wherein he tells me, that though his numberless occupations have hitherto prevented him from seeing you so often as he wishes, he will certainly find an opportunity of being better acquainted with you. I have assured him in return, how extremely acceptable his generous services to you would prove to myself. But surely you are much too precipitate in your determinations: and I could not but wonde you should have refused the advanta a tribune's commission, especially a might have been excused, it seems, the functions of that post. If you co to act thus indiscreetly, I shall certai hibit an *information* against you to friends Vacerra and Manilius. I not venture, however, to *lay the cas* Cornelius: for as you profess to have ed all your wisdom from his instruc to arraign the pupil of imprudence, be a tacit reflection, you know, upo tutor. But in good earnest, I conjur not to lose the fairest opportunity of ing your fortune, that probably wil fall again in your way.

I frequently recommend your im to Precianus, whom you mention; a writes me word that he has done you good offices. Let me know of wha they are. I expect a letter upon you rival in Britain. Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

I HAVE made your acknowledgme my brother, in pursuance of your quest; and am glad to have an occasi applauding you for being fixed at la some settled resolution. The style of former letters, I will own, gave me a g deal of uneasiness. And allow me to that in some of them you discovered a patience to return to the polite refinem of Rome, which had the appearanc much levity: that in some I regretted indolence, and in others your timi They frequently likewise gave me occ to think, that you were not altogeth reasonable in your expectations, as is ag able to your usual modesty. One w have imagined, indeed, you had com bill of exchange upon Cæsar, instead letter of recommendation; for you se to think you had nothing more to do to receive your money and hasten h again. But money, my friend, is not so ly acquired: and I could name some of acquaintance who have been observ travel as far as Alexandria in pursuit without having yet been able to obtain their just demands*. If my inclina were governed solely by my interes

tage they could make by the sale of their prisoners. Cicero taking notice of this circumstance to Atticus, ridicules the poverty and ignorance of our British ancestors; which gives occasion to the ingenious historian of his life to break out into the following pertinent and useful observations: "From "their railleries of this kind (says Dr. Middleton) "one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate "and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once "the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, em-"pire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, igno-"rance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel "as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, "superstition and religious imposture: while this "remote country, anciently the jest and contempt "of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat "of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all "the arts and refinements of civil life; yet run-"ning perhaps the same course which Rome it-"self had run before it; from virtuous industry to "wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to "an impatience of discipline and corruption of "morals; till by a total degeneracy and loss of "virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls "a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with "the loss of liberty, losing every thing else that is "valuable, sinks gradually again into its original "barbarism." *Ad Att.* iv. *Life of Cic.* ii. 102.

* This alludes to those who supplied Pol with money when he was soliciting his affa Rome.

d certainly choose to have you here: hing affords me more pleasure than company, or more advantage than dvice and assistance. But as you sought endship and patronage from your carouth, I always thought it incumbent me to act with a disinterested view to elfare; and not only to give you my tion, but to advance, by every means power, both your fortunes and your ies. In consequence of which I dare u have not forgotten those unsolicited I made you, when I had thoughts of employed abroad. I no sooner gave intentions of this kind, and perceiv- t Cæsar treated me with great dis- n and friendship, than I recommended the strongest and warmest terms to our; perfectly well knowing the sin- probity and benevolence of his heart. d ngly he shewed, not only by his let- me, but by his conduct towards you, eat regard he paid to my recommend- If you have any opinion, therefore, judgment, or imagine that I sincerely ou well, let me persuade you to con- with him. And notwithstanding you meet with some things to disgust you, ness, perhaps, or other obstructions nder him less expeditious in gratify- our views than you had reason to ex- ail however persevere; and trust me, ill find it prove in the end both for nterest and your honour. To exhort y farther, might look like imperti- : let me only remind you, that if you s opportunity of improving your for- you will never meet again with so a patron, so rich a province, or so ent a season for this purpose. And ress myself in the style of you law- Cornelius has *given his opinion* to the ject.

glad for my sake, as well as yours, u did not attend Cæsar into Britain: s not only saved *you* the fatigue of a disagreeable expedition, but *me* like- er of being the perpetual auditor of nderful exploits.—Let me know in art of the world you are likely to take r winter-quarters, and in what post , or expect to be employed. Farewel.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

considerable time since I have heard thing from you. As for myself, if I ot written these three months, it was because, after you were separated from my brother, I neither knew where to address my letters, nor by what hand to convey them. I much wish to be informed how your affairs go on, and in what part of the world your winter-quarters are likely to be fixed. I should be glad they might be with Cæsar: but, as I would not venture in his present affliction* to trouble him with a letter, I have written upon that subject to Balbus. In the mean while, let me intreat you not to be wanting to yourself: and, for my own part, I am contented to give up so much more of your company, provided the longer you stay abroad the richer you should return. There is nothing, I think, particularly to hasten you home, now that Vacerra is dead. However, you are the best judge: and I should be glad to know what you have determined.

There is a queer fellow of your acquaintance, one Octavius or Cornelius (I do not perfectly recollect his name), who is perpetually inviting me, as a friend of yours, to sup with him. He has not yet prevailed with me to accept his compliment: however, I am obliged to the man. Farewel.

LETTER XX.

To Munatius.

[A. U. 699.]

LUCIUS Livineius Trypho is the freed-man of my very intimate friend Regulus: and though the misfortunes of the latter cannot raise him higher in my affection, they have, however, rendered me more assiduous to testify it in every instance wherein he is the least concerned. But I have still a farther reason to interest myself in behalf of his freed-man: as I experienced his services at a season when I had the best opportunity of proving the sincerity of my friends. I recommend him, therefore, to your protection with all the warmth of the most sensible gratitude: and I shall be extremely obliged to you for shewing him, that you place to your account those many danger-

* Cæsar about this time lost his daughter Julia, who died in child-bed. She was married to Pompey, who was so passionately fond of her, that she seems, during the short time they lived together, to have taken entire possession of his whole heart, and to have turned all his ambition into the single desire of appearing amiable in her eye. The death of this young lady proved a public calamity, as it dissolved the only forcible bond of union between her father and her husband, and hastened that rupture which ended in the destruction of the Commonwealth. It is in allusion to this, that the elegant Paterculus calls her, *medium male cohærentis inter Pompeium et Cæsarem concordiæ pignus. Plut. in vit. Pomp. et Cæsar. Vel. Pater.* ii. 47.

ous winter-voyages he formerly undertook upon mine. Farewel.

LETTER XXI.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 699.]

I PERCEIVE by your letter, that my friend Cæsar looks upon you as a most wonderful lawyer: and are not you happy in being thus placed in a country where you make so considerable a figure upon so small a stock*? But with how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared, had you gone into Britain? Undoubtedly there would not have been so profound a sage in the law throughout all that extensive island.

Since your epistle has provoked me to be thus jocose, I will proceed in the same strain, and tell you there was one part of it I could not read without some envy. And how indeed could it be otherwise, when I found, that, whilst much greater men were in vain attempting to get admittance to Cæsar, you were singled out from the crowd and even summoned to an audience†? But after giving me an account of affairs which concern others; why were you silent as to your own? Assured as you are that I interest myself in them with as much zeal as if they immediately related to myself. Accordingly, as I am extremely afraid you will have no *employment* to keep you warm in your winter-quarters, I would by all means advise to lay in a sufficient quantity of fuel. Mucius and Manilius‡ have *given their opinions* to the same purpose; especially as *regimentals*, they apprehend, will scarce ready soon enough, to secure you against approaching cold. We hear, however, has been *hot* work in your part of the which somewhat alarmed me for your ty. But I comforted myself with con ing, that you are not altogether so a soldier, as you are a lawyer. It is derful consolation indeed to your frie be assured that your passions are over-match for your prudence. Th much as I know you love the water,

* The ludicrous author of the *Tale of a Tub* has applied this passage with more humour, perhaps, than it was first conceived. He is accounting for the propagation of the several absurd doctrines of philosophy and religion that have prevailed in the world, by supposing that every system-maker is always sure of finding a set of disciples whose tone of understanding is exactly pitched to the absurdity or extravagance of his tenets. "And in this one "circumstance," says he, "lies all the skill or luck "of the matter. Cicero understood this very well, "when writing to a friend in England, with a "caution, among other matters, to beware of be-"ing cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who it "seems, in those days, were as errant rascals as "they are now), has these remarkable words: *est "quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere "videreris.* For to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal "miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for "a fool in one company, when in another you "might be treated as a philosopher. Which I de-"sire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance "to lay up in their hearts as a very seasonable in-"nuendo." *Tale of a Tub*, p. 164.

† Trebatius, it is probable, had informed Cicero in the letter to which this is an answer, that he had been summoned by Cæsar to attend him as his assessor upon some trial; which seems to have led our author into the railleries of this and the preceding passages.

‡ Mucius and Manilius, it must be sa were two lawyers, and particular friends of T tius: as the humour of this witticism co consists in an allusion to that profession.

§ In the original it is, *studiosissimus bene* the ambiguity of which could not have be served in a more literal translation. The swimming was among the number of politi cises in ancient Rome, and esteemed a qualification for every gentleman. That Cato the elder, himself, instructing his so accomplishment: as Augustus likewise per the same office in the education of his two Caius and Lucius. It was indeed one of the tial arts in military disciple, as both the and officers had frequently no other means suing or retreating from the enemy. Accor the *Campus Martius*, a place where the youth were taught the science of arms, wa on the banks of the Tiber: and they co finished their exercises of this kind, by th themselves into the river. This shews the derful propriety of those noble lines which S speare puts into the mouth of Cassius, masterly scene, where he is endeavouring the sentiments, and fire the indignation of towards Cæsar.

We can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chasing with his
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassi
"Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And swim to yonder point?" Upon th
Accountred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he di
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of contro
But ere we could arrive the point pro
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his
The old Anchises bear, so from the wave
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a God, &c.

Monsieur Dacier observes, that this passa cero discovers the justness of those verses in where Trebatius is represented as advising man satirist to swim cross the Tyber, as lent remedy against his poetical propensity

d not venture, I find, to *cross* it with r: and though nothing could keep you the *combats** in Rome, you were much wise, I perceive, to attend them in in.

t pleasantry apart: you know, with- ny telling you, with what zeal I have mmended you to Cæsar; though per- you may not be apprised, that I have ently, as well as warmly, written to upon that subject. I had for some time, ed, intermitted my solicitations, as I d not seem to distrust his friendship and rosity: however, I thought proper in ast to remind him once more of his nise. I desire you would let me know effect my letter has produced; and at ame time, give me a full account of y thing that concerns you. For I am dingly anxious to be informed of the pect and situation of your affairs; as as how long you imagine your absence ely to continue. Be persuaded, that ing could reconcile me to this separa- but the hopes of its proving to your ntage. In any other view I should not impolitic as not insist on your return: u would be too prudent, I dare say, to it. The truth is, one hour's gay or us conversation together, is of more rtance to us, than all the foes and all iends that the whole nation of Gaul can uce. I entreat you, therefore, to send n immediate account in what posture ffairs stand: and be assured, as honest mes says to his neighbour in the play†,

xxx cares thy lab'ring bosom grieve,
tague shall soothe them, or my hand relieve.
el.

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

[A. U. 699.]

U remember the character given of the hrygians in the play‡; "that their om ever came too late:" but you are ed, my dear cautious old gentleman, o imputation of this kind shall be fixed you. Thank Heaven indeed, you wisely subdued the romantic spirit of your first letters; as you were not so obstinately bent upon new adventures as to hazard a voyage for that purpose into Britain: and who, in troth, can blame you? It is the same disposition, I imagine, that has immovably fixed you in your winter-quarters: and certainly there is nothing like acting with circumspection upon all occasions. Take my word for it, Prudence is the safest shield.

If it were usual with me to sup from home, most undoubtedly I could not refuse your gallant friend Octavius. I will own, however, I love to mortify the man's vanity: and whenever he invites me, I always affect to look with some surprise, as not seeming to recollect his person. Seriously, he is a wondrous pretty fellow: what pity it is that you did not take him abroad with you!

Let me know how you are employed, and whether there is any probability of seeing you in Italy this winter. Balbus assures me, that you will certainly return immensely rich: but whether he means in the vulgar sense, or agreeably to the maxim of his friends the Stoics, who maintain, you know, that "every man is rich who has the free "enjoyment of earth and air;" is a doubt which time will clear up.

I find by those who come from your part of the world that you are grown wonderfully *reserved:* for they tell me, you answer no *queries*§. However, it is on all hands a *settled point* (and you have reason, certainly, to congratulate yourself upon it), that you are the most profound sage in the law throughout the whole city of Samarobriva‖. Farewel.

her physicians, he prescribed a regimen, it most agreeable to his own taste and practice. ...ton. Cens. Censor. Suet. in vit. Augusti, 64. ...ad. i. 10. Dacier rem. sur la Sat. i. du ...

...ding to his fondness of the gladiatorial

n Terence's play called the *Self-tormentor.*

tragedy called the *Trojan Horse*; which by Cicero's frequent quotations from it, to ...ta in great esteem.

LETTER XXIII.

To Quintus Philippus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 699.]

I CONGRATULATE your safe return from your province in the fulness of your fame, and amidst the general tranquillity of the republic. If I were in Rome, I should have

§ The witticism of this passage consists in the double sense of the verb *respondere*, which, besides its common acceptation, signifies likewise the giving *an opinion as a lawyer.* This conceit, such as it is, seems to have been a favourite one with our author: for he repeats it in a subsequent letter, where he is rallying another of his friends upon an occasion of the same nature.

Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
Omnia dixisset! Juv.

‖ A principal town in Gaul, now called Amiens, and where Trebatius seems to have had his winter-quarters.

waited upon you for this purpose in person, and in order likewise to make my acknowledgments to you for your favours to my friends Egnatius and Oppius.

I am extremely sorry to hear, that you have taken great offence against my friend and host Antipater. I cannot pretend to judge of the merits of the case: but I know your character too well not to be persuaded, that you are incapable of indulging an unreasonable resentment. I conjure you however, by our long friendship, to pardon, for my sake, his sons, who lie entirely at your mercy. If I imagined you could not grant this favour consistently with your honour, I should be far from making the request: as my regard for your reputation is much superior to all considerations of friendship which I owe to his family. But if I am not mistaken (and indeed I very possibly may), your clemency towards them will rather add to your character, than derogate from it. If it be not too much trouble, therefore, I should be glad you would let me know how far a compliance with my request is in your power: for that it is in your inclination I have not the least reason to doubt. Farewel.

LETTER XXIV.

To Lucius Valerius, the Lawyer.*

[A. U. 699.]

FOR † why should I not gratify your vanity with that honourable appellation? Since, as the times go, my friend, confidence will readily pass upon the world for skill.

I have executed the commission you sent me, and made your acknowledgments to Lentulus. But I wish you would render my offices of this kind unnecessary, by putting an end to your tedious absence. Is it not more worthy of your mighty ambition to be blended with your learned brethren at Rome, than to stand the sole great wonder of wisdom amidst a parcel of paltry provincials? But I long to rally you in person: for which merry purpose I desire you would hasten hither as expeditiously as possible. I would by no means, however, advise you to take Apulia in the way, lest some dangerous adventure in those unlucky regions should prevent our welcoming your fair rival. And in truth, to what purpose should you visit this your native province ‡? Not like Ulysses when he first returned to Ithaca, you will be much too prudent, undoubtedly, to lay claim to your noble hundred. Farewel.

LETTER XXV.

To Caius Curio §.

[A. U. 700.]

THOUGH I am sorry you should suspect me of neglecting you, I will acknowledge that I am not so much concerned at your reproaches for my not writing, as I am pleased to find that you are desirous of hearing from me. Conscious indeed of not meriting your friendly accusation, the instance it afforded me that my letters were acceptable to you, was a very agreeable proof of the continuance of that affection which I have already so frequently experienced. Believe me, I have never omitted writing, whenever any person offered whom I imagined likely to convey my letters into your hands: and which of your acquaintance, I will venture to ask, is a more punctual correspondent than myself? In return, however, I have scarce received more than one or two letters from you since you left Rome; and those too extremely concise. Thus, you see, I can justly retort your charge: you must not therefore pass too severe a sentence on your part, if you hope to receive a favourable one on mine. But I will dwell no longer on this article than to assure you, that since you are disposed to accept these memorials of my friendship, I doubt not of acquitting myself to your full satisfaction.

Though I regret extremely the being thus long ‖ deprived of your agreeable

* Valerius is only known by this letter and another, wherein Cicero recommends him to Appius, as a person who lived in his family, and for whom he entertained a very singular affection. By the air of this epistle, he seems to have been one of that sort of lawyers, who may more properly be said to be of the profession than the science. But as the vein of humour which runs through this letter partly consists in playing upon words, it is not very easy, perhaps it is impossible, to be preserved in a translation: and as it alludes to circumstances which are now altogether unknown, it must necessarily lose much of its original spirit.

† The abrupt beginning of this letter has induced some of the Commentators to suspect that it is not entire. But Manutius has very justly observed, that it evidently refers to the inscription: and he produces an instance of the same kind from one of the epistles to Atticus. *Vid. ad Att.* iii. 20.

‡ Manutius imagines that Cicero means to the obscurity of his friend's birth.

§ Curio was a young nobleman of great spirit, and eloquence; but addicted to the ruining luxury and gallantries of a most dissolute

‖ "Curio had been most probably absent Rome about two years: for Caius Clodius, to he is supposed to have been quæstor, obtained government of Asia an. urb. 698. Pig. As Mr. Rys.

comp

pany; yet I cannot but rejoice at an ce which has contributed so much to honour: as fortune indeed has, in all concerns you, answered my warmest es. I have only to offer you one short e of advice: and I offer it in compli- with the sincere dictates of that singu- ffection I bear you. Let me earnestly intreat you to come well prepared at return to act up to those great ideas h the world has, with so much rea- conceived of your spirit and talents. as nothing can ever wear out the impressions your good offices have ped upon my mind *; so I hope you not forget, on your side, that you could have attained those honours or advan- s that attend you, if you had not in the ier part of your life complied with my hful and affectionate admonitions. Have ot reason then to expect in return, that he weight of old age now begins to bend down †, you will suffer me to repose my lining years upon your youth and friend- ? Farewel.

LETTER XXVI.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 700.]

you were not already in the number of our absentees, undoubtedly you would tempted to leave us at this juncture: for at business can a lawyer expect in Rome ing this long and general suspension of juridical proceedings! Accordingly, I vise my friends who have any actions mmenced against them, to petition each tesive interrex ‡ for a double enlarge- t of the usual time for putting in their s: and is not this a proof how wonder- y I have profited by your sage instruc- ns in the law? But tell me, my friend, ce your letters, I observe, have lately run a more enlivened strain than usual, what it that has elevated you into so gay a hu- our? This air of pleasantry I like well; looks as if the world went successfully th you: and I am all impatience to know at it is that has thus raised your spirits. ou inform me indeed, that Cæsar does u the honour to advise with you. For my own part, however, I had rather hear that he *consulted* your interest, than your judgment. But seriously; if the former is really the case, or there is any probability of its proving so, let me intreat you to continue in your present situation, and patiently submit to the inconveniences of a military life: as on my part, I shall support myself under your absence with the hopes of its turning to your advantage. But if all expectations of this kind are at an end, let us see you as soon as possible: and perhaps some method may be found here, of improving your fortunes. If not, we shall at least have the satisfaction of enjoying each other's company: and one hour's conversation together is of more value to us, my friend, than the whole city of Samarobriva. Besides, if you return soon, the disappointment you have suffered may pass unremarked: whereas a longer pursuit to no purpose would be so ridiculous a circumstance, that I am terribly afraid it would scarce escape the drollery of those very arch fellows Laberius § and my companion Valerius ‖. And what a burlesque character would a British lawyer furnish out for the Roman stage! You may smile perhaps at this notion: but though I mention it in my usual style of pleasantry, let me tell you it is no jesting matter. In good earnest, if there is any prospect that my recommendations will avail in obtaining the honours you de-

* Curio assisted him in his contest with Clodius.

† Cicero was at this time in the 54th year of age. *Manut.*

‡ This office of *Interrex* continued only five days, at the expiration of which, if consuls were not chosen, a new *Interrex* was appointed for the same short period. And in this manner the succession of these occasional magistrates was carried on till the elections were determined.

§ Laberius was a Roman knight, who distinguished himself by his comic humour: and he had written several farces which were acted with great applause. He was prevailed upon by Cæsar to take a part himself in one of his own performances: and the prologue which he spoke upon that occasion is still extant. The whole composition is extremely spirited, and affords a very advantageous specimen of his genius: but there is something so peculiarly just and beautiful in the thought of the concluding lines, that the reader, perhaps, will not regret the being carried out of his way in order to observe it. Laberius was 60 years of age, when, in complaisance to Cæsar, he thus made his first entrance upon the stage: and in allusion to a circumstance so little favourable to his appearing with success, he tells the audience,

Ut hedera serpens vires arboreas necat;
Ita me vetustas amplexu annorum enecat:
Sepulchri similis, nihil nisi nomen retineo!

While round the oak the fraudful ivy twines,
Robb'd of its strength the sapless tree declines:
Thus envious age, advance'd with stealing pace,
Clasps my chill'd limbs, and kills with cold embrace.
Like empty monuments to heroes fame,
Of all I was retaining but the name!

Macrob. Saturn. ii. 7.

‖ This Valerius is supposed by some of the commentators to be Quintus Valerius Catullus, a celebrated poet, who, as appears by his works which are still extant, was patronized by Cicero.

serve, I cannot but exhort you, in all the sincerity of the warmest friendship, to make yourself easy under this absence, as a means of increasing both your fortunes and your fame: if not, I would strongly advise your return. I have no doubt, however, that your own merit, in conjunction with my most zealous services, will procure you every advantage you can reasonably desire. Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

[A. U. 700.]

I WAS wondering at the long intermission of your letters, when my friend Pansa accounted for your indolence, by assuring me that you were turned an Epicurean. Glorious effect indeed of camp-conversation! But if a metamorphosis so extraordinary has been wrought in you amidst the martial air of Samarobriva, what would have been the consequence had I sent you to the softer regions of Tarentum*! I have been in some pain for your principles, I confess, ever since your intimacy with my friend Seius. But how will you reconcile you tenets to your profession, and act for the interest of your client, now that you have adopted the maxim of doing nothing but for your own? With what grace can you insert the usual clause in your deeds of agreement: *The parties to these presents, as becomes good men and true, &c.?* For neither truth nor trust can there be in those who professedly govern themselves upon motives of absolute selfishness. I am in some pain likewise, how you will settle the law concerning the partition of, "rights "in common:" as there can be nothing in common between those who make their own private gratification the sole criterion of right and wrong. Or can you think it proper to administer an oath, while you maintain that Jupiter is incapable of all resentment? In a word, what will become of the good people of Ulubræ†, who have placed themselves under your protection, if you hold the maxim of your sect, that "a wise "man ought not to engage himself in public "affairs?" In good earnest, I shall be extremely sorry, if it is true that you have really deserted us. But if your conversion is nothing more than a convenient compliment to the opinions of Pansa, I will forgive your dissimulation, provided you let me know soon how your affairs go on, and in what manner I can be of any service to them. Farewel.

* Tarentum was a city in Italy, distinguished for the softness and luxury of its inhabitants. Geographers inform us, that the greatest part of their year was consumed in the celebration of stated festivals. *Vid. Bunen. comment. in Cluverii Geograph.*

† "Cicero jocosely speaks of this people, as if they belonged to the most considerable town in Italy; whereas it was so mean and contemptible a place, that Horace, in order to shew the power of contentment, says, that a person possessed of that excellent temper of mind, may be happy even at Ulubræ:

"*Est* Ulubris, *animus si te non deficit æquus.*"

Mr. Rose.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Caius Curio.

[A. U. 700.]

OUR friendship, I trust, needs not any other evidence to confirm its sincerity than what arises from the testimony of our own hearts. I cannot, however, but consider the death of your illustrious father, as depriving me of a most venerable witness to that singular affection I bear you. I regret that he had not the satisfaction of taking a last farewel of you, before he closed his eyes: it was the only circumstance wanting to render him as much superior to the rest of the world in his domestic happiness, as in his public fame‡.

I sincerely wish you the happy enjoyment of your estate: and be assured, you will find in me a friend who loves and values you with the same tenderness as your father himself conceived for you. Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

To Trebatius.

March the 4th. [A. U. 700.]

CAN you seriously suppose me so unreasonable as to be angry, because I thought you discovered too inconstant a disposition in your impatience to leave Gaul? And can you possibly believe it was for that reason I have thus long omitted writing? The truth is, I was only concerned at the uneasiness which seemed to have overcast your mind: and I forbore to write upon no other account but as being entirely ignorantly where to direct my letters.

‡ He was consul in the year of Rome 676, when he acted with great spirit in opposition to the attempts of Sicinius for restoring the tribunitian power, which had been much abridged by Sylla. In the following year he went governor into Macedonia, and by his military conduct in that province obtained the honour of a triumph. He distinguished himself amongst the friends of Cicero when he was attacked by Clodius. *Frinshem. Supplem. in Liv.* xci. ciii.

suppo

ose, however, that this is a plea which loftiness will scarce condescend to ad-

But tell me then, is it the weight of purse, or the honour of being the sellor of Cæsar, that most disposes you thus insufferably arrogant? Let me h if I do not believe that thy vanity is moderate, as to choose rather to share is council, than his coffers. But should dmit you into a participation of both, will undoubtedly swell into such into-ble airs, that no mortal will be able to re you: or none at least except myself, am philosopher enough, you know, to ure any thing. But I was going to tell , that as I regretted the uneasiness you erly expressed; so I rejoice to hear, you are better reconciled to your situa-. My only fear is, that your wonderful l in the law will little avail you in your sent quarters: for I am told that the peo- you have to deal with,

Rest the strength of their cause on the force of their might,
And the sword is supreme arbitrator of right.*

I know you do not choose to be concern-in *forcible entries*, and are much too peace-y disposed to be fond of making *assaults*, me leave a piece of advice with my ver, and by all means recommend it to to avoid the Treviri†: for I hear they most formidable fellows. I wish from my rt they were as harmless as their name-kes round the edges of our coin ‡.—But must reserve the rest of my jokes to ano-er opportunity: in the mean time, let me re you would send me a full account of ever is going forward in your province. rewel.

LETTER XXX.

To Cornificius.

[A. U. 700.]

OUR letter was extremely agreeable to me in all respects, except that I was sor-to find by it, you had slighted my lodge Sinuessa. I shall not excuse the affront ou have thus passed upon my little hovel, less you give me double satisfaction by making use both of my Cuman and Pompeian villas. Let me intreat you then to do so; and to preserve me likewise in your affection. I hope you will provoke me to enter into a literary contest with you, by some of your writings: as I find it much easier to answer a challenge of this kind, than to send one. However, if you should persevere in your usual indolence, I shall venture to lead the way myself; in order to shew you, that your idleness has not infected me.

I steal a moment to write this whilst I am in the senate: but you shall have a longer letter from me when I shall be less engaged. Farewel.

LETTER XXXI.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 700.]

I AM giving you an instance that those who love are not easily to be pleased, when I assure you, that though I was very much concerned when you told me that you continued in Gaul with reluctance, yet I am no less mortified, now your letter informs me, that you like your situation extremely well. To say the truth, as I regretted you should not approve a scheme, which you pursued upon my recommendation; so I can ill bear that any place should be agreeable to you where I am not. Nevertheless, I had much rather endure the uneasiness of your absence, than suffer you to forego the advantages with which, I hope, it will be attended. It is impossible therefore to express how much I rejoice in your having made a friendship with a man of so improved an understanding, and so amiable a disposition, as Matius; whose esteem, I hope, you will endeavour to cultivate by every means in your power. For, believe me, you cannot bring home a more valuable acquisition. Farewel.

LETTER XXXII.

To Caius Curio.

[A. U. 700.]

YOU must not impute it to any neglect in Rupa, that he has not executed your commission; as he omitted it merely in compliance with the opinion of myself and the rest of your friends. We thought it most prudent that no steps should be taken during your absence, which might preclude you from a change of measures after your return: and therefore, that it would be best he should not signify your intentions of entertaining

* Ennius.

† The Treviri were a most warlike people, bordering on Germany. They were defeated about this time by Labienus, one of Cæsar's lieutenants in Gaul. *Cæsar. Bel. Gal.* viii.

‡ The public coin was under the inspection of three officers called *Treviri monetales*: and several pieces of money are still extant in the cabinets of the curious, inscribed with the names of these magistrates. *Vid. Pari Bembi epist. apud Manut.*

tertaining the people with public games. I may perhaps in some future letter give you my reasons at large, against your executing that design: or rather, that you may not come prepared to answer my objections, I believe it will be the wisest way to reserve them till we meet. If I should not bring you over to my sentiments, I shall have the satisfaction, at least, of discharging the part of a friend: and should it happen (which I hope however it will not), that you should hereafter have occasion to repent of your scheme; you may then remember, that I endeavoured to dissuade you from it. But this much I will now say, that those advantages which fortune, in conjunction with your own industry and natural endowments, have put into your possession, supply a far surer method of opening your way to the highest dignities, than any ostentatious display of the most splendid spectacles. The truth of it is, exhibitions of this kind, as they are instances of wealth only, not of merit, are by no means considered as reflecting any honour on the authors of them: not to mention, that the public is quite satiated with their frequent returns.—But I am fallen unawares into what I designed to have avoided, and pointing out my particular reasons against your scheme. I will wave all farther discussion therefore of this matter till we meet; and in the mean time inform you, that the world entertains the highest opinion of your virtues. Whatever advantages may be hoped from the most exalted patriotism united with the greatest abilities, the public, believe me, expects from you. And should you come prepared (as I am sure you ought, and I trust you will) to act up to these its glorious expectations; then, indeed, you will exhibit to your friends, and to the commonwealth in general, a spectacle of the noblest and most affecting kind *. In the mean while be assured, no man has a greater share of my affection and esteem than yourself. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Trebatius.

April the 8th. [A. U. 700.]

TWO or three of your letters which lately came to my hands at the same time, though of different dates, have afforded great pleasure: as they were proofs you have reconciled yourself, with a spirit and resolution, to the inconvenien of a military life. I had some little suspicion, I confess, of the contrary: that I questioned your courage, but ascribing your uneasiness to the regret of separation. Let me intreat you then to persevere in your present temper of mind: believe me, you will derive many and considerable advantages from the service which you are engaged. In the meanwhile I shall not fail to renew my solicitations Cæsar in your favour upon all proper occasions; and have herewith sent you a Gr letter to deliver to him for that purpose for, in truth, you cannot be more anxious than I am that this expedition may pro to your benefit. In return, I desire you would send me a full relation of the Gal war: for you must know, I always depend most upon the accounts of those who are *least engaged* in the action.

As I do not imagine you are altogether so considerable a person as to retain a secretary in your service, I could not but wonder you should trouble yourself with the precaution of sending me several copies the same letter. Your parsimony, however, deserves to be applauded; as one of them, I observed, was written upon a table that had been used before. I cannot conceive what unhappy composition could be so very miserable as to deserve to give place upon this occasion: unless it were one of your own conveyances. I flatter myself, at least, it was not any sprightly epistle of mine that you thus disgraced, in order to scribble over it a dull one of your own. Or was it your intention to intimate affairs go so ill with you, that you could not afford any better materials? If that should be your case, you must even thank yourself for not leaving your modesty behind you.

I shall recommend you in very strong terms to Balbus, when he returns into Gaul. But you must not be surprised, if you should not hear from me again so soon as usual; as I shall be absent from Rome during all this month. I write this from Pomptinus, at the villa of Metrilius Philemon, where I am placed within hearing of those croaking chorus whom you recommended to my protection: for a prodigious number, it seem, of your Ulubrean frogs † are assembled, in order to

* Curio was not of a disposition to listen to this prudent counsel of his friend: but in opposition to all the grave advice of Cicero, he persevered in his resolution, and executed it with great magnificence. The consequence was, just what Cicero foresaw and dreaded: he contracted debts which he was incapable of discharging, and then sold himself to Cæsar in order to satisfy the clamours of his creditors.

† Cicero ludicrously gives the inhabitants of Ulubræ this appellation, in allusion to the low and marshy situation of their town.

compliment

ment my arrival among them. Fare-

S. I have destroyed the letter I re- from you by the hands of Lucius ius, though it was much too innocent rve so severe a treatment: for it con- nothing that might not have been imed before a general assembly of the . However, it was your express de- should destroy it; and I have com- accordingly. I will only add, that I r much at not having heard from you especially as so many extraordinary have lately happened in your pro-

LETTER XXXIV.

To Memmius.

[A. U. 700.]

AIM the promise you gave me when met last; and desire you to treat my intimate and zealous friend Aulus Fu- the manner you assured me you would. a man of letters as well as great po- s: and indeed in every view of his ter he is highly deserving your friend- The civilities you shall shew him will tremely agreeable to me: as they will same time for ever attach to your t a person of a most obliging and ly disposition. Farewel.

LETTER XXXV.

To Caius Curio.

[A. U. 700.]

LIC affairs are so circumstanced, I dare not communicate my senti- them in a letter. This, however, I ature in general to say, that I have to congratulate you on your removal the scene in which we are engaged. must add, that in whatever part of ld you might be placed, you would s I told you in my last) be embarked e same common bottom with your s here. I have another reason like- rejoicing in your absence, as it has ment in full view of so con- a number of the most illustrious and allies of Rome: and indeed ation you have acquired is univer- and without the least exception, con- to us on all hands. But there is one nce attending you, upon which I whether I ought to send you my ations or not: I mean with re- those high and singular advanta- the commonwealth promises it- self from your return amongst us. Not that I suspect your proving unequal to the opinion which the world entertains of your virtues; but as fearing that whatever is most worthy of your care, will be irrecoverably lost ere your arrival to prevent it: such, alas, is the weak and well-nigh expiring condition of our unhappy republic! But prudence, perhaps, will scarce justify me in trusting even this to a letter: for the rest therefore I must refer you to others. In the mean while, whatever your fears or your hopes of public affairs may be; think, my friend, incessantly think on those virtues which that generous patriot must possess, who in these evil times, and amidst such a general depravation of manners, gloriously purposes to vindicate the ancient dignity and liberties of his oppressed country. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 700.]

IF it were not for the compliments you sent me by Chrysippus the freed-man of Gyrus the architect, I should have imagined I no longer possessed a place in your thoughts. But surely you are become a most intolerable fine gentleman, that you could not bear the fatigue of writing to me; when you had the opportunity of doing so by a man whom, you know, I look upon as one almost of my own family. Perhaps, however, you may have forgotten the use of your pen, and so much the better, let me tell you, for your clients; as they will lose no more causes by its blunders. But if it is myself only that has escaped your remembrance; I must endeavour to refresh it by a visit, before I am worn out of your mind beyond all power of recollection. After all, is it not the apprehension of the next summer's campaign that has rendered your hand too unsteady to perform its office? If so, you must e'en play over again the same gallant stratagem you practised last year in relation to your British expedition, and frame some heroic excuse for your absence. However, I was extremely glad to hear by Chrysippus, that you are much in Cæsar's good graces. But it would be more like a man of *equity*, methinks, as well as more agreeable to my inclinations, if you were to give me frequent notice of what concerns you, by your own: a satisfaction I should undoubtedly enjoy, if you had chosen to study the *laws* of good fellowship, rather than those of contention. You see I rally you, as usual,

in

in your own way, not to say a little in mine. But to end seriously; be assured, as I greatly love you, I am no less confident than desirous of your affection in return. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Publius Sextius.

[A. U. 700.]

I HOPE you will not imagine by my long silence, that I have been unmindful of our friendship, or that I had any intention of dropping my usual correspondence with you. The sincere truth is, I was prevented from writing during the former part of our separation, by those calamities in which the general confusion of the times had involved me: as I afterwards delayed it, from an unwillingness to break in upon you, whilst your own severe and unmerited injuries were yet fresh upon your mind. But when I reflect that a sufficient time has elapsed, to wear off the first impressions of your misfortunes; and consider likewise the virtues and magnanimity of your heart: I think I may now write to you consistently with my general caution of avoiding an unseasonable officiousness.

You are sensible, my dear Sextius, that I warmly stood forth your advocate, when a prosecution was formerly commenced against you in your absence: as afterwards, when you was involved in that accusation which was brought against your friend, I exerted every means in my power for your defence. Thus likewise upon my return into Italy *, though I found your affairs had been managed in a very different manner than I should have advised; yet I omitted no opportunity of rendering you my utmost services. And upon this occasion, when the clamour that was raised against you on account of the corn †, by those that were the enemies, not only of yourself, but of all who endeavoured to assist you; when the general corruption of the judges, and in short, when many other public iniquities, had prevailed to your condemnation against all truth and justice; I was not wanting in my best good offices of every kind towards your son. Having therefore thus faithfully performed every other sacred duty of friendship, I would not omit this likewise of intreating and exhorting you to bear afflictions as becomes a man of your distinguished spirit and fortitude. In words; let me conjure you to support resolution those common vicissitudes of fortune, which no prudence can prevent, for which no mortal is answerable; remembering, that in all popular governments as well as in our own, it has been the fate of many of the best and greatest men to be a sacrifice to the injustice of their times. I will add (and I wish I could wish to be contradicted), that the injurious sentence you lament, has only banished you from a commonwealth in which no man of mind can receive the least satisfaction.

If I were to say nothing of your loss, I would look as if I were inattentive to the general applause which his virtues should receive: on the other hand, were I to tell you all that I hear and think of him, I am afraid I should only renew your grief, in being thus separated from his company. However, you should wisely consider his uncommon virtues as a possession which inseparably attends you, in whatever part of the world you may be placed. For the objects of the mind are not less intimately present with us, than those of the body. The reflection, therefore, on his filial merit and filial piety; the fidelity of himself and the rest of those friends whom you have found, and will ever find, to be the followers, not of your fortune, but of your virtue; and above all, the consciousness of your having deserved your sufferings; are circumstances which ought to administer the highest consolation to you. And they more effectually do so, if you consider, that it is guilt, and not misfortune, one's own crimes, and not the injustice of others, that ought to disturb the serenity of a well-regulated mind. In the mean time be assured that, in compliance with the dictates of that friendship I have long entertained for you, and of that esteem which I bear for your son, I shall neglect no opportunity both of alleviating your afflictions, and of contributing all I can to support you under them. In a word, if upon any occasion you should think it necessary to write to me, you shall find that your application was not made in vain. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Titus Fadius.

[A. U. 700.]

I KNOW not any event which has happened, that more sensibly affects

* Probably, when he returned from exile: in the year 696.

† It was the business of the Ædiles, amongst other parts of their duty, to superintend the markets and public magazines of corn. It seems probable therefore from this passage, that Sextius was banished for some real, or pretended, misconduct in the administration of that office.

ur disgrace. Far therefore from being of giving you the consolation I wish; y stand in need of the same good of- self. Nevertheless, I cannot forbear, y to exhort, but to conjure you like- our friendship, to collect your whole h of reason, in order to oppose your ns with a firm and manly fortitude. nber, my friend, that calamities are nt to all mankind, but particularly to live in these miserable and distracted Let it be your consolation, however, ct, that you have lost far less by for- han you have acquired by merit: as re few under the circumstances of your who ever raised themselves to the same ies; though there are numbers of the t quality who have sunk into the same ce. To say truth; so wretched is the hich threatens our laws, our liberties, ur constitution in general, that well e esteem himself happily dealt with, s dismissed from such a distempered nment upon the least injurious terms. your own case in particular, when you that you are still undeprived of your ; that you are happy in the affections ur children, your family, and your s; and that in all probability you are separated from them for a short inter- hen you reflect, that among the great er of impeachments which have late- n carried on, yours is the only one as considered as entirely groundless; ou were condemned by a majority only e single vote; and that too universally ed to have been given in compliance some powerful influence.—These, un- ily, are considerations which ought y to alleviate the weight of your mis- e. I will only add, that you may al- depend upon finding in me that dis- on both towards yourself and your fa- which is agreeable to your wishes, as as to what you have a right to expect. wel.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Titus Titius.

[A. U. 700.]

is by no means as suspecting that my mer recommendation was not sufficient, I give you this second trouble; but y in compliance with the request of my d Avianus Flaccus: to whom I neither nor indeed ought to refuse any thing. truth is, notwithstanding your very ing answer when I mentioned his af- s; on a person, and that I have already written to you in strong terms upon the same subject; yet he imagines I cannot too often apply to you in his behalf. I hope therefore you will excuse me, if in thus yielding to his inclinations, I should seem to forget that you are incapable of receding from your word; and again intreat you to allow him a convenient port and sufficient time for the exportation of his corn. Both these favours I obtained for him when Pompey had the commission in which you are now employed: and the term he granted him was three years. To say all in one word, you will very sensibly oblige me by convincing Avianus, that I enjoy the same share in your affection, which he justly imagines he possesses of mine. Farewel.

LETTER XL.

To Marcus Cælius.

July the 6th. [A. U. 702.]

COULD you seriously then imagine, my friend, that I commissioned you to send me the idle news of the town; matches of gladiators, adjournments of causes, robberies, and the rest of those uninteresting occurrences, which no one ventures to mention to me, even when I am in the midst of them at Rome? Far other are the accounts which I expect from your hand: as I know not any man whose judgment in politics I have more reason to value. I should esteem it a misemployment of your talents, even were you to transmit to me those more important transactions that daily arise in the republic; unless they should happen to relate immediately to myself. There are other less penetrating politicians, who will send me intelligence of this sort: and I shall be abundantly supplied with it likewise by common fame. In short, it is not an account either of what has lately been transacted, or is in present agitation, that I require in your letters: I expect, as from one whose discernment is capable of looking far into futurity, your opinion of what is likely to happen. Thus, by seeing a plan, as it were of the republic, I shall be enabled to judge what kind of structure will probably arise. Hitherto, however, I have no reason to charge you with having been negligent in communicating to me your prophetic conjectures. For the events which have lately happened in the commonwealth, were much beyond any man's penetration: I am sure at least they were beyond mine.

I passed several days with Pompey, in conversation upon public affairs: but it is neither prudent, nor possible, to give you the

the particulars in a letter. In general, however, I will assure you, that he is animated with the most patriotic sentiments, and is prudently prepared, as well as resolutely determined, to act as the interest of the republic shall require. I would advise you therefore wholly to attach yourself to him: and believe me, he will rejoice to embrace you as his friend. He now indeed entertains the same opinion both with you and myself, of the good and ill intentions of the different parties in the republic.

I have spent these last ten days at Athens: from whence I am this moment setting out. During my continuance in this city, I have frequently enjoyed the company of our friend Gallus Caninius.

I recommend all my affairs to your care and protection, but particularly (what indeed is my principal concern) that my residence in the province may not be prolonged. I will not prescribe the methods you should employ for that purpose; as you are the most competent judge by what means, and by whose intervention, it may be best effected. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

To Caius Marcellus, Consul elect.

[A. U. 702.]

I RECEIVED great pleasure in hearing of your advancement to the consulate. May the gods give you success in the enjoyment of this honour; and may you discharge its important duties in a manner worthy of your own illustrious character and that of your excellent father! You have my best wishes indeed upon this occasion, not only from affection, but gratitude, and in return to those warmest instances of your friendship which I have ever experienced in all the various incidents of my life. Many and important are the obligations likewise which I have received from your father, both as my protector in adversity, and as having contributed to adorn my prosperity. I must add also to this family-list of my benefactors, your worthy mother: whose zealous services in behalf both of my person and dignities have risen much higher than could have been expected from one of the tender sex. Being then, as I most certainly ought, entirely devoted to your family; let me earnestly intreat your friendship and protection in my absence. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

To Caius Marcellus.*

[A. U. 702.]

THE advancement of your son to the sular dignity, a d your enjoying sure you so much wished to obtain, an cumstance which afford me a very mon satisfaction. They do so not only his account, but yours, whom I esteem highly deserving of every advantage fortune can bestow. Let me acknowl at the same time, that I have experi your singular good-will towards me, bo the adverse and prosperous seasons of my and indeed, my welfare and honour been the zealous concern of your whol mily. I shall be extremely obliged to therefore for making my sincere and p cular congratulations upon this occas that excellent woman your wife. To request I will only add, that I intreat continuance of your friendship and pr tion in my absence. Farewel.

LETTER XLIII.

To Lucius Paulus †, Consul elect.

[A. U. 702.]

THOUGH I never once doubted, in consideration of your most ill ous family, and of those important ser you have yourself likewise rendered commonwealth, you would be unanim elected consul; yet the confirmation of desirable news afforded me an inexpre satisfaction. It is my sincere wish, the gods may give success to your admini tion, and that you may acquit yourse this honourable and important trust, as comes your own character and that of distinguished family. I should have th myself extremely happy to have been sent at your election, and to have co buted those services which your extra nary favours to me require. But as the expected government of this province deprived me of that pleasure; I hope I have the satisfaction of seeing you at h in the worthy exercise of your consula

* Father of Caius Marcellus, to whom the going letter is written.

† He was colleague with Caius Marcellus, tioned in the last note. He set out in his nistration, it was thought, with principles able to those of his associate. But Cæsar well knew how to make him change his ments: and by proper applications to his and profusion, he added him to the number supple mercenaries. *Plut. in vit. Pomp.*

For this purpose I most earnestly in-
ou not to suffer me to be injuriously
ed in this province beyond the ex-
n of my year: a favour which I shall
as a very considerable addition to
nstances of friendship I have already
ed at your hands. Farewel.

LETTER XLIV.

To Thermus, Proprætor *.

[A. U. 702.]

CIUS Genucilius Curvus has been
ng in the number of my most intimate
s: and indeed no man possesses a
ier or more grateful heart. I recom-
him, therefore, most warmly and en-
to your protection; beseeching you
ist him upon every occasion that shall
e inconsistent with your honour and
ty. This is a restriction, however,
h I might well have spared: as I am
he will never make you a request un-
hy either of your character, or his own.
I must particularly intreat your favour
lation to his affairs in Hellespontus. In
irst place then, I beg you would con-
the grant of certain lands which was
e to him by the city of Parion †, and
ch he has hitherto enjoyed without mo-
tion: in the next place, that if any in-
tant of Hellespontus should controvert
ights of this kind, you would direct
cause to be heard in that district. But
having already assigned him wholly to
r patronage, it is unnecessary to point
particular articles wherein I request
r good offices. To say all then in one
d; be assured I shall consider every in-
ce wherein you shall advance either his
our or his interest, as so many immedi-
favours conferred upon myself. Fare-
.

LETTER XLV.

To Marcus Cœlius, Curule-Ædile elect.

[A. U. 702.]

CONGRATULATE you on the honour-
able post you have lately obtained ‡, and
the prospect which by this mean is opened
you of advancing still higher in the dignities of the republic. I am somewhat late, I confess, in my compliments: however, you must not impute it to any intentional neglect, but merely to my ignorance of what passes at Rome. For partly from the great distance of my situation, and partly from those banditti which infest the roads, it is a considerable time before I can receive any intelligence from Italy. And now, I know not where to find words sufficiently strong to give you joy upon this occasion, or to express my thanks for your having thus "furnished me (as you termed it in one of "your former letters) with a subject of per-"petual ridicule." When I first received the news of your victory, I could not forbear mimicking a certain *worthy friend* of ours, and intimating the droll figures those gallant youths exhibited, of whose interest he had so confidently boasted §.—But it is not easy to give you in description a complete idea of this my humorous sally. I must tell you, however, that I next figured you to myself, and accosted you, as if present, in the words of the comic poet:

> Far less, my good friend, I rejoice at your deed,
> As exceeding whatever before did exceed,
> Than as mounting aloft o'er my hopes the most high:
> And for this, "By my troth 'tis amazing," I cry.

Upon which I broke out into a most immoderate fit of laughter: and when some of my friends reproved my mirth, as deviating almost into downright folly; I excused myself by the old verse,

> Excessive joy is not exceeding wise.

In short, whilst I ridiculed this noble friend of ours, I became almost as ridiculous as himself.—But you shall hear farther upon this subject another opportunity: for in truth I have many things to say both *of* you and *to* you, whenever I shall find more leisure for that purpose. In the mean time be assured, my dear Cœlius, that I sincerely love you. I consider you indeed as one

* Quintus Minucius Thermus was prætor in year of Rome 701. At the expiration of his ce he was appointed proprætor or governor of part of the Asiatic continent, styled Asia *pro-* which included Lydia, Ionia, Caria, Mysia, part of Phrygia. Cicero speaks of him in a er to Atticus, as exercising his administration h great integrity. *Ad. Att.* vi. 1.

† A city in Hellespont.

‡ The ædileship.

§ A mere modern reader, who judges of past ages by the modes that prevail in his own, must undoubtedly conceive a very low opinion of Cicero from the account which he here gives of his behaviour. But mimickry was not esteemed by the Romans, as it is with us, a talent becoming only a comedian or a buffoon. On the contrary, this species of humour was thought worthy of the gravest characters, even upon the gravest occasions: and it was practised by their orators as well as recommended by their rhetoricians, as a quality, under certain restrictions, of singular grace and efficacy in the whole business of public eloquence. *Vid. Cic. de Orat.* ii. 59, 60.

whom

whom fortune has raised up to advance my glory, and avenge my wrongs: and I doubt not, you will give both those who hate and those who envy me, sufficient reason to repent of their folly and their injustice. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

To Publius Silius, Proprætor.

[A. U. 702.]

I DID not imagine I should ever have found myself at a loss for expressions: yet at a loss, believe me, I am, to recommend Marcus Lænius to you in the terms he deserves. I must content myself therefore with explaining the business of this letter in few words: but in such however as may render you sufficiently sensible of my inclinations. It is incredible how great an esteem both my dearest brother and myself entertain for Lænius: an esteem, which is founded, not only on the many good offices he has conferred upon us, but on the exalted integrity of his heart, and the singular modesty with which all his virtues are accompanied. It was with the utmost regret therefore, that I consented to part with him; as I receive much advantage from his counsels as well as great entertainment from his company. But if I should expatiate any farther in his praise, will you not think that, far from wanting words as I just now complained, I have employed more than are necessary? To be short then; I recommend Lænius to your protection with all that warmth which you must be sensible I ought, after what I have here said. Let me earnestly entreat you to expedite the business which has called him into your province, and to favour him likewise with your advice in the conduct of it. You will find him, be assured, a man of a most generous and well-natured disposition; for which reason I beg you would send him back to us with the satisfaction of having finished his affairs by your means as soon as possible. Your compliance with this request will extremely oblige both my brother and myself. Farewel.

LETTER XLVII.

To Thermus, Proprætor.

[A. U. 702.]

I FOUND you perfectly well inclined to employ every good office in your power for my lieutenant Marcus Anneius, when I mentioned his affair to you at Ephesus. However, as my affection will not suffer me to omit any circumstance which may [illegible] to his advantage; I write to you in [illegible] belief that this letter will considerably [illegible] to the favourable disposition in which [illegible] already stand towards him. He has [illegible] enjoyed a share in my friendship: as [illegible] I have sufficiently shewn the good opin[illegible] entertain of him, by having appointed [illegible] my lieutenant, in preference to so [illegible] others who solicited for that office. The [illegible] in which I was soon afterwards engag[illegible] gave me occasion of experiencing his [illegible]tary abilities: and the prudence, the c[illegible]rage, and the fidelity with which he [illegible]cuted his commission, together with [illegible] extraordinary marks he gave me of [illegible] affection, have raised him to the high[illegible] possible degree of my esteem. I inform[illegible] you at Ephesus, that there were some pe[illegible] in controversy between him and the ci[illegible] Sardis*; the particulars of which you [illegible] best learn when the cause shall come be[illegible] you. And, here, I must confess, I have be[illegible] long debating with myself what I sho[illegible] farther say to you. The world univers[illegible] acknowledges and admires your impar[illegible] administration of justice: and my frie[illegible] claim is so well-founded as to require [illegible] other protection than that of your [illegible] equity. However, as I am sensible of [illegible] great authority which naturally attends [illegible] Prætorian office, especially where it is ex[illegible]cised with so much honour, lenity, a[illegible] wisdom, as are well known to distingu[illegible] your administration; I intreat you to ex[illegible] that influence in such a manner upon [illegible] occasion, as may convince Anneius t[illegible] you are his friend. He is already inde[illegible] persuaded that you are so; and has of[illegible] mentioned you to me in that charac[illegible] Nevertheless, I cannot forbear conjur[illegible] you, by those reciprocal good offices wh[illegible] have equally passed between us, to let h[illegible] see that this letter has rendered you [illegible] more inclined to serve him. Be assured, t[illegible] whole extent of your provincial power c[illegible] not supply you with an opportunity of m[illegible] effectually obliging me. It is unneces[illegible] I should add, that you cannot better dis[illegible] of your favours, than by conferring th[illegible] on Anneius: and I am persuaded you ha[illegible] too high an opinion of his merit and gra[illegible]tude to entertain the least doubt upon th[illegible] article. Farewel.

* In Lydia.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Caius Cassius, Proquæstor.*

[A. U. 703.]

own inclinations have anticipated your recommendation: I have long received Marcus Fabius into the num- f my friends. He has extremely en- d himself to me indeed, by his great eness and elegance of manners; but cularly by the singular affection I have ved he bears towards you. Accord- y, though your letter in his behalf was without effect, yet my own knowledge he regard he entertains for you had what more: you may be assured, efore, I shall very faithfully confer him the good offices you request. Many reasons concurred to make me you could have given me an inter- . In the first place, I was desirous, after edious a separation, to see a friend m I have long esteemed. In the next e, I should have been glad to have ex- sed those congratulations in person, h I have already paid you in a letter. nted likewise an opportunity of con- ng with you upon our mutual affairs, ell as of confirming a friendship found- n many reciprocal good offices, though rrupted indeed by a long absence. But I could not obtain the pleasure of a er conference, let me take the advan- at least of this more distant commu- tion; and which in most respects will er the same purpose. There is one or , however, I must except: as it can her afford me a satisfaction equal to that eing you, nor a mean of rendering so sensible of the joy I feel in your late ess. But though I have already ex- sed my congratulations in a former let- I will here again assure you, that I very erely rejoice, not only in the illustrious ons you have performed†, but at your y opportune departure amidst the general esteem and applauses of the whole province.

And now, what I had farther to say if we had met, related to our mutual affairs: a point however, which may full as well be discussed in this manner. With regard to your own; when I consider your interest in general, I cannot but advise you to hasten to Rome. When I left the city, there was not the least appearance of any designs to your prejudice: and I am persuaded your returning thither, while the success of your arms is fresh upon the minds of the people, will ensure you a reception greatly to your honour. The reason for hastening your journey will hold still stronger, if you are convinced that you shall be able to defeat those prosecutions which you are apprehensive, it seems, may be brought against some of your officers: as nothing will place your character in a more advantageous light, than a victory of this kind. But, if you imagine the charge can be made good against them, it merits your consideration, whether your arrival in Rome will not happen in a conjuncture very unfavourable for such a circumstance. Upon the whole, you yourself are most capable of determining this question; as you are the best judge of your own strength. If you think you shall triumph over your adversaries, it is a circumstance undoubtedly that will raise your general credit; but if you are clear that the reverse will prove the case, you will certainly be less mortified by the distant reflections of the world, than if you were placed within the hearing of their malicious censures.

As to my own affairs; I must repeat the request of my last, and intreat you to exert your utmost endeavours, that my continuance here may not be extended beyond the period limited by the senate and the people. I urge this request, as one upon which all my hopes depend; and intreat you to act in it with a proportionable zeal. You will find Paulus ‡ extremely well disposed to co-operate with you upon this occasion; as also both Curio and Furnius §.

I have only to add the last article I mentioned, as an inducement for desiring an interview; I mean, in order to renew and confirm the pledges of our mutual friendship. I persuade myself it will not be necessary to employ many words for that purpose. You discovered indeed an early disposition to be thus united with me; as on

* He attended Crassus into Syria, as his quæs- who being killed in an engagement against the hians, the administration devolved upon Cassius. eems when this letter was written to have been ng out, if not actually upon the road, from province.

Cassius, after the death of Crassus, and the defeat of his army, conducted back the re- s of the Roman troops into Syria, and shut lf up in Antiochia. But upon the approach e Parthians towards that city, he sallied out; by his bravery and conduct having repulsed nemy, he continued harrassing their retreat till ove them entirely out of Syria.

‡ One of the present consuls.

§ Tribunes of the people.

my

my part, I always considered it as my particular honour. I found it too my great support in the season of my misfortunes. Let me add, in farther claim to its continuance, that I have contracted, since your absence, a great intimacy with your relation Brutus *. I promise myself much satisfaction from the society of two such ingenious friends, as well as very high advantages from your united services: suffer me not, I conjure you, to conceive this hope in vain. In the mean time, I beg to hear from you immediately: as I desire likewise you would write to me very frequently when you return to Rome. Farewel.

LETTER XLIX.

To Marcus Cælius, Curule-Ædile.

[A. U. 703.]

THE very worthy and learned Marcus Fabius† is a person with whom I am most intimately connected. He strongly indeed engages my affection, not only by his superior genius and erudition, but by that uncommon modesty which adorns them. I intreat you therefore to undertake his cause with the same warmth as if it were your own. I know you fine orators are so much employed, that a man must have committed murder at least, ere he can hope that his affairs are of significancy enough to claim your assistance. In the present instance however, I will take no excuse: and if I have any share in your regard, you will give up all other business, when Fabius requires your services.

The severity of the winter has prevented my receiving any dispatches from Rome, a considerable time. I am extremely impatient therefore to hear what is going forward amongst you: and particularly what my friend Cælius is doing. Farewel.

LETTER L.

To Curtius Peducæanus, Prætor‡.

[A. U. 703.]

I HAVE long enjoyed an intimacy with Marcus Fabius, for whom I sincerely profess the most tender regard. I do not, however, desire to influence your judgment in the suit which he has depending before you, as I am sure you will not depart from the rules of equity, which your honour obliges you to observe, and which you prescribed to yourself when you first entered upon your office§. My only request is (and it is a request I most earnestly make), that you would allow him to wait upon you, and would favour his claim so far as justice is on his side. In a word, let me intreat you to shew him that my friendship can avail him even at this distance. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

To Appius Pulcher.

[A. U. 703.]

I HAVE at last received a letter from you written in a spirit worthy of yourself: it is conceived in terms full of a generous and candid friendship. It should seem indeed, that the very view of Rome had an immediate effect upon your temper, and restored you to the agreeable possession of your usual good humour and politeness. I am sure at least, that the two complaining letters you wrote to me on your journey ere you had left Asia, were such as I could not read without reluctance. I will own too, that conscious of the inviolable attachment which I have ever preserved to your interests, I could not forbear answering them with some warmth. The letter indeed which you delivered to my freed-man Philotimus, left me room to doubt that there were some persons in this province, who were no well-wishers to our union. But I have the satisfaction to find, that as soon as you came to Rome, or rather as soon as you were met by your friends and family, you were convinced of that warm and constant testimony I gave of my friendship and esteem for you upon all occasions during your absence. You will easily imagine then, with how much pleasure I read your assurances, that if any incident should arise wherein my reputation may be concerned, you will endeavour to make me an equal return. And though you doubt, whether you shall be able effectually to do so; yet certainly there is no reason to question it, and there is nothing, my friend, which sincere and zealous affection is not capable of performing.

* Brutus was at this time married to Junia, the sister of Cassius.

† This seems to be the person mentioned in the foregoing letter: in whose behalf Cassius had written to Cicero. The following epistle is likewise in favour of the same friend, and upon the same occasion.

‡ The prætors were next in rank and power to the consuls: and their office somewhat resembled that of our chief justices.

§ The several prætors, before they entered on their office, drew up and published a sort of vocabulary, which they intended to observe in their respective administrations of justice. *Rosin. Ant. Rom.* vii. 700.

Notwithstanding

withstanding I was well persuaded in n judgment, and had received fre- assurances likewise by the letters of ends, that you would undoubtedly be red with a triumph; yet it afforded ingular pleasure to be confirmed in ersuasion by your own hand. Believe however, I by no means rejoice in it selfish Epicurean principle, and as it robably facilitate my own pretensions same kind; but as taking a sincere disinterested share in every increase of dignities. I intreat you then, as you more frequent opportunities of writ- to this province, than any other of my s, that you would give me immediate as soon as you shall have obtained the , which you have so much reason to , and which I so unfeignedly wish If the tedious resolutions of the *long* as our friend Pompey calls the senate, delay your hopes a few days (and than a few days they, surely, cannot them), be confident, however, that will at length distinguish you with honours, which are so justly your due. , therefore, I conjure you, as you give affection, or would preserve *mine*, me participate in the joy of this good as early as possible.

this request I will join another: and d you of executing your promise of g me the completion of your treatise gurv. I ask this, not only as being us of informing myself in the rites nciples of the sacred college; but as ive with uncommon satisfaction every of your favour. As to the request you me on your part, of returning you a ment in the same kind; it is a point t well consider. For it would ill be- an author, whom you have so often ap- ed for the pains he bestows upon his ositions, to suffer any crude and indi- performance to come forth from his : especially upon an occasion that d justly expose him to the censure, not of being guilty of negligence, but of ungrateful disrespect. However, I find some opportunity perhaps, of sa- g both you and myself upon this ar- In the mean time, I hope you will vour, in conformity to your promise, a public thanksgiving of the most dis- ished kind be decreed as soon as pos- on account of my late victories: and persuaded you will act with that zeal n is agreeable to your sincerity, and to friendship which has long subsisted be- us. I was somewhat later in my pub- lic dispatches for this purpose, than I wished: and as they were delayed likewise by the difficulty of navigation at that season, they did not, I suppose, arrive before the senate was prorogued. It was the influence which your advice always has upon my judgment, that induced me to defer them: and I am satisfied it was perfectly right not to acquaint the senate of my being saluted with the title of *Imperator*, till I had gained still farther advantages by my arms, and entirely completed the campaign. I confidently rely therefore upon the assistance you have promised me: and recommend to your protection, whatever else concerns either my affairs or my family. Farewel.

LETTER LII.

To C. Titius Rufus, Prætor.

[A. U. 703.]

LUCIUS Custidius is not only of the same tribe * and corporation † with myself, but is likewise my particular friend. As he has a cause which he purposes to bring before you, I recommend his interest to your protection: but no farther, however, than is consistent with your honour and my own good manners. All I request therefore is, that you would allow him freely to wait upon you as often as he shall have occasion; that you would comply with his desires, as far as they shall appear equitable; and in a word, that you would convince him, that my friendship can effectually avail even at this distance. Farewel.

LETTER LIII.

To Silius.

[A. U. 703.]

WILL you not think that I am employed in a very unnecessary office, when I take upon me to recommend a man to your friendship, who already, I know, enjoys that privilege? Let it be a proof, however, that I am with passion, as well as esteem, devoted to his interest. I most earnestly entreat you then, to convince Egnatius, by

* Romulus divided his citizens into three tribes, each of which were subdivided into ten curiæ, or wards. These tribes were in after-times gradually increased, till they amounted to the number of thirty-five.

† The corporate or municipal towns were those which were allowed to govern themselves by their own laws and constitutions, and at the same time were honoured with the privileges of Roman citizens. Cicero was a native of one of these corporations, called Arpinum: situated in a district of Italy, which now makes part of the kingdom of Naples.

the good effects which this letter shall produce in his favour, both of your affection for me, and of mine for him. And be assured your compliance with this request will be the most agreeable of all the many and great instances I have received of your disposition to oblige me.

The pleasing hopes I entertained of public affairs are now totally vanished. However, whilst we wish things were better, let us support ourselves with the trite consolation, that we must submit to what cannot be remedied. But this is a subject I will reserve to our meeting. In the mean time, continue to give me your friendship; and be well persuaded of mine. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

To Publius Cæsius.

[A. U. 703.]

I MOST earnestly recommend to your favour, my very intimate friend Publius Messienus, a Roman knight, who is distinguished by every valuable endowment. I intreat you, by the double ties of that amity which I enjoy with you and your father, to protect him both in his fame and his fortunes. Be assured you will by this means conciliate the affection of a man highly deserving of your friendship, as well as confer a most acceptable obligation upon myself. Farewel.

LETTER LV.

To the Magistrates of Fregellæ.*

[A. U. 703.]

IF my connections with Quintus Hippius were not of the strongest and most amicable kind, I should not depart from the rule I have laid down to myself, of not troubling you with my applications. This maxim, you will bear me witness, I have hitherto strictly observed; though I was ever persuaded at the same time, that there is nothing you would refuse to my request. However, I now most earnestly intreat your generosity in behalf of my friend's son, and that you would do me the honour to shew so much regard to my inclinations, as to enfranchise the estate he has purchased of your corporation. I shall esteem your compliance with this request as a very singular favour. Farewel.

* It is supposed to be the same town which is now called *Ceperano*, in the *Campagna di Roma*.

LETTER LVI.

To Papirius Pætus †.

[A. U. 703.]

YOUR letter has rendered me a mo plete general. I protest I did to gine you were so wonderfully skilled art military. But I perceive you a absolute adept, and deeply studied tactics of king Pyrrhus ‡ and his Cineas. I have some thoughts of following your most curious and indeed of improving upon them. as I am assured that the best against the Parthian cavalry is a good I am designing to equip myself accor ly. Seriously, you cannot imagine an expert commander you have under to tutor: for after having worn out phon's life of Cyrus with reading Rome, I have now fairly *practised* the province—but I hope soon to join you in person. In the mean time, with submission due to my high b You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the ticular intimacy that subsists between cus Fabius and myself. I value hi deed extremely, not only for the integrity and modesty of his heart, he is a most excellent second to me in contests wherein I am sometimes e with certain jovial Epicurean comp of yours. He lately joined me at L cea; where I am very desirous of det him: but he received an unexpected which has given him great uneasiness. purport of it is, that his brother has tised his intentions of selling an e

† Lucius Papirius Pætus appears to be a person of great wit and humour, and in friendship with Cicero. "He was an Epi and in pursuance of the plan of life rec by the principles of that sect, seems to have ficed his ambition to his ease. He had military instructions by way of raillery to who returns an answer to this letter in the jocose manner." *Mr. Ross.*

‡ *Pyrrhus, king of Epirus*, who flourished 300 years before the date of this letter esteemed by the ancients as one of the soldiers that ever appeared in the world. thoughts and application were turned to the war: upon which subject he published tises that were extant in Plutarch's time. was one of the generals who commanded this heroic prince: and who, as it should this passage, had likewise distinguished his military writings. *Plut. in vit. Pyrr.*

ancum*, in which they are both interested. This news exceedingly my friend: and as his brother's undering is not extremely strong, he is d to think he has been instigated by f their common enemies, to take this xraordinary measure. Let me then you, my dear Pætus, if you have endship for me, to ease Fabius of the of this affair, by receiving the whole n of it upon yourself. We shall have n for your authority, your advice, ur interest: and I hope you will exm all, in order to prevent these two s from the disgrace of appearing as ries in a court of justice. I must not to tell you, that the persons whom suspects to be the malicious authors advice to his brother, are Mato and To say all in one word, I shall myself inexpressibly obliged, if you y friend of this troublesome affair: ur, he persuades me, entirely in your Farewel.

LETTER LVII.

To Marcus Cælius, Curule-Ædile.

[A. U. 703.]

extremely anxious concerning affairs ome: as I hear there have been great arces in the general assemblies of the †; and that the festival of Minerras celebrated in a most riotous man. But my intelligence goes no lower at period: and I am altogether uned of any thing which has since passet nothing mortifies me more than revented the pleasure of laughing u at several ridiculous incidents attended, I am told, these public s: but they are of such a delicate naat I dare not mention them in a letam a good deal uneasy likewise, at ving received any account of these tions from yourself. For which reawithstanding I shall be set out for before this reaches your hand, yet I shall meet a letter from you upon d, that I may not arrive an utter

e famous city near Naples, which was n by an earthquake, in the reign of and which is now furnishing the lite with so many invaluable treasures of an-

r conjectures, that this alludes to the which one of the tribunes occasioned the attempts of the Pompeian Caesar of his government in Gaul. of these tribunes, Curio, who had , now chose to distinguish him-

festival was celebrated on the 19th of five days.

stranger to the state of public affairs; as I am sure no man is more capable of instructing me concerning them than yourself.

Your agent, the worthy Diogenes, together with your freed-man Philo§, parted from me at Pessinus ‖, in order proceed on their journey to the king ¶ of Galatia: though with little hope of succeeding at a court neither very able nor very willing to comply with the purposes of their embassy.

Rome, my friend, Rome alone, is the object that merits your attention: and may you ever live within the splendour of that illustrious scene! All foreign employments (and it was my sentiment from my first entrance into the world) are below the ambition of those who have talents to distinguish themselves on that more conspicuous theatre. And wou'd to God, as I was ever well convinced of this truth, that I had always acted accordingly! Be assured, the pleasure of a single walk with you would afford me more satisfaction than all the advantages I can derive from my government. I hope, indeed, I shall receive the applause of having conducted myself throughout my administration with an untainted integrity: however, I should have merited as much honour by refusing the government of this province, as by having thus preserved it from the hands of our enemies. "But where then," you will ask perhaps, "had been "the hopes of a triumph?" Believe me, I should have deemed that loss well compensated, by escaping so long and so tedious a separation from all that I hold most valuable. But I hope I shall now soon be with you. In the mean time let me meet a letter from you, worthy of your political penetration. Farewel.

LETTER LVIII.

To Marcus Cato.

[A. U. 703.]

PRAISE from thy lips 'tis mine with pride to boast:
He best can give it who deserves it most:

as Hector, I think, says to the venerable Priam in one of Nævius's plays. Honourable, indeed, is that approbation which is bestowed by those who have themselves been the constant objects of universal applause.

§ Cælius mentions these persons in a former letter, as being employed by him to execute some commission in this part of the world: but the nature of the business with which they were charged does not appear.

‖ A city in Phrygia within the jurisdiction of Cicero's government.

¶ Deiotarus.

Accordingly, I esteem the encomiums you conferred upon me in the senate, together with your congratulatory letter, as a distinction of the highest and most illustrious kind. Nothing could be more agreeable to my wishes, as nothing could be more glorious for my reputation, than your having thus freely given to friendship, whatever you could strictly give to truth. Were Rome entirely composed of Catos, or could it produce many (as it is surprising it can furnish even one) of that venerable character, my desires would be amply satisfied; and I should prefer your single approbation, to all the laurels and all the triumphal cars in the universe. In my own judgment indeed, and according to the refined estimate of true philosophy, the honours you paid me in the senate, and which have been transmitted to me by my friends, is undoubtedly the most significant distinction I can possible receive. I acquainted you in my former letter, with the particular motives which induced me to be desirous (for I will not call it ambitious) of a triumph: and if the reasons I there assigned will not, in your opinion, justify a warm pursuit of that honour; they must prove at least that I ought not to refuse it, if the senate should make me the offer. And I hope that assembly, in consideration of my services in this province, will not think me undeserving of a reward so usually conferred. If I should not be disappointed in this hope, my only request is (what indeed you kindly promise), that as you have paid me the honours you thought most to my glory, you would rejoice in my obtaining those which are most to my inclination. And this disposition you have already very sincerely shewn, not only by your letter, but by having signed the decree that has passed in my favour; for decrees of this kind, I know, are usually subscribed by those who are most in the interest of the person to whose honour they are voted. I will only add, that I hope to see you very shortly; and may I find the republic in a happier situation than I have reason to fear! Farewel.

LETTER LIX.

To Terentia and Tullia.

Athens, October the 18th. [A. U. 703.]

THE amiable young Cicero and myself are perfectly well, if you and my dearest Tullia are so. We arrived here * on the 14th of this month, after a very tedious and disagreeable passage occasioned by contrary winds. Acastus † met me upon my landing, with letters from Rome; h been so expeditious as to perform th ney in one-and-twenty days. In the which he delivered to me, I found wherein you express some uneasin your former letters should not have my hands. They have my Terentia I am extremely obliged to you for th full accounts you gave me of every was concerned to know.

I am by no means surprised at the nes of your last, as you had reason pect us so soon. It is with great imp I wish for that meeting: though I sible, at the same time, of the situation in which I shall find the re All the letters indeed which I recei Acastus, agree in assuring me, tha is a general tendency to a civil war: when I come to Rome I shall be necessity of declaring myself on o or the other. However, since there avoiding the scene which fortune pared for me, I shall be the more tious in my journey, that I may the deliberate on the several circum which must determine my choice. I intreat you to meet me as far on as your health will permit.

The legacy which Precius has left is an acquisition that I receive with concern, as I tenderly loved him, tremely lament his death. If his should be put up to auction before rival, I beg you would recommend terest in it to the care of Atticus: case his affairs should not allow him dertake the office, that you would the same favour of Camillus. And should not find you at Rome, I desi would send proper directions thi that purpose. As for my other a hope I shall be able to settle them for I purpose to be in Italy, if the vour my voyage, about the 13th vember. In the mean time I conjure my amiable and excellent Terentia thou my dearest Tullia, I conjure you by all the tender regards you bear take care of your healths. Farewel.

LETTER LX.

To Tiro‡.

November the 3d. [A. U.

I DID not imagine I should have b little able to support your absence

* Athens. † A freed-man belonging to Cicero.

‡ He was a favourite slave of Cice trained him up in his family, and formed

t is more than I can well bear. Ac-
ly, notwithstanding it is of the last
nce to my interest* that I should
o Rome; yet I cannot but severely
h myself for having thus deserted
However, as you seemed altogether
from pursuing your voyage till you
re-establish your health, I approved
scheme; and I still approve of it,
continue in the same sentiments.
heless if, after having taken some
ment, you should think yourself in a
on to follow me; you may do so, or
you shall judge proper. If you
determine in the affirmative, I have
ario to attend you: if not, I have
d him to return immediately. Be
ssured, there is nothing I more ar-
desire than to have you with me,
ed I may enjoy that pleasure with-
ejudice to yourself. But be assured
t if your continuing somewhat long-
Patræ† should be thought necessary,
r your health to all other considera-
If you should embark immediately,
ay overtake me at Leucus‡. But if
e more inclined to defer your voyage
ur recovery shall be better confirmed,
e intreat you to be very careful in
ing a safe ship; and that you would
r sail at an improper season nor with-
convoy. I particularly charge you
my dear Tiro, by all the regard you
me, not to suffer the arrival of Mario,
r thing that I have said in this letter,
least to influence your resolution.
e me, whatever will be most agree-
o your health, will be most agreeable
e to my inclinations: and therefore

I desire you would be wholly governed by your own prudence. 'Tis true, I am extremely desirous of your company, and of enjoying it as early as possible: but the same affection which makes me wish to see you soon, makes me wish to see you well. Let your health therefore be your first and principal care; assuring yourself, that among all the numberless good offices I have received at your hands, I shall esteem this by far the most acceptable.

LETTER LXI.

To the same.

Leucas, Nov. the 7th. [A. U. 703.]

YOUR letter produced very different effects on my mind; as the latter part somewhat alleviated the concern which the former had occasioned. I am now convinced that it will not be safe for you to proceed on your voyage, till your health shall be entirely re-established: and I shall see you soon enough, if I see you perfectly recovered.

I find by your letter that you have a good opinion of your physician: and I am told he deserves it. However, I can by no means approve of the regimen he prescribed: for broths cannot certainly be suitable to so weak a stomach. I have written to him very fully concerning you; as also to Lyso. I have done the same likewise to my very obliging friend Curius: and have particularly requested him, if it should be agreeable to yourself, that he would remove you into his house. I am apprehensive, indeed, that Lyso will not give you proper attendance: in the first place, because carelessness is the general characteristic of all his countrymen§; and in the next, because he has returned no answer to my letter. Nevertheless, as you mention him with esteem, I leave it to you to continue with him, or not, just as you shall think proper. Let me only enjoin you, my dear Tiro, not to spare any expence that may be necessary towards your recovery. To this end, I have desired Curius to supply you with whatever money you shall require: and I think it would be proper, in order to render your physician the more careful in his attendance, to make him some present.

Numberless are the services I have received from you, both at home and abroad; in my public and my private transactions; in the course of my studies and the concerns

can immediate tuition. The probity of his
the elegance of his genius, and his un-
erudition, recommended him to his ma-
cular esteem and affection: of which the
addressed to him in this collection, are a
remarkable memorial.

Cicero was full of the hopes of obtaining
he was desirous of hastening to Rome
the dissensions between Cæsar and Pompey
be arrived at so great a height as to render
ible for him to enjoy that honour.

City in Peloponnesus, which still subsists
the name of Patras. Cicero had left Tiro
in this place, the day before the date of
letter.

Grecian island in the Ionian sea, now
Saint Maure. It was on this island that the
promontory stood, from whence the ten-
is said to have thrown herself in a fit of
despair: and which the inimitable Addi-
rendered still more celebrated by his inge-
on the *Lover's Leap*. See *Spectator*,
No 225, 233.

§ The Grecians.

of my family. But would you crown them all, let it be by your care that I may see you (as I hope I soon shall) perfectly recovered. If your health should permit, I think you cannot do better than to take the opportunity of embarking with my quæstor Mescinius; for he is a good-natured man, and seems to have conceived a friendship for you. The care of your voyage indeed, is the next thing I would recommend to you, after that of your health. However, I would now by no means have you hurry yourself; as my single concern is for your recovery. Be assured, my dear Tiro, that all my friends are yours; and consequently, as your health is of the greatest importance to me as well as to yourself, there are numbers who are solicitous for its preservation. Your assiduous attendance upon me has hitherto prevented you from paying due regard to it. But now that you are wholly at leisure, I conjure you to devote all your application to that single object: and I shall judge of the affection you bear me, by your compliance with this request. Adieu, my dear Tiro, adieu! adieu! may you soon be restored to the perfect enjoyment of your health!

Lepta, together with all your other friends, salute you. Farewel.

LETTER LXII.

To the same.

[A. U. 703.]

WE parted, you know, on the second of November: on the sixth I arrived at Leucas, from whence I reached Actium the following day. I was detained there by contrary winds till the next morning, when I sailed for Corcyra; where I arrived on the ninth, after having had a very favourable passage. The weather proving extremely tempestuous, I was obliged to continue in that place till the sixteenth, when I again proceeded on my voyage: and on the seventeenth, I entered the bay of Cassiope, a maritime town in Corcyra, situated about an hundred and twenty stadia from my former port. Here the wind shifting, I was detained till the 23d. In the mean time, those ships that had accompanied me thither, and were so impatient as immediately to put to sea again, were many of them lost. However, on the evening of the day I last mentioned, we weighed anchor; and having sailed all that night and the next day with a fair gale from the south, and a very clear sky, we gained with great ease the port of Hydruns in Italy. The same wind carried us the following day, b the twenty-fifth, to Brundisium. I wa at this place by Terentia (who desire to assure you of her esteem), and we e ed the town together. On the tw seventh, a slave of Plancius arrived with your very acceptable letter, date thirteenth of this month: which, tho did not entirely answer my wishes, tributed greatly to alleviate the uneasi was under upon your account. I ha satisfaction likewise of hearing at the time from your physician: who co me in the hope, that you will soon be

And now, as I perfectly well know prudence, your temperance, and the tion you bear me, can it be necessary should intreat you to employ your care to re-establish your health? I am suaded indeed, you will do every thi your power to return to me as soon a sible: however, I would by no means you more expeditious than your fr will bear. I am sorry you accepted L invitation to his concert; lest your abroad so soon should occasion a relap the fourth critical week*. But since were willing to hazard your health than appear deficient in point of po I hope you will guard against any ill quence that may attend your complai

I have written to Curius to requ would make a proper acknowledgme your physician, and supply you lib with whatever money your occasions require: which I will repay accordi his order. You will find an horse a mule at Brundisium, which I have left for your service. I am proceeding o journey to Rome: where I expect great commotions upon the entrance new consuls into their office†. How

* The ancients entertained a variety of fa tious notions concerning the mystical po numbers, particularly the number of seve its several multiplications and divisions. Ci one of his philosophical treatises, calls this *rerum omnium fere modus*; and it is to its pe influence with regard to the crisis of dis that he alludes in the present passage. Ma has retailed abundance of absurd learning in to this wonder-working number, which he cludes with the following reflection: *ut ve rio hic numerus totius fabricæ dispensator & ægris quoque corporibus periculum sanitatemque* This opinion, however, is not altogether sistent with a more improved philosophy: perience shews, that the 7th, the 14th, &c are frequently attended with certain cri symptoms in the progress of acute diseases. *in Somn. Scip.* i. 6.

† The consuls entered upon their offi first day of the new year.

my resolution not to engage in the t measures of either party.

ve only to add my most earnest re- that you would not embark without all prudent precautions to secure a oyage. The masters of ships, I know, re governed entirely by their hopes of are always in haste to sail. But I en- you, my dear Tiro, not to be too dous; and remember that you have a and dangerous sea to traverse. I should ad you would, if possible, take your ge with Mescinius; who is never dis- to run any imprudent risks in expe- ns of this kind. But if your health d not permit you to embark so soon, e desire you would look out for some companion in your voyage, whose ic character may give him an authority the commander of your ship. In a , you cannot more effectually oblige than by exerting your utmost care to rn to me safe and well. Again, and n, my dear Tiro, I bid you adieu. have recommended you in the strongest s to the care both of Curius and Lyso, ell as of your physician. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

To the same.

Jan. the 12th. [A. U. 704.]

OTWITHSTANDING that I feel the want of your services in every place upon all occasions; yet, be assured, rilness gives me far less concern on my account than yours. However, since s terminated, as Curius informs me, in artan ague; I hope, if you are not ing in proper care, that it will prove a s of more firmly establishing your lth. Be so just then to the regard you me, as not to suffer any other concern mploy your thoughts but what relates our recovery. I am sensible, at the same e, how much you suffer from this ab- te: but believe me, all will be well, nce you are so. I would by no means refore have you in so much haste to re- n to me, as to expose yourself to the gers of a winter-voyage; nor indeed the dangers of a sea-sickness, before shall have sufficiently recovered your ngth.

I arrived in the suburbs of Rome on the rth of January: and nothing could be re to my honour, than the manner in ich I was met on my approach to the y. But I am unhappily fallen into the y midst of public dissension, or rather indeed, I find myself surrounded with the flames of a civil war. It was my earnest desire to have composed these dangerous ferments: and I probably might, if the passions of some in both parties, who are equally eager for war, had not rendered my endeavours ineffectual. My friend Cæsar has written a very warm and menacing letter to the senate. He has the assurance, notwithstanding their express prohibition, to continue at the head of his army and in the government of his province: to which very extraordinary measures he has been instigated by Curio. The latter, in conjunction with Quintus Cassius and Mark Antony, without the least violence having been offered to them, have withdrawn themselves to Cæsar. They took this step immediately after the senate had given it in charge to the consuls*, the prætors, and the tribunes of the people, together with those of us who are invested with proconsular power, to take care of the interests of the republic†. And never, in truth, were our liberties in more imminent danger: as those who are disaffected to the commonwealth never were headed by a chief more capable, or better prepared to support them. We are raising forces with all possible diligence, under the authority and with the assistance of Pompey: who now begins, somewhat too late I fear, to be apprehensive of Cæsar's power. In the midst however of these alarming commotions, the senate demanded in a very full house, that a triumph should be immediately decreed to me. But the consul Lentulus, in order to appropriate to himself a greater share in conferring this honour, told them, that he would propose it himself in proper form, as soon as he should have dispatched the affairs that were necessary in the present conjuncture. In the mean time, I act with great moderation; and this conduct renders my influence with both parties so much the stronger. The several districts of Italy are assigned to our respective protections; and Capua is the department I have taken for mine.

I thought it proper to give you this general information of public affairs: to which I will only add my request, that you would take care of your health, and write

* The consuls of this year were Clodius Marcellus, and Cornelius Lentulus Crus.

† By this decree the magistrates therein named were invested with a discretionary power of acting as they should judge proper in the present exigency of public affairs: a decree to which the senate never had recourse but in cases of the utmost danger and distress. *Cæs. Bell. Civil.* i. 5.

to me by every opportunity. Again and again I bid you farewel.

LETTER LXIV.

To Terentia and to Tullia.

Minturnæ, Jan. the 25th. [A. U. 704.]

IN what manner it may be proper to dispose of yourselves during the present conjuncture, is a question which must now be decided by your own judgments as much as by mine. Should Cæsar advance to Rome without committing hostilities, you may certainly, for the present, at least, remain there unmolested: but if this madman should give up the city to the rapine of his soldiers, I much doubt whether even Dolabella's credit and authority will be sufficient to protect you. I am under some apprehension likewise, lest whilst you are deliberating in what manner to act, you should find yourselves so surrounded with the army as to render it impossible to withdraw, though you should be ever so much inclined. The next question is (and it is a question which you yourselves are best able to determine), whether any ladies of your rank venture to continue in the city: if not, will it be consistent with your character to appear singular in that point? But be that as it will, you cannot, I think, as affairs are now situated, be more commodiously placed, than either with me or at some of our farms in this district; supposing, I mean, that I should be able to maintain my present post. I must add likewise, that a short time, 'tis to be feared, will produce a great scarcity in Rome. However, I should be glad you would take the sentiments of Atticus, or Camillus, or any other friend whom you may choose to consult upon this subject. In the mean while let me conjure you both, to keep up your spirits. The coming over of Labienus to our party, has given affairs a much better aspect. And Piso having withdrawn himself from the city, is likewise another very favourable circumstance: as it is a plain indication, that he disapproves the impious measures of his son-in-law.

I intreat you, my dearest creatures, to write to me as frequently as possible, and let me know how it is with you, as well as what is going forward in Rome. My brother and nephew, together with Rufus, affectionately salute you. Farewel.

LETTER LXV.

To the same.

Formiæ* the 25th. [A. U.

IT well deserves consideration, whether will be more prudent for you to con in Rome, or to remove to some secure within my department; and it is a sideration, my dearest creatures, in your own judgments must assist mine. W occurs to my present thoughts is this: the one hand, as you will probably safe protection † in Dolabella, your ing in Rome may prove a mean of secu our house from being plundered, shou soldiers be suffered to commit any viole of that kind. But on the other, when reflect that all the worthier part of the public have withdrawn themselves and families from the city; I am inclined to vise you to follow their example. I add, likewise, that there are several tow in this canton of Italy under my comma which are particularly in our interest: also, that great part of our estate lies in same district. If therefore you should move hither, you may not only very quently be with me, but whenever we be obliged to separate, you may be fai lodged at one or other of my farms. However, I am utterly unable to determine present, which of these schemes is pre able: only let me intreat you to obse what steps other ladies of your rank sue in this conjuncture; and be cautious wise that you be not prevented from ing, should it prove your choice. In mean time, I hope you will maturely liberate upon this point between yourselv and take the opinion also of our frie At all events, I desire you would Philotimus to procure a strong guard defend our house: to which request I add, that you would engage a proper ber of regular couriers, in order to me the satisfaction of hearing from every day. But above all, let me con you both, to take care of your health you wish to preserve mine. Farewel.

* A maritime city in Campania, not far Minturnæ, the place from whence the prec letter is dated.

† This epistle seems to have been a sort of plicate of the former: and though it is dated a different place, it was probably written on same day, and conveyed by some unexpected portunity that occurred after he had dispa the foregoing.

LE

LETTER LXVI.

To Tiro.

April the 10th. [A. U. 704.]

ALL think myself indebted to you all that I most value, whenever you me the satisfaction of seeing you per- recovered. In the mean time, I am utmost impatience for the return of nder, whom I lately dispatched with er to you. I conjure you, if you have ffection for me, to take care of your h, and let me see you as soon as it be thoroughly re-established. Farewel.

LETTER LXVII.

To Rufus.

[A. U. 704.]

OUGH I never once doubted that I njoyed the highest rank in your friend- yet every day's experience strengthens n that persuasion. You assured me, member, in one of your letters, that should be more assiduous in giving me fs of your affection now, than when were my quæstor, as they would more putably appear to be the free result of nterested esteem. And though nothing, ought, could exceed your good offices re in the province, yet you have since evinced the sincerity of this promise. ordingly, it was with great pleasure I rved the friendly impatience with which expected my arrival in Rome, when I thoughts of going thither; as well as jo you afterwards expressed at my hav- laid aside that design, when affairs had n a different turn from what you ima- d. But your last letter was particularly grable to me, as an instance both of r affection and your judgment. It af- ed me much satisfaction indeed, to find he one hand, that you consider your interest (as every great and honest d ought always to consider it) as inse- ble connected with a rectitude of con- t: and on the other, that you promise accompany me, whithersoever I may rmine to steer. Nothing can be more eable to my inclination, nor, I trust, your honour, than your executing this ation. Mine has been fixed for some e: and it was not with any design of cealing it from you, that I did not ac- int you with it before. My only rea- was, that in public conjunctures of this d, the communication of one's inten- s to a friend, looks like admonishing, or rather indeed pressing him to share in the difficulties and the dangers of one's schemes. I cannot, however, but willingly embrace an offer which proceeds from so affectionate and generous a disposition: though I must add at the same time (that I may not transgress the modest limits I have set to my requests of this nature), that I by no means urge your compliance. If you shall think proper to pursue the measures you propose, I shall esteem myself greatly indebted to you: if not, I shall very readily excuse you. For though I shall look upon the former as a tribute which you could not well refuse to my friendship; yet I shall consider the latter likewise as the same reasonable concession to your fears. It must be owned, there is great difficulty how to act upon this occasion. 'Tis true, what honour would direct, is very apparent: but the prudential part is far from being a point so clear. However, if we would act up as we ought, to the dictates of that philosophy we have mutually cultivated, we cannot once hesitate in thinking, that the worthiest measures must upon the whole be the most expedient. If you are inclined then to embark with me, you must come hither immediately: but if it should not suit you to be thus expeditious, I will send you an exact account of my route. To be short, in whatever manner you may decide, I shall always consider you as my friend: but much more so, if you should determine as I wish. Farewel.

LETTER LXVIII.

To Terentia.

June the 11th. [A. U. 704.]

I AM entirely free from the disorder in my stomach; which was the more painful, as I saw it occasioned both you and that dear girl, whom I love better than my life, so much uneasiness. I discovered the cause of this complaint the night after I left you, having discharged a great quantity of phlegm. This gave me so immediate a relief, that I cannot but believe I owe my cure to some heavenly interposition: to Apollo, no doubt, and Æsculapius. You will offer up your grateful tributes therefore to these restoring powers, with all the ardency of your usual devotion.

I am this moment embarked*; and have procured a ship which I hope is well able to perform her voyage. As soon as I shall have

* In order to join Pompey in Greece: who had left Italy about three months before the date of this letter.

have finished this letter, I propose to write to several of my friends, recommending you and our dearest Tullia in the strongest terms to their protection. In the mean time, I should exhort you to keep up your spirits, if I did not know that you are both animated with a more than manly fortitude. And indeed I hope there is a fair prospect of your remaining in Italy without any inconvenience, and of my returning to the defence of the republic, in conjunction with those who are no less faithfully devoted to its interest.

After earnestly recommending to you the care of your health, let me make it my next request, that you would dispose of yourself in such of my villas as are at the greatest distance from the army. And if provisions should become scarce in Rome, I should think you will find it most convenient to remove with your servants to Arpinum*.

The amiable young Cicero most tenderly salutes you. Again and again I bid you farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

To Terentia†.

June the 2d. [A. U. 704.]

I AM informed by the letters of my friends as well as by other accounts, that you have had a sudden attack of a fever. I intreat you therefore to employ the utmost care in re-establishing your health.

The early notice you gave me of Cæsar's letter, was extremely agreeable to me: and let me desire you would send me the same expeditious intelligence, if any thing should hereafter occur that concerns me to know. Once more I conjure you to take care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

To the same‡.

[A. U. 704.]

I INTREAT you to take all proper measures for the recovery of your health.—Let me request, likewise, that you would provide whatever may be necessary in present conjuncture; and that you [illegible] send me frequent accounts how every [illegible] goes on. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

To the same.

July the 15th. [A. U. [illegible]

I HAVE seldom an opportunity of [illegible]ing; and scarce any thing to say [illegible] choose to trust in a letter. I find by [illegible] last, that you cannot meet with a pur[illegible] for any of our farms. I beg therefore [illegible] would consider of some other method [illegible] raising money, in order to satisfy the [illegible]son, who you are sensible I am very [illegible]ous should be paid§.

I am by no means surprised that [illegible] should have received the thanks of [illegible] friend; as I dare say she had great [illegible] to acknowledge your kindness.

If Pollex‖ is not yet set out, I desire [illegible] would exercise your authority, and force [illegible] loiterer to depart immediately. Farewel.

LETTER LXXII.

To the same.

Brundisium, Nov. the 5th. [A. U. [illegible]

MAY the joy you express at my safe arrival in Italy ¶ be never interrupted. But my mind was so much discompos[illegible] those attrocious injuries I had rece[illegible] that I have taken a step, I fear, which [illegible] be attended with great difficulties. Let [illegible] then intreat your utmost assistance: [illegible] I must confess, at the same time, [illegible] know not wherein it can avail me.

I would by no means have you think [illegible] coming hither. For the journey is [illegible] long and dangerous: and I do not [illegible] what manner you could be of any [illegible] Farewel.

* A city in the country of the Volsci: a district of Italy which now comprehends part of the Campagna di Roma, and of the Terra di Lavoro. Cicero was born in this town, which still subsists under the name of Arpino.

† "This letter was written by Cicero in the camp at Dyrrachium: for there is one extant to Atticus later than this, and dated from the camp." Mr. *Rosi*.

‡ This letter was probably written soon after the foregoing, and from the same place.

§ This letter, as well as the two former, written while Cicero was with Pompey in Gr[illegible] The business at which he so obscurely hints, been thought to relate to the payment of [illegible] Tullia's portion to Dolabella.

‖ It appears by a letter to Atticus, that this [illegible]son acted as a sort of a steward in Cicero's [illegible]

¶ After the battle of Pharsalia, Cicero [illegible] not engage himself any farther with the Pom[illegible] party: but having endeavoured to make his [illegible] with Cæsar by the mediation of Dolabella, he [illegible] to have received no other answer, than an [illegible] return immediately into Italy. And this [illegible]cordingly did in a few days before the date [illegible] present letter.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]

E ill state of health into which Tullia fallen, is a very severe addition to the and great disquietudes that afflict my But I need say nothing farther up- s subject: as I am sure her welfare is s a part of your tender concern than f mine.

gree both with you and her in think- proper that I should advance nearer me: and I should have done so before if I had not been prevented by seve- ficulties, which I am not yet able to e. But I am in expectation of a let- om Atticus, with his sentiments upon ubject; and I beg you would forward me by the earliest opportunity. Fare-

LETTER LXXIV.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]

addition to my other misfortunes, I ve now to lament the illness both of bella and Tullia. The whole frame y mind is indeed so utterly discompos- hat I know not what to resolve, or how ct, in any of my affairs. I can only re you to take care of yourself and of lia. Farewel.

LETTER LXXV.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]

ny thing occurred worth communicat- g to you, my letters would be more ent and much longer. But I need not you the situation of my affairs; and as to ffect they have upon my mind, I leave o Lepta and Trebatius to inform you. e only to add my intreaties, that you d take care of your own and Tullia's lth. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Titius.

[A. U. 704.]

HERE is none of your friends less ca- pable than I am, to offer consolation to under your present affliction: as the re I take in your loss renders me great- n need of the same good office myself. wever, as my grief does not rise to the same extreme degree as your's, I should not think I discharged the duty which my connexion and friendship with you require, if I remained altogether silent at a time when you are thus over-whelmed with sorrow. I determined therefore to suggest a few reflections to you which may alleviate at least, if not entirely remove, the anguish of your heart.

There is no maxim of consolation more common, yet at the same time there is none which deserves to be more frequently in our thoughts, than that we ought to remember, "We are men;" that is, creatures who are born to be exposed to calamities of every kind: and therefore, "that it becomes us "to submit to the conditions by which we "hold our existence, without being too "much dejected by accidents which no pru- "dence can prevent." In a word, that we should learn by "reflecting on the misfor- "tunes which have attended others, that "there is nothing singular in those which "befal ourselves." But neither these, nor other arguments to the same purpose which are inculcated in the writings of the philosophers, seem to have so strong a claim to success, as those which may be drawn from the present unhappy situation of public affairs, and that endless series of misfortunes which is rising upon our country. They are such, indeed, that one cannot but account those to be most fortunate, who never knew what it is to be a parent: and as to those persons who are deprived of their children, in these times of general anarchy and mis-rule, they have much less reason to regret their loss, than if it had happened in a more flourishing period of the commonwealth, or while yet the republic had any existence. If your tears flow, indeed, from this accident merely as it affects your own personal happiness, it may be difficult perhaps entirely to restrain them. But if your sorrow takes its rise from a more enlarged and benevolent principle; if it be more for the sake of the dead themselves that you lament, it may be an easier task to assuage your grief. I shall not here insist upon an argument, which I have frequently heard maintained in speculative conversations, as well as often read likewise in treatises that have been written upon this subject.—— "Death," say those philosophers, "can- "not be considered as an evil; because if "any consciousness remains after our dis- "solution, it is rather an entrance into im- "mortality, than an extinction of life: and "if none remains, there can be no misery "where there is no sensibility." Not to insist,

insist, I say, upon any reasonings of this nature; let me remind you of an argument which I can urge with much more confidence. He who has made his exit from a scene where such dreadful confusion prevails, and where so many approaching calamities are in prospect, cannot possibly, it should seem, be a loser by the exchange. Let me ask, not only where honour, virtue, and probity, where true philosophy and the useful arts, can now fly for refuge; but where even our liberties and our lives can be secure? For my own part, I have never once heard of the death of any youth during all this sad year, whom I have not considered as kindly delivered by the immortal gods from the miseries of these wretched times. If, therefore, you can be persuaded to think that their condition is by no means unhappy, whose loss you so tenderly deplore; it must undoubtedly prove a very considerable abatement of your present affliction. For it will then entirely arise from what you feel upon your own account; and have no relation to the persons whose death you regret. Now it would ill agree with those wise and generous maxims which have ever inspired your breast, to be too sensible of misfortunes which terminate in your own person, and affect not the happiness of those you love. You have, upon all occasions both public and private, shewn yourself animated with the firmest fortitude: and it becomes you to act up to the character you have thus justly acquired. Time necessarily wears out the deepest impressions of sorrow: and the weakest mother that ever lost a child, has found some period to her grief. But we should wisely anticipate that effect which a certain revolution of days will undoubtedly produce: and not wait for a remedy from time, which we may much sooner receive from reason.

If what I have said can any thing avail in lessening the weight of your affliction, I shall have obtained my wish: if not, I shall at least have discharged the duties of that friendship and affection which, believe me, I ever have preserved, and ever shall preserve towards you. Farewel,

LETTER LXXVII.

To Terentia.

December the 31st. [A. U. 705.]

MY affairs are at present in such a situation, that I have no reason to expect a letter on your part, and have nothing to communicate to you on mine. Yet I know not how it is, I can no more forbear flattering myself that I may hear from you than I can refrain from writing to you whenever I meet with a conveyance.

Volumnia ought to have shewn herself more zealous for your interest: and in the particular instance you mention, she might have acted with greater care and caution. This, however, is but a slight grievance amongst others which I far more sensibly feel and lament. They have the effect on me, indeed, which those persons undoubtedly wished, who compelled me to measures utterly opposite to my own inclinations. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 706.]

TULLIA arrived here* on the 11th of this month†. It extremely afflicted me to see a woman of her singular and amiable virtues reduced (and reduced too by my own negligence) to a situation far more than is agreeable to her rank and her piety‡.

I have some thoughts of sending my son accompanied by Sallustius, with a letter to Cæsar§: and if I should execute this design I will let you know when he sets out. In the mean time be careful of your health, I conjure you. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

To the same.

June the 20th. [A. U. 706.]

I HAD determined, agreeably to what I mentioned in my former, to send my son to meet Cæsar on his return to Italy. But I have since altered my resolution: as I have no news of his arrival. For the rest I refer you to Sicca, who will inform you what measures I think necessary to be taken: though I must add, that nothing new has occurred since I wrote last. Tullia is still with me.—Adieu, and take all possible care of your health.

* Brundisium; where Cicero was still waiting for Cæsar's arrival from Egypt.

† June.

‡ Dolabella was greatly embarrassed in his affairs; and it seems by this passage as if he had not allowed Tullia a maintenance during his absence abroad, sufficient to support her rank and dignity.

§ In order to suplicate Cæsar's pardon, for having engaged against him on the side of Pompey.

LETTER LXXX.

To Acilius, Proconsul.

[A. U. 706.]

IUS Flavius, an illustrious Roman knight, of an honourable family, is one whom I live in great intimacy: he was my particular friend likewise of my son-in-law Piso. Both he and his brother Caius shew me the strongest instances of regard. I shall receive it therefore as a honour done to myself, if you will treat Caius with all the highest marks of favour and distinction, that shall be consistent with your character and dignity: and I assure you cannot in any article more sensibly oblige me, than by complying with this request. I will add, that the rank which he bears in the world, the credit in which he stands with those of his own order, together with his polite and grateful disposition, will afford you reason to be extremely well satisfied with the good offices you may confer upon him. When I say this, believe me, I am not prompted by any interested motives, but speak the sincere dictates of truth and friendship. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Terentia.

July the 9th. [A. U. 706.]

WROTE to Atticus (somewhat later indeed than I ought) concerning the affair you mention. When you talk with him upon that head, he will inform you of my inclinations: and I need not be more full here, after having written so fully to him. Let me know as soon as possible what steps are taken in that business; and acquaint me at the same time with every thing else which concerns me. I have only to add my request, that you would be careful of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the same.

July the 10th. [A. U. 706.]

In answer to what you object concerning the divorce I mentioned in my last*, I can only say, that I am perfectly ignorant what power Dolabella may at this time have, or what ferments there may be among the populace. However, if you think there is any thing to be apprehended from his resentment, let the matter rest; and perhaps the first proposal may come from himself †. Nevertheless, I leave you to act as you shall judge proper; not doubting that you will take such measures in this most unfortunate affair, as shall appear to be attended with the fewest unhappy consequences. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To the same.

August the 11th. [A. U. 706.]

I HAVE not yet heard any news either of Cæsar's arrival, or of his letter, which Philotimus, I was informed, had in charge to deliver me. But be assured, you shall immediately receive the first certain intelligence I shall be able to send you. Take care of your health. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To the same.

August the 12th. A. U. 706.]

I HAVE at last received a letter from Cæsar; and written in no unfavourable terms. It is now said, that he will be in Italy much sooner than was expected. I have not yet resolved whether to wait for him here, or to meet him on his way: but as soon as I shall have determined that point, I will let you know.

I beg you would immediately send back this messenger: and let me conjure you at the same time to take all possible care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXV.

To the same.

September the 1st. [A. U. 706.]

I AM in daily expectation of my couriers, whose return will, perhaps, render me less doubtful what course to pursue ‡. As soon as they shall arrive, I will give you immediate notice. Mean while, be careful of your health. Farewel.

* Between Tullia and Dolabella.

† The passage in the original is extremely corrupt. The translation has adopted the reading proposed by Mr. Ross: *sed si metuendus iratus est; quiesce: tum ab illo fortasse nascetur.*

‡ Whether to wait at Brundisium the arrival of Cæsar, or to set out in order to meet him.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To the same.

Venusia*, October the 1st. [A. U. 706.]

I PURPOSE to be at my Tusculan villa about the 7th or 8th of this month. I beg that every thing may be ready for my reception: as I shall perhaps bring several friends with me; and I may probably too continue there some time. If a vase is wanting in the bath, let it be supplied with one: and I desire you would likewise provide whatever else may be necessary for the health and entertainment of my guests. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Trebonius †

[A. U. 706.]

I READ your letter, but particularly the treatise that attended it‡, with great pleasure. It was a pleasure, nevertheless, not without its alloy: as I could not but regret that you should leave us at a time when you had thus inflamed my heart, I do not say with a stronger affection (for that, in truth, could admit of no increase), but with a more ardent desire of enjoying your company. My single consolation arises from the hope, that we shall endeavour to alleviate the pain of this absence by a mutual exchange of long and frequent letters. Whilst I promise this on my part, I assure myself of the same on yours: as indeed, you have left me no room to doubt how highly I stand in your regard. Need I mention those public instances I formerly received of your friendship, when you shewed the world that you considered my enemies as your own; when you stood forth my generous advocate in the assemblies of the people; when you acted with that spirit which the consuls ought to have shewn, in maintaining the cause of liberty by supporting mine; and though only a quæstor, yet refused to submit to the superior authority of a tribune, whilst your colleague at the same time meanly yielded to his measures? Need I mention (what I shall always however most gratefully remember) the more recent instances of your regard to me, in the gratitude you expressed for my safety when engaged in the late war; in the joy you shewed when I returned into Italy; in your friendly participation of all those cares and disquietudes with which I was at that time oppressed; and in a word, in your intent of visiting me at Brundisium, if you had not been suddenly ordered into Spain? To omit, I say, these various estimable proofs of your friendship; in the treatise you have now sent me, a conspicuous evidence of the share I have in your heart? It is so, indeed, in a double view: and not only as you are so partial to be the constant, and perhaps, single admirer of my wit, but as you have placed likewise in so advantageous a light, and render it, whatever it may be in itself, extremely agreeable. The truth of it is, my manner of relating my pleasantries, is less humorous than the conceits you celebrate; and half the reader's mirth is exhausted ere he arrives at my joke. In this if I had no other obligation to you for making this collection, than your having fixed me to be so long present to your thoughts, I should be utterly insensible if it were to impress upon me the most affectionate sentiments. When I consider, indeed, that nothing but the warmest attachment could have engaged you in such a work. I cannot suppose any man to have a greater regard for himself, than you have thus discovered for me. I wish it may be in my power to make you as ample a return in every other instance, as I most certainly in the affection of my heart; a return of which I trust, however, you will be perfectly well satisfied.

But to return from your performance to your very agreeable letter: full as it is, I may yet answer it in few words. Let me assure you then, in the first place, that I more imagined the letter which I sent Calvus ¶ would be made public, than suspect that this will: and you are sensible that a letter designed to go no farther than the hand to which it is addressed, is written in a very different manner from one intended for general inspection. But you think, it seems, that I have spoken in higher terms of his abilites than truth will justify. It

* Now called Venosa: a town in the kingdom of Naples, situated at the foot of the Apennine mountains.

† He was tribune in the year of Rome 698, at which time he distinguished himself by being the principal promoter of those unconstitutional grants that were made by the people to Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, for the enlargement of their power and dignities.

‡ A Collection of Cicero's *Bons Mots*.

§ After the battle of Pharsalia.

‖ When he was waiting the arrival of Cæsar.

¶ A very celebrated orator; who though much above thirty when he died (which was a little time before this letter was written), yet left behind him a large collection of orations.

opinion, however, that he possessed genius: and notwithstanding that applied it by a wrong choice of that lar species of eloquence which he d, yet he certainly discovered great ent in his execution. In a word, his sitions were marked with a vein of mon erudition; but they wanted a strength and spirit of colouring to them perfectly finished. It was the ent therefore of this quality, that I oured to recommend to his pursuit: e seasoning of advice with applause, wonderful efficacy in firing the ge- d animating the efforts of those one to persuade. This was the true of the praises I bestowed upon Cal- of whose talents I really had a very pinion.

ve only farther to assure you, that ectionate wishes attend you in your y; that I shall impatiently expect eturn; that I shall faithfully preserve my remembrance; and that I shall the uneasiness of your absence by g up this epistolary commerce. Let treat you to reflect on your part, on ny and great good offices I have re- at your hands: and which though y forget, I never can, without being of a most unpardonable ingratitude. mpossible indeed you should reflect on bligations you have conferred upon ithout believing, not only that I some merit, but that I think of ith the highest esteem and affection. el.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Acilius, Proconsul.

[A. U. 706.]

RONGLY recommend my friend and Hippias to your good offices: he is en of Calactina, and the son of Phi- s. His estate (as the affair has been ted to me) has been illegally seized e use of the public: and if this should truth, your own equity, without any recommendation, will sufficiently in- ce to see that justice is done him. atever the circumstances of his case e, I request it as an honour to myself, n honour too of the most obliging that you would in this, and in every article in which he is concerned, him with your assistance: so far, , as shall not be inconsistent with nour and dignity of your character. el.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To the same.

[A. U. 706.]

LUCIUS Bruttius, a young man of equestrian rank, is in the number of those with whom I am most particularly intimate: there has been a great friendship likewise between his father and myself, ever since I was quæstor in Sicily. He distinguishes me by peculiar marks of his observance; and is adorned with every valuable accomplishment. He is at present my guest: but I most earnestly recommend his family, his affairs, and his agents, to your protection. You will confer upon me a most acceptable obligation, by giving him reason to find (as indeed I have ventured to assure him he undoubtedly will) that this letter shall have proved much to his advantage. Farewel.

LETTER XC.

To Lucius Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 706.]

IS it true, my friend, that you look upon yourself as having been guilty of a most ridiculous piece of folly, in attempting to imitate the thunder, as you call it, of my eloquence? With reason indeed you might have thought so, had you failed in your attempt: but since you have excelled the model you had in view, the disgrace surely is on my side, not on yours. The verse therefore which you apply to yourself from one of Trabea's comedies, may with much more justice be turned upon me: as my own eloquence falls far short of that perfection at which I aim. But tell me, what sort of figure do my letters make: are they not written, think you, in the true familiar? They do not constantly, however, preserve one uniform manner; as this species of composition bears no resemblance to that of the oratorical kind: though indeed in judicial matters, we vary our style according to the nature of the causes in which we are engaged. Those, for example, in which private interests of little moment are concerned, we treat with a suitable simplicity of diction; but where the reputation or the life of our client is in question, we rise into greater pomp and dignity of phrase. But whatever may be the subject of my letters, they still speak the language of conversation. Farewel.

LETTER XCI.

To Acilius, Proconsul.

[A. U. 706.]

I HAVE long had a friendship with the family of the Titurnii; the last surviving branch of which, is Marcus Titurnius Rufus. He has a claim therefore to my best good offices; and it is in your power to render them effectual. Accordingly I recommend him to your favour, in all the most unfeigned warmth of my heart: and you will extremely oblige me by giving him strong proofs of the regard you pay to my recommendation. Farewel.

LETTER XCII.

To Marcus Terentius Varro.*

[A. U. 707.]

ATTICUS lately read a letter to me that he had received from you, by which I was informed where you are, and in what manner employed: but it mentioned no circumstance that could lead me to guess when we might expect to see you. I hope, however, that the time of your coming hither is approaching, and that your company will afford me consolation under our general misfortunes: though indeed they are so numerous and so severe, that it is a folly to expect any thing will be sufficient for that purpose. Nevertheless there are some instances, perhaps, in which we may prove of mutual assistance to each other. For since my return to Rome, you must know, I am reconciled to those old companions of mine, my books. Not that I was estranged from them out of any disgust; but that I could not look upon them without some sort of shame. It seemed, indeed, that I had ill observed their precepts, when I joined with perfidious associates in taking part in our public commotions. They are willing, however, to pardon my error, and invite me to renew my former acquaintance with them; applauding at the same time your superior wisdom, in never having forsaken their society†. Thus restored, therefore, as I am to their good graces, may I not hope, if I can [illegible] company with theirs, to support [illegible] der the pressure of our present and [illegible] ing calamities? Wherever then [illegible] choose I should join you, be it at [illegible] lum, at Cumæ, or at Rome, I shall readily obey your summons. The [illegible] last named would indeed be the [illegible] ceptable to me. But it is of no gre[illegible] sequence where we meet: for if we [illegible] be together, I will undertake to [illegible] place of meeting equally agreeable [illegible] of us. Farewel.

* Marcus Terentius Varro had been lieutenant to Pompey in the piratic war. He published many treatises in all the various branches of human science: one or two of the least considerable of which, and those not entire, are the whole that now remain of his numberless compositions.

† Varro's books were his companions, it seems, in the camp as well as in the closet, and he was never wholly separated from them, it appears, even amidst the most active engagements of public life.

LETTER XCIII.

To Allienus, Proconsul‡.

[A. U. 707.]

DEMOCRITUS of Sicyon is [illegible] my host, but (what I can say of [illegible] his countrymen beside) he is likewi[illegible] very intimate friend. He is a per[illegible] deed of the highest probity and me[illegible] distinguished for his most generous [illegible] lite hospitality towards those who [illegible] der his roof; in which number I ha[illegible] ceived particular marks of his affecti[illegible] esteem. In one word, you will find [illegible] man of the first and most valuable cha[illegible] amongst his fellow-citizens, I had [illegible] said in all Achaia. I only mean the[illegible] by this letter to introduce him to you[illegible] quaintance: for I know your sen[illegible] and disposition so well, that I am per[illegible] nothing more is necessary to make you [illegible] him worthy of being received both as [illegible] guest and friend. Let me intreat [illegible] the mean time to favour him with you[illegible] tronage, and to assure him that for my[illegible] he may depend upon all the assistan[illegible] your power. If after this you shou[illegible] cover (as I trust you will) that his [illegible] render him deserving of a nearer [illegible] course, you cannot more sensibly oblig[illegible] than by admitting him into your fam[illegible] friendship. Farewel.

LETTER XCIV.

To Lucius Mescinius.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR letter afforded me great pl[illegible] as it gave me an assurance (thou[illegible] deed I wanted none) that you ea[illegible] wish for my company. Believe me,

‡ He was at this time proconsul, or g[illegible] Sicily, and distinguished himself by his [illegible] diligence in transporting the troops which [illegible] received from thence in order to carry on [illegible] in Africa.

desirous of yours: and in truth, here was a much greater abundance ot citizens and agreeable compa- who were in the number of my friends, was no man with whom I rather chose iate, and few whose company I liked . But now that death, absence, or of disposition, has so greatly con- this social circle, I should prefer a day with you, to a whole life with ncrality of those with whom I am at obliged to live*. Solitude itself (if solitude, alas! I were at liberty would be far more eligible than nversation of those who frequent my one or two of them at most except- seek my relief therefore (where I advise you to look for yours) in ments of a literary kind, and in the usness of having always intended my country. I have the satisfaction t (as I dare say you will readily be- that I never sacrificed the public o my own private views; that if a person (whom for my sake, I am ou never loved) had not looked upon h a jealous eye†, both himself and friend to liberty had been happy; always endeavoured that it should not he power of any man to disturb the tranquillity; and in a word, that perceived those arms which I had eaded, would prove an over-match patriot-coalition I had myself form- e republic, I thought it better to of a safe peace upon any terms, than nly to contend with a superior force. ope shortly to talk over these and many oints with you in person. Nothing detains me in Rome, but to wait nt of the war in Africa; which, I e, must now be soon decided. And it seems of little importance on side the victory shall turn, yet I think be of some advantage to be near my when the news shall arrive, in or- consult with them on the measures be adviseable for me to pursue. Af- e now reduced to such an unhappy n, that though there is a consider- fference, 'tis true, between the cause contending parties, I believe there very little as to the consequence of their success. However, though my spirits were too much dejected, perhaps, whilst our affairs remained in suspense; I find myself much more composed now that they are utterly desperate. Your last letter has contributed to confirm me in this disposition; as it is an instance of the magnanimity with which you support your unjust disgrace‡. It is with particular satisfaction I observe, that you owe this heroic calmness not only to philosophy, but to temper. For I will confess, that I imagined your mind was softened with that too delicate sensibility which we who passed our lives in the ease and freedom of Rome, were apt, in general, to contract. But as we bore our prosperous days with moderation, it becomes us to bear our adverse fortune, or more properly indeed our irretrievable ruin, with fortitude. This advantage we may at least derive from our extreme calamities; that they will teach us to look upon death with contempt: which even if we were happy we ought to despise, as a state of total insensibility; but which, under our present afflictions, should be the object of our constant wishes. Let not any fears then, I conjure you by your affection for me, disturb the peace of your retirement: and be well persuaded, nothing can befal a man that deserves to raise his dread and horror, but (what I am sure ever was, and ever will be far from you) the reproaches of a guilty heart.

I purpose to pay you a visit very soon, if nothing should happen to make it necessary for me to change my resolution: and if there should, I will immediately let you know. But I hope you will not, whilst you are in so weak a condition, be tempted, by your impatience of seeing me, to remove from your present situation: at least not without previously consulting me. In the mean time, continue to love me; and take care both of your health and your repose. Farewel.

LETTER XCV.

To Varro.

[A. U. 707.]

THOUGH I have nothing to write, yet I could not suffer Caninius to pay you a visit, without taking the opportunity of conveying a letter by his hands. And now I know not what else to say, but that I propose to be with you very soon: an inform-

* chiefs of the Cæsarean party; with whom now found it convenient to cultivate a ds in order to ingratiate himself with

† Metellus; who being jealous of the popularity Cicero had acquired during his consulship, with the designs of Cæsar, and others formed a party against our author.

‡ Metellus, it is probable, was banished by Cæsar, as a partisan of Pompey, to a certain distance from Rome.

ation, however, which I am persuaded you will be glad to receive. But will it be altogether decent to appear in so gay a scene* at a time when Rome is in such a general flame? And shall we not furnish an occasion of censure to those, who do not know that we observe the same sober philosophical life, in all seasons, and in every place? Yet after all, what imports it, since the world will talk of us, in spite of our utmost caution? And, indeed, whilst our censurers are immersed in every kind of flagitious debauchery, it is much worth our concern, truly, what they say of our innocent relaxations. In just contempt therefore of these illiterate barbarians, it is my resolution to join you very speedily. I know not how it is indeed, but it should seem that our favourite studies are attended with much greater advantages in these wretched times, than formerly; whether it be that they are now our only resource; or that we were less sensible of their salutary effects, when we were in too happy a state to have occasion to experience them.—But this is sending owls to Athens†, as we say; and suggesting reflections which your own mind will far better supply. All that I mean by them, however, is to draw a letter from you in return, at the same time that I give you notice to expect me soon. Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

OUR friend Caninius paid me a visit some time ago very late in the evening, and informed me that he proposed to set out for your house the next morning. I told him I would give him two or three lines to deliver to you, and desired he would call for them in the morning. Accordingly I wrote to you that night‡: but as he did not return, I imagined he had forgotten his promise; and should, therefore, have sent that letter by one of my own domestics, if Caninius had not assured me of your intention to leave Tusculum the next morning. However, after a few days had intervened, and I had given over all expectations of Caninius, he made me a second visit, and [illegible] me that he was instantly setting [illegible] But notwithstanding the letter I [illegible] ten was then become altogether [illegible] especially after the arrival of such [illegible] ant news§; yet as I was unwilling [illegible] of my profound lucubrations should [illegible] I delivered it into the hands of [illegible] learned and affectionate friend of [illegible] who, I suppose, has acquainted [illegible] the conversation which passed betw[illegible] at the same time.

I think it most prudent for both of [illegible] avoid the view at least, if we cannot [illegible] ly escape the the remarks of the world [illegible] those who are elevated with this [illegible] look down upon us with an air of [illegible] and those who regret it, are displeased [illegible] we do not sacrifice our lives in the [illegible] But you will ask, perhaps, (as it is in [illegible] that we are particularly exposed to [illegible] mortifications), why I have not fol[illegible] your example in retiring from the [illegible] But tell me, my friend, superior [illegible] judgment confessedly is, did you never [illegible] yourself mistaken? Or who is the [illegible] times of such total darkness and confu[illegible] that can always be sure of directing [illegible] steps aright? I have long thought, in [illegible] that it would be happy for me to [illegible] where I might neither see nor hear [illegible] passes in Rome. But my groundless [illegible] cions discouraged me from executing [illegible] scheme: as I was apprehensive that [illegible] who might accidentally meet me on [illegible] way, would put such constructions upon [illegible] retreat as best suited with their own [illegible] poses. Some, I imagined, would [illegible] or at least pretend to suspect, that I [illegible] ther driven from Rome by my fear [illegible] withdrew in order to form some [illegible] abroad; and, perhaps too, would [illegible] that I had actually provided a ship for [illegible] purpose. Others, I feared, who [illegible] best, and might be disposed to think [illegible] favourably of my actions, would be [illegible] impute my recess to an abhorrence to [illegible] tain party‖. It is these apprehensions [illegible] have hitherto, contrary to my inclination [illegible] indeed, detained me in Rome: but [illegible] however, has familiarised the unpleasant [illegible] scene, and gradually hardened me [illegible] less exquisite sensibility.

Thus I have laid before you the [illegible] tives which induce me to continue [illegible] As to what relates to your own conduct [illegible] would advise you to remain in your [illegible] retirement, till the warmth of our [illegible]

* Varro seems to have requested Cicero to give him a meeting at Baiæ, a place much frequented by the Romans on account of its hot baths: as the agreeableness of its situation on the bay of Naples, rendered it at the same time the general resort of the pleasurable world.

† A proverbial expression of the same import with that of "sending coals to Newcastle." It alludes to the Athenian coin, which was stamped (as Manutius observes) with the figure of an owl.

‡ Probably the preceding letter.

§ Concerning Cæsar's defeat of Scipio in [illegible]

‖ The Cæsareans.

on shall be somewhat abated, and it tainly be known in what manner broad are terminated; for ter-, I am well persuaded they are*. ill depend on the general result of le, and the temper in which Cæsar urn. And though I see already abundantly sufficient to determine iments as to that point, yet I think advisable to wait the event. In the me I should be glad you would post-our journey to Baiæ, till the first rts of this clamorous joy have sub-as it will have a better appearance you at those waters, when I may go thither rather to join with you enting the public misfortunes, than icipate in the pleasures of the place. s I submit to your more enlightened ent: only let us agree to pass our gether in those studies, which were deed nothing more than our amuse-but must now, alas! prove our prin-pport. Let us be ready at the same whenever we shall be called upon, to ute not only our counsels, but our s, in repairing the ruins of the re-. But if none shall require our ser-for this purpose, let us employ our nd our thoughts upon moral and po-inquiries. If we cannot benefit the mwealth in the forum and the senate, endeavour at least to do so by our and our writings; and, after the ex-of the most learned among the an-, contribute to the welfare of our y by useful disquisitions concerning nd government.

now, having thus acquainted you my sentiments and purposes, I shall be ly obliged to you for letting me yours in return. Farewel.

LETTER XCVII.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

friend Caninius acquainted me with r request, that I would write to you er there was any news which I it concerned you to know. You eady informed, that we are in daily ation of Cæsar†; but I am now to tell you, that as it was his intention, it seems, to have landed at Alfium‡, his friends have written to dissuade him from that design. They think that his coming on shore at that place will prove extremely troublesome to himself, as well as very much incommode many others; and have therefore recommended Ostia§ as a more convenient port. For my own part, I can see no difference. Hirtius||, however, assures me, that himself, as well as Balbus and Oppius (who, let me observe by the way, are every one of them greatly in your interest), have written to Cæsar for this purpose. I thought proper, therefore, to send you this piece of intelligence for two reasons. In the first place, that you might know where to engage a lodging; or rather, that you might secure one in both these towns; for it is extremely uncertain at which of them Cæsar will disembark. And in the next place, in order to indulge a little piece of vanity, by shewing you, that I am so well with these favourites of Cæsar, as to be admitted into their privy council. To speak seriously, I see no reason to decline their friendship; for surely there is a wide difference between submitting to evils we cannot remedy, and approving measures that we ought to condemn: though to confess the truth, I do not know there are any that I can justly blame, except those which involved us in the civil wars; for these, it must be owned, were altogether voluntary. I saw, indeed, (what your distance from Rome prevented you from observing¶) that our party were eager for war; while Cæsar, on the contrary, appeared less inclined than afraid to have recourse to arms. Thus far, therefore, our calamities might have been prevented: but all beyond was unavoidable; for one side or the other must necessarily prove superior. Now, we both of us, I am sure, always lamented those infinite mischiefs that would ensue, which ever general of the two contending armies should happen to fall in

* Then this letter was written there seem to have been only some general accounts arrived of his success in Africa; but the particulars of it were not yet known.

Cæsar returned victorious from Africa, about the middle of June in the present year: so that this letter was probably written either in the beginning of that month, or the latter end of June. *Hirt. de Bel. Africa.* 98.

‡ The situation of this place is not exactly known: some geographers suppose it to be the same town which is now called *Severa*, a sea port about twenty-five miles distant from Rome, on the western coast of Italy.

§ It still retains its ancient name; and is situated at the mouth of the Tiber.

|| He lived in great intimacy with Cæsar, and had served under him in quality of one of his lieutenants in Gaul.

¶ Varro, at the breaking out of the civil war, was in Spain: where he resided in quality of one of Pompey's lieutenants,

battle: as we were well convinced that of all the complicated evils that attend a civil war, victory is the supreme. I dreaded it indeed even on that side which both you and I thought proper to join; as they threatened most cruel vengeance on those who stood neuter, and were no less offended at your sentiments than at my speeches. But had they gained this last battle, we should still more severely have experienced the effects of their power; as our late conduct had incensed them to the highest degree. Yet what measures have we taken for our own security, that we did not warmly recommend for theirs? And how have they more advantaged the republic by having recourse to Juba and his elephants*, than if they had perished by their own swords, or submitted to live under the present system of affairs, with some hopes at least, if not with the fairest? But they may tell us perhaps (and indeed with truth), that the government under which we have chosen to live, is altogether turbulent and unsettled. Let this objection, however, have weight with those who have treasured up no stores in their minds to support themselves under all the possible vicissitudes of human affairs: a reflection which brings me round to what I principally had in view, when I undesignedly wandered into this long digression. I was going to have said, that as I always looked upon your character with great admiration, so nothing raises it higher in my esteem, than to observe that you are almost the only person in these tempestuous days, who has wisely retreated into harbour, and are enjoying the happy fruits of those important studies which are attended with more public advantage, as well as private satisfaction, than all the ambitious exploits, or voluptuous indulgences, of these licentious victors. The contemplative hours you spend at your Tusculan villa are, in my estimation indeed, what alone deserve to be called life; and I would willingly renounce the whole wealth and splendour of the world, to be at liberty to pass my time in the same philosophical manner. I follow your example, however, as far as the circumstances in which I am placed will permit; and have recourse, with great satisfaction of mind, to my favourite studies. Since our country indeed either cannot or will not [illegible] our services; who shall condemn us for turning to that contemplative privacy which many philosophers have thought preferable (I will not say with reason, however we have preferred) even to the most [illegible] and patriot labours? And why should we not indulge ourselves in those learned [illegible] quities, which some of the greatest have deemed a just dispensation from public employments; when it is a [illegible] at the same time which the commonwealth itself is willing to allow us?—But I am [illegible] ing beyond the commission which Cæsar gave me: and while he only desired I would acquaint you with those articles which you were not already apprised, I [illegible] telling you what you know far better than I can inform you. For the future, I [illegible] confine myself more strictly to your request and will not fail of communicating to you whatever intelligence I may learn, which I shall think it imports you to know. Farewel.

* These elephants were drawn up in the front of the right and left wings of Scipio's army. But being driven back upon the line behind them, they put the ranks into great confusion; and instead of proving of any advantage to Scipio, contributed to facilitate his defeat. *Hirt. de Bel. Africa.* 83.

LETTER XCVIII.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR letter afforded me a very agreeable instance of your friendship, in the concern it expressed lest I should be [illegible] at the report which had been brought hither by Silius†. I was before indeed perfectly sensible how much you were disturbed at this circumstance, by your care in sending me duplicates of a former letter on the same subject: and I then returned such an answer as I thought would be sufficient to abate at least, if not entirely remove this your generous solicitude. But I [illegible] perceive by your last letter, how much the affair still dwells upon your mind; let me assure you, my dear Pætus, that I have employed every artifice (for we must, my friend, be armed with cunning as well as prudence) to conciliate the good [illegible] of the persons you mention; and, if I [illegible] take not, my endeavours have not proved in vain. I receive indeed so many [illegible] of respect and esteem from those who are most in Cæsar's favour, that I cannot but flatter myself they have a true regard for me. It must be confessed at the same time

† Silius, it should seem, had brought to [illegible] from the army, that some witticisms of Cicero's had been reported to Cæsar, which had given him offence.

pretended affection is not easily dis-
le from a real one, unless in seasons
ress. For adversity is to friendship,
ire is to gold; the only infallible test
over the genuine from the counter-
in all other circumstances they both
he same common signatures. I have
rong reason, however, to persuade
their sincerity; as neither their situa-
or mine can by any means tempt
to dissemble with me. As to that
n* in whom all power is now center-
am not sensible that I have any thing
r from him; or nothing more, at
than what arises from that general
rious state in which all things must
where the fence of laws is broken
; and from its being impossible to
unce with assurance concerning any
, which depends wholly upon the will,
o say the caprice, of another. But
can with confidence affirm, that I
not in any single instance given him
ccasion to take offence; and in the
e you point out, I have been particu-
cautious. There was a time, 'tis true,
I thought it well became me, by
n Rome itself was free†, to speak my
ments with freedom: but now that
berties are no more, I deem it equally
able to my present situation, not to
ny thing that may disgust either Cæ-
r his favourites. But were I to sup-
every rising raillery, that might
e those at whom it is directed, I must
nce, you know, all my reputation as
. And in good earnest, it is a cha-
r upon which I do not set so high a
e, as to be unwilling to resign it if it
in my power. However, I am in no
er of suffering in Cæsar's opinion, by
g represented as the author of any far-
s to which I have no claim; for his
ment is much too penetrating ever to
ceived by any imposition of this na-
I remember your brother Servius,
m I look upon to have been one of the
learned critics that this age has pro-
d, was so conversant in the writings
r poets, and had acquired such an ex-
nt and judicious ear, that he could
diately distinguish the numbers of
us from those of any other author.
Cæsar, I am told, when he made his
collection of apophthegms‡, con-

stantly rejected any piece of wit that was brought to him as mine, if it happened to be spurious: a distinction which he is much more able to make at present, as his particular friends pass almost every day of their lives in my company. As our conversation generally turns upon a variety of subjects, I frequently strike out thoughts which they look upon as not altogether void, perhaps, of spirit or ingenuity. Now these little sallies of pleasantry, together with the general occurrences of Rome, are constantly transmitted to Cæsar, in pursuance of his own express directions: so that if any thing of this kind is mentioned by others as coming from me, he always disregards it. You see, then, that the lines you quote with so much propriety from the tragedy of Oenomaus§, contain a caution altogether unnecessary. For tell me, my friend, what jealousies can I possibly create? Or who will look with envy upon a man in my humble situation? But granting that I were in ever so enviable a state; yet let me observe, that it is the opinion of those philosophers, who alone seem to have understood the true nature of virtue, that a good man is answerable for nothing farther than his own innocence. Now in this respect I think myself doubly irreproachable: in the first place, by having recommended such public measures as were for the interest of the common-wealth; and in the next, that finding I was not sufficiently supported to render my counsels effectual, I did not deem it advisable to contend for them by arms against a superior strength. Most certainly, therefore, I cannot justly be accused of having failed in the duty of a good citizen. The only part then that now remains for me, is to be cautious not to expose myself, by any indiscreet word or action, to the resentment of those in power: a part which I hold likewise to be agreeable to the character of true wisdom. As to the rest; what liberties any man may take in imputing words to me which I never spoke; what credit Cæsar may give to such reports; and how far those who court my friendship, are really sincere; these are points for which it is by no means in my power to be answerable. My tranquillity arises therefore from the conscious integrity

Cæsar.

Alluding to his services in the suppression of
ne's conspiracy.

This collection was made by Cæsar when he
very young; and probably it was a performance
by no means to his honour. For Augustus, into whose hands it came after his death, would not suffer it to be published. *Suet. in vit. Jul.* 56.

§ Written by Accius, a tragic poet, who flourished about the year of Rome 617.

of my counsels in the times that are past, and from the moderation of my conduct in these that are present. Accordingly, I apply the simile you quote from Accius*, not only to Envy, but to Fortune; that weak and inconstant power, whom every wise and resolute mind should resist with as much firmness as a rock repels the waves. Grecian story will abundantly supply examples of the greatest men, both at Athens and Syracuse, who have in some sort preserved their independency amidst the general servitude of their respective communities. May I not hope then to be able so to comfort myself under the same circumstances, as neither to give offence to our rulers, on the one hand, nor to injure the dignity of my character on the other?

But to turn from the serious, to the jocose part of your letter.—The strain of pleasantry you break into immediately after having quoted the tragedy of Oenomaus, puts me in mind of the modern method of introducing at the end of those graver dramatic pieces, the buffoon humour of our low mimes, instead of the more delicate burlesque of the Atellan farces†. Why else do you talk of your paltry polypus‡, and your mouldy cheese? In pure good-nature, 'tis true, I formerly submitted to sit down with you to such homely fare; but more refined company has improved me into a better taste. For Hirtius and Dolabella, let me tell you, are my preceptors in the science of the table; as in return, they are my disciples in that of the bar. But I suppose you have already heard, at least if all the town-news is transmitted to you, that they frequently declaim at my house§, and that I as often sup at theirs. You must not, however, hope to escape my intended visit, by pleading poverty in bar to the admission of so luxurious a guest. Whilst you were raising a fortune in I bore with your parsimonious humour. now that you are in circumstances to port the loss of half your wealth, I that you receive me in another than you would one of your compound debtors‖. And though your finances somewhat suffer by my visit, rememb is better they should be impaired by ing a friend, than by lending to a stra I do not insist, however, that you your table with so unbounded a prof as to furnish out a splendid treat wit remains: I am so wonderfully mode as to desire nothing more than what is fectly elegant and exquisite in its kin remember to have heard you describ entertainment, which was given by meas. Let yours be the exact copy of only I should be glad not to wait quite so long. Should you still persi ter all, to invite me, as usual, to a pe ous supper dished out by the sparing of maternal œconomy; even this, per I may be able to support. But I fain see that hero bold who should da set before me the villanous trash you tion; or even one of your boasted pol ses, with an hue as florid as vermil Jove¶. Take my word for it, my fr your prudence will not suffer you thus adventurous. Fame, no doubt, have proclaimed at your villa my late version to luxury, long before my ar and you will shiver at the sound of her mendous report. Nor must you flatter self with the hope of abating the ed my appetite, by your cloying sweet before supper: a silly custom which I now entirely renounced; being much than when I used to damp my stomach your antepasts of olives and Leucanian sages.—But not to run on any long this jocose strain; my only serious w

* The poet mentioned in the preceding remark.

† These Atellan farces, which in the earlier periods of the Roman stage were acted at the end of the more serious dramatic performance, derived their name from Atella, a town in Italy, from whence they were first introduced at Rome. They consisted of a more liberal and genteel kind of humour than the mimes: a species of comedy, which seems to have taken its subject from low life. *Vid. Manut. in loc.*

‡ A sea fish so extremely tough that it was necessary to beat it a considerable time before it could be rendered fit for the table. *Bruyer. de re cibar.* xxi. 14.

§ Cicero had lately instituted a kind of academy for eloquence in his own house; at which several of the leading young men in Rome used to meet, in order to exercise themselves in the art of oratory.

‖ This alludes (as Manutius observes) to which Cæsar passed in favour of those wh contracted debts before the commencement civil war. By this law, as appears from th sages which that commentator has cited, co sioners were appointed to take an account o estates and effects of these debtors, which w be assigned to their respective creditors acc to their valuation before the civil war broke and whatever sums had been paid for interest to be considered as in discharge of the prin By this ordinance Pætus, it seems, had b particular sufferer. *Cæs. Bel. Civil.* iii. 1. S *vit. Jul.* 42.

¶ Pliny the nuturalist mentions a statute o piter erected in the Capitol, which on certain val days it was customary to paint with verm *Manut.*

may be able to make you a visit. may compose your countenance, there- and return to your mouldy cheese in curity: for my being your guest will on you, as usual, no other expence that of heating your baths. As for e rest, you are to look upon it as pleasantry.

e trouble you have given yourself Selicius's villa* is extremely oblig- as your description of it was excessive- ll. I believe therefore, from the ac- you give me, I shall renounce all ts of making that purchase: for h the country, it seems, abounds in the neighbourhood, I find, is but *in-* Farewel.

LETTER XCIX.

To Volumnius.

[A. U. 707.]

U have little reason, believe me, to regret the not being present at my mations; and if you should really Hirtius, as you assure me you should u did not love him, it must be much for his own eloquence, than as he is editor of mine. In truth, my dear minus, either I am utterly void of all us, or incapable of exercising it to my faction, now that I have lost those rious fellow-labourers at the bar, that me with emulation when I used to your judicious applause. If ever, in- l, I displayed the powers of eloquence advantage to my reputation, let me a sigh when I reflect, with the fallen ostetes in the play, that

hese potent shafts, the heroes wonted dread,
ow spend on meaner war their idle force;
ing at the weak inhabitants of air!

ever, if you will give me your com- y here, my spirits will be more en- ned; though I need not add, that you find me engaged in a multitude of very portant occupations. But if I can once to the end of them (as I most earnestly h), I shall bid a long farewel both e forum and the senate, and chiefly ote my time to you and some few others our common friends. In this number Cassius and Dolabella, who are united h us in the same favourite studies, and hose performances I with great plea- attend. But we want the assistance of r refined judgment, and of that un- common erudition which has often struck me with awe when I have been delivering my sentiments before you. I have determined then, if I should obtain the consent, or at least the permission of Cæsar, to retire from that stage on which I have frequently performed a part that he himself has applauded. It is my resolution, indeed, totally to conceal myself in the secret shades of philosophy: where I hope to enjoy, with you and some others of the same contemplative disposition, the honourable fruits of a studious leisure.

I am sorry you shortened your last letter in the apprehension that I should not have patience to read a longer. But assure yourself for the future, that the longer yours are, the more acceptable they will always prove to me. Farewel.

* In Naples.

LETTER C.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR very agreeable letter found me wholly disengaged at my Tusculan villa. I retired hither during the absence of my pupils†, whom I have sent to meet their victorious friend‡, in order to conciliate his good graces in my favour.

As Dionysius the tyrant, after he was expelled from Syracuse, opened a school, it is said, at Corinth§; in the same manner, being driven from my dominions in the forum, I have erected a sort of academy in my own house: and I perceive by your letter, that you approve the scheme. I have many reasons for approving it too: and principally as it affords me what is highly expedient in the present conjuncture, a means of establishing an interest with those‖ in whose friendship I may find a protection. How far my intentions in this respect may be answered, I know not: I can only say, that I have hitherto had no reason to prefer the different measures which others of the same party with myself have pursued; unless, perhaps, it would have been more eligible not to have survived the ruin of our cause. It would so,

† Hirtius and Dolabella.

‡ Cæsar: in his return from the African war.

§ He was expelled from Sicily about 340 years before the birth of our Saviour, on account of his oppressive government; when retiring to Corinth, he employed himself in exercising the humbler tyranny of a pedagogue. It is supposed that he engaged in this office the more effectually to conceal the schemes he was still meditating, of recovering his dominions. *Justin*, xxi. 5.

‖ Particularly Hirtius and Dolabella.

I confess, had I died either in the camp or in the field: but the former did not happen to be my fate; and as to the latter, I never was engaged in any action. But the inglorious manner in which Pompey, together with Scipio, Afranius, and your friend Lentulus, severally lost their lives, will scarcely, I suppose, be thought a more desirable lot. As to Cato's death; it must be acknowledged to have been truly noble: and I can still follow his example whenever I shall be so disposed. Let me only endeavour, as in fact I do, not to be compelled to it by the same necessity: and this is my first reason for engaging in my present scheme. My next is, that I find it an advantage, not only to my health, which began to be impaired by the intermission of exercises of this kind, but also to my oratorical talents, if any I ever possessed; which would have totally lost their vigour, if I had not had recourse to this method of keeping them in play. The last benefit I shall mention (and the principal one, I dare say, in your estimation) is, that it has introduced me to the demolishing of a greater number of delicious peacocks*, than you have had the devouring of paltry pigeons in all your life. The truth of it is, whilst you are humbly sipping the meagre broths of the sneaking Aterius, I am luxuriously regaling myself with the savoury soups of the magnificent Hirtius. If you have any spirit then, fly hither, and learn from our elegant bills of fare, how to refine your own: though to do your talents justice, this is a sort of knowledge in which you are much superior to our instructions. However, since you can get no purchasers for your mortgages, and are not likely to fill those pitchers you mention with denarii†, it will be your wisest scheme to return hither: for it is a better thing, let me tell you, to be sick with good eating at Rome, than for want of victuals at Naples‡. In short, I plainly perceive that your finances are in no flourishing situation, and I expect to hear the same account of all your neighbours: so that famine, my friend, most formidable famine must be your fate, if you do not provide against it in due time. And since you have been reduced to sell your horse, e'en mount your mule (the only animal, it seems, belonging to you which you have not yet sacrificed to your table), and convey yourself immediately to Rome. To encourage you to do so, I shall be honoured with a chair and cushion next to mine; and fit the second pedagogue in my celebrated school. Farewel.

* This bird was esteemed by the Romans amongst the most refined delicacies of the table.

† The denarius was a silver coin, equivalent to about eight-pence of our money.

‡ Pætus had a house in Naples; where he appears to have been when this letter was written.

LETTER CI.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR satirical humour, I find, has yet forsaken you: and I perfectly understand your raillery, when you pretend to tell me, that Balbus contented himself with your humble fare. You insinuate, I suppose, that since these our sovereigns (who are thus wonderfully temperate; and more does it become a discarded consul to practise the same abstemiousness.) do you know, my friend, that I have fully drawn from Balbus himself, the whole history of the reception you gave him? He came directly to my house the moment he arrived in Rome; a circumstance, by the way, somewhat extraordinary. Not that I am surprised at his wanting the politeness to call first at yours; but my wonder is that he should not go directly to his own. However, after the two or three first salutations had passed, I immediately enquired what account he had to give of my friend Pætus? "Never, he protested, was better entertained in his whole life." Now if you merited this compliment by your wit; I desire you to remember, that I will bring as elegant a taste with me as Balbus himself: but if he alluded to the bounty of your table; let it never be said, that the family of the flammerers were more splendidly regaled by Pætus, than the sons of *elocution*.

Business has prevented me from time to time; in my design of paying you a visit, but if I can dispatch my affairs so as to be able to come into your part of the world, I shall take care that you shall have no reason to complain of my not having given you timely notice. Farewel.

LETTER CII.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

ARE you not a pleasant mortal to question me concerning the fate of the

§ Balbus was a sort of prime minister and confident of Cæsar.

‖ The consulars were those who had passed through the office of consul.

you mention, when Balbus had just been paying you a visit? It is from deed, that I derive my whole fund of gence: and you may be assured, that he is ignorant, I have no chance of better informed. I might with much propriety desire you would tell me is likely to be the fate of my own ions; since you have so lately had son* under your roof, from whom, in or out of his cups, you might cer- have discovered that secret. But my dear Pætus, is an article that makes rt of my inquiry. For, in the first I have reason to be well satisfied; g now almost these four years been ged with my life: if life or indulgence y be called, to be the sad survivor of ountry's ruin. In the next place, I re it is a question I may easily answer f: for I know it will be just as it shall meet to the men in power; and the n power, my friend, will ever be those swords are the most prevailing. I rest contented therefore with whatever it shall be their pleasure to shew me; who could not tamely submit to such ched terms, ought to have taken re- in the arms of death. Notwithstanding, fore, that the estates about Veii and na† are actually dividing out (and , you know, are not far distant from tulum‡), yet it gives me no sort of ietude. I enjoy my property whilst I , and please myself with the hope that ll never be deprived of that privilege. should it happen otherwise; still, how- since it was my noble maxim (hero philosopher as I was!) that life is the st of all possessions, I cannot, undoubt- but love the man§ by whose bounty I obtained the continuance of that en- ent. It is certain, at the same time, how much soever he may be disposed aps to restore the republic (as we ought as most certainly to wish), yet he has gled himself in such a variety of dis- t connections, that he is utterly em- ssed in what manner to act. But this ing farther into these points than is ary, considering the person to whom n writing. Nevertheless I will add, our chief himself is absolutely igno-

rant what measures will finally be resolved upon, as I am who have no share in his councils. For Cæsar is no less under the controul of circumstances, than we are under the controul of Cæsar: and it is as much impossible for him to foresee what these may require, as it is for us to penetrate into what he may intend.

You must not impute it to neglect (a fault, you are sensible, of which I am seldom guilty in the article of writing) that I have not said thus much to you before. The single reason for my not sooner answering your enquiry was, that as I could only speak from conjecture, I was unwilling, without a just foundation, either to encrease your fears or to encourage your hopes. But this I can with truth assure you, that I have not heard the least hint of the danger you apprehend. A man of your philosophy, however, ought to hope for the best, to be prepared for the worst, and to bear with equanimity whatever may happen. Farewel.

LETTER CIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR letter gave me a double pleasure: for it not only diverted me extremely, but was a proof likewise that you are so well recovered as to be able to indulge your usual gaiety. I was well contented at the same time to find myself the subject of your raillery; and, in truth, the repeated provocations I had given you, were sufficient to call forth all the severity of your satire. My only regret is, that I am prevented from taking my intended journey into your part of the world; where I purposed to have made myself, I do not say your guest, but one of your family. You would have found me wonderfully changed from the man I formerly was, when you used to cram me with your cloying antepasts‖. For I now more prudently sit down to table with an appetite altogether unimpaired, and most heroically make my way through every dish that comes before me, from the egg¶ that leads the van,

Balbus.

† Veii and Capena were cities in that part of ancient Etruria, which is now comprehended under the name of Tuscany.

‡ Where Cicero had a villa.

§ Cæsar.

‖ These antepasts seem to have been a kind of collation preparatory to the principal entertainment. They generally consisted, it is probable, of such dishes as were provocatives to appetite: but prudent œconomists, as may be collected from the turn of Cicero's raillery, sometimes contrived them in such a manner as to damp rather than improve the stomach of their guests.

¶ The first dish at every Roman table was constantly eggs; which maintained their post of honour even at the most magnificent entertainment.

to

to the roast veal that brings up the rear*. The temperate and unexpensive guest whom you were wont to applaud, is now no more. I have bidden a total farewel to all the cares of the patriot; and have joined the professed enemies of my former principles: in short, I have become an absolute Epicurean. You are by no means, however, to consider me as a friend to that injudicious profusion, which is now the prevailing taste of our modern entertainments: on the contrary, it is that more elegant luxury I admire which you formerly used to display when your finances were more flourishing, though your farms were not more numerous than at present. Be prepared, therefore, for my reception accordingly: and remember you are to entertain a man who has not only a most enormous appetite, but who has some little knowledge, let me tell you, in the science of elegant eating. You know there is a peculiar air of self-sufficiency, that generally distinguishes those who enter late into the study of any art. You will not wonder, therefore, when I take upon me to inform you, that you must banish your cakes and your sweetmeats, as articles that are now utterly discarded from all fashionable bills of fare. I am become, indeed, such a proficient in this science, that I frequently venture to invite to my table those refined friends of yours, the delicate Verrius and Camillus. Nay I am bolder still, and have presumed to give a supper even to Hirtius himself; though, I must own, I could not advance so far as to honour him with a peacock. To tell you the truth, my honest cook had not skill enough to imitate any other part of his splendid entertainments, except only his smoking soups.

But to give you a general sketch of my manner of life: I spend the first part of the morning in receiving the compliments of several both of our dejected patriots and our gay victors; the latter of whom treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. As soon as that ceremony is over, I retire to my library; where I employ myself either with my books or my pen. And here I am sometimes surrounded by an audience, who look upon me as a man of most profound erudition, for no other reason, perhaps, than because I am not altogether so ignorant as themselves. The rest of my time I wholly devote to indulgences of a less intellectual kind. I have sufficiently indeed paid the tribute of sorrow to unhappy country; the miseries whereof have longer and more bitterly lamented than ever tender mother bewailed the of her only son.

Let me desire you, as you would [illegible] your magazine of provisions from [illegible] into my hands, to take care of your [illegible] for I have most unmercifully resolved [illegible] no pretence of indisposition shall prev[illegible] your larder from my depredations. Farewel.

* It appears by a passage which Manutius cites from Tertullian, that the Romans usually concluded their feasts with broiled or roasted meat.

LETTER CIV.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

I ARRIVED yesterday at Cumæ†, and perhaps I may pay you a visit to-morrow; but I shall take care to give you short notice before-hand. I am determined, indeed, not only to see you, but to [illegible] with you too. For though I had the [illegible]tification to be informed by Marcus Co[illegible]rius, whom I met on the road, that you were laid up with the gout; yet I suppose your cook is not disabled as well as your master. You may expect, therefore, [illegible] speedily to receive a guest, who, as he is remarkable for having a wonderous [illegible] stomach, is equally famous likewise for being an irreconcilable enemy to all sumptuous entertainments. Farewel.

LETTER CV.

To Marcus Marius.

[A. U. 707.]

I ARRIVED at Cumæ on the 24th, [illegible] companied by our friend Libo; and [illegible]pose to be at my Pompeian villa very [illegible]ly: but I will give you previous notice when I have fixed the day. I wish you [illegible] enjoyment of your health at all times; [illegible] particularly whilst I am your neighbour. If you have an assignation, therefore, [illegible] your old companion the gout, pray contrive to put it off to some other opportunity. In good earnest, let me desire you [illegible] take care of your health; and expect to [illegible] me in two or three days. Farewel.

† Where he had a country-house.

LETTER CVI.

To Servius Sulpicius.

[A. U. 707.]

I AM continually receiving accounts from various hands, that you are in a [illegible]

ommon degree affected by the ge-
alamities of our country. This is
means a matter of surprise to me, as
ome measure corresponds with what
in my own bosom. Nevertheless, I
bat regret that a man of your supe-
nderstanding should not rather enjoy
n good fortune, than vainly disquiet
f with the misery of others. As for
, there is none who has more bitter-
ented the general desolation of the
onwealth: yet there are many reflec-
from which I now derive great relief;
ularly from a consciousness of the in-
y of my former counsels. I long
w, as from some advantageous emi-
, the storm that was gathering around
nd I foresaw it not only by the force
own discerment, but much clearer
e assistance of your prophetic admoni-
For though I was absent the greater
of your consulate*, yet I was not un-
ed how often you foretold this fatal
and what measures you recommended
s prevention. In the commencement
d of your consular administration, I
nyself present in the senate, when you
ently endeavoured to awaken our
, by enumerating those civil wars that
happened within our own memories†.
if the authors of these, you told the
, unsupported by a single example of
ame kind to give a colour to their con-
, had exercised such dreadful cruelties‡;
ver, in future times, should successful-
rn his arms against the republic, would
assuredly prove a much more intoler-
tyrant. For they that act by prece-
, you observed, generally think they
y right: and, in cases of this nature,
rn ful of improving upon their model.
should remember, therefore, that those
refused to follow your judicious ad-
, owe their destruction entirely to their

Sulpicius was consul in the year 702: and it
at the latter end of April, or the beginning
, in the same year, that Cicero left Rome
er to proceed to his government in Cilicia.
k. 1. 2.

At two-and-twenty years before the date
, the dissensions between Marius and
broke out into an open civil war; which
in the perpetual dictatorship of the
.

Both Marius and Sylla perpetrated, in their
, the most horrid outrages against the parti-
each other; but particularly Sylla, whose
proscriptions during his usurpation af-
the most dreadful instances, perhaps, of hu-
that are to be met with in the whole
of despotic power. *Vid. Sallust. Bel. Catil.*

own imprudence. But you will ask, perhaps, "what relief can this consideration "afford to your mind, amidst the universal "wreck of the republic?" It must be acknowledged, indeed, that our misfortunes will scarce admit of consolation: so total and so irrecoverable is the ruin we deplore! However, Cæsar himself, as well as every citizen of Rome besides, looks upon you as shining forth, amidst this general extinction of the great lights of the republic, in all the lustre and dignity of wisdom and virtue. These considerations therefore ought greatly to alleviate the generous disquietude of your heart. 'Tis true, you are absent from your friends and family: but this you have the less reason to regret, as you are removed at the same time from many very disagreeable circumstances. I would particularly point them out to you, but that I am unwilling you should have the pain of hearing what you are so happy as not to see: an advantage which renders your situation, I think, so much the more eligible than ours.

I have thus far laid before you, in the warmest friendship of my heart, those reasons which may justly contribute to lighten and compose your uneasiness. The rest are to be found within yourself: and they are consolations which I know, by daily experience, to be of the best and most efficacious kind. I well remember that you passionately cultivated the whole circle of sciences from your earliest youth, and carefully treasured up in your mind whatever the wisest philosophers have delivered concerning the best and happiest regulation of human life. Now these are contemplations both useful and entertaining even in seasons of the greatest calm and prosperity: but in the present calamitous situation of public affairs, there is nothing else that can sooth and compose our minds. I would not be so arrogant as to take upon myself to exhort a man of your sense and knowledge, to have recourse to those studies to which I know you have your whole life been devoted. I will only say with respect to myself (and I hope I shall be justified by your approbation), that I consecrated all my time and attention to philosophy, when I perceived there was no farther employment either in the forum or the senate for my favourite art§. Scarce more room is there for the exercise of that excellent science, in which you, my friend, are so eminently distinguished. I am per-

§ Oratory.

suaded,

suaded, therefore, that I have no occasion to admonish you to apply your thoughts to the same philosophical contemplations; which, if they were attended with no other advantage, would have this at least to recommend them, that they divert the mind from dwelling on its anxieties.

Your son applies himself to all the polite arts in general, with great success: but he particularly excels in those philosophical studies from whence I just now professed to derive the principal consolation of my life. I know not any man, except yourself, for whom I have conceived a stronger affection: and, indeed, he very amply returns the warmth of my friendship. But he evidently shews at the same time, that in distinguishing me with the marks of his respect and esteem, he imagines that he is acting in the most agreeable manner to your inclinations. Farewel.

Thus (to let you see how absolute potent you are, where you most appear formidable), I thought answer you in your own style. If you made your remonstrances in the good manners, I should with pleasure could with ease, have vindicated from your charge: and in truth, it your conduct, but your language, have reason to resent. I am astonished deed that you, of all men living, cuse me of want of freedom, who sible it is by my means that there freedom left in the republic‡. I say *all men living:* because, if the inform you gave me concerning Catiline's conspiracy, were false; where are the services which you remind me? If they were you yourself are the best judge how those obligations are which I have upon every Roman in general. Farewel.

LETTER CVII.

To Gallus.

[A. U. 707.]

I AM much surprised at your reproaches; as I am sure they are altogether without foundation. But were they ever so just, they would come with a very ill grace from you, who ought to have remembered those marks of distinction you received from me during my consulate. It seems, however, (for to you are pleased to inform me), that Cæsar will certainly restore you. I know you are never sparing of your boasts: but I know too, that they have the ill luck never to be credited. It is in the same spirit you remind me, that you offered yourself as a candidate for the tribunitial office, merely in order to serve me *. Not to shew you how much I am in your interest still: as in that case you could not be at a loss for an *intercessor*†. You go on to reproach me, with not daring to speak my sentiments. In proof, however, of the contrary, I need only refer you to the reply I made, when you had the front to solicit my assistance.

* Probably during Cicero's exile.

† Cicero's witticism in this passage turns upon the double sense of the word *intercessor:* which, besides its general meaning, has relation likewise to a particular privilege annexed to the tribunitial office. For every tribune had the liberty of interposing his negative upon the proceedings of the senate: which act was called *intercessio*, and the person who executed it was said to be the *intercessor* of the particular law, or other matter in debate.

LETTER CVIII.

To Trebatius.

[A. U. 707.]

I AM no less sensible of the share you low me in your friendship, than I conscious of that affection which I ever entertained for you in return. Agreeably to these sentiments, I always lament that it was your choice, or rather should say your fate, to persevere in civil wars; and I now feel the same concern at the unjust delay you meet with in being restored to your estate and honours, as I have always shewn in my misfortunes. I have frequently and fully opened my heart upon this subject, not only to Publius Mulenus, to Sestius, and to our common friend Atticus, but lately also to your freedman Theuda: to each of whom I have given repeated assurances, that it is my earnest desire to serve both you and your children to the utmost of my ability. I beg, therefore, when you write to the latter, that you would assure them they may readily command me upon every occasion wherein my purse, my pains, or my friendly advice (for these at least are still in my power), can be of any advantage to their affairs. If I enjoyed that influence and authority in the commonwealth, to which the public services I have performed may justly entitle me; you, who deserve every honour that can be conferred, as well as are confessedly the first of that illustrious

‡ Alluding to his having suppressed Catiline's conspiracy.

which you belong*, should retain e distinguished rank in the republic ce possessed. But since we both of at the same time and in the same , I can only promise you what re- in my power: the small assistance I ned above, together with that little of credit which I still, perhaps, have e sort preserved from the general of my former dignities. I have rea- ndeed, from many instances to be- that Cæsar is not averse to me: and all his principal favourites, who hap- be persons to whom I have formerly red very considerable services, distin- me with peculiar marks of their es- and consideration. If, therefore, I d find a favourable opportunity of ap- g to Cæsar in your behalf (which I ore and more inclined to hope, from I can discover by the conversation of my friends), I shall not fail very eadily to solicit him in person for your ation; as it is upon the obtaining his point that the recovery of your e must depend. It is unnecessary to into particulars upon this article: let rely assure you in one word, that I am lly and most affectionately devoted to service. But as it much imports me all your family should be apprised of truth, I hope your letters will acquaint , that Trebianus may command what- is in the power of Cicero to perform. ticularly mention this, as I am desir- they should be persuaded that there is ing so difficult which I should not with fire undertake, in order to render you service. Farewel.

LETTER CIX.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

RECEIVED a letter from you some time since by your courier Phileros, as another three days ago by the hands Lethus: both which I will now answer. , with much satisfaction I found by former, that you were extremely sensi- of the concern I expressed for your lth. Believe me, however, a letter d but faintly represent the uneasiness felt upon that account. For though must but acknowledge that there are by from whom I receive great marks of em and affection; yet there is not one that number whom I prefer to yourself. s a very great, perhaps I might say a principal inducement for my holding you in this rank, that you have long distinguished me with an unvaried friendship; yet this is a circumstance which you share in common with many others. But your amiable disposition, and those agreeable qualities of every kind which you possess, are claims to my heart in which you are without a rival. To these I must add, I will not call it the Attic, but (what is far more spirited) the true old Roman wit, which so elegantly enlivens your conversation. I will not scruple, indeed, to acknowledge (whatever you may think of me from the confession) that I am wonderfully delighted with humour; especially with that sort which is of our own domestic growth. I esteem this latter kind so much the more, as it is now become extremely uncommon: for by the admission some years since of the Latians‡ into Rome, and lately even of the Gauls themselves, our native humour has been tainted with the infusion of foreign cant, and is almost entirely extinct. For this reason, whenever I converse with you, I imagine myself transported back into former times, and to be talking with the Granii, the Lucilii, or in truth even with the Crassi and the Lælii of old§. There is not a single person indeed, except yourself, in whom I can discover the least vein of that original spirit which so agreeably distinguished the pleasantry of our forefathers. But since to these uncommon charms of wit, you add the attractions likewise of so singular a friendship towards myself; can you wonder that I was greatly alarmed at your late very dangerous indisposition?

* The Papirian.

† That of Pompey.

‡ The inhabitants of Latium: a part of Italy which is now called the *Campagna di Roma*. They obtained the honour and advantage of being made free of Rome, towards the close of the Italic war. A. U. 664.

§ The several persons here mentioned were celebrated wits, who flourished about the time that Cicero was born, that is, in the consulate of C. Atilius Serranus and Q. Servilius Cæpio, U. C. 647. Crassus was the most distinguished orator of his times: and signalised his eloquence, when he was only twenty-one years of age, at the trial of C. Carbo, who was concerned in the disturbances which were raised by the Gracchi. Lucilius was a Roman knight, and great uncle to Pompey. He considerably improved upon that kind of satirical poetry, which received its utmost perfection in the following century from the hands of Horace. Some fragments of his writings still remain. Granius was a person of low rank; being only a præco, or sort of cryer in the courts of justice. Cicero, however, has immortalised his memory by the frequent encomiums he passes upon the singular elegance and pleasantry of his wit and humour. *Cic. de Clar. Orat.* 158, 159, *&c. Dac. Praef. sur les Sat. d'Horace*, v. 10.

As to your other letter, in which you acquit yourself of all intention to dissuade me from my Neapolitan purchase*, and the assurance you give me that you only meant to advise my continuance in Rome; I understood you in no other sense. But I suppose (and your letter now before me confirms the supposition) that you did not agree with me in thinking I might be justified, I will not say in wholly renouncing, but in seldom taking a part in public affairs. With this view I imagine it was, that you reminded me of those times in which Catulus acted so distinguished a part†. But tell me, my friend, what resemblance is there between those days and the present? I was at that period far from being inclined to absent myself from the care of the republic: as I then sate at the helm of the commonwealth, and shared in the direction of its most important motions. But now I can scarce claim the privilege to officiate even in the lowest functions of the state. Were I to reside therefore altogether at Naples, would there be a single decree of the senate the less by my absence? On the contrary, though I live in Rome, and appear publicly in the forum, they are settled by our friend‡ in his own house, entirely without my participation. If I happen, however, to occur to his memory, he sometimes does me the honour to prefix my name. Accordingly I am often informed from Syria and Armenia, that a decree of the senate is published in those provinces, and published too as made on my motion, of which I had never heard the least mention before. You will suspect, perhaps, that I am not serious: but be assured I speak the literal truth. I have at this instant letters in my possession from the remotest potentates of the globe, returning me thanks for having procured them an acknowledgment of their regal title from the senate§; when I was so far from knowing they were honoured with that appellation, that I was utterly ignorant there were any such persons extant. Nevertheless, as long as this *superiority of our manners* ‖ shall continue in Rome, I will comply with your advice: but the moment he leaves us¶, I shall certainly set out to join you over a plate of mushrooms*. If I can procure a house at Naples, for my purpose, you must know, to be abstemiously that what our late sumptuary law† allows for one day's expence, will suffice me for ten. But if I cannot succeed with one to my satisfaction, I intend to be your guest; and I am sure it is not in your power to oblige you more.

Though I mentioned in my last, that I almost despaired of Sylla's house; yet I have not absolutely given up all thoughts of that purchase. Agreeably therefore to your offer, I beg you would take some workmen with you in order to survey it; for if the walls and roof are in a good repair, I shall perfectly well approve of the rest. Farewel.

LETTER CX.

To Marcus Brutus‡.

[A. U. 707.]

I AM persuaded that your quæstor Marcus Varro, who is setting out to attend you, needs no recommendation to your favour: for I doubt not, that in conformity to the maxims of our forefathers, you look upon his office as giving him a sufficient title to your regard. And I need not tell you, that it was the policy of ancient times to consider the relation between a proconsul and his quæstor, as next to that of a father and son. However, Varro imagines that a letter from me will have great weight, and has pressed me to write to you in the strongest terms; I willingly perform an office which he believes

* See p. 55.

† Q. L. Catulus was consul in the year 675, and died about the year 693: during which period he had many opportunities of exerting his patriotism, by rising up against the gradual encroachments of Pompey and Cæsar upon the public liberty.

‡ Cæsar.

§ It was the ambition of foreign princes to obtain an acknowledgment of their regal title from the senate, and to be declared friends and allies of the republic: an honour which in the more regular times of the Roman government was but rarely granted, and only in consideration of some signal services. But in that general corruption which preceded the ruin of the commonwealth, this honour became venal.

‖ This title had lately been decreed to Cæsar by which he was invested with all the powers of the censorial office, without the name.

¶ Cæsar was at this time preparing to set out on his expedition against the two sons of Pompey, who had assembled a very considerable army in Spain.

* This dish was in great esteem among the Romans.

† This law was enacted by Cæsar soon after his return from the African war. It regulated the expences of the Romans, not only with regard to their tables, but also their dress, equipage, furniture and buildings. But Cæsar seems to have found a much easier task to corrupt, than to reform: for though he was very desirous of enforcing this sumptuary law, yet it appears to have been extremely ill observed. *Suet. in Jul.* 43. *Ad At.* xiii. 7.

‡ Marcus Brutus was nephew to Cato: whose virtues he had the just ambition to copy.

ve so much to his advantage. That y be sensible I ought not to refuse uest, I must inform you, that he ed my friendship from his first ap- e in the forum; and in his more years two circumstances concurred, xtremely encreased the affection I nceived for him: the one, that he nished himself, as you well know, eat genius and application in that ive art, in which I still take parti- pleasure; the other, that he early a member of the society for farm- e public revenues. I wish indeed, had never embarked in their con- as he has been a considerable suf- by his engagements of this sort. er, his union with a company, for interests I have so great a regard, e means of more strongly cementing endship. After having acted with ghest integrity and applause both as ocate and a judge, he turned his lon (long indeed before this revolu- the commonwealth had taken place) obtaining some employment in the racy: and he esteemed the honours kind which his country should con- on him, as the noblest reward of all mer services. During my late resi- at Brundisium*, he obligingly charg- nself with carrying a letter and a mes- rom me to Cæsar; and he gave me strong proof of his affection, in the nd fidelity with which he undertook ecuted this generous commission. urposed, after having thus assigned asons which induce me to give Var- y friendship, to have particularly d out the virtues of his heart: but I must have sufficiently rendered nsible of these, by declaring upon motives he has so strongly engaged fection. Nevertheless, I will here in e distinct and explicit manner assure that you will receive much satisfac- nd advantage from the company and nce of my friend. You will find him, d, to be a man of singular modesty ood sense, as well as of indefatigable ation to business; at the same time e is an entire stranger to immoderate s of every kind. I know not whether ht to promise thus far in his behalf; character, after all, must be referred r own experience. But in forming new connections of every sort, it is of much importance in what manner the first approaches are made, and by whose hands the avenues of friendship (if I may so express myself) are laid open. It is this office that I have here undertaken: and though the employment in which Varro stands related to you, may well render my services unnecessary; yet they certainly cannot render them prejudicial. If then I possess that share in your esteem which Varro imagines, and which I myself am persuaded I enjoy; let me soon have the satisfaction of hearing that my friend has received all the advantages from this letter, that are agreeable to his own hopes, and to my firm expectations. Farewel.

* Here upon his return into Italy after the [illegible] of Pharsalia, resided at Brundisium till [illegible].

LETTER CXI.

To the same.

[A. U. 707.]

LUCIUS Castronius Pætus is by far the most considerable person in the city of Lucca: but not more distinguished however by his birth and rank, than by the solidity of his understanding, and the friendliness of his disposition. In one word, he is in every respect a most worthy man. I might add too (if it were of any importance to his character) that he is not only conspicuous for his eminent virtues, but for his affluent fortunes. I converse with him upon terms of the most unreserved intimacy: and indeed, there is no man of senatorian rank whom he treats with greater marks of estem. I therefore recommend him to you, not only as *my* friend, but as worthy of being *yours*. And I am very sure, that whatever service you shall render him, will afford a satisfaction to yourself, as well as confer an obligation upon me. Farewel.

LETTER CXII.

To L. Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

I WRITE this letter upon my tablets, in the midst of an entertainment* at the house of Volumnius. We lay down about

* The time of meals seems a very extraordinary season for the purpose of writing letters. However, it was customary with the Romans to employ themselves in this manner between the several courses: and they usually carried tablets about them for that use. Plutarch informs us, that Cæsar generally signed his dispatches at table. *Plut. in vit. Cæs.*

the

the ninth hour*: and I am placed with your friends Atticus on my right hand, and Verrius on my left. You will wonder to find that I can pass my time thus jovially in the midst of servitude. Yet tell me, my friend, you who are the disciple of a philosopher, what else should I do? And to what purpose should I torment myself with endless disquietudes? "Spend your days then," you will probably reply, "in literary occupations." But can you imagine I have any other? or that without them my very being would not be utterly insupportable? However, though employments of this kind cannot satiate; there is a certain time, nevertheless, when it is proper to lay them aside. Now at such intervals, though a party at supper is not altogether a point of so much importance to me, as it was to you, when you made it the single subject of your arch query to the philosopher†; yet I know not in what manner I can more agreeably dispose of myself till the hour of sleep. But I was going to name the rest of our company; and to tell you, that Cytheris is reclined at the left hand of Eutrapelus. You will be astonished, I suppose, to find your grave and philosophical friend in such society; and will be apt to cry out with the poet,

And is *this* he, the man so late renown'd;
Whom virtue honour'd, and whom glory crown'd?
This, the fam'd chief, of every tongue the praise;
Of Greece the wonder, and of crowds the gaze?

The truth of the matter is, I had not the least suspicion that this fair lady was to be of our party. However, I have the example of the Socratic Aristippus, to keep me in countenance; who when he was reproached with having a commerce of gallantry with the Corinthian courtesan, *'tis true*, replied the philosopher (without being in the least disconcerted), *I possess Lais; but Lais possesses not me.* The expression is much stronger in the original‡: and I leave you, if you think proper, to render it in its full import. In the mean time let me assure you, that I never had any passion of this sort, even when I was a young fellow; and less now that I am an old one. But my delight is in these festive meetings; where I throw out just what comes uppermost, laugh away the sighs and sorrows of the heart. Nor were you yourself in a very serious mood, my friend, when even the venerable philosopher could not escape raillery: to whom, when he was inquired if the company had any questions to propose to him, you replied with great gravity that "it had been a question with you the "whole morning, where you should sup "party to sup?" The formal pedant suspected, perhaps, that you were going to ask him, whether there was one heaven or heavens innumerable: whereas it was at that time, it seems, much more your concern to be resolved in the humorous problem you proposed.

Thus you see in what manner I pass time. I devote part of every day to reading or writing: after which, that I may entirely seclude myself from the society of my friends, I generally sup in their parties. But upon these occasions I am so far from transgressing our sumptuary law (if that law, alas! can now be said to subsist), that I do not even indulge myself to the full extent it allows. You need not be alarmed therefore at my intended visit: you will receive a guest who jokes much more abundantly than he eats. Farewel.

LETTER CXIII.

To Ampius §.

[A. U. 707.]

BELIEVE me, my dear Ampius, it is with the utmost reason that I congratulate you on the success of your affairs: I am by no means indeed so imprudent, to flatter you with false hopes: for an unexpected disappointment would probably depress your spirits, that nothing will ever be capable of raising them again.

I have solicited your cause with more freedom than was altogether suitable, perhaps, to a man in my circumstances: but invariable friendship which I have borne towards you, and which you

* The Romans reclined themselves upon couches at their meals. The ninth hour answers to our three o'clock in the afternoon; and was the usual time when they made their last and principal meal.

† The story to which Cicero here alludes, is more explicitly mentioned in a subsequent part of this letter.

‡ Εγω Λαϊδα ου εχομαι, was the answer of Aristippus: where the verb εχω as Manutius observes, conveys a more obscene sense than the word *habeo*, into which Cicero translates it.

§ Titus Ampius had gradually risen through the several employments of the state, till he arrived at the prætorship: from which post he was ordered, in the year 696, to the government of Cilicia, where he had distinguished himself during his tribunate by promoting the interest and honours of Pompey; so he appears to have been a warm partisan of his cause in the civil wars: in consequence of which he was at this time in exile. *Pighius*, iii. 376.

s most faithfully cultivated, taught o surmount the difficulties that for- by impairing my credit, had thrown y way. Accordingly the promise of pardon is obtained: and all prelimi- s are adjusted and confirmed that re- o your restoration. I speak this upon wn certain knowledge; having been ness to the whole transaction. It hap- indeed very luckily, that I am con- d with all Cæsar's favourites: inso- that, next to Cæsar, there is no one stands so high in their friendship as f. Pansa, Hirtius, and Oppius, Bal- Matius, and Postumius, have each of distinguished me with particular s of their esteem. If I had endea- d to establish this interest, merely a view of serving you in the present ncture, I should by no means think I eason to be ashamed. But I did not ate their good graces upon any mo- f this temporizing kind; on the con- , every one of these, whom I incessant- licited in your behalf, are my old ls. In this number we are principally d to Pansa; who as he has the great- edit and influence with Cæsar, so he d himself extremely zealous for your l, and very desirous likewise of ng me. I must mention Tullius Cim- allo, as one with whose good offices this occasion I have great reason to be d. He employed them more suc- ly upon your account, than he possibly in favour of any other man; for it is terested solicitations so much, as those proceed entirely from friendship and de, that prevail with Cæsar. Your t, however, is not yet actually signed. here are certain malevolent spirits affect to talk as if they were not se- pleased that this civil war broke out, ho represent you as the principal fo- of it) that would be exceedingly d if they knew you had obtained pardon. It was thought advisable, re, to manage this affair with great and secrecy; nor by any means at to suffer our success to be publicly . It soon however will: and I doubt at every thing will be ripe for that e, before this letter shall reach your hands. For Pansa, whose word may be depended upon, has promised me in the strongest terms, that he will in a very few days procure your warrant. In the mean time, I thought proper to send you this previous account of the prosperous state of your affairs. For I find by talking with your wife Epulia, and by the tender tears of your daughter Ampia, that you are more dispirited than your letters intimate: and they are apprehensive that your uneasiness will be increased by their absence. In order, therefore, to compose this anxiety of your mind, I thought it incumbent on me thus to anticipate a piece of good news, which most assuredly will be verified. You are sensible that in my former letters I have rather employed such arguments of consolation as were proper to affect a man of your philosophical magnanimity, than encouraged you to entertain any other certain hopes than those of being restored with the republic, when these flames should subside. And here let me remind you of your letters to me, in which you have always discovered the most heroic determination to meet with firmness and fortitude whatever it might be your fate to suffer. I was by no means surprised to find that you were animated with these manly sentiments, when I reflected that you had been conversant in the affairs of the world from your earliest youth; that you had exercised some of the most important employments of the commonwealth at a time when our lives and liberties were in the utmost danger†; and that you entered into the present war, not merely with the pleasing prospect of victory, but with a mind prepared to bear the reverse with a wise and philosophical resignation. In fine, as you are employed in recording the deeds of illustrious heroes; it particularly concerns you to copy out in your own conduct that magnanimity which you are celebrating in others.—But this is talking in a style more suitable to your late circumstances than to your present. Let me only then exhort you to come prepared to endure those calamities which you must suffer here in common with every citizen of Rome: calamities, for which if I had discovered any remedy, I should most certainly impart it to you. The only refuge from

his person, though greatly in favour with was afterwards one of the principal conspi- gainst him. It was he that gave the signal t of his associates when they assassinated n the senate: and Cimber held him by the while Cassius gave him the first stab. *Suet.*

† Ampius was tribune in the consulate of Cicero, when the conspiracy of Catiline was discovered: and was prætor in the year 695, when Clodius, who at the same time was tribune, raised so much disturbance by his seditious laws; particularly by that which occasioned Cicero's banishment. *Pigh. Annal.* ii. 363.

them is in those philosophical studies, in which we have both of us ever been conversant: and these, though in more prosperous days they were only our amusement, must now prove likewise our strongest support.—But to end as I began; let me desire you to be well persuaded, that all things are completely settled concerning your full pardon and restoration. Farewel.

LETTER CXIV.

To Titus Furfanius, Proconsul.*

[A. U. 707.]

IT is impossible to be more intimately united with any man, than I have ever been with Aulus Cæcina. I lived in great familiarity with his illustrious father: and the early presages I observed in the son, of the most exalted probity and eloquence, won my affections to him from his youth. We were attached to each other, not only by the mutual exchange of many friendly offices, but by the same common tastes and studies: insomuch that there is no man for whom I ever entertained a more tender regard. After this I need only add, that I am under the strongest obligations, as you see, to protect both his person and his fortunes, to the utmost of my power. As I know, by many instances, the sentiments you entertain both of the calamities of the republic and of those who suffer for its sake; I am sure your own inclinations will lead you to assist Cæcina. I will only intreat you, therefore, to suffer my recommendation to increase that favourable disposition, in proportion to the esteem which I am sensible you bear me. And be well persuaded, that you cannot give me a more sensible proof of your friendship. Farewel.

LETTER CXV.

To Servius Sulpicius.

[A. U. 707.]

YOUR very polite and obliging letter to Atticus afforded him great satisfaction; but not more than I received from it myself. It was indeed equally agreeable to us both. But although we neither of us doubted that you would readily comply with any request he should make; yet your having voluntarily and unexpectedly offered him your services, was a circumstance, I must acknowledge, that raised Atti[illegible] admiration less than mine. As you h[illegible] given him the most ample assurances, th[illegible]fore, of your good offices, it is unnece[illegible] that I should desire you to add any [illegible] to them from your regard to me. It w[illegible] be no less impertinent likewise to send [illegible] my acknowledgments upon this occa[illegible] as your offer was entirely the spontan[illegible] result of your particular friendship to A[illegible]cus. This, however, I will say, that a[illegible] an uncommon proof of your esteem [illegible] man whom I singularly love and [illegible] could not but be highly agreeable to [illegible] so it is an obligation I must necessarily [illegible] to my own account. And, indeed, as I [illegible] take the liberty, from the intimac[illegible] tween us, to transgress the strict [illegible] propriety, I shall venture to do the [illegible] things which I just now declared were [illegible] improper and unnecessary. Accord[illegible] let me request, in the first place, that [illegible] would add as much as possible to those [illegible]vices for my sake, with which you [illegible] shewn yourself willing to favour Attic[illegible] his own; and, in the next place, desire [illegible] acceptance of my acknowledgments [illegible] those which you have already so gene[illegible] promised him. And be assured, wha[illegible] good offices you shall render to Attic[illegible] regard to his affairs in Epirus†, or [illegible] any other occasion, will be so many [illegible]gations conferred upon myself. Far[illegible]

LETTER CXVI.

To Lepta‡.

[A. U. 708.]

THE moment I received your letter [illegible] the hands of Seleucus, I dispatch[illegible] note to Balbus, to inquire the purp[illegible] the law you mention§. His answer [illegible] that such persons as at present exerc[illegible]

* He was appointed by Cæsar proconsul of Sicily for the following year; in which post he is said to have conducted himself with great clemency and moderation. *Quartier.*

† Epirus was contiguous to Greece, and [illegible]ed to the government of that province. It [illegible] called Janna, and is under the dominion [illegible] Turks. A considerable part of Atticus's [illegible] in this country. *Nepos in Vit. At.* 14.

‡ Cicero mentions a person of this [illegible] former letter, who appears to have been [illegible] *fictus Fabrum*, or what might be called, per[illegible] modern language, the commander of his [illegible] artillery, when he was governor of Cilicia. [illegible] probable, therefore, as Manutius conjectu[illegible] he is the same person to whom this let[illegible] dressed.

§ Manutius very justly observes, that th[illegible] not be a law which Cæsar had actually p[illegible] one which he intended, perhaps, to enact [illegible] should return from Spain; for if it had [illegible]tually promulgated, Cicero could have had [illegible]casion to apply to Balbus for his intelligen[illegible]

of præco*, are expresly excluded from decurii†: but this prohibition ex- not to those who had formerly been ed in that employment. Let not our s then be discouraged. It would in- ave been intolerable, that a parcel of fortune-tellers should be thought of being admitted into the senate me‡, at the same time that having ly acted as a præco, should disqua- man for being member of the coun- a country corporation.

have no news from Spain: all that now with certainty is, that young ey has drawn together a very con- ble army. This we learn from a let- Paciæcus§ to Cæsar; a copy whereof himself has transmitted to us: in it is affirmed that Pompey is at the of eleven legions‖. Messala, in a he lately wrote to Quintus Salassus, s him that his brother Publius Cur- s been executed by the command of ey, in the presence of his whole army. man had entered, it seems, into a con- y with some Spaniards, by which it greed, in case Pompey should march certain village for provision, to seize his person and deliver him into the of Cæsar.

relation to the security in which you engaged for Pompey; you may de- upon it, as soon as Galba, who is bound with you, returns hither, I fail to consult with him about mea- for settling that affair. He seemed, mber, to imagine that it might be d: and you know he is a man who to pains where his money is con- l.

gives me much pleasure to find that o highly approve of my *Orator*¶.

Whatever skill I have in the art, I have displayed it all in that treatise: and if the commendations you bestow upon it are not too partial, I cannot but set some value upon my judgment. To speak truth, I am willing to rest all my reputation of this kind, upon the merit of that performance. I hope my little favourite, your son, already discovers some relish for writings of this sort: and although he is yet too young to enter far into these studies, yet it will be no disadvantage to him to begin thus early to form his taste by compositions of this nature.

I have been detained at Rome on account of my daughter Tullia's lying-in. But though she is now, I hope, out of all danger, yet I still wait here in expectation of my first payment from the agents of Dolabella**: and to tell you the truth, I am not so fond of changing the scene as formerly. The amusement I found in my country-houses, together with the sweets of retirement, were wont heretofore to draw me frequently out of Rome. But the situation of my present house is altogether as pleasant as that of any of my villas. I am indeed as much retired here as if I lived in the most unfrequented desert; and carry on my studies without the least interruption. I believe, therefore, that I have a better chance of a visit from you in Rome, than you have of seeing me in the country.

I would recommend Hesiod to the agreeable little Lepta, as an author which he ought to retain by heart: and particularly let him always have in his mouth these noble lines,

High on a rugged rock, &c.

Farewel.

LETTER CXVII.

To Caius Cassius.

[A. U. 708.]

I SHOULD not send you so short a letter, if your courier had not called for it just as he was setting out. But I have still another reason; for I have nothing to write to you in the way of pleasantry: and serious affairs are topics in which it is not altogether safe to engage. You will therefore wonder perhaps that I should be in any

* The office of præco seems to have been much the same of a cryer in our courts of justice; altogether so low in repute.

† Decurio was, in a corporate city, the same with that of Roman senator: that is, a member of the council of the community.

‡ Alluding to a satire upon Cæsar, who had introduced persons of the lowest rank and character into the senate.

§ He was a native of Spain, and a person of [illegible] in that province. Cæsar entrusted him with very considerable command in the expedition against the sons of Pompey. *Hirt. de Bell. Hisp.* 3.

‖ The number of horse and foot in a Roman legion varied in different periods of the republic. In the present computation it appears to have amounted to 6000 foot and 200 horse; and in its highest [illegible] to 6000 of the former, and 400 of the latter. *Rosin. Antiq. Rom.* 964.

¶ This elegant and judicious piece is inscribed to Brutus, and was written in answer to a question he had often proposed to Cicero, concerning the noblest and most perfect species of eloquence.

** This seems to intimate that there had been a divorce between Dolabella and Tullia; as it was usual, in cases of that kind, for the husband to return the portion he had received from his wife, at three annual payments.

humour to be jocose: and indeed it is no very easy matter. However, it is the only expedient left to divert our uneasy thoughts. But where then, you will probably ask, is our philosophy? Why yours, my friend, is in the kitchen*, I suppose; and as to mine, it is much too troublesome a guest to gain admittance. The fact is, I am heartily ashamed of being a slave: and therefore, that I may not hear the severe reproaches of Plato, I endeavour to turn my attention another way.

We have hitherto received no certain intelligence from Spain.—I rejoice upon your account that you are absent from this unpleasing scene; though I greatly regret it upon my own. But your courier presses me to dispatch: so that I can only bid you adieu, and intreat the continuance of that friendship you have ever shewn me from your earliest youth.

LETTER CXVIII.

To Dolabella†.

[A. U. 708.]

I WOULD not venture to omit writing to you by our friend Salvius; though I have nothing more to say than what you perfectly well know already, that I infinitely love you‡. I have much more reason indeed to expect a letter from you, than you can have to receive one from me; as I imagine there is nothing going forwards in Rome, which you will think of importance enough to raise your curiosity; unless perhaps, that I am to sit in judgment between two learned grammarians; our friend Nicias, and his antagonist Vidius. The latter, you must know, has produced a certain *manuscript*, relating to an account between them: to which Nicias, like a second Aristarchus§, very peremptorily insists that some of the *lines* are altogether *spurious*. Now I, like a venerable ancient critic, am to determine whether these suspected *interpolations* are *genuine*, or not. But you will question, perhaps, whether I have sufficiently forgotten the delicious mushrooms and those noble prawns with which I have been so often regaled by Nicias his gentle spouse, to be qualified for impartial judge in this important c Let me ask you in return, whether imagine I have so entirely thrown of my former severity, as to retain no my old solemnity of brow, even when sitting in grave tribunal? You may be however, that my honest host shall great sufferer. Though, let me tell if I should pass sentence of banishment him, I shall by no means allow you verse it, lest Bursa should be supplied a pedagogue to teach him his letters. But I am running on in this ludicrous without reflecting that you, who are midst of a campaign, may, perhaps, seriously engaged to relish these hum sallies. When I shall be certain, fore, that you are in a disposition to you shall hear farther from me. I however forbear adding, that the were extremely solicitous concerning fate of Sulla¶, till the news of his was confirmed: but now that they are sured of the fact, they are no longer sitive how it happened; well contented their intelligence that he is undoubt defunct. As for myself, I bear this *plorable* accident like a philosopher: only concern is, lest it should damp the rit of Cæsar's auctions**. Farewel.

LETTER CXIX.

To Aulus Torquatus.

[A. U. 708.]

I HOPE you will not imagine that have been out of my thoughts, by having lately been a more remiss c pondent than usual. The true occasi my silence has partly arisen from state of health, which, however, is somewhat mended; and partly has owing to my absence from Rome, prevented me from being informed any courier was dispatched to you.

* This is a raillery upon the tenets of Cassius, who held the doctrines of the Epicurean sect.

† He was at this time with Cæsar in Spain.

‡ Whatever disagreement there was between Dolabella and Tullia, it did not, in appearance at least, occasion any coolness between him and his father-in-law; a circumstance which, considering the tenderness of Cicero for his daughter, can only be accounted for by Dolabella's great credit with Cæsar.

§ A celebrated Greek critic.

‖ Bursa was a particular enemy of Cic had been banished for his riotous attempts venge the murder of Clodius; from wh nishment he was lately recalled.

¶ This man had rendered himself extre generally odious by the purchases he had the confiscated estates, during the proscr both of Sylla and Cæsar. *Cic. de Offic.* ii.

** In which the confiscated estates were to sale. One of the methods that Cæsar reward his partisans was, by suffering them chase these estates at an under-value; and the hopes of being a sharer in these spoils, that furnished one of the principal tives to the civil war. *Cic. ubi sup.*

that I constantly and most affec-
ely preserve you in my remembrance;
at your affairs of every kind are as
my concern as if they were my own.
ieve me, you have no reason, con-
g the unhappy situation of public
, to be uneasy that yours still remain
ore dubious and unsettled posture than
enerally hoped and imagined. For
f these three events must necessarily
place: either we shall never see an
our civil wars; or they will one day
e, and give the republic an opportu-
f recovering its vigour; or they will
nate in its utter extinction. If the
is never to be sheathed, you can have
g to fear either from the party which
ormerly assisted, or from that by which
ave lately been received. But should
epublic again revive, either by the
nding factions mutually agreeing to a
ition of arms; or by their laying them
in mere lassitude; or by one side be-
anquished; you will undoubtedly be
restored both to your rank and to
fortunes. And should our constitu-
e totally destroyed, agreeably to what
ise Marcus Antonius* long since ap-
nded, when he imagined that the pre-
lamities were even then approach-
you will have the consolation at least
ect, that a misfortune which is com-
o all, cannot be lamented as peculiar
: and miserable as this consolation
rove to a man of your patriot vir-
tis a consolation, however, to which
st necessarily have recourse.

ou well consider the full force of these
nts (and I do not think it prudent to
e explicit in a letter), you must be
ced without my telling you, that
re something to hope, and nothing
, so long as the republic shall subsist,
in its present, or any other form.
ould it be entirely subverted; as I
e you would not, if you were per-
, survive its ruin; so I am persuad-
will patiently submit to your fate,
conscious satisfaction of having in no
served it. But I forbear to enter farther into this subject; and will only add my request, that you would inform me how it is with you, and where you propose to fix your quarters: that I may know where a letter, or a visit, will find you. Farewel.

* eloquent and illustrious patriot, the
ther of Mark Antony, was consul in the
; and about twelve years afterwards was
ain by the command of Marius, whose
has strenuously opposed. Marius was at
then the executioner of his cruel orders
him the head of Antonius; which that
ry Roman received into his hands, with
olent and horrid exultation of the most
ntarian. *Plut. in Vit. Anton. Appian. Bel.*
Val. Max. ix. 2.

LETTER CXX.

To Caius Cassius.

[A. U. 708.]

WILL you not blush when I remind you, that this is the third letter I have written without having received a single line in return? However, I do not press you to be more expeditious; as I hope, and indeed insist, that you will make me amends for this delay, by the length of your next epistle. As for myself, if I had the opportunity of conveying my letters as frequently as I wish, I should write to you, I believe, every hour: for as often as I employ my pen in this manner, you seem, as it were, actually present to my view. This effect is by no means produced, let me tell you, by those subtle images which your new friends† talk so much of; who suppose that even the ideas of imagination are excited by what the late Catius, with wondrous elegancy, has styled *specters*. For by this curious word‡, you must know, he has expressed what Epicurus, who borrowed the notion from Democritus§, has called *images*. But granting that these same *specters* are capable of affecting the organ of vision; yet I cannot guess which way they can contrive to make their entrance into the mind. But you will solve this difficulty when we meet, and tell me by what means, whenever I shall be disposed to think of you, I may be

† The Epicureans; to whose system of philosophy Cassius had lately become a convert. Accordingly Cicero rallies him in this and the following passages, on their absurd doctrine concerning ideas; which they maintained were excited by certain thin forms, or images, perpetually floating in the air. These images were supposed to be constantly emitted from all objects, and to be of so delicate and subtle a texture as easily to penetrate through the pores of the body, and by that means render themselves visible to the mind. *Lucret.* iv. 726, &c.

‡ It is probable that Catius either coined this word himself, or employed it in a new and improper manner. For it is observable, that both Lucretius and Cicero, whenever they have occasion to express in their own language what the Greek Epicureans called εἴδωλα, always render it by the word *simulachra* or *imagines*.

§ He was a native of Abdera, a city in Thrace, and flourished about 400 years before the Christian æra. Epicurus, who was born about forty years afterwards, borrowed much of his doctrine from the writings of this philosopher. *Cic. de Fin.* i. 6.

able to call up your *spectre*: and not only yours, whose image indeed is already so deeply stamped upon my heart, but even that of the whole British island, for instance, if I should be inclined to make it the subject of my meditations.—But more of this another time. In the mean while, I send this as an experiment, to try with what temper you can bear my railleries. Should they seem to touch you, I shall renew my attack with so much the more vigour, and will apply for a writ of *restitution* to reinstate you in your old tenets: "of which "you, the said Cassius, have by force and "arms* been dispossessed." Length of possession, in this case, will be no plea in bar: for whether the time be more or less since you have been driven by the allurements of pleasure from the mansions of virtue, my action will be still maintainable. But let me not forget whom it is that I am thus bantering: is it not that illustrious friend whose every step, from his first entrance into the world, has been conducted by the highest honour and virtue? If it be true then that you have embraced the Epicurean principles, I doubt they have more strength and solidity in them than I once imagined.

And now, will you not be inclined to ask how I could possibly think of amusing you in this idle manner? The truth of it is, I am not furnished with a more important subject, as I have nothing to write to you concerning public affairs; nor indeed do I chuse to trust my sentiments of them in a letter. Farewel.

LETTER CXXI.

Cassius to Cicero.

[A. U. 708.]

NOTHING affords me a greater pleasure in my travels, than to converse with my friend. It brings you, indeed, so strongly to my mind, that I fancy myself indulging a vein of pleasantry with you in person.—This lively impression, however, is by no means produced by those Catius [illegible] you mention: and, for which piece [illegible] lery, I intend to draw up in my [illegible] a list of inelegant Stoics, as will force [illegible] to acknowledge that Catius, in comp[illegible] with these, may well pass for a [illegible] the refined Athens.

It gives me much satisfaction, [illegible] upon our friend Pansa's account, but [illegible] sake of every one of us, that he [illegible] such marks of public esteem when [illegible] out for his government. I hope this [illegible] cumstance will be thought a [illegible] proof how amiable a spirit of probity [illegible] benevolence, and how odious the [illegible] disposition renders its possessor; [illegible] the world will learn from hence, that [illegible] popular honours, which are so passi[illegible] courted by bad citizens, are the [illegible] tendants on those whose characters [illegible] reverse. To persuade mankind that [illegible] is its own reward, is a task, I fear, [illegible] much difficulty: but that real and [illegible] turbed pleasures necessarily flow from [illegible] bity, justice, and whatever else is [illegible] beautiful in moral actions, is a truth [illegible] ly, of most easy admission. Epicurus [illegible] self, from whom the Catii and Am[illegible] together with the rest of those injur[illegible] terpreters of his meaning, pretend [illegible] rive their tenets, expressly declares, [illegible] "a pleasurable life can alone be pr[illegible] "by the practice of virtue." Accord[illegible] Pansa, who pursues pleasure agree[illegible] this just notion of it, still persever[illegible] see, in a virtuous conduct. The tr[illegible] those whom your sect has stigmatiz[illegible] the name of *voluptuaries*, are warm [illegible] of moral beauty; and consequently [illegible] vate and practise the whole train of [illegible] duties. But commend me to the je[illegible] Sulla; who observing that the philo[illegible] were divided in their opinions conc[illegible] the Supreme Good, left them to [illegible] question among themselves, whilst he [illegible] ed his views to a less controverted [illegible] tion, by purchasing every good thing [illegible] was put up to sale. I received the [illegible] his death with much fortitude: and [illegible] Cæsar will take care that we shall not [illegible] have occasion to regret his loss; [illegible] are numbers of equal merit whom [illegible] restore to us† in his place. Nor will [illegible] himself, I suppose, much lament this [illegible] lent customer of his, when he shall [illegible] a worthy son he has left to succeed [illegible]

* These were the formal words of the prætor's edict, commanding the restoration of a person to an estate, of which he had been forcibly dispossessed. Cicero, perhaps, besides the humour of their general application, meant likewise archly to intimate that Cassius had been driven out of his more rigid principles by his military companions; as in a letter written to Trebatius, when he was making a campaign with Cæsar in Gaul, where our author is rallying him upon a similar occasion, he insinuates that he had acquired his Epicurism in the camp. *Indicavit mihi Pansa*, says he, *Epicureum te esse factum. O castra præclara!* Epist. Fam. vii. 12.

† This alludes to the great number of [illegible] whom Cæsar, as soon as he got the power [illegible] hands, had permitted to return from [illegible] ment to which they had for various [illegible] condemned.

: to turn to public affairs: let me what is doing in Spain. It is a point d, upon which I am extremely solici- as I had much rather submit to an old : whose clemency I have experienced, run the hazard of being exposed to the ty of a new one. You know the weak- of young Pompey's intellects; that he s upon cruelty as heroism; and that he nible how much he has ever been the ct of our ridicule. I fear, therefore, ould be apt to treat us somewhat rough- nd return our jokes with the point of word. If you have any value for me , you will not fail to let me know what- shall happen. Ah, my friend, how do sh I were apprised whether you read with an easy or an anxious mind! for hat single circumstance I should be de- ired, what measures are proper for me urnue. But not to detain you any long- I will only intreat you to continue your nd up to me, and then bid you farewel. . S. If Cæsar should prove victorious, may expect to see me very soon.

LETTER CXXII.

To Cæsar.

[A. U. 708.]

VERY particularly recommend to your avour the son of our worthy and com- n friend Præcilius: a youth whose modest l polite behaviour, together with his ular attachment to myself, have ex- ingly endeared him to me. His fa- r, likewise, as experience has now fully vinced me, was always my most sincere ll-wisher. For to confess the truth, he s the first and most zealous of those who d both to rally and reproach me for not ing in your cause: especially after you d invited me by so many honourable ertures. But,

All unavailing prov'd his every art,
To shake the purpose of my stedfast heart*.

For whilst the gallant chiefs of our par- were on the other side perpetually ex- iming to me,

"Rise thou distinguish'd 'midst the sons of fame,
And for transmit to times unborn thy name† ;"
Too easy dupe of flattery's specious voice,
Drinking I stray'd from wisdom's better choice‡.

And fain would they still raise my spirits, ile they endeavour, insensible as I now am to the charms of glory, to rekindle that passion in my heart. With this view they are ever repeating,

O let me not inglorious sink in death,
And yield like vulgar souls my parting breath:
In some brave effort give me to expire,
That distant ages may the deed admire§!

But I am immovable, as you see, by all their persuasions. Renouncing, therefore, the pompous heroics of Homer, I turn to the just maxims of Euripides, and say with that poet,

Curse on the sage, who, impotently wise,
O'erlooks the paths where humbler prudence lies.

My old friend Præcilius is a great admirer of the sentiment in these lines; insisting, that a patriot may preserve a prudential regard to his own safety, and yet,

Above his peers the first in honour shine‖.

But to return from this digression: you will greatly oblige me by extending to this young man that uncommon generosity which so peculiarly marks your character; and by suffering my recommendation to increase the number of those favours which I am persuaded you are disposed to confer upon him for the sake of his family.

I have not addressed you in the usual style of recommendatory letters, that you might see I did not intend this as an application of common form. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 708.]

AMONGST all our young nobility Publius Crassus was one for whom I entertained the highest regard; and indeed he amply justified, in his more mature years, the favourable opinion I had conceived of him from his infancy. It was during his life that his freedman Apollonius first recommended himself to my esteem: for he was zealously attached to the interest of his patron, and perfectly well qualified to assist him in those noble studies to which he was devoted; accordingly Crassus was extremely fond of him. But Apollonius, after the death of his patron, proved himself still more worthy of my protection and friendship; as he distinguished with peculiar marks of respect all who loved Crassus, or had been beloved by him. It was this

* Hom. Odyss. vii. 258.
† Hom. Odyss. i. 302.
‡ Hom. Odyss. xxiv. 314.
§ Hom. Il. xxii.
‖ Hom. Il. vi. 208.

that induced Apollonius to follow me into Cilicia: where, upon many occasions, I received singular advantage from his faithful and judicious services. If I mistake not, his most sincere and zealous offices were not wanting to you likewise in the Alexandrine war, and it is in the hope of your thinking so, that he has resolved, in concurrence with my sentiments, but chiefly indeed from his own, to wait upon you in Spain. I would not promise, however, to recommend him to your favour. Not that I suspected my applications would be void of weight; but I thought they would be unnecessary in behalf of a man who had served in the army under you, and whom, from your regard to the memory of Crassus, you would undoubtedly consider as a friend of your own. Besides, I knew he could easily procure letters of this kind from many other hands. But as he greatly values my good opinion, and as I am sensible it has some influence upon yours; I very willingly give him my testimonial. Let me assure you then, that I know him to be a man of literature, and one who has applied himself to the polite arts from his earliest youth. For when he was a boy he frequently visited at my house with Diodotus the Stoic: a philosopher, in my judgment, of consummate erudition. Apollonius, inflamed with zeal for the glory of your actions, is greatly desirous of recording them in Greek; and I think him very capable of the undertaking. He has an excellent genius, and has been particularly conversant in studies of the historical kind: as he is wonderfully ambitious likewise of doing justice to your immortal fame. These are my sincere sentiments of the man; but how far he deserves them, your own superior judgment must best determine. But though I told Apollonius that I should not particularly recommend him to your favour; yet I cannot forbear assuring you, that every instance of your generosity towards him will extremely oblige me. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIV.

Quintus Cicero to Marcus Cicero.*

I PROTEST to you, my dear brother, you have preformed an act extremely agreeable to me in giving Tiro his freedom; as a state of servitude was a situation far unworthy of his merit. Believe me, I felt the highest complacency, when I found by his letter and yours, that you rather chose we should look upon him in the number of friends, than in that of our slaves: and both congratulate and thank you for the instance of your generosity towards him. If I receive so much satisfaction from the services of my freedman Statius, how much more valuable must the same good qualities appear in Tiro, as they have the additional advantages of his learning, his wit, and his politness, to recommend them. I have many powerful motives for the affection I bear you; and this mark of your beneficence to Tiro, together with your giving me part (as indeed you had reason) in the family-joy upon this occasion, still increases the number. In a word, I sincerely admired all the amiable qualities of your heart, in the letter you wrote to me on this subject.

I have promised my best services to the slaves of Sabinus; and it is a promise I shall most assuredly make good. Farewel.

LETTER CXXV.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

YOUR letter encourages me to hope that you find yourself better; I am sure, at least, I most sincerely wish that you may. I intreat you, therefore, to consecrate all your cares to that end; and by no means indulge so mistaken a suspicion as that I am displeased you are not with me. Wish you are, in the best sense of that expression, if you are taking care of your health; which I had much rather you should attend, than on myself. For though I always both see and hear you with pleasure; that pleasure will be greatly increased, when I shall have the satisfaction at the same time to be assured that you are perfectly well.

My work is at present suspended†, as I cannot make use of my own hand: however, I employ myself a good deal in reading. If your transcribers should be puzzled with my manuscript, I beg you would give them your assistance: as indeed there is an interlineation relating to a circumstance in Cato's behaviour when he was only four years of age, that I could scarcely decypher myself. You will continue your care likewise, that the dining-room be in proper order for the reception of our guests, in which number, I dare say, I may reckon Tertia, provided Publius be not invited.

* The date of this letter is altogether uncertain.

† The work to which Cicero alludes, was probably a panegyric upon Cato; which he wrote and published about this time.

strange fellow Demetrius was al-
know, the very reverse of his name-
Phaleris: but I find he is now
more insufferable than ever, and is
ated into an arrant Bilienus*. I
the management of him therefore
into your hands; and you will pay
court to him accordingly. But—
—*Vale*—*and as to that*—(to pre-
with a few of his own elegant ex-
s) if you should have any conversation
m, let me know, that it may furnish
h the subject of a letter, and at the
me afford me the pleasure of reading
h longer an one from yourself. In
an while take care of your health,
r Tiro, I conjure you; and be well
ded, that you cannot render me a
pleasing service. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Dolabella†.

[A. U. 708.]

that the silence you so kindly regret,
d been occasioned by my own death,
than by the severe loss I have suffer-
a loss I should be better able to sup-
it I had you with me. For your ju-
s counsels, and singular affection to-
me, would greatly contribute to al-
t my weight. This good office in-
I may yet perhaps receive; for, as I
we shall soon see you here, you
d me still so deeply affected, as to
n opportunity of affording me great
ce. Not that this affliction has so
n my spirit as to render me unmind-
that I am a man, or apprehensive that
totally sink under its pressure. But
cheerfulness and vivacity of temper,
was once so particularly admired, has
alas! entirely forsaken me. My for-
and resolution, nevertheless (if these
s were ever mine), I still retain, and
them too in the same vigour as when
f me.

those battles which, you tell me,
e gained upon my account; I am
licitous that you should confute
tators, than that the world should
(as it unquestionably does) that I
a place in your affection: and may
you still continue to render that truth conspicuous. To this request I will add another, and entreat you to excuse me for not sending you a longer letter. I shorten it, not only as imagining we shall soon meet, but because my mind is at present by no means sufficiently composed for writing. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVII.

Servius Sulpicius to Cicero.

[A. U. 708.]

I RECEIVED the news of your daughter's death, with all the concern it so justly deserves; and indeed, I cannot but consider it as a misfortune in which I bear an equal share with yourself. If I had been near you when this fatal accident happened, I should not only have mingled my tears with yours, but assisted you with all the consolation in my power. I am sensible, at the same time, that offices of this kind afford at best but a wretched relief; for as none are qualified to perform them, but those who stand near to us by the ties either of blood or affection, such persons are generally too much afflicted themselves, to be capable of administering comfort to others. Nevertheless, I thought proper to suggest a few reflections which occurred to me upon this occasion; not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your present discomposure of mind, they might possibly have escaped your attention. Tell me then my friend, wherefore do you indulge this excess of sorrow? Reflect, I intreat you, in what manner fortune has dealt with every one of us; that she has deprived us of what ought to be no less dear than our children, and overwhelmed, in one general ruin, our honours, our liberties, and our country. And after these losses, is it possible that any other should increase our tears? Is it possible that a mind long exercised in calamities so truly severe, should not become totally callous, and indifferent to every event? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your grief arises not so much on your own account, as on that of Tullia. Yet surely you must often, as well as myself, have had occasion in these wretched times to reflect, that their condition by no means deserves to be regretted, whom death has gently removed from this unhappy scene. What is there, let me ask, in the present circumstances of our country, that could have rendered life greatly desirable to your daughter? What pleasing hopes, what agreeable views, what rational satisfaction

* [illegible] person and Demetrius were, is uncertain; but it is probable that the ridiculous [illegible] their characters, to which Cicero [illegible] was that of being very dull and in[illegible].

† [illegible] time with Cæsar in Spain.
[illegible] of his daughter Tullia.

faction could she possibly have proposed to herself from a more extended period? Was it in the prospect of conjugal happiness in the society of some distinguished youth? as if, indeed, you could have found a son-in-law amongst our present set of young men, worthy of being entrusted with the care of your daughter! Or was it in the expectation of being the joyful mother of a flourishing race, who might possess their patrimony with independence, who might gradually rise through the several dignities of the state, and exert the liberty to which they were born in the service and defence of their friends and country? But is there one amongst all these desirable privileges, of which we were not deprived before she was in a capacity of transmitting them to her descendants? Yet after all, you may still alledge, perhaps, that the loss of our children is a severe affliction; and unquestionably it would be so, if it were not a much greater to see them live to endure those indignities which their parents suffer.

I lately fell into a reflection, which as it afforded great relief to the disquietude of my own heart, it may possibly contribute likewise to assuage the anguish of yours. In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara*, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megara; on my right I saw Piræus†, and on my left, Corinth‡. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now presented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation. "Alas," I said "to myself, shall such a short-lived creature as man complain, when one of his "species falls either by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature; whilst in this narrow compass so "many great and glorious cities, formed "for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, oh my "heart! the general lot to which man is "born; and let that thought suppress thy "unreasonable murmurs." Believe me, I found my mind greatly refreshed and comforted by these reflections. Let me advise you in the same manner to represent to yourself, what numbers of our illustrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once§; how much the strength of the man republic is impaired, and what ful devastation has gone forth thro all its provinces! And can you, w impression of these greater calamities your mind, be so immoderately affl the loss of a single individual, a poor, tender woman? who, if she had not this time, must in a few fleeting years have inevitably undergone that co fate to which she was born.

Reasonable, however, as these tions are, I would call you from awhile, in order to lead your thoug others more peculiarly suitable to circumstances and character. Re then, that your daughter lived as l life was worth possessing, that is, t berty was no more; that she lived t you in the illustrious offices of p consul, and augur; to be married t of the noblest youths in Rome‖; blessed with almost every valuable ment; and at length to expire with the public itself. Tell me now, what is in this view of her fate, that could either her or yourself just reason to plain? In fine, do not forget that you Cicero, the wise, the philosophical C who were wont to give advice to o nor resemble those unskilful empirics, at the same time that they pretend furnished with remedies for other disorders, are altogether incapable of ing a cure for their own. On the trary, apply to your private use the dicious precepts you have administe the public. Time necessarily weakens strongest impressions of sorrow; but it be a reproach to your character not ticipate this its certain effect, by the of your own good sense and judgment the dead retain any conciousness of w here transacted, your daughter's affecti am sure, was such both to you and her relations, that she can by no desire you should abandon yourself to excess of grief. Restrain it then, I jure you, for her sake, and for the sa the rest of your family and friends, lament to see you thus afflicted. Re it too, I beseech, you, for the sake of country; that whenever the oppor shall serve, it may reap the benefit of counsels and assistance. In short, since is our fortune that we must necessarily mit to the present system of public suffer it not to be suspected, that it is

* Ægina, now called Engia, is an island situated in the gulf that runs between the Peloponnesus and Attica, to which it gives its name. Megara was a city near the isthmus of Corinth.

† A celebrated sea-port at a small distance from Athens, now called Port-Lion.

‡ A city in the Peloponnesus.

§ In the civil wars.

‖ To Piso, Crassipes, and Dolabella.

the death of your daughter, as the the republic, and the success of our , that you deplore.

it would be ill-manners to dwell any r upon this subject, as I should seem tion the efficacy of your own good I will only add, therefore, that as ve often seen you bear prosperity in ol lest manner, and with the highest use; shew us likewise that you are not ensible of adversity, but know how to ort it with the same advantage to your after. In a word, let it not be said, fortitude is the single virtue to which riend is a stranger.

s for what concerns myself; I will send an account of the state of this province, of what is transacting in this part of world, as soon as I shall hear that you sufficiently composed to receive the ination. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To Servius Sulpicius.

[A. U. 708.]

JOIN with you, my dear Sulpicius, in wishing that you had been in Rome n this most severe calamity befel me. I sensible of the advantage I should have ived from your presence, and I had alst said your equal participation of my ef, by having found myself somewhat re composed after I had read your letter. furnished me indeed with arguments remely proper to sooth the anguish of ction; and evidently flowed from a rt that sympathized with the sorrows it deavoured to assuage. But, although I ld not enjoy the benefit of your own ed offices in person, I had the advantage, ever, of your son's; who gave me a of, by every tender assistance that could contributed upon so melancholy an occion. how much he imagined that he was ing agreeably to your sentiments, when has discovered the affection of his own. ne pleasing instances of his friendship I ve frequently received, but never any were more obliging. As to those for ich I am indebted to yourself, it is not the force of your reasonings, and the y considerable share you take in my affions, that have contributed to compose mind; it is the deference likewise which always pay to the authority of your sentments. For knowing, as I perfectly do, e superior wisdom with which you are lightened, I should be ashamed not to ffort my distresses in the manner you think I ought. I will acknowledge nevertheless, that they sometimes almost intirely overcome me: and I am scarce able to resist the force of my grief when I reflect, that I am destitute of those consolations which attended others, whose examples I propose to my imitation. Thus Quintus Maximus lost a son of consular rank, and distinguished by many brave and illustrious actions; Lucius Paulus was deprived of two sons in the space of a single week; and your relation Gallus, together with Marcus Cato, had both of them the unhappiness to survive their respective sons, who were endowed with the highest abilities and virtues. Yet these unfortunate parents lived in times when the honours they derived from the republic might in some measure alleviate the weight of their domestic misfortunes. But as for myself, after having been stripped of those dignities you mention, and which I had acquired by the most laborious exertion of my abilities, I had one only consolation remaining: and of that I am now bereaved. I could no longer divert the disquietude of my thoughts, by employing myself in the causes of my friends, or the business of the state: for I could no longer with any satisfaction appear either in the forum, or the senate. In short, I justly considered myself as cut off from the benefit of all those alleviating occupations in which fortune and industry had qualified me to engage. But I considered too, that this was a deprivation which I suffered in common with yourself and some others: and whilst I was endeavouring to reconcile my mind to a patient indurance of those ills; there was *one* to whose tender offices I could have recouse, and in the sweetness of whose conversation I could discharge all the cares and anxiety of my heart. But this last fatal stab to my peace has torn open those wounds which seemed in some measure to have been tolerably healed. For I can now no longer lose my private sorrows in the prosperity of the common-wealth, as I was wont to dispel the uneasiness I suffered upon the public account, in the happiness I received at home. Accordingly I have equally banished myself from my house*; and from the public; as finding no relief in either, from the calamities I lament in both. It is this, therefore, that heightens my desire of seeing you here; as nothing can afford me a more effectual con-

* Cicero, upon the death of his daughter, retired from his own house, to one belonging to Atticus near Rome: from which, perhaps, this letter was written.

solation

solation than the renewal of our friendly intercourse: a happiness which I hope, and am informed indeed, that I shall shortly enjoy. Among the many reasons I have for impatiently wishing your arrival, one is, that we may previously concert together our scheme of conduct in the present conjuncture; which, however, must now be intirely accommodated to another's will. This person*, 'tis true, is a man of great abilities and generosity; and one, if I mistake not, who is by no means my enemy; as I am sure he is extremely your friend. Nevertheless it requires much consideration, I do not say in what manner we shall act with respect to public affairs, but by what methods we may best obtain his permission to retire from them. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIX.

To Lucius Lucceius.

[A. U. 708.]

ALL the letters I have received from you upon the subject of my late misfortune, were extremely acceptable to me, as instances of the highest affection and good sense. But the great advantage I have derived from them, principally results from that animating contempt with which you look down upon human affairs, and that exemplary fortitude which arms you against all the various assaults of fortune. I esteem it the most glorious privilege of philosophy, to be thus superior to external accidents, and to depend for happiness on ourselves alone: a sentiment which, although it was too deeply planted in my heart to be totally eradicated, has been somewhat weakened, I confess, by the violence of those repeated storms to which I have been lately exposed. But you have endeavoured, and with great success indeed, to restore it to all its usual strength and vigour. I cannot therefore either too often or too strongly assure you, that nothing could give me an higher satisfaction than your letter. But powerful as the various arguments of consolation are which you have collected for my use, and elegantly as you have enforced them; I must acknowledge, that nothing proved more effectual than that firmness of mind which I remarked in your letters, and which I should esteem as the utmost reproach not to imitate. But if I imitate, I must necessarily excel my guide and instructor in this lesson of fortitude: for I am altogether unsupported by the same hopes which I find you entertain, that public affairs will prove. Those illustrations indeed you draw from the gladiatorial c[illegible] together with the whole tendency of reasoning in general, all concur in [illegible]ding me to despair of the commonwealth. It would be nothing extraordinary, therefore, if you should be more composed [illegible] myself, whilst you are in possession of [illegible] pleasing hopes: the only wonder is, [illegible] you can possibly entertain any. For [illegible] my friend, what is there of our constitution that is not utterly subverted? [illegible] round the republic and tell me ([illegible] so well understand the nature of government) what part of it remains [illegible] or unimpaired? Most unquestionably [illegible] is not one: as I would prove in detail [illegible] imagined my own discernment was [illegible] to yours, or were capable (notwithstanding all your powerful admonitions and [illegible]cepts) to dwell upon so melancholy a [illegible]ject without being extremely affected. [illegible] I will bear my domestic misfortunes [illegible] manner you assure me that I ought: [illegible] to those of the public, I shall support them perhaps, with greater equanimity than [illegible] my friend. For (to repeat it again) [illegible] are not, it seems, without some [illegible] hopes; whereas for myself, I have [illegible]lutely none; and shall therefore, in [illegible]suance of your advice, preserve my [illegible] even in the midst of despair. The [illegible]ing recollection of those actions you [illegible] to my remembrance, and which indeed [illegible] performed chiefly by your encouragement and recommendation, will greatly contribute to this end. To say the truth, I have done every thing for the service of [illegible] country that I ought, and more than could have been expected from the courage [illegible] counsels of any man. You will pardon me, I hope, for speaking in this advantageous manner of my own conduct: but as you advise me to alleviate my present uneasiness by a retrospect on my past actions; I will confess, that in thus commemorating them, I find great consolation.

I shall punctually observe your admonitions, by calling off my mind as much as possible from every thing that may disturb its peace, and fixing it on those speculations which are at once an ornament [illegible] prosperity and the support of adversity. For this purpose I shall endeavour to spend as much of my time with you, as our health and years will mutually permit: and if we cannot meet so often as I am sure we both wish, we shall always at least seem present to each other by a sympathy of hearts, [illegible]

* Cæsar

on in the same philosophical con-
ions. Farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

Lucceius to Cicero.

[A. U. 708.]

ALL rejoice to hear that you are
. As to my own health, it is much
l; or rather, I think, somewhat worse.
ve frequently called at your door;
much surprised to find that you have
en in Rome since Cæsar left it. What
at so strongly draws you from hence?
of your usual engagements of the
y kind renders you thus enamoured
tude, I am so far from condemning
retirement, that I think of it with
re. There is no sort of life indeed
an be more agreeable, not only in
so disturbed as the present, but even
se of the most desirable calm and se-
especially to a mind like yours,
may have occasion for repose from
blic labours, and which is always ca-
of producing something that will af-
or pleasure to others and honour to
lf. But if you have withdrawn from
orld in order to give a free vent to
tears which you so immoderately in-
d when you were here, I shall lament
your grief; but (if you will allow
speak the truth) I never can excuse
or tell me, my friend, is it possible
man of your uncommon discernment
not perceive what is obvious to all
ind? Is it possible you can be igno-
that your perpetual complaints can
nothing, and only serve to increase
disquietudes which your good sense
es you to subdue? But if arguments
t prevail, intreaties perhaps may.
re conjure you then by all the regard
bear me, to dispel this gloom that
upon your heart; to return to that
y and to those occupations which were
common to us both, or peculiar to
lf. But though I would fain dis-
you from continuing your present way
e, yet I would by no means suffer my
to be troublesome. In the difficulty
here of steering between these two in-
tions, I will only add my request, that
would either comply with my advice,
cuse me for offering it. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXI.

To Lucius Lucceius.

[A. U. 708.]

EVERY part of your last letter glowed with that warmth of friendship, which, though it was by no means new to me, I could not but observe with peculiar satisfaction; I would say *pleasure*, if that were not a word to which I have now for ever bidden adieu: not merely, however, for the cause you suspect, and for which, under the gentlest and most affectionate terms, you in fact very severely reproach me; but because all that ought in reason to assuage the anguish of so deep a wound, is absolutely no more. For whither shall I fly for consolation? Is it to the bosom of my friends? But tell me (for we have generally shared the same common amities together) how few of that number are remaining? how few that have not perished by the sword, or that are not become strangely insensible? You will say, perhaps, that I might seek my relief in your society: and there indeed I would willingly seek it. The same habitudes and studies, a long intercourse of friendship—in short, is there any sort of bond, any single circumstance of connection wanting to unite us together? Why then are we such strangers to one another? For my own part, I know not: but this I know, that we have hitherto seldom met, I do not say in Rome, where the Forum usually brings every body together*, but when we were near neighbours at Tusculum and Puteolæ.

I know not by what ill fate it has happened, that at an age when I might expect to flourish in the greatest credit and dignity, I should find myself in so wretched a situation as to be ashamed that I am still in being. Despoiled indeed of every honour and every comfort that adorned my public life, or smoothed my private; what is it that can now afford me any refuge? My books, I imagine you will tell me; and to these indeed I very assiduously apply. For to what else can I possibly have recourse? Yet even these seem to exclude me from that peaceful port which I fain would reach, and reproach me, as it were, for prolong-

* The Forum was a place of general resort for the whole city. It was here that the lawyers pleaded their causes, that the poets recited their works, and that funeral orations were spoken in honour of the dead. It was here, in short, every thing was going forward, that could engage the active or amuse the idle. *Vid. Hor. lib. 1. sat. 4. 74. jun. 6. 42.*

ing

ing that life which only increases my sorrows with my years. Can you wonder then that I absent myself from Rome, where there is nothing under my own roof to afford me any satisfaction, and where I abhor both public men and public measures, both the forum and the senate? For this reason it is that I wear away my days in a total application to literary pursuits: not indeed as entertaining so vain a hope, that I may find in them a complete cure for my misfortunes, but in order to obtain at least some little respite from their bitter remembrance.

If those dangers with which we were daily menaced, had not formerly prevented both you and myself from reflecting with that coolness we ought, we should never have been thus separated. Had that proved to have been the case, we should both of us have spared ourselves much uneasiness: as I should not have indulged so many groundless fears for your health, nor you for the consequences of my grief. Let us repair then this unlucky mistake as well as we may: and as nothing can be more suitable to both of us, than the company of each other, I propose to be with you in a few days. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

BELIEVE me, my dear Tiro, I am greatly anxious for your health: however, if you persevere in the same cautious regimen which you have hitherto observed, you will soon, I trust, be well. As to my library; I beg you would put the books in order, and take a catalogue of them, when your physician shall give you his consent: for it is by his directions you must now be governed. With respect to the gardener; I leave you to adjust matters as you shall judge proper.

I think you might come to Rome on the first of next month, in order to see the gladiatorial combats, and return the following day: but let this be entirely as is most agreeable to your own inclinations. In the mean time, if you have any affection for me, take care of your health. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Vatinius to Cicero.

From the camp at Narona*, July the [illegible]

[A. U. 708.]

IF you have not renounced your [illegible] custom of defending the cause [illegible] friends, an old client of yours desires [illegible] gage you as his advocate: and as you [illegible] erly protected him in his humiliation, [illegible] dare say you will not now abandon [illegible] his glory. Whose aid indeed can I [illegible] perly invoke upon the occasion of my [illegible] tories, as that generous friend's, who [illegible] taught me how to *vanquish*‡? [illegible] doubt, that he who had the courage [illegible] withstand a combination of the most powerful men in Rome, who had conspired my [illegible] will not be able to beat down the [illegible] and malignant efforts of a little contemptible party, that may endeavour to [illegible] my honours? If I still then retain the [illegible] I once enjoyed of your friendship, take [illegible] I intreat you, wholly under your protection, as one whose dignities it is incumbent upon you both to support and advance. You are sensible that I have many enemies whose malevolence I have in no [illegible] served: but what avails innocence against so unaccountable a fate? If these, therefore should any of them attempt to obstruct the honours I am soliciting; I [illegible] you to exert your generous offices, as [illegible] in defence of your absent friend. In the mean time, you will find at the bottom of this letter a copy of the dispatches I [illegible] by this express to the senate, concerning the success of my arms.

Being informed that the slave whom you employ as your reader, had eloped [illegible] you into the country of the Vandals, I have caused diligent search to be made after him, although I did not receive your commands for that purpose. I doubt [illegible] of recovering him, unless he should [illegible] refuge in Dalmatia‖: and even in this case, I do not entirely despair. Farewel and continue to love me.

* In Libernia, now called Croatia, and [illegible] formed part of Vatinius's government.

† When Cicero, much to his dishonour, [illegible] ed Vatinius against the impeachment of [illegible] Calvus.

‡ Alluding to his having, by the affecting [illegible] Cicero's eloquence, vanquished his adversaries [illegible] the prosecution mentioned in the preceding [illegible]

§ A people contiguous to Dalmatia.

‖ Dalmatia made part of the province of [illegible] cum: but it was not at this time entirely [illegible] to the Roman government.

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

are not mistaken in supposing me rous of your company: but indeed xtremely apprehensive of your ven- upon so long a journey. The ab- e you have been obliged to observe, cuations you have undergone, to- with the violence of your distemper have too much impaired your strength great a fatigue: and any negligence disorders so severe as yours, is gene- tended with consequences of the most ous kind. You cannot reach Cuma than two days; and it will cost you to complete your expedition. But I se to be with you at Formiæ towards d of this month: and I hope, my Tiro, it will not be your fault if I not have the satisfaction of finding erfectly recovered.

studies languish for want of your ce: however, the letter you sent by s has somewhat enlivened them.— eius is now here, and presses me much d some of my compositions; but I jo- , though at the same time truly, assure that all my muses are silent in your ce. I hope, therefore, you will pre- to attend them with your usual good . You may depend upon mine in the and at the time I promised: for as I it you the etymology of the word *fides*, ered I shall act up to its full import. care, I charge you, to re-establish health: mine is perfectly well. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXV.

To Varro.

[A. U. 708.]

importune the execution of a promise a sort of ill-manners. of which the lace themselves, unless they are parti- ly indignated for that purpose, are sel- gulty*. I cannot, however, forbear, not say to demand, but to remind you favour, which you long since gave me to expect. To this end, I have sent four admonitors†: but admonitors, perhaps, whom you will not look upon as extremely modest. They are certain philosophers, whom I have chosen from among the disciples of the later Academy‡: and confidence, you know, is the characteristic of this sect§. I am apprehensive, therefore, that you may consider them as so many importunate duns, when my meaning only is, that they should present themselves before you as modest petitioners. But to drop my metaphor; I have long denied myself the satisfaction of addressing to you some of my works, in expectation of receiving a compliment of the same kind from yourself. I waited, therefore, in order to make you a return as nearly as possible of the same nature. But as I am willing to impute your delaying this favour, to the desire of rendering it so much the more perfect; I could no longer refrain from telling the world, in the best manner I was able, that we are united both in our affections and in our studies. With this view, I have drawn up a dialogue which I suppose to have passed between you and myself in conjunction with Atticus; and have laid the scene in your Cuman villa. The part I have assigned to you, is to defend (what if I mistake not you approve) the sentiments of Antiochus‖: as I have chosen myself to maintain the principles of Philo¶. You will wonder to find, perhaps, in the perusal of this piece, that I have represented a conversation, which in truth we never had: but you must remember the privilege which dialogue writers have always assumed.

And now, my dear Varro, let me hope that we shall hereafter enjoy together many of these philosophical conversations. If we have too long neglected them, the public occupations in which we were engaged must be our apology: but the time is now arrived when we have no excuse to plead. May we then exercise these speculations together,

* This alludes to the promise of public shews were frequently made to the people, by the ...ter and others, who affected popularity.

† These were dialogues entitled *Academica*: appear from hence to have originally con- of four books, though there is only part of ... remaining.

‡ The followers of the Academic philosophy were divided into two sect. called the *old* and the *new*. The founder of the former was Plato; of the latter Arcesilas. The principal dispute between them seems to have related to the degree of evidence upon which human knowledge is founded: the earlier Academics maintaining that some propositions were certain; the latter, that none were more than probable. *Vid. Academ.* I. *passim*.

§ Alluding to their practice of questioning all opinions, and assenting to none.

‖ A philosopher at Athens, whose lectures Varro had formerly attended. He maintained the doctrines of the *old* Academy. *Cic. Academ.* I. 3.

¶ A Greek philosopher, who professed the sceptical principles of the *new* Academy. Antiochus had been bred up under him, though he afterwards became a convert to the opposite sect.

together, under a fixed and peaceable government at least, if not under one of the most eligible kind! Though, indeed, if that were to prove the case, far other employments would engage our honourable labours. But as affairs are at present situated, what is there else that can render life desireable? For my own part, it is with difficulty I endure it, even with all the advantages of their powerful assistance: but without them, it would be utterly insupportable. But we shall talk further and frequently upon this subject, when we meet: in the mean time I give you joy of the new habitation you have purchased, and highly approve of your removal. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVI.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

WHY should you not direct your letters to me with the familiar superscription which one friend generally uses to another? However, if you are unwilling to hazard the envy which this privilege may draw upon you, be it as you think proper: though for my own part, it is a maxim which I have generally pursued with respect to myself, to treat envy with the utmost disregard.

I rejoice that you found so much benefit by your sudorific: and should the air of Tusculum be attended with the same happy effect, how infinitely will it increase my fondness for that favourite scene! If you love me then (and if you do not, you are undoubtedly the most successful of all dissemblers), consecrate your whole time to the care of your health; which hitherto indeed your assiduous attendance upon myself has but too much prevented. You well know the rules which it is necessary you should observe for this purpose; and I need not tell you that your diet should be light, and your exercises moderate; that you should keep your body open, and your mind amused. Be it your care, in short, to return to me perfectly recovered: and I shall ever afterwards not only love you, but Tusculum so much the more ardently.

I wish you could prevail with your neighbour to take my garden; as it will be the most effectual means of vexing that rascal Helico. This fellow, although he paid a thousand sesterces* for the rent of a piece of cold barren ground, that had not so much as a wall or a shed upon it, or was supplied with a single drop of wa[illegible] yet the assurance to laugh at the pr[illegible] quire for mine; notwithstanding [illegible] money I have laid out upon impro[illegible] But let it be your business to spirit [illegible] into our terms; as it shall be mine [illegible] the same artful attack upon Otho.

Let me know what you have do[illegible] respect to the fountain: though [illegible] this wet season may now have ov[illegible] it with water. If the weather shou[illegible] fair, I will send the dial, together [illegible] books you desire. But how happ[illegible] that you took none with you? Wa[illegible] you were employed in some poetic[illegible] position upon the model of your [illegible] Sophocles? If so, I hope you w[illegible] oblige the world with your perform[illegible]

Ligurius, Cæsar's great favour[illegible] dead. He was a very worthy ma[illegible] much my friend. Let me know w[illegible] may expect you: in the mean time b[illegible] ful of your health. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVII.

To Lepta.

[A. U. 708.]

I AM glad that Macula has acted [illegible] ably to the good offices I have a ri[illegible] expect from him, by offering me th[illegible] of his house. I always thought the [illegible] Falernian† was well enough for road-[illegible] and only doubted whether he had suf[illegible] room to receive my retinue: besides, [illegible] is something in the situation of his [illegible] that does not displease me. However [illegible] do not give up my design upon Petr[illegible] But it has too many charms to be use[illegible] as an occasional lodging: its beauties [illegible] serve a much longer stay.

Balbus is confined with a very seve[illegible] of the gout, and does not admit any [illegible] tors; so that I have not been able to [illegible] him since you left Rome. However, I [illegible] talked with Oppius concerning your [illegible] quest to be appointed one of the ma[illegible] of Cæsar's games§. But in my opi[illegible] would be most advisable not to und[illegible] this trouble; as you will by no means [illegible] it subservient to the point you have in v[illegible] For Cæsar is surrounded with such a [illegible]

* About 8l. of our money.

† This was a favourite wine among the [illegible] mans, which took its name from Falernus, [illegible] hill in Campania where the grape was produced.

‡ A town in Campania, where Lepta had [illegible]

§ These were games which Cæsar proposed [illegible] exhibit in the several quarters of Rome upon [illegible] return from Spain, in honour of his victory [illegible] the sons of Pompey. *Suet. in vit. Jul.*

of pretenders to his friendship, that more likely to lessen, than increase, mber; especially where a man has her service to recommend him, than rises from little offices of this kind: umstance too, which Cæsar possibly ever be acquainted with. But if he , he would look upon himself rather ing conferred, than received, a fa-

Nevertheless, I will try if this af- n be managed in such a manner as to you any reasonable hope that it will r your purpose: otherwise, I think ould be so far from desiring the em- ent, that you ought by all means to it.

lieve I shall stay some time at Astura*; urpose to wait there the arrival of †. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Dolabella.

[A. U. 708.]

JOICE to find that Baiæ has changed nature, and is become on a sudden ndrous *salutary*‡. But perhaps it is in complaisance to my friend, that it suspends its usual effects, and will re- its wonted qualities the moment you t. I shall not be surprised should this to be the case; nor wonder indeed ven and earth should alter their gene- ndencies, for the sake of a man who much to recommend him to the fa- of both.

lid not imagine that I had preserved g my papers, the trifling speech which e in behalf of Deiotarus: however, I found it, and sent it to you agreeably ur request. You will read it as a per- nce which was by no means of con- nce enough to deserve much care in mposition: and to say truth, I was g to make my old friend and host a t of the same indelicate kind with his

y you ever preserve a virtuous and erous mind! that the moderation and integrity of your conduct may prove a living reproach to the violence and injustice of some others amongst our contemporaries! Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Vatinius to Cicero.

Narona, Dec. the 15th. [A. U. 708.]

I HAVE not been able to do any thing to the purpose, with regard to your librarian Dionysius: and indeed my endeavours have hitherto proved so much the less effectual, as the severity of the weather, which obliged me to retreat out of Dalmatia, still detains me here. However, I will not desist till I have gotten him into my custody. But surely I am always to find some difficulty or other in executing your commands: why else did you write to me—I know not what in favour of Catilius§? But avaunt, thou insidious tempter, with thy dangerous intercessions! And our friend Servilius too (for *mine* my heart prompts me to call him, as well as *yours*) is, it seems, a joint petitioner with you in this request. Is it usual then, I should be glad to know, with you orators to be the advocates of such clients, and in such causes? Is it usual to plead in behalf of the most cruel of the human race? in defence of a man who has murdered our fellow-citizens, plundered their houses, ravished their wives, and laid whole regions in desolation? This worthless wretch had the insolence likewise to take up arms against myself: and he is now, 'tis true, my prisoner. But tell me, my dear Cicero, in what manner can I act in this affair? I would not willingly refuse any thing to your request: and as far as my own private resentment is concerned, I will, in compliance with your desires, remit the punishment I intended. But what shall I answer to those unhappy sufferers, who require satisfaction for the loss of their effects, and the destruction of their ships? who call for vengeance on the murderer of their brothers, their children, and their parents? Believe me, if I had succeeded to the impudence as well as to the office of Appius, I could not have the assurance to withstand their cries for justice. Nevertheless, I will do every thing that lies in my power to gratify your inclinations. He is to be defended at his trial by Volusius: and if his pro-

own in the *Campagni di Roma*, situated near coast between Civita Vecchia and Mont where Cicero had a villa. It was about after the date of this letter, that Cicero ssinated near this villa by the order of An-

rom Spain.

Dolabella had probably informed Cicero in a from Baiæ, of the *salutary* effects he expe- d from the waters of that place: in answer, ch Cicero plays upon the ambiguous mean- the word *salutary*, and applies in a moral Dolabella had used in a medicinal.

§ This man was quæstor in the year 702; and during the civil war was intrusted with some naval command: but it appears by the present letter that he had turned pirate, and committed great cruelties and depredations upon the coasts of Illyricum. *Pigh. Annal.* ii. 421.

secutors can be vanquished by eloquence, there is great reason to expect that the force of your disciple's rhetoric will put them to flight.

I depend upon your being my advocate at Rome, if there should be any occasion. Cæsar indeed has not yet done me the justice to move for a public thanksgiving for the success of my arms in Dalmatia: as if, in truth, I were not entitled to more, and might not justly claim the honour of a triumph! But as there are above threescore cities that have entered into an alliance with the Dalmatians, besides the twenty, of which that country anciently consisted; if I am not to be honoured with a public thanksgiving, till I shall have taken every one of these considerable towns, I am by no means upon equal terms with the rest of our generals.

Immediately after the senate had appointed the former thanksgiving for my victories, I marched into Dalmatia: where I attacked and made myself master of six of their towns. One of these, which was of very considerable strength, I might fairly say that I took four several times. For it was surrounded by a fortification consisting of four different walls, which were defended by as many forts: through all which I forced my way to the citadel, which I likewise compelled to surrender. But the excessive severity of the cold, together with the deep snows that fell at the same time, obliged me to retreat: so that I had the mortification, my dear Cicero, to find myself under the necessity of abandoning my conquests, just as I was upon the point of finishing the war. I intreat you then, if occasion should require, to be my advocate with Cæsar, and in every other respect to take my interest under your protection; in the assurance, that no man possesses an higher degree of affection for you than myself.

LETTER CXL.

To Curius.

[A. U. 709.]

'TIS true, I once both advised and exhorted you to return into Italy: but I am so far from being in the same sentiments at present, that on the contrary, I wish to escape myself,

To some blest clime remote from Pelop's race*.

My heart indeed most severely reproaches me for submitting to be the witness of their unworthy deeds. Undoubtedly, my friend, you long since foresaw our evil days approaching, when you wisely took your flight from these unhappy regions: for though it must needs be painful to hear relation of what is going forward among us; yet far more intolerable it surely is to be the sad spectator of so wretched a scene. One advantage at least you have certainly gained by your absence; it has spared you the mortification of being present at the late general assembly for the election of quæstors. At seven in the morning, the tribunal of Quintus Marius the consul, as they called him, was placed in the field of Mars†: when news being brought of his sudden death, it was immediately removed. But Cæsar, notwithstanding he had taken the auspices‡ at an assembly of the tribes, converted it into that of the centuries: and at one in the afternoon declared Caninius duly elected consul. Be it recorded then, that during the consulate of Caninius, no man had time to dine; and yet that there was not a single disturbance of any kind committed: for he was a magistrate, you must know, of so wonderful vigilance, that he never once slept throughout his whole administration. The truth of it is, his administration continued only to the end of the year; and both expired the very next morning. But ridiculous as these transactions may appear to you, who are placed at so great a distance from them; believe me, you could not refrain from tears, if you were to see them in all their true and odious colours. How would you be affected then, were I to mention the numberless instances of the same arbitrary kind which daily occur! For my own part, they would be utterly insupportable to me, had I not taken refuge in philosophy; and enjoyed likewise that friend of ours§ for the companion of my studies, whose *property*, you tell me, you are. However, since you assure me at the same time that all the benefit which can arise from you, belongs solely to myself; I am perfectly well contented: for what can property give more?

Acilius, who is sent into Greece at the head of some legions as successor to Sa-

* Alluding to the Cæsarian party.

† Where the poll for the election of magistrates was usually taken. It was situated on the bank of the Tiber.

‡ No assembly of the people could be regularly held, nor any public act performed, till the augurs had declared that the omens were favourable to the purpose in agitation.

§ Atticus.

s, has great obligations to me: for I sfully defended him in two capital cutions, before the commencement of ublic troubles. He is a man of a very ful disposition, and one who, upon all ions, treats me with much regard. rdingly I herewith send you a letter h I have written to him in your fa- in the strongest terms: and I desire will let me know what promises he give you in consequence of my re- mendation. Farewel.

LETTER CXLI.

To Auctus, Proconsul.

[A. U. 709.]

confidence of that share you allow me your esteem, and of which you gave o many convincing proofs during the we continued together at Brundisium, im a sort of right of applying to you any occasion wherein I am particu- interested. I take the liberty there- of writing to you in behalf of Marcus is, a merchant at Patræ, with whom I ost intimately united. Many are the offices which have mutually passed en us: and what indeed is of the st weight, they reciprocally flowed he most perfect affection. If then you reason to promise yourself any advan- rom my friendship; if you are in- to render the obligations you have rly conferred upon me, if possible, till more valuable; in a word, if you rsuaded that I hold a place in the of every person in your family; let considerations induce you to comply y request in favour of Curius. Re- him, I conjure you, under your pro- , and preserve both his person and operty from every injury and every enience to which they may be ex- In the mean time, I will venture re you myself (what all your family doubt not, confirm) that you may upon deriving great satisfaction y friendship, as well as much ad- e from the faithful returns of my de. Farewel.

LETTER CXLII.

To Curius.

[A. U. 709.]

R letter affords me a very evident oof, that I possess the highest share r esteem, and that you are sensible how much you are endeared to me in return: both which I have ever been desirous should be placed beyond a doubt. Since then we are thus firmly assured of each other's affection; let us endeavour to vie in our mutual good offices: a contest, in which I am perfectly indifferent on which side the superiority may appear.

I am well pleased that you had no occasion to deliver my letter to Acilius. I find likewise that you had not much, for the services of Sulpicius; having made so great a progress, it seems, in your affairs as to have curtailed them (to use your own ludicrous expression) both of *head* and *feet*. I wish, however, you had spared the *latter*, that they might *proceed* a little faster, and give us an opportunity of one day seeing you again in Rome. We want you indeed, in order to preserve that good old vein of pleasantry, which is now, you may perceive, well-nigh worn out amongst us: insomuch that Atticus may properly enough say, as he often, you know, used, "if it "were not for two or three of us, my "friends, what would become of the an- "cient glory of Athens?" Indeed, as the honour of being the chief support of Attic elegance devolved upon Pomponius*, when you left Italy; so in his absence, it has now descended upon me. Hasten your return then, I beseech you, my friend; lest every spark of wit, as well as of liberty, should be irrecoverably extinguished with the republic. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIII.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

NOTWITHSTANDING I wrote this morning by Harpatus, and nothing new has since occurred; yet I cannot forbear making use of this opportunity of conveying a second letter to you upon the same subject: not, however, as entertaining the least distrust of your care, but because the business in which I have employed you, is of the last importance to me. My whole design indeed, in parting with you was, that you might thoroughly settle my affairs. I desire, therefore, in the first place, that the demands of Otillius and Aurelius may be satisfied. Your next endeavour must be, to obtain part at least, if you cannot procure the whole, of what is due to me from Flamma: and particularly insist on his making this payment by the

* Pomponius Atticus.

first of January. With regard to that debt which was assigned over to me, I beg you would exert your utmost diligence to recover it: but as to the advance-payment of the other not yet due, I leave you to act as you shall judge proper. And this much for my private concerns. As to those of the public; I desire you would send me all the certain intelligence you can collect. Let me know what Octavius and Antony are doing; what is the general opinion of Rome; and what turn you imagine affairs are likely to take. I can scarcely forbear running into the midst of the scene: but I restrain myself, in the expectation of your letter.

Your news concerning Balbus proves true: he was at Aquinum at the time you were told; and Hirtius followed him thither the next day. I imagine they are both going to the waters of Baiæ: but let me know what you can discover of their motions.

Do not forget to remind the agents of Dolabella*; nor to insist upon the payment of what is due from Papia. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIV.

To Bithynicus †.

[A. U. 709.]

I HAVE many reasons to wish that the republic may be restored: but, believe me, the promise you give me in your letter, renders it still more ardently my desire. You assure me, if that happy event should take place, you will consecrate your whole time to me: an assurance which I received with the greatest pleasure, as it is perfectly agreeable to the friendship in which we are united, and to the opinion which that excellent man your father entertained of me. You have received more considerable services, I confess, from the men who are, or lately were, in power, than any that I have been capable of conferring upon you: but in all other respects, there is no person whose connections with you are of a stronger kind than my own. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that I find you not only preserve our friendship in your remembrance, but are desirous likewise of increasing its strength. Farewel.

LETTER CXLV.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

IF you should have an opportunity, you may register the money you mention, though indeed it is an acquisition which is not absolutely requisite to enrol‡. However, it may perhaps be as well.

I have received a letter from Balbus, wherein he excuses himself for not giving me an account of Antony's intentions concerning the law I inquired after; because he has gotten, it seems, a violent defluxion upon his eyes. Excellent excuse, it must be owned! For if a man is not able to write; most certainly, you know, he can dictate! But let the world go as it will, I may sit down quietly here in the country.

I have written to Bithynicus.— What you mention concerning Servilius§, you who are a young man may think length of days a desirable circumstance; but for myself, I have no such wishes. Atticus nevertheless imagines, that I am still anxious for the preservation of my life, as he once knew me; not observing how much I have since fortified my heart with the strength of philosophy. The truth of it is, he is now seized in his turn with a fear himself; and would endeavour to infuse it with the same groundless apprehension. But it is my intention to preserve our friendship unviolated, which I have so long enjoyed with Antony: and accordingly I intend writing to him very soon. I shall defer my letter, however, till your return; but I do not mention this with any design of calling you off from the business you are transacting, and which indeed is much more nearly my concern.

I expect a visit from Lepta to-morrow, and shall have occasion for all the force of your conversation, to temper the sternness with which his will be attended. Farewel.

* It appears by the letters written to Atticus at this time, that Cicero had some considerable demands upon Dolabella: which arose, it is probable, from the latter not having yet returned the whole of Tullia's portion, agreeably to the Roman laws in cases of divorce.

† This person is supposed by Manutius, to be the son of Quintus Pompeius, who obtained the name of Bithynicus, in honour of his conquests in Bithynia.

‡ The censors every five years numbered the people: at which time each citizen was obliged to give an exact account of his estate. But if in the interval a man had made any new acquisition, it was required to enter it before the practor.

§ Servilius Isauricus died about this time, in extreme old age.

LETTER CXLVI.

To Dolabella, Consul.

[A. U. 709.]

ESIRE no greater satisfaction, my ar Dolabella, than what arises to me the disinterested part I take in the you have lately acquired: however, not but acknowledge, I am infinitely ed to find that the world gives me a in the merit of your late applauded act. I daily meet in this place great ers of the first rank in Rome, who are bled here for the benefit of their health, l as a multitude of my friends from rincipal cities in Italy: and they all e in joining their particular thanks to with those unbounded praises they be- upon you. They every one of them ed tell me, that they are persuaded it ing to your compliance with my coun- and admonitions, that you approve lest so excellent a patriot and so wor- a consul. I might with strict truth as- them, that you are much superior to want of being advised by any man; and your actions are the free and genuine t of your own uninfluenced judgment. although I do not entirely acquiesce in compliment, as it would lessen the lit of your conduct, if it should be sup- d to flow altogether from my suggest- s; yet neither do I wholly reject it: the love of praise is a passion, which I ant, you know, somewhat too immo- tely to indulge. Yet after all, to take ad of a Nestor, as it was an honour to character even of that king of kings, memnon himself, it cannot surely be coming the dignity of yours. It is cer- ly, at least, much to the credit of mine, while, in this early period of your life, thus exercising the supreme ma- acy with universal admiration and ap- , you are considered as directed by guidance and formed by my instruc- s.

lately paid a visit to Lucius Cæsar at les; and though I found him extreme- indisposed, and full of pain in every of his body, yet the moment I entered chamber, he raised himself with an air transport, and without allowing himself to salute me, "O my dear Cicero," he, "I give you joy of your influence er Dolabella, and had I the same cre- it with my nephew, our country might ow be preserved. But I not only con- tulate your friend on his worthy con- "duct, but desire you would return him "my particular acknowledgments: as in- "deed he is the single consul who has acted "with true spirit, since you filled that of- "fice." He then proceeded to enlarge upon your late glorious action; representing it as equal to the most illustrious and important service that ever was rendered to the commonwealth. And in this he only echoed the general voice of the whole republic. Suffer me then to take possession of those encomiums to which I am by no means entitled; and in some sort to participate with you in that general applause you have acquired. To be serious, however, (for you will not imagine that I make this request in good earnest), I would much rather resign to you the whole of my own glory (if there be any indeed I can justly claim), than arrogate to myself the least portion of that which is so unquestionably your due. For as you cannot but be sensible that I have ever loved you; so your late behaviour has raised that affection into the highest possible ardour: as in truth there cannot be any thing more engagingly fair, more irresistibly amiable, than the patriot-virtues. I need not tell you how greatly the exalted talents and polite manners, together with the singular spirit and probity of Marcus Brutus, had ever endeared him to my heart. Nevertheless, his late glorious atchievement on the ides of March, has wonderfully heightened that esteem I bore him: and which I had always looked upon as too exalted to admit of any farther advance. In the same manner, who would have imagined that my friendship towards yourself was capable of increase! yet it actually has increased so very considerably, that the former sentiments of my heart seem to have been nothing more than common affection, in comparison of that transcendant passion which I now feel for you.

Can it be necessary that I should either exhort you to preserve the glory you have acquired, or, agreeably to the usual style of admonition, set before your view some animating examples of illustrious merit? I could mention none for this purpose, more forcible than your own; and you have only to endeavour to act up to the character you have already attained. It is impossible, indeed, after having performed so signal a service to your country, that you should ever deviate from yourself. Instead, therefore, of sending you any unnecessary exhortations, let me rather congratulate you upon this noble display of your patriotism.

It is your privilege (and a privilege, perhaps, which no one ever enjoyed before) to have exercised the severest acts of necessary justice, not only without incurring any odium, but with the greatest popularity; with the approbation of the lowest, as well as of the best and highest amongst us. If this were a circumstance in which chance had any share, I should congratulate your good fortune: but it was the effect of a noble and undaunted resolution, under the guidance of the strongest and most enlightened judgment. I say this, from having read the speech you made upon this occasion to the people; and never was any harangue more judiciously composed. You open and explain the fact with so much address, and gradually rise through the several circumstances in so artful a manner, as to convince all the world that the affair was mature for your animadversion. In a word, you have delivered the commonwealth in general, as well as the city of Rome in particular, from the dangers with which they were threatened: and not only performed a singular service to the present generation, but set forth a most useful example for times to come. You will consider yourself then as the great support of the republic: and remember, she expects that you will not only protect, but distinguish those illustrious persons* who have laid the foundation for the recovery of our liberties. But I hope soon to have an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to you more fully upon this subject, in person. In the mean while, since you are thus our glorious guardian and preserver, I conjure you, my dear Dolabella, to take care of yourself for the sake of the whole commonwealth. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVII.

To Trebonius.

[A. U. 709.]

I HAVE recommended my *Orator* (for that is the title which I have given to the treatise I promised to send you) to the care of your freedman Sabinus. I was induced to trust it in his charge, from the good opinion I entertain of his countrymen; if indeed I may guess at his country by his name, and he has not, like an artful candidate at an election, usurped an appellation to which he has no right. However, there is such a modesty in his countenance, and such an air of sincerity in his conversation, that I am much deceived he does not possess, in some degree at le the true Sabine simplicity. But no suffer him to take up any more of my p per: I will now turn, my dear Trebo to yourself. As there were some circu stances attending your departure, tha creased the affection I bear towards y let me intreat you, in order to sooth uneasiness I feel from your absence, t as frequent a correspondent on your p as you shall certainly find me on mine. There are two reasons, indeed, why ought to be more so: the first is, tha the republic can now no longer be conside as in Rome, but removed with its glori defenders; we who remain here must exp to receive from our provincial friends, w we used to transmit to them; an accou I mean, of the commonwealth. The reason is, because I have many other portunities in your absence, besides tha writing, to give you proofs of my frie ship: whereas you have none, I think, testifying yours, but by the frequency your letters. As to all other articles can wait; but my first and most impati desire is, to know what sort of journey have had; where you met Brutus; and h long you continued together. When are advanced farther towards your p vince, you will acquaint me, I hope, w your military preparations, and with wh ever else relates to our public affairs: t I may be able to form some judgment our situation. I am sure at least I sh give no credit to any intelligence, but w I receive from your hands. In the me time, take care of your health, and co tinue to allow me the same singular sh of your affection which I have always e joyed. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Trebonius to Cicero†.

Athens, May the 25th. [A. U. 7

I ARRIVED at Athens on the 22d of th month: where, agreeably to my wish I had the satisfaction of finding your so the pursuit of the noblest improvement and in the highest esteem for his mod and ingenuous behaviour. As you perfe ly well know the place you possess in heart, you will judge, without my tell you, how much pleasure this circumsta afforded me. In conformity, indeed,

* Brutus and Cassius, together with the rest of the conspirators.

† This leter seems to have been written b the preceding epistle had reached the h Trebonius.

feigned friendship which has so long cemented between us, I rejoice in advantage that can attend you, be r so inconsiderable; much more, ore, in one so important to your ness. Believe me, my dear Cicero, not flatter you when I say, there is youth in all this seminary of learning ardently devoted to those refined and ed arts which are so peculiarly your n, or who in every view of his cha- is more truly amiable, than our man. I call him *ours*; for, be as- I cannot separate myself from any with which you are connected. It h great pleasure, therefore, as well as strict justice, I congratulate both you myself, that a youth for whom we to have some affection whatever his sition might be, is of a character to ve our highest. As he intimated a of seeing Asia, I not only invited, ressed him to take the opportunity of ng that province whilst I presided : and you will not doubt of my sup- g your place in every tender office of nal care. But that you may not be hensive this scheme will prove an in- ption of those studies, to which, I , he is continually animated by your tations; Cratippus shall be of our . Nor shall your son want my earnest ments to advance daily in those sci- , into which he has already made so sful an entrance.

m wholly ignorant of what is going rd at Rome; only I hear some uncer- umours of commotions amongst you. hope there is no foundation for this t; that we may one day sit down in eaceful possession of our liberties, re- from the noise and bustle of the world: ilege which hitherto it has not been ortune to enjoy. However, having short relaxation from business during oyage to this place, I amused myself putting together a few thoughts, I always designed as a present to In this performance I have inserted ively observation which you formerly so much to my honour, and have ed out by a note at the bottom, to I am indebted for the compliment. some passages of this piece, I should r to have taken great liberties, I shall tified, I persuade myself, by the cha- r of the man at whom my invective aed*: and you will undoubtedly excuse the just indignation I have expressed against a person of such infamous principles. Why, indeed, may I not be indulged in the same unbounded licence as was allowed to honest Lucilius? He could not be animated with greater abhorrence of the vices which he has so freely attacked; and certainly they were not more worthy of satire than those against which I have inveighed.

I hope you will remember your promise, and take the first opportunity of introducing me as a party in some of your future dialogues. I doubt not if you should write any thing upon the subject of Cæsar's death, that you will give an instance of your friendship and your justice, by ascribing to me no inconsiderable share of that glorious transaction.

I recommend my mother and family to your good offices, and bid you farewel.

* Probably at Antony.

LETTER CXLIX.

To Matius.

[A. U. 709.]

I KNOW not whether it is with greater pain or pleasure, that I reflect on the visit which I lately received from our very good friend, the well-natured Trebatius. He called upon me the next morning after my arrival at Tusculum: and as he was by no means sufficiently recovered from his late indisposition, I could not forbear reproving him for thus hazarding his health. He interrupted me with saying, that nothing was of more importance to him than the business which brought him to my house: and upon my inquiry if any thing new had occured, he immediately entered into an account of your complaints against me. But before I give them a particular answer, let me begin with a few previous reflections.

Amongst all my acquaintance, I cannot recollect any man with whom I have longer enjoyed a friendship, than with yourself: and although there are several for whom my affection commenced as early, there are few for whom it has risen so high. The truth of it is, I conceived an esteem for you from the first moment I saw you: and I had reason to believe, that you thought of me in the same favourable manner. But your long absence from Rome, which immediately succeeded our first acquaintance, together with that active course of life wherein I was engaged, and which was so entirely different from yours, did not at that time admit of our improving this mutual

tual disposition by a more frequent intercourse. Nevertheless, even so long ago as when Cæsar was in Gual, and many years before the commencement of the civil war, I experienced your friendly inclinations towards me. For as you imagined that my union with Cæsar would be greatly advantageous on my side, and not altogether unserviceable on his; you generously recommended me to his favour, and was the cause of his cultivating my friendship. I forbear to mention several instances which occured at that period, of the unreserved manner in which we both conversed and corresponded together; as they were followed by others of a more important nature. At the opening of the civil war, when you were going to meet Cæsar at Brundisium, you paid me a visit in my Formian villa. This single favour, had it been attended with no other, was, at such a critical juncture, an ample testimony of your affection. But can I ever forget the generous advice you so kindly gave me at the same time; and of which Trebatius, I remember, was himself a witness? Can I ever forget the letter you afterwards wrote to me, when you went to join Cæsar in the district, if I mistake not, of Trebula? It was soon after this, that either by gratitude, by honour, or perhaps by fate, I was determined to follow Pompey into Greece: and was there any instance of an obliging zeal, which you did not exert in my absence both for me and for my family? was there any one, in short, whom either they or I had more reason to esteem our friend? But I returned to Brundisium: and can I forget (let me ask once more) with what an obliging expedition you hastened, as soon as you heard of my arrival, to meet me at Tarentum? How friendly were your visits; how kind your endeavours to reason me out of that dejection, into which the dread of our general calamities had sunk me! At length, however, I returned to Rome; where every proof of the greatest int macy, and upon occasions too of the most important kind, mutually passed between us. It was by your directions and advice, that I learned to regulate my conduct with respect to Cæsar: and as to other instances of your friendship; where was the man, except Cæsar himself, at whose house you more frequently visited, or upon whom you bestowed so many agreeable hours of your conversation? in some of which, you may remember, it was that you encouraged me to engage in my philosophical writings. When Cæsar afterwards returned from completing his victo[illegible] was your first and principal endeav[illegible] establish me again in his friendship: [illegible] was an endeavour in which you per[illegible] well succeeded. But to what purpo[illegible] will ask, perhaps, this long detail? I[illegible] er, indeed, I must acknowledge it is, [illegible] I was myself aware: however, the [illegible] would make of these several circum[illegible] is, to shew you how much reason I ha[illegible] be surprised, that you, who well kno[illegible] truth of them, should believe me c[illegible] of having acted inconsistently with [illegible] powerful ties. But besides these [illegible] of my attachment to you, motives [illegible] and visible to the whole world, the[illegible] others of a far less conspicuous kind; [illegible] which I am at a loss to represent in [illegible] terms they deserve. Every part, in[illegible] of your character I admire; but wh[illegible] consider you as the wise, the firm, an[illegible] faithful friend; as the polite, the [illegible] and the learned companion; these, I [illegible] fess, are the striking points amidst [illegible] many other illustrious qualifications, [illegible] which I am particularly charmed. B[illegible] is time to return to the complaints [illegible] have alledged against me. Be assured [illegible] I never once credited the report of [illegible] having voted for the law you mentioned [illegible] Trebatius: and, indeed, if I had, I [illegible] have been well persuaded that you [illegible] induced to concur in promoting it, [illegible] some very just and rational motive. [illegible] as the dignity of your character draws [illegible] you the observation of all the world; [illegible] malevolence of mankind will somet[illegible] give severer constructions to your a[illegible] than most certainly they merit. If no[illegible] stances of this kind have ever reached [illegible] knowledge, I know not in what manner [illegible] proceed in my justification. Believe [illegible] however, I have always defended you [illegible] these occasions with the same warmth [illegible] spirit with which I am sensible you are [illegible] to oppose, on your part, the calumnies [illegible] are thrown out upon myself. Tho[illegible] regard to the law I just now mentioned [illegible] have always peremptorily denied the [illegible] of the charge: and as to your having [illegible] one of the managers of the late ga[illegible] have constantly insisted, that you acted [illegible] greeably to those pious offices that are [illegible] to the memory of a departed friend. [illegible] respect to the latter, however, you ca[illegible] be ignorant, that if Cæsar was really [illegible] rant (as I think he was), your zeal [illegible] be considered in two very different vi[illegible] It may be said (and it is an argu[illegible] which I never fail to urge in your fav[illegible]

u shewed a very commendable fide-
n thus displaying your affection to a
ed friend. On the other hand, it
e alledged (and in fact it is alledged),
he liberties of our country ought to
preferable even to the life itself of
whom we hold most dear. I wish
ad been informed of the part I have
s taken whenever this question has
started. But there are two circum-
s that reflect the brightest lustre upon
character, and which none of your
ds more frequently or more warmly
nemorate than myself; I mean your
g always most strongly recommended
e measures to Cæsar, and constantly
ed him to use his victory with mode-
n; in both which the whole world is
ed with me in acknowledging your
t.

think myself much obliged to our
d Trebatius, for having given me
occasion of justifying myself before
And you will credit the professions
ve here made, unless you imagine me
l of every spark both of gratitude and
rosity; an opinion than which nothing
be more injurious to my sentiments, or
e unworthy of yours. Farewel.

LETTER CL.

Matius to Cicero.

[A. U. 709.]

RECEIVED great satisfaction from your letter, as it assured me of my holding a rank in your esteem, which I have ever wished and hoped to enjoy. Indeed never doubted of your good opinion; the value I set upon it, rendered me licitous of preserving it without the least mish. Conscious, however, that I had ver given just offence to any candid and nd mind, I was the less disposed to be-e that you, whose sentiments are exalt-by the cultivation of so many generous s, could hastily credit any reports to my disadvantage; especially as you were one whom I had at all times discovered much kere good will. But as I have the plea-re to find that you think of me agreeably my wishes, I will drop this subject, in der to vindicate myself from those calum-s which you have so often, and with such gular generosity, opposed. I am per-tly well apprised of the reflections that ve been cast upon me since Cæsar's death. has been imputed to me, I know, that I ment the loss of my friend, and think his indignation on the murderers of the man I loved. "The welfare of our coun-"try," say my accusers (as if they had already made it appear, that the destruction of Cæsar was for the benefit of the commonwealth), "the welfare of our country "is to be preferred to all considerations of "amity." It may be so: but I will honestly confess, that I am by no means arrived at this elevated strain of patriotism. Nevertheless, I took no part with Cæsar in our civil dissensions; but neither did I desert my friend, because I disliked his measures. The truth is, I was so far from approving the civil war, that I always thought it unjustifiable; and exerted my utmost endeavours to extinguish those sparks by which it was kindled. In conformity to these sentiments, I did not make use of my friend's victory to the gratification of any lucrative or ambitious purposes of my own, as some others most shamefully did, whose interest with Cæsar was much inferior to mine. Far, in truth, from being a gainer by his success, I suffered greatly in my fortunes by that very law which saved many of those who now exult in his death, from the disgrace of being obliged to fly their country*. Let me add, that I recommended the vanquished party to his clemency, with the same warmth and zeal as if my own preservation had been concerned. Thus desirous that all my fellow-citizens might enjoy their lives in full security, can I repress the indignation of my heart against the assassins of that man, from whose generosity this privilege was obtained; especially, as the same hands were lifted up to his destruction, which had first drawn upon him all the odium and envy of his administration? Yet I am threatened, it seems, with their vengeance, for daring to condemn the deed. Unexampled insolence! that some should glory in the perpetration of those crimes, which others should not be permitted even to deplore! The meanest slave has ever been allowed to indulge, without control, the fears, the sorrows, or the joys of his heart; but these our assertors of *liberty*, as they call themselves, endeavour to extort from me, by their menaces, this common privilege of every creature. Vain and impotent endeavours! no dangers shall intimidate me from acting up to the generous duties of friendship and humanity; persuaded as I have ever been, that death in an honest cause ought never to be shunned,

* The law alluded to, is probably that which Cæsar enacted for the relief of those who had contracted debts before the commencement of the civil war.

and

and frequently to be courted. Yet why does it thus move their displeasure, if I only wish that they may repent of what they have perpetrated? for wish, I will acknowledge I do, that both they and all the world may regret the death of Cæsar. "But as a member," say they, "of the "commonwealth, you ought above all "things to desire its preservation." Now that I sincerely do so, if the whole tenour of my past conduct, and all the hopes I can reasonably be supposed to entertain, will not sufficiently evince; I shall not attempt to prove it by my professions. I conjure you then to judge of me, not by what others may say, but by the plain tendency of my actions; and if you believe I have any interest in the tranquillity of the republic, be assured that I will have no communication with those who would impiously disturb its peace. Shall I renounce indeed those patriot principles I steadily pursued in my youth, when warmth and inexperience might have pleaded some excuse for errors? Shall I, in the sober season of declining age, wantonly unravel at once the whole fair contexture of my better days? Most assuredly not: nor shall I ever give any other offence than in bewailing the severe catastrophe of a most intimate and illustrious friend! Were I disposed to act otherwise, I should scorn to deny it; nor should it be ever said that I covered my crimes by hypocrisy, and feared to avow what I scrupled not to commit.

But to proceed to the other articles of the charge against me: it is farther alledged, that I presided at those games which the young Octavius exhibited in honour of Cæsar's victories. The charge, I confess, is true: but what connection has an act of mere private duty with the concerns of the republic? It was an office not only due from me to the memory of my departed friend, but which I could not refuse to that illustrious youth, his most worthy heir. I am reproached also with having been frequent in paying my visits of compliment to Antony: yet you will find that the very men who impute this as a mark of disaffection to my country, appeared much more frequently at his levee, either to solicit his favours, or to receive them. But after all, can there be any thing, let me ask, more insufferably arrogant than this accusation? Cæsar never opposed my associating with whomsoever I thought proper, even though it were with persons whom he himself disapproved. And shall the men who have cruelly robbed me of one friend, attempt likewise, by their malicious insinuations to alienate me from another? But the consideration of my conduct will, I doubt not, discredit all reports that may hereafter be raised to my disadvantage; and I am persuaded that even those who hate me for my attachment to Cæsar, would rather choose a friend of my disposition than of their own. In fine, if my affairs should permit me, it is my resolution to spend the remainder of my days at Rhodes. But if any accident should render it necessary for me to continue at Rome, my actions shall evince that I am sincerely desirous of my country's welfare. In the mean time, I am much obliged to Trebatius for supplying me with an occasion of so freely laying open to me the amicable sentiments of your heart, as it affords me an additional reason for cultivating a friendship with one whom I have ever been disposed to esteem. Farewell.

LETTER CLI.

To Trebatius.

Rhegium*, July the 28th. [A. U. 7

YOU see the influence you have over me, though indeed it is not greater than what you are justly entitled to, from the equal return of friendship you make to me. I could not therefore be easy in the relation, I will not say of having absolutely refused, but of not having complied however with the request you made me, when we were lately together. Accordingly, as soon as I set sail from Velia, I employed myself in drawing up the treatise you desired, and on the plan of Aristotle's topics; as indeed I could not look upon a city in which you are so generally beloved without being mindful of my friend. I now send you the produce of my meditations; which I have endeavoured to express with all the perspicuity that a subject of this nature will admit. Nevertheless, if some passages should appear dark; you must do me the justice to remember, that no science can be rendered perfectly intelligible, without the assistance of a master to explain and apply its rules. To send you no farther for an instance, than to your own profession; could a knowledge of the law be acquired merely from books? Undoubtedly it could not; for although the treatises which have been written upon that subject are extremely numerous, yet they are by no means of themselves sufficient instructors, without the help of

* A sea-port upon the western point of Calabria, opposite to Sicily; it is now called Reggio.

ned guide to enlighten their ob- However, with respect to the ons in the present performance; ive them a frequent and attentive you will certainly be able to enter r meaning; but the ready appli- them can only be attained by re- exercise. And in this exercise I fail to engage you, if I should ase into Italy, and find the repub- state of repose. Farewel.

LETTER CLII.

To Plancus.

[A. U. 709.]

I left Rome, and was actually on voyage to Greece, when I was re- by the general voice of the repub- t the conduct of Marc Antony ever y return, has not permitted me to moment of repose. The ferocity call it pride would be imputing a him which is nothing uncommon), ocity of his temper is so excessive, e cannot bear a word, or even a which is animated with the least spi- liberty. It is this that fills my heart thousand disquietudes; but dis- des in which my own preservation is means concerned. No, my friend, nothing farther to wish with respect self; whether I consider the years to I am arrived*, the actions that I performed, or the glory (if that may ntioned as of any value in the ac-) with which they have been crown- All my anxiety is for our country : and the more so, my dear Plancus, time appointed for your succession to onsular office is so remote, that it is r to be wished than expected, that we d be able to preserve our liberties so alive. What rational hopes indeed possibly be entertained, where a com- wealth is totally oppressed by the arms e most violent and outrageous of men; e neither the senate nor the people any authority; where neither laws ustice prevail; and, in one word, where is not the least trace or shadow of government remaining? But as you ve, I imagine, the public accounts of is transacted amongst us, I need not end into a detail of particulars. Let ather, in consequence of that affection ar you, and which has been still in- sing from our earliest youth; let me rather remind and exhort you to turn all your thoughts and cares towards the republic. If it should not be utterly destroyed ere you enter upon the consular office, it may without difficulty be steered right: though I will add, that much vigilance, as well as great good fortune, must concur, in order to preserve it to that desirable period. But I hope we may see you here somewhat before that time shall arrive. Meanwhile, besides the inducements that arise to me from my regard to the well being of the republic, you may be assured, that from my particular attachment likewise to yourself, I shall exert my utmost efforts for the advancement of your credit and honours. By these means I shall have the satisfaction to discharge at once the duties I owe both to my country and to my friend; to that country which is the object of my warmest affections, and to that friend whose amity I would most religiously cultivate.

I am extremely rejoiced, though by no means surprised, to find that you treat Furnius† agreeably to his rank and merit. Be assured, that whatever favours you shall think proper to confer upon him, I shall consider them as so many immediate instances of your regard to myself. Farewel.

LETTER CLIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 709.]

AGREEABLY to the friendship which subsists between us, my services should not have been wanting to advance your dignities, if I could have been present in the senate consistently with my honour or my safety. But no man can freely deliver his opinion in that assembly, without being exposed to the violence of a military force, that are licensed to commit their outrages with full impunity: and it would ill become my rank and character to speak upon public affairs in a place where I am more attentively observed, and more closely surrounded, by soldiers than by senators. In any instance of private concern my best offices shall not be wanting to you; nor shall they indeed even in those of a public nature, whatever hazard I may run, where my appearance is absolutely necessary to promote your interest. But where it may be equally advanced without my concurrence; suffer me, I intreat you, to pay a proper regard to my own dignity and preservation. Farewel.

* Cicero was at this time in his 63d year.

† He was lieutenant to Plancus in Gaul.

LET-

LETTER CLIV.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

I SEE into your scheme: you have a design that *your* letters, as well as mine, should make their appearance in public. But tell me how happened it, that you who are wont to be the supreme judge and critic of my writings, should be guilty of so inaccurate an expression as to desire me "*faithfully** to preserve my health?" That adverb surely can have no business there; as its proper employment is to attend upon some word that imports a moral obligation. In figurative language its use indeed is various; as it may be applied even to inanimate and intellectual objects, provided (as Theophrastus observes) the metaphor be not too bold and unnatural. But we will reserve this for a conversation when we meet.

Demetrius has been here: but I had the address to avoid both him and his retinue. Doubtless, you will regret that you lost the opportunity of seeing him. It is an opportunity, however, which you may still recover; for he returns, it seems, to-morrow. Accordingly I purpose to leave this place the next morning.

I am extremely uneasy about your health: and intreat you not to omit any means that may contribute to its re-establishment. It is thus that you will render me insensible of your absence, and abundantly discharge all the services I require at your hands.

I am obliged to your good offices towards Cuspius; for I greatly interest myself in the success of his affairs. Adieu.

LETTER CLV.

To Cornificius.

[A. U. 709.]

THERE is no man that cultivates my friendship with greater marks of esteem than Sextus Aufidius: nor is there any of equestrian rank, who bears a more distinguished character. The strictness of his morals is so happily tempered with the sweetness of his disposition, that he unites the severest virtue with the easiest and most engaging address. I recommend his affairs in Africa to you, with the utmost warmth and sincerity of my heart: [illegible] will extremely oblige me therein [illegible] shewing him that you pay the highest [illegible] gard to my recommendation; and I [illegible] earnestly intreat you, my dear Cornificius, [illegible] to comply with this request. Farewell.

* There was no such duty as fidelity owing from the master to the slave; and consequently Tiro could not in strict propriety have applied it to Cicero.

LETTER CLVI.

Cicero the Son†, to his dearest Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

AFTER having been in daily and [illegible] nest expectation of your couriers, [illegible] are at length, to my great satisfaction, [illegible] rived; having performed their voyage [illegible] forty-six days from the time they left [illegible] The joy I received from my dear Tiro's [illegible] most affectionate letter, was crowned [illegible] very agreeable one which attended it [illegible] yourself. I can no longer repent [illegible] fore of having neglected writing to you, [illegible] as it has proved a means of furnishing [illegible] with an ample proof of your good-will [illegible] and it is with much pleasure I find [illegible] you admit the apology I made for [illegible] silence.

That the advantageous reports you [illegible] heard of my conduct, were perfectly agreeable, my dearest Tiro, to your wishes, [illegible] can by no means doubt; and it shall be [illegible] constant endeavour to confirm and increase the general good opinion which is [illegible] arising in my favour. You may rely therefore with great confidence to be, [illegible] you obligingly promise, the herald of [illegible] fame. Indeed, I reflect with so much [illegible] and contrition of mind on the errors [illegible] which my youth and inexperience have [illegible] trayed me, that I not only look upon [illegible] with abhorrence, but cannot bear even [illegible] hear them mentioned; and I am well [illegible] vinced, that you take a part in the uneasiness which I suffer from this circumstance. It is no wonder you should be solicitous [illegible] the welfare of a person, whom both [illegible] rest and inclination recommend to your [illegible] wishes; as I have ever been desirous [illegible] should partake of all the advantages [illegible] attend me. But if my conduct has formerly given you pain; it shall henceforward [illegible]

† He was at this time pursuing his studies [illegible] Athens under the directions of Cratippus, one [illegible] the most celebrated philosophers of the peripatetic sect. If young Cicero had not the talents of [illegible] father; his genius, however, seems by no means [illegible] to have been contemptible: and the present [illegible] written when he was but nineteen years of age [illegible] a full confutation of those who have charged [illegible] with a want of sense even to a degree of [illegible]

afford you reason to think of me able satisfaction.

with Cratippus rather as his son, s pupil; and not only attend his with pleasure, but am extremely d with the peculiar sweetness of his ation. Accordingly I spend whole his company, and frequently, in- he most part of the night; as I in- m to sup with me as often as his en- ents will permit. Since the intro- of this custom, he every now and nexpectedly steals in upon us while at table; and laying aside the se- of the philosopher, enters with great humour into all the mirth and plea- of our conversation. Let me request en to hasten hither as soon as pos- in order to enjoy with us the society s most agreeable and excellent man. Bruttius, I never suffer him to be ab- om me a single moment. His com- is as entertaining as his conduct is plary; and he perfectly well knows o reconcile mirth and good humour the serious disquisitions of philosophy. e taken a house for him near mine; ssist his narrow fortunes as far as my er finances will admit*.

ave begun to declaim in Greek under us; as I choose to employ myself in exercises of that kind with Bruttius. e in great familiarity also with those ed and approved friends of Cratippus, m he brought with him from Mity- ; and pass much of my time likewise Epicrates, one of the most consider- persons in Athens, together with Leo- s, and several others of the same rank merit. Thus I have given you a ge- l sketch of my life.

As to what you mention concerning gias; notwithstanding that he was of ice to me in my oratorical exercises, my father's commands were superior to other considerations; and as he pe- ptorily wrote to me that I should im- diately dismiss him†, I have obeyed invunctions. I would not suffer myself ted to hesitate a moment, lest my re- arce should raise any suspicions in my ter to my disadvantage. Besides, I thought it would ill become me to take upon myself to be a judge of the propriety of his orders. I am extremely obliged to you, however, for the friendly advice you give me in this affair.

I very readily admit the excuse you make on account of your want of leisure, perfectly well knowing how much your time is generally engaged. I am extremely glad to hear that you have bought a farm; and wish you much joy of the purchase. But you must not wonder that I deferred my congratulations to this part of my letter; for you will remember it was about the same place in yours that you communicated to me the occasion of them. You have now a retreat from all the fatiguing ceremonies of the city, and are become a Roman of the true old rural kind ‡. I take pleasure in figuring you to myself in the midst of your country employments, buying your tools of husbandry, dealing out your orders to your bailiff, and carefully treasuring up the fruit-seeds from your desert. To be serious; I sincerely join with you in regretting, that I could not be of service to you upon this occasion. But be assured, my dear Tiro, I shall not fail to assist you, if ever fortune should put it in my power; especially as I am sensible you made this purchase with a view to my use as well as your own.

I am obliged to your care in executing my commission. I desire you would see that I have a writer sent to me who understands Greek; as I lose much time in transcribing my lectures. But above all, I intreat you to take care of your health, that we may have the pleasure of enjoying together many philosophical conversations. I recommend Antherus to your good offices, and bid you farewel.

LETTER CLVII.

From the same, to Tiro.

[A. U. 709.]

THE reasons you assign for the intermission of your letters, are perfectly just: but I hope that these excuses will not very frequently recur. 'Tis true, I receive intelligence of public affairs from particular expresses, as well as from general report; and am continually assured likewise of my father's

* The allowance which Cicero made to his son during his residence at Athens, was about 700*l.* *Plut. de Cic.* xvi. 1.

† The unworthy tutor had encouraged his pupil in habits of drinking; a vice in which the young man, however sincere lover he might have been of prudent resolves, most shamefully fell into in his more mature years. *Plut. in Cic.* *Hist. Nat.* xiv. 22.

‡ Alluding, perhaps, to those celebrated Romans in the earlier ages of the republic, who after having been called forth from their farms to the service of their country, discharged with glory the functions of the state, and then returned to their ploughs.

father's affection, by his own hand; yet I always take great pleasure in reading a letter from yourself, be it upon ever so trifling a subject. I hope, therefore, since I am thus earnestly desirous of hearing from you, that you will not for the future send me apologies instead of epistles. Farewel.

LETTER CLVIII.

Bithynicus to Cicero.

[A. U. 709.]

IF we were not mutually attached to each other by many singular good offices, I should remind you of that friendship which formerly subsisted between our parents: but I leave arguments of this kind to those who have neglected to improve their hereditary connections. For myself, I am well satisfied with going no farther for my claim to your services, than to our own personal amity. In confidence of which let me intreat you, if you believe that none of your favours will be thrown away upon me, that you would, upon all occasions, during my absence*, take my interests under your protection. Farewel.

LETTER CLIX.

To Plancus.

[A. U. 710.]

THE visit I lately received from Furnius† afforded me great satisfaction, not only upon his own account, but more particularly on yours; as he painted you so strongly to my mind that I could not but fancy, during the whole conversation, that you were actually present. He represented to me the heroism you display in the military affairs of your province; the equity of your civil administration; the prudence which distinguishes every part of your conduct in general; together with what I was by no means indeed a stranger to before, the charms of your social and friendly qualities. To this he did not forget to add likewise, the singular generosity which you have shewn in your behaviour towards himself. Every one of these articles I heard with pleasure; and for the last I am much obliged to you‡.

The friendship I enjoy with your family, my dear Plancus, commenced somewhat before you were born; and as the [illegible] which I conceived for you be[illegible] your childhood, so in your more [illegible] years it was mutually improved [illegible] strictest intimacy. These are con[illegible] which strongly engage me to [illegible] interests, which I look upon [illegible] my own. Merit in conjunction [illegible] tune have crowned you, even [illegible] in your life, with the highest di[illegible] as the diligent exertion of you[illegible] talents has frustrated the oppo[illegible] many envious antagonists, who [illegible] deavoured to obstruct your way. [illegible] if you will be influenced by the [illegible] a man who greatly loves you, [illegible] from a long connection with you, [illegible] equal claim to your regard with [illegible] of your friends; you will receive [illegible] future honours of your life from the [illegible] lic in its best and most constitution[illegible] There was a season, you know, [illegible] thing surely could have escaped [illegible] cernment) there was a season§ [illegible] world thought you too compliant [illegible] prevailing faction of the times; [illegible] should have thought so too, if I had [illegible] gined that your approbation was [illegible] measured by your submission. But [illegible] knew the sentiments of your heart, I [illegible] persuaded you had prudently con[illegible] the extent of your power. Public [illegible] however, are at present in a far di[illegible] situation; and you may now freely [illegible] every point as your judgment shall [illegible] The time is shortly approaching when [illegible] consequence of your present design[illegible] you will enter upon the consul[illegible] and you will enter upon it, my friend, [illegible] the prime of your years; with the [illegible] tage of possessing the noblest and most [illegible] manding eloquence; and at a period [illegible] when there is the utmost scarcity of [illegible] illustrious citizens as yourself. I [illegible] conjure you then, by the immortal [illegible] most earnestly to pursue those measures [illegible] will insure the highest glory to your [illegible] racter. Now there is but one poss[illegible] thod of acting towards the republic [illegible] this advantage to your reputation; [illegible] there is but one in the present conjun[illegible] as the commonwealth has for so [illegible] years|| been disturbed by our intestine [illegible] motions.

When I write to you in this strain, [illegible] rather in compliance with the [illegible]

* In Sicily: to which province he succeeded as governor at the expiration of his prætorship. *Pigh. Annal.* iii. p. 476.

† He was one of the lieutenants of Plancus.

‡ Furnius had been particularly recommended by Cicero to the favour of Plancus.

§ During Cæsar's usurpation.

|| The civil wars had now continued [illegible] seven years.

ion, than as supposing that you ed either of precepts or admoni- m sensible that you are sufficient- d with reflections of this nature, same source whence I derive them it is time therefore to put an end I designed, not as an ostentation isdom, but merely as an instance iendship. I will only add, that depend upon the most zealous of ces upon every occasion, wherein magine your credit and character erned.

LETTER CLX.

Plancus to Cicero.

[A. U. 710.]

exceedingly obliged to you for your r*: a favour for which I am in- I perceive, to the account that gave of me in the conversation you n. If I have not written to you you must impute it to my being d that you were set out upon your ion into Greece; and I was not ap- of your return till a very short time I learned it from your letter. I n this because I should think myself g of the highest reproach, if I were ally guilty of an omission even in ntest office of friendship towards you. timacy indeed which was contracted n you and my father; the early I conceived of your merit, together hose instances of affection I have re- from you; supply me with many al reasons for not failing in the re- I owe you. Be assured, therefore, ar Cicero, there is no man whom I much disposed to revere as yourself; and the great disparity of our ages ndity me in looking up to you the sacred respect of filial venera- I received your admonitions, there- as to many dictates of the most con- wisdom; at the same time that I them as instances likewise of designed sincerity; for in this re- I judge of *your* heart by what I feel If I had any doubt then measures to pursue, or were inclin- adopt others than those you recom- I should most certainly be deter- by your judgment, or restrained advice; but in my present situa- can there possibly be an inducement from those paths you point out? truth is, that whatever honourable distinctions I have acquired either by my own industry, or by the favours of fortune, though far inferior to what your affection represents them; yet they want no other lustre, perhaps, but that of having been attained with the general approbation of the commonwealth; and this even the most inveterate of my enemies acknowledge. Be assured then, that the whole of my power, my prudence, and my authority, shall ever be exerted in the service of the republic. As I am no stranger to your sentiments, I am well persuaded that mine would never disagree with yours, if I had the happiness of having you so near me as to be able to consult them. But though I cannot enjoy this very desirable advantage, yet I trust you will never have occasion to condemn my conduct.

I am extremely impatient to learn what is transacting in the nearer Gaul, as well as what effect the present month† may produce in regard to affairs at Rome. In the mean time, I am earnestly labouring to prevent the people of this province from pursuing the example of their neighbours, by taking advantage of the public disturbances to throw off their allegiance. And should my endeavours be attended with the the success they deserve, I doubt not of being approved, not only by every friend of liberty in general, but, what I am most ambitious of, by yourself in particular. Farewel, my dear Cicero, and love me with an equal return of that affection I bear you.

LETTER CLXI.

To Plancus.

[A. U. 710.]

THE duplicate you sent me of your letter‡, was an instance of your obliging care lest I should be disappointed of what I so impatiently wished to receive. The contents afforded me a double satisfaction; and I am at a loss to determine, whether the friendship you profess for myself, or the zeal you discover for the republic, rendered it most truly acceptable. To speak my own opinion, indeed, the public affections are altogether noble and sublime; but surely there is something more amiably sweet in those of the private kind. Accordingly that part of your letter where you remind me of the intimacy in which I lived with your father, of the early disposition you found in yourself to love me, together with other passages to the same

* The preceding epistle.

† January: when the new consuls always entered upon their office. The consuls for the present year were Hirtius and Pansa.

‡ The foregoing.

friendly

friendly purpose, filled my heart with the most exquisite pleasure; as the sentiments you profess with regard to the commonwealth raised in me the highest satisfaction; and to say truth, I was so much the more pleased with the latter, as they were accompanied at the same time with the former.

To repeat what I said in the letter to which you have returned so obliging an answer, let me not only exhort, but intreat you, my dear Plancus, to exert your utmost powers in the service of the commonwealth. There is nothing that can more contribute to the advancement of your glory; for amongst all human honours, none most certainly is superior to that of deserving well of one's country. Your great good sense and good nature will suffer me, I know, to speak my sentiments to you with the same freedom that I have hitherto used. Let me again observe then, that the honours you have already acquired, though you could not indeed have attained to them without merit, yet they have principally been owing to fortune, in conjunction with the particular circumstances of the times. But whatever services you shall perform for the republic in this very critical conjuncture, will reflect a lustre upon your character that will derive all its splendour from yourself alone. It is incredible how odious Antony is become to all sorts people, except those only of the same dishonest views with himself: but the great hopes and expectations of the republic are fixed upon you and the army you command. Let me conjure you then, in the most solemn manner, not to lose so important an opportunity of establishing yourself in the esteem and favour of your fellow-citizens, or in other words, of gathering immortal praise. Believe me, it is with all the tenderness of a father that I thus admonish you; that I enter into your interests with as much warmth as if they were my own; and that my exhortations proceed from the zeal I bear for the glory of my friend, and for the welfare of my country. Adieu.

LETTER CLXII.

To Lucius Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 710.]

I HAVE received a second letter from you, concerning your friend Rufus: and since you interest yourself thus warmly in his behalf, you might depend upon my utmost assistance, even if he had done me an injury. But I am perfectly sensible from those letters of his which you com[illegible] ed to me, as well as from your ow[illegible] much my welfare has been his co[illegible] cannot therefore refuse him my [illegible] offices, not only in regard to you[illegible] mendation, which has all the weight [illegible] me it ought, but in compliance [illegible] my own inclinations. I must acknow[illegible] that it was his and your letters, my [illegible] Pætus, which first put me upon my [illegible] against the designs that were form[illegible] stroy me. I afterwards indeed [illegible] intelligence from several other hand[illegible] same effect, and particularly of the [illegible] tations that were held concerning m[illegible] at Aquinium and Fabrateria*; of [illegible] meetings I find you were likewise [illegible] One would imagine that this par[illegible] foreseen how much I should embarr[illegible] schemes, by the industry they empl[illegible] order to compass my destruction; a[illegible] had not the least suspicion of their p[illegible] I might incautiously have fallen into [illegible] snares, if it had not been for the [illegible] tions you sent me in consequence [illegible] information you had received from [illegible] Your friend, therefore, wants no [illegible] with me for my good offices; and I [illegible] the republic may be in so happy a [illegible] as to afford me an opportunity of [illegible] him the most substantial proofs of my [illegible] titude.

But to dismiss this subject: I am [illegible] you no longer frequent the festive [illegible] your friends; as you cannot renounce [illegible] parties of good cheer, without dep[illegible] yourself of a very exquisite gratif[illegible] And to tell you the truth, I am sorry [illegible] wise upon another account; as I am [illegible] you will lose the little knowledge you [illegible] acquired in the art of cookery, and be [illegible] solutely at a loss how to set forth a [illegible] able supper. For as you made so [illegible] considerable improvements in this fa[illegible] able science, even when you had ma[illegible] rious models for your imitation; [illegible] strange aukward things must your [illegible] tainments prove now, that you en[illegible] longer the same advantages? When [illegible] formed Spurinna† of this wonderful [illegible] lution in the system of your affa[illegible] shook his prophetic head, and de[illegible] that it portended some terrible di[illegible]

* These towns were situated in La[illegible] what is now called the Campagna di Ro[illegible] still subsist under the names of *Aqui*[illegible] *tera*.

† A celebrated diviner, who is fa[illegible] forewarned Cæsar of the ides of March [illegible] *Jul.* 81.

commonwealth; unless, said he, this o dinary phenomenon be occasioned he present cold weather, and your d should return with the zephyrs to customed train of life. But without a my dear Petus, I would advise you d your time in the cheerful society t of worthy and agreeable friends; e is nothing, in my estimation, that effectually contributes to the happi- of human life. When I say this, I do mean with respect to the sensual grati- of the palate, but with regard to lasting relaxation of the mind which d produced by the freedom of social er and which is always most agree- at the hour of meals. For this reason Latin language is much happier, I than the Greek, in the term it em- to express assemblies of this sort. In ner they are called by a word which *symposia*; whereas in ours they are emphatically styled *convivial* meetings; intimating that it is in a communication of this nature that life is most truly enjoyed. You see I am endeavouring to bring philosophy to my assistance in recalling you to the tables of your friends; and, indeed, I prescribe them as the best recipe for the re-establishment of your health.

Do not imagine, my friend, from my writing in this strain of pleasantry, that I have renounced my cares for the republic. Be assured, on the contrary, that it is the sole and unintermitted business of my life to secure to my fellow-citizens the full possession of their liberties; to which end my admonitions, my labours, and the utmost powers of my mind, are upon all occasions unweariedly employed. In a word, it is my firm persuasion, that if I should die a martyr to these patriot endeavours, I shall finish my days in the most glorious manner. Again and again I bid you farewel.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ANCIENT LETTERS.

SECTION II.

From the Letters of PLINY the CONSUL*, to several of his Friends as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

LETTER I.

To Caninius Rufus.

HOW stands Comum†, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant Villa, the vernal Portico, the shady Planetree-walk, the crystal Canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming Lake‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft Gestatio[illegible] the sunny Bath, the public Salloon, [illegible] private Dining-room, and all the eleg[illegible] apartments for repose both at noon a[illegible] night||? Do these enjoy my friend, [illegible] divide his time with pleasing vicissit[illegible] Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, [illegible] you frequently out from this agreeable [illegible] treat? If the scene of your enjoyme[illegible] lies wholly there, you are happy; if [illegible] you are under the common error of m[illegible] kind. But leave, my friend (for certai[illegible] it is high time), the sordid pursuits of [illegible] to others, and devote yourself, in this [illegible] and undisturbed recess, entirely to plea[illegible] of the studious kind. Let these emp[illegible] your idle as well as serious hours; let th[illegible] be at once your business and your am[illegible] ment, the subjects of your waking and [illegible] sleeping thoughts: produce something [illegible] shall be really and for ever your own. [illegible] your other possessions will pass on from [illegible] master to another: *this* alone, when it [illegible] yours, will for ever be so. As I well kn[illegible] the temper and genius of him to whom [illegible] am addressing myself, I must exhort you [illegible] think as well of your abilities as they [illegible] serve: do justice to those excellent tal[illegible] you possess, and the world, believe m[illegible] will certainly do so too. Farewel.

LETTER II.

To Pompeia Celerina.

YOU might perceive by my last short [illegible] ter, I had no occasion of yours to [illegible]

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra. As to the time of his death, antiquity has given us no information: but it is conjectured that he died either a little before, or soon after that excellent Prince, his admired Trajan: that is, about the year of Christ one hundred and sixteen.

The elegance of this author's manner adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of these letters, is by no means their principal recommendation: they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animating characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. To forward modest merit, to encourage ingenious talents, to vindicate oppressed innocence, are some of the glorious purposes to which he devoted his power, his fortune, and his abilities. But how does he rise in our esteem and admiration, when we see him exercising (with a grace that discovers his humanity as well as his politeness) the noblest acts both of public and private munificence, not so much from the abundance of his wealth, as the wisdom of his œconomy!

† The city where Pliny was born: it still subsists, and is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the dutchy of Milan.

‡ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpo[illegible] exercise, either on horseback, or in their [illegible] it was generally contiguous to their gardens, [illegible] laid out in the form of a Circus.

|| It was customary among the Romans to [illegible] in the middle of the day, and they had a[illegible] for that purpose distinct from their bed-cha[illegible]

orm me of the various conveniences you njoy at your ſeveral villas. The elegant ccommodations which are to be found at Narnia*, Ocriculum†, Carſola‡, Peruſia§, articularly the pretty bath at Narnia, I m extremely well acquainted with. The ruth is, I have a property in every thing hich belongs to you; and I know of no ther difference between your houſe and ny own, than that I am more carefully attended in the former than the latter. You nay, perhaps, have occaſion to make the ame obſervation in your turn, whenever ou ſhall give me your company here; hich I wiſh for, not only that you may artake of *mine* with the ſame eaſe and freedom that I do of *yours*, but to awaken the nduſtry of my domeſtics, who are grown omething careleſs in their attendance upon me. A long courſe of mild treatment is pt to wear out the impreſſions of awe in ervants: whereas new faces quicken their diligence, as they are generally more inclined to pleaſe their maſter by attention to his gueſt, than to himſelf. Farewel.

LETTER III.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

CERTAINLY you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned ſportſman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you ſay with aſtoniſhment) Pliny! —*Even he*. However, I indulged at the ſame time my beloved inactivity, and while I ſat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my ſpear, but my pen by my ſide. I muſed and wrote, being reſolved if I returned with my hands empty, at leaſt to come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of ſtudying is not to be deſpiſed: you cannot conceive how greatly exerciſe contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, beſides, ſomething in the ſolemnity of the venerable woods with which one is ſurrounded, together with that awful ſilence ‖ which is obſerved on theſe occaſions, that ſtrongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me adviſe you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your baſket and bottle; for be aſſured you will find Minerva as fond of traverſing the hills as Diana. Farewel.

LETTER IV.

To Minutius Fundanus.

WHEN one conſiders how the time paſſes at Rome, one cannot but be ſurpriſed, that, take a ſingle day, and it either is, or at leaſt ſeems to be, ſpent reaſonably enough; and yet upon caſting up the whole ſum the amount will appear quite otherwiſe. Aſk any one how he has been employed to-day? he will tell you, perhaps, "I have been at "the ceremony of taking up the *manly* "*robe*¶; this friend invited me to a wed-"ding; that deſired me to attend the hear-"of his cauſe; one begged me to be wit-"neſs to his will; another called me to a "conſultation." Theſe are offices which ſeem, while one is engaged in them, extremely neceſſary; and yet when, in the quiet of ſome retirement, we look back upon the many hours thus employed, we cannot but condemn them as ſolemn impertinences. At ſuch a ſeaſon one is apt to reflect, How much of my life has been loſt in trifles! At leaſt it is a reflection which frequently comes acroſs me at Laurentum, after I have been employing myſelf in my ſtudies, or even in the neceſſary care of the animal machine (for the body muſt be repaired and ſupported, if we would preſerve the mind in all its vigour). In that peaceful retreat, I neither hear nor ſpeak any thing of which I have occaſion to repent. I ſuffer none to repeat to me the whiſpers of malice; nor do I cenſure any man unleſs myſelf, when I am diſſatisfied with my compoſitions. There I live undiſturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious ſolicitudes of hope and fear, converſing only with myſelf and my books. True and genuine life! pleaſing and honourable repoſe! More, perhaps, to be deſired than the nobleſt employments! Thou ſolemn ſea and ſolitary ſhore, beſt and moſt retired ſcene

* Now called Narni, a city in Ombria, in the dutchy of Spoleto.

† Otricoli, in the ſame dutchy.

‡ Carſola, in the ſame dutchy.

§ Perugia, in Tuſcany.

‖ By the circumſtance of ſilence here mentioned, as well as by the whole air of this letter, it is plain the hunting here recommended was a very different kind from what is practiſed amongſt us. It is probable the wild boars were allured into their nets by ſome kind of prey, with which they were baited, while the ſportſmen watched at a diſtance in ſilence and concealment. Something at leaſt of this manner is here plainly implied, and is neceſſary to be hinted to the Engliſh reader in order to his conceiving the propriety of Pliny's ſentiment, which otherwiſe muſt ſeem abſurd.

¶ The Roman youths at the age of ſeventeen changed their habit, and took up the *Toga virilis*, or Manly gown, upon which occaſion they were conducted by the friends of the family with great ceremony either into the Forum or Capitol, and there inveſted with this new robe.

for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town with all its very empty pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to ease; for as my ingenious friend Attilius pleasantly said, "It is better to do nothing, than to be *doing* of *nothing*." Farewel.

LETTER V.

To Atrius Clemens.

IF ever polite literature flourished at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances: I will content myself however with naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth, when I served in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection: though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more now, than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth say I understand them yet. For as none but those who are skilled in painting, statuary, or the plastic art, can form a right judgment of any performance in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration, and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxurient eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the world: he has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard: circumstances which, though they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect without creating awe.—Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising, reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced, the ear still wishes to listen to the harmonious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons), whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that though he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates, as first in merit, though not in dignity. But to dwell any longer upon the virtues of a man, whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increase my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable employment; in hearing of causes, answering petitions, passing accounts, and writing letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws, and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so: but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation—even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot, therefore, but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare say, so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: on the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friends in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewel.

LETTER VI.

To Calestrius Tiro.

I HAVE suffered a most sensible loss: that word is strong enough to express

e misfortune which has deprived me of excellent a man. Corellius Rufus is ead! and dead too by his own act! a circumstance of great aggravation to my affection, as that sort of death which we annot impute either to the course of nature, or the hand of providence, is of all thers the most to be lamented. It affords ome consolation in the loss of those friends hom disease snatches from us, that they all by the general fate of mankind: but those who destroy themselves, leave us under the inconsolable reflection that they had it in their power to have lived longer. Tis true, Corellius had many inducements to be fond of life; a blameless conscience, high reputation, and great dignity, together with all the tender endearments of a wife, a daughter, a grandson, and sisters, and amidst these considerable pledges of happiness, many and faithful friends. Still it must be owned he had the highest reason (which to a wise man will always have the force of the strongest obligation) to determine him in this resolution. He had long laboured under so tedious and painful a distemper, that even these blessings, great and valuable as they are, could not balance the evils he suffered. In his thirty-third year (as I have frequently heard him say) he was seized with the gout in his feet. This he received from his father: for diseases, as well as possessions, are transmitted by a kind of inheritance. A life of abstinence and virtue had something broke the force of this distemper while he had strength and youth to struggle with it; and a manly courage supported him under the increasing weight of it in his old age. I remember in the reign of Domitian, I made him a visit at his villa near Rome, where I found him under the most incredible and undeserved tortures; for the gout was now not only in his feet, but had spread itself over his whole body. As soon as I entered his chamber, his servants withdrew; for it was his constant rule, never to suffer them to be present when any very intimate friend was with him: he even carried it so far as to dismiss his wife upon such occasions, though worthy of the highest confidence. Looking round about him, Do you know (says he) why I endure life under these cruel agonies? It is with the hope that I may outlive, at least for one day, that villain*. And O! ye Gods, if you have given me strength, as you have given me resolution, I would infallibly have that pleasure! Heaven heard his prayer, and having survived that tyrant, and lived to see liberty restored, he broke through those great, but however now less forcible attachments to the world, since he could leave it in possession of security and freedom. His distemper increased; and as it now grew too violent to admit of any relief from temperance, he resolutely determined to put an end to its uninterrupted attacks by an effort of heroism. He had refused all sustenance for four days, when his wife Hispulla sent to me our common friend Geminius, with the melancholy news that he was resolved to die; and that she and her daughter having in vain joined in their most tender persuasions to divert him from his purpose, the only hope they had now left was in my endeavours to reconcile him to life. I ran to his house with the utmost precipitation. As I approached it, I met a second messenger from Hispulla, who informed me there was nothing to be hoped for, even from me, as he now seemed more inflexible than ever in his resolution. What confirmed their fears was an expression he made use of to his physician, who pressed him to take some nourishment: 'tis resolved, said he: an expression which as it raised my admiration of his greatness of soul; so it does my grief for the loss of him. I am every moment reflecting what a valuable friend, what an excellent man I am deprived of. That he was arrived to his sixty-seventh year, which is an age even the strongest seldom exceed, I well know; that he is delivered from a life of continual pain; that he left his family and (what he loved even more) his country in a flourishing state; all this I know. Still I cannot forbear to weep for him as if he had been in the prime and vigour of his days; and I weep (shall I own my weakness?) upon a private account. For I have lost, oh! my friend, I have lost the witness, the guide, and the director of my life! And to confess to you what I did to Calvisius in the first transport of my grief, I sadly fear, now that I am no longer under his eye, I shall not keep so strict a guard over my conduct. Speak comfort to me, therefore, I entreat you; not by telling me that he was infirm; all this I know; but by supplying me with some argements that are uncommon and resistless, that neither the commerce of the world, nor the precepts of the philosophers can teach me. For all that I have heard, and all that I have read, occur to me of themselves; but all

* Domitian.

all these are by far too weak to support me under so heavy an affliction. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

To Junius Mauricus.

YOU desire me to look out a husband for your niece; and it is with justice you enjoin me that office. You were a witness to the esteem and affection I bore that great man her father, and with what noble instructions he formed my youth, and taught me to deserve those praises he was pleased to bestow upon me. You could not give me then a more important, or more agreeable commission, nor could I be employed in an office of higher honour, than of choosing a young man worthy of continuing the family of Rusticus Arulenus: a choice I should be long in determining if I were not acquainted with Minutius Æmilianus, who seems formed for our purpose. While he loves me with that warmth of affection which is usual between young men of equal years (as indeed I have the advance of him but by very few), he reveres me at the same time with all the deference due to age; and is as desirous to model himself by my instructions, as I was by those of yourself and your brother. He is a native of Brixia*, one of those provinces in Italy which still retains much of the frugal simplicity and purity of ancient manners. He is son to Minutius Macrinus, whose humble desires were satisfied with being first in the rank of Equestrian order: for though he was nominated by Vespasian in the number of those whom that Prince dignified with the Prætorian honours; yet with a determined greatness of mind, he rather preferred an elegant repose, to the ambitious, shall I call them, or honourable pursuits in which we in public life are engaged. His grand-mother on the mother's side is Serrana Procula, of Padua: you are no stranger to the manners of that place; yet Serrana is looked upon, even among these reserved people, as an exemplary instance of strict virtue. Acilius, his uncle, is a man of singular gravity, wisdom, and integrity. In a word, you will find nothing throughout his family unworthy of yours. Minutius himself has great vivacity, as well as application, joined at the same time with a most amiable and becoming modesty. He has already, with much credit, passed through the offices of Quæstor, Tribune, and Prætor, so that you will be spared the trouble of soliciting for him those honourable employments. He has a genteel and ruddy countenance, with a certain noble mien that speaks the man of distinction: advantages, I think, by no means to be slighted, and which I look upon as the proper tribute to virgin innocence. I am doubtful whether I should add, that his father is very rich. When I consider the character of those who require a husband of my choosing, I know it is unnecessary to mention wealth; but when I reflect upon the prevailing manners of the age, and even the laws of Rome, which rank a man according to his possessions, it certainly claims some notice: and indeed in establishments of this nature, where children and many other circumstances are to be considered, it is an article that well deserves to be taken into the account. You will be inclined perhaps to suspect, that affection has had too great a share in the character I have been drawing, and that I have heightened it beyond the truth. But I will stake all my credit, you will find every thing far beyond what I have represented. I confess, indeed, I love Minutius (as he justly deserves) with all the warmth of the most ardent affection; but for that very reason I would not ascribe more to his merit, than I know it will support. Farewel.

* A town in the territories of Venice, now called Brescia.

LETTER VIII.

To Septitius Clarus.

HOW happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night to sup with me? But take notice, justice is to be had, and I expect you shall fully reimburse me the expence I was at to treat you; which, let me tell you, was no small sum. I had prepared, you must know, a lettuce a-piece, three snails*, two eggs, and a barley cake, with some sweet wine and snow†: the snow most certainly

* The English reader may probably be surprised to find this article in Pliny's philosophical bill of fare; it will not be improper therefore to inform him, that a dish of snails was very common at a Roman table. The manner used to fatten them is related by some very grave authors of antiquity; and Pliny the elder mentions one Fulvius Hirpinus who had studied that art with so much success that the shells of some of his snails would contain about ten quarts. In some parts of Switzerland this food is still in high repute. See Addison's Trav. 364.

† The Romans used snow not only to cool their liquors, but their stomachs, after having inflamed themselves with high eating: *Niveæ redeant, sic* Seneca

y I shall charge to your account, as a y that will not keep. Besides all these ous dishes, there were olives of Anda- , gourds, shalots, and a hundred other ties equally sumptuous. You should wise have been entertained either with nterlude, the rehearsal of the poem, or iece of music, as you liked best; or h was my liberality) with all three. the luxurious delicacies* and Spanish cers of a certain —— I know not who, e, it seems, more to your taste. However, all have my revenge of you, depend upon —in what manner, shall at present be a se- t. In good truth it was not kind, thus to rtify your friend, I had almost said your- f;—and upon second thoughts I do say for how agreeably should we have spent evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep culation! You may sup, I confess, at ny places more splendidly; but you can treated no where, believe me, with more constrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and edom: only make the experiment; and you do not ever afterwards prefer my ole to any other, never favour me with ur company again. Farewel.

LETTER IX.

To Erucius.

CONCEIVED an affection for my friend Pompeius Saturninus, and admired his nius, even long before I knew the exten- e variety of his talents; but he has now cen full and unreserved possession of my ole heart. I have heard him in the un- emeditated, as well as studied speech, ad with no less warmth and energy, than ace and eloquence. He abounds with l reflections; his periods are graceful and majestic; his words harmonious, and stamped with the authority of genuine antiquity. These united qualities infinitely delight you, not only when you are carried along, if I may so say, with the resistless flow of his charming and emphatical elocution; but when considered distinct and apart from that advantage. I am persuaded you will be of this opinion when you peruse his orations, and will not hesitate to place him in the same rank with the ancients, whom he so happily imitates. But you will view him with still higher pleasure in the character of an historian, where his style is at once concise and clear, smooth and sublime; and the same energy of expression, though with more closeness, runs through his harangues, which so eminently distinguishes and adorns his pleadings. But these are not all his excellencies; he has composed several poetical pieces in the manner of my favourite Calvus and Catullus. What strokes of wit, what sweetness of numbers, what pointed satire, and what touches of the tender passion appear in his verses! in the midst of which he sometimes designedly falls into an agreeable negligence in his metre, in imitation too of those admired poets. He read to me, the other day, some letters which he assured me were wrote by his wife. I fancied I was hearing Plautus or Terence in prose. If they are that lady's (as he positively affirms), or his own (which he absolutely denies), either way he deserves equal applause; whether for writing so politely himself, or for having so highly improved and refined the genius of his wife, whom he married young and uninstructed. His works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already wrote, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new. Let me strongly recommend him to the same degree of intimacy with you; nor be it any prejudice to his merit that he is a cotemporary writer. Had he flourished in some distant age, not only his works, but the very pictures and statues of him, would have been passionately enquired after; and shall we then, from a sort of satiety, and merely because he is present among us, suffer his talents to languish and fade away unhonoured and unadmired? It is surely a very perverse and envious disposition, to look with indifference upon a man worthy of the highest approbation, for no other reason

ncea, *fastidium stomachi æstuantis*. This custom l prevails in Italy, especially at Naples, where Mr. Addison observes) "they drink very few uors, not so much as water, that have not lain fresco, and every body from the highest to the est makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much a dearth of corn or provisions in another coun- ." Trav. 185.

* In the original the dishes are specified, viz. sters, the matrices of sows, and a certain sea sh, prickly like a hedge-hog, called Echi- s, all in the highest estimation among the Ro- n admirers of table-luxury; as appears by num- ous passages in the classic writers. Our own untry had the honour to furnish them with oy- rs, which they fetched from Sandwich: Mon- ius, mentioned by Juvenal, was so well skilled the science of good eating, that he could tell the first taste whether they came from thence or not.

reason but because we have it in our power to see him and to converse with him, and not only to give him our applause, but to receive him into our friendship. Farewel.

LETTER X.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I HAVE frequent debates with a learned and judicious person of my acquaintance, who admires nothing so much in the eloquence of the bar as conciseness. I agree with him, where the cause will admit of this manner, it may be properly enough pursued; but insist, that to omit what is material to be mentioned, or only slightly to touch upon those points which should be strongly inculcated, and urged home to the minds of the audience, is in effect to desert the cause one has undertaken. In many cases a copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impressions upon the mind, as iron does upon solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow. In answer to this he usually has recourse to authorities; and produces Lysias amongst the Grecian, and Cato and the two Gracchi among our own countrymen, as instances in favour of the concise style. In return, I name Demosthenes, Æschynes, Hisperides, and many others, in opposition to Lysias; while I confront Cato and the Gracchi, with Cæsar, Pollio, Cœlius, and above all Cicero, whose longest oration is generally esteemed the best. It is in good compositions, as in every thing else that is valuable; the more there is of them, the better. You may observe in statues, basso-relievos, pictures, and the bodies of men, and even in animals and trees, that nothing is more graceful than magnitude, if it is accompanied with proportion. The same holds true in pleading; and even in books, a large volume carries something of beauty and authority in its very size. My antagonist, who is extremely dexterous at evading an argument, eludes all this, and much more which I usually urge to the same purpose, by insisting that those very persons, upon whose works I found my opinion, made considerable additions to their orations when they published them. This I deny: and appeal to the harangues of numberless orators; particularly to those of Cicero for Murena and Varenus, where he seems to have given us little more than the general charge. Whence it appears, that many things which he enlarged upon at the time he delivered those orations, were retrenched when he gave them to the public. The same excellent orator informs us, that agreeably to the ancient custom which allowed only one counsel on a side, Clientius had no other advocate but himself, and tells us farther, that he employed four whole days in defence of Cornelius: by which it plainly appears that those orations which, when delivered at their full length, had necessarily taken up so much time at the bar, were greatly altered and abridged when he afterwards comprised them in a single volume, though I must confess in deed, a large one. But it is objected, there is a great difference between good pleading and just composition. This opinion, I acknowledge, has some favourers, and it may be true; nevertheless I am persuaded (though I may perhaps be mistaken) that as it is possible a pleading may be well received by the audience, which has not merit enough to recommend it to the reader; so a good oration cannot be a bad pleading: for the oration upon paper is, in truth, the original and model of the speech that is to be pronounced. It is for this reason we find in many of the best orations extant, numberless expressions which have the air of unpremeditated discourse; and this even where we are sure they were never spoken at all: as for instance in the following passage from the oration against Verres,— "A certain mechanic—what's his name? "Oh, I'm obliged to you for helping me "to it: yes, I mean Polycletus." It cannot then be denied, that the nearer approach a speaker makes to the rules of just composition, the more perfect he will be in his art; always supposing however, that he has the necessary indulgence in point of time; for if he be abridged of that, no imputation can justly be fixed upon the advocate, though certainly a very great one is chargeable upon the judge. The sense of the laws is, I am sure, on my side, which are by no means sparing of the orator's time: it is not brevity, but an enlarged scope, a full attention to every thing material, which they recommend. And how is it possible for an advocate to acquit himself of that duty, unless in the most insignificant causes, if he affects to be concise? Let me add what experience, that unerring guide, has taught me: it has frequently been my province to act both as an advocate and a judge, as I have often assisted as an assessor*,

* The Prætor was assisted by ten assessors, six of whom were senators, and the rest knights. With these he was obliged to consult before he pronounced sentence.

have ever found the judgments of are to be influenced by different ions; and that the slightest circum- often produce the most important ence. There is so vast a variety in ositions and understandings of men, y seldom agree in their opinions y one point in debate before them; y do, it is generally from the move- different passions. Besides, as every rally favours his own discoveries, n he hears an argument made use h had before occurred to himself, ainly embrace it as extremely con- the orator therefore should so adapt to his audience as to throw out g to every one of them, that he ive and approve as his own pecu- ght. I remember when Regulus re concerned together in a cause, o me, You seem to think it ne- o insist upon every point; whereas take aim at my adversary's throat, e I closely press him. ('Tis true, iously holds whatever part he has d upon; but the misfortune is, he ely apt to mistake the right place.) d, It might possibly happen that look for what he called the throat, ality some other part. As for me, ho do not pretend to direct my aim uch certainty, I attack every part, at every opening; in short, to use proverb, I leave no stone unturned. riculture, it is not my vineyards, eds alone, but my fields also that e; and (to pursue the allusion) as content myself with sowing those ly one kind of grain, but em- different sorts: so in my plead- e bar, I spread at large a variety like so many different seeds, in eap from thence whatever may at: for the disposition of your precarious and as little to be as that of soils and seasons. I the comic writer Eupolis men- praise of that excellent orator hat

persuasion hung,
persuasion rul'd his tongue:
Who could boast the art,
charm and sting the heart.

Pericles, without the richest va- persuasion, and merely by force of the rapid style, or both toge- (they are extremely different), and that charm and that sting of that he speaks? To delight requires time and a great compass of language; and to leave a sting in the minds of his audience, is an effect not to be expected from an orator who slightly pushes, but from him, and him only, who thrusts home and deep. Another comic poet*, speaking of the same orator, says,

His mighty words like Jove's own thunder roll;
Greece hears, and trembles to her inmost soul.

But it is not the concise and the reserved, it is the copious, the majestic, and the sublime orator, who with the blaze and thunder of his eloquence hurries impetuously along, and bears down all before him. There is a just mean, I own, in every thing; but he equally deviates from that true mark, who falls short of it, as he who goes beyond it; he who confines himself to too narrow a compass, as he who launches out with too great a latitude. Hence it is as common to hear our orators condemned for being too barren, as too luxuriant; for not reaching, as well as for overflowing the bounds of their subject. Both, no doubt, are equally distant from the proper medium; but with this difference, however, that in the one the fault arises from an excess, in the other from a deficiency; an error which if it be not a sign of a more correct, yet is certainly of a more exalted genius. When I say this, I I would not be understood to approve that everlasting talker† mentioned in Homer, but that other‡ described in the following lines:

Frequent and soft as falls the winter snow,
Thus from his lips the copious periods flow.

Not but I extremely admire him too§, of whom the poet says,

Few were his words, but wonderfully strong.

Yet if I were to choose, I should clearly give the preference to the style resembling winter snow, that is, to the full and diffusive; in short, to that pomp of eloquence which seems all heavenly and divine. But ('tis urged) the harangue of a more moderate length is most generally admired. It is so, I confess: but by whom? By the indolent only; and to fix the standard by the lazinesS and false delicacy of these, would surely be the highest absurdity. Were you to consult persons of this cast, they would tell you, not only that it is best to say little, but that it is best to say nothing.—Thus, my friend, I have laid before you my sentiments upon this subject, which I shall rea-

* Aristophanes.
† Thersites, Iliad ii. v. 212.
‡ Ulysses, Iliad iii. v. 222.
§ Menelaus. ibid.

dily

dily abandon, if I find they are not agreeable to yours. But if you ſhould diſſent from me, I beg you would communicate to me your reaſons. For though I ought to yield in this caſe to your more enlightened judgment, yet in a point of ſuch conſequence, I had rather receive my conviction from the force of argument than authority. If you ſhould be of my opinion in this matter, a line or two from you in return, intimating your concurrence, will be ſufficient to confirm me in the juſtneſs of my ſentiments. On the contrary, if you think me miſtaken, I beg you would give me your objections at large. Yet has it not, think you, ſomething of the air of bribery, to aſk only a ſhort letter if you agree with me; but enjoin you the trouble of a very long one, if you are of a contrary opinion? Farewel.

LETTER XI.

To Catilius Severus.

I AM at preſent detained in Rome (and have been ſo a conſiderable time) under the moſt alarming apprehenſions. Titus Ariſto, whom I infinitely love and eſteem, is fallen into a dangerous and obſtinate illneſs, which deeply affects me. Virtue, knowledge, and good ſenſe, ſhine out with ſo ſuperior a luſtre in this excellent man, that learning herſelf and every valuable endowment ſeems involved in the danger of his ſingle perſon. How conſummate is his knowledge both in the political and civil laws of his country! How thoroughly converſant is he in every branch of hiſtory and antiquity! There is no article of ſcience, in ſhort, you would wiſh to be informed of, in which he is not ſkilled. As for my own part, whenever I would acquaint myſelf with any abſtruſe point of literature, I have recourſe to him, as to one who ſupplies me with its moſt hidden treaſures. What an amiable ſincerity, what a noble dignity is there in his converſation! How humble, yet how graceful is his diffidence! Though he conceives at once every point in debate, yet he is as ſlow to decide, as he is quick to apprehend, calmly and deliberately weighing every oppoſite reaſon that is offered, and tracing it, with a moſt judicious penetration, from its ſource through all its remoteſt conſequences. His diet is frugal, his dreſs plain; and whenever I enter his chamber, and view him upon his couch, I conſider the ſcene before me as a true image of ancient ſimplicity, to which his illuſtrious mind reflects the nobleſt ornament. He places no part of happineſs in oſtentation, but refers the whole of it to conſcience; and ſeeks the reward of his virtue, not in the empty applauſes of the world, but in the ſatisfaction which reſults from having acted well. In ſhort, you will not eaſily find an equal even among our philoſophers by profeſſion. He frequents not the places of public diſputations*, nor idly amuſes himſelf and others with vain and endless controverſies. His nobler talents are exerted to more uſeful purpoſes; in the ſcenes of bſy and active life. Many has he aſſiſted in their intereſt, ſtill more with his advice! Yet though he dedicates his time to the affairs of the world, he regulates his conduct by the precepts of the philoſophers; in the practice of temperance, piety, and fortitude he has no ſuperior. I am aſtoniſhing with what patience he bears illneſs; how he ſtruggles with pain, and thirſt, and quietly ſubmits to the tedious regimen neceſſary in a raging fever. He lately called me, and a few more particular friends, to his bed-ſide, and begged we would aſk his phyſicians in turn they apprehended his diſtemper to take: that if they pronounced it incurable he might voluntarily put an end to life; but if there were hopes of a recovery, however tedious and difficult, he would wait the event with patience: for ſo, he thought, was due to the tears and treaties of his wife and daughter, and the affectionate interceſſion of his friends not voluntarily to abandon our hopes. In truth they were not entirely deſperate; a reſolution this, in my eſtimation, truly heroical, and worthy of the higheſt praiſe. Inſtances are frequent enough in the world of ruſhing into the arms of death in a reflection, and by a ſort of blind impulſe, but calmly and deliberately to weigh the reaſons for life or death, and to be determined in our choice as either ſide of the ſcale prevails, is the mark of an uncommon and great mind†. We have had the ſatisfaction of the opinion of his phyſicians in his favour; and may heaven give us

* The philoſophers uſed to hold their diſputations in the Gymnaſia and Porticos, being of moſt public reſort for walking, &c.

† The general lawfulneſs of ſelf-murder, a doctrine by no means univerſally received in the ancient Pagan world; many of the moſt conſiderable names, both Greek and Roman, have expreſly declared againſt that practice. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Tully, have condemned it; Brutus himſelf, though he fell by his own

rt, and free me from this restless If that should happily be the shall immediately return to my Laurentinum, or, in other words, oks and studious retirement. At so much of my time and thoughts ed in attendance upon my friend, my apprehensions for him, that I her leisure nor inclination for sub- terature. Thus have I informed y fears, my wishes, and my inten- Communicate to me, in your turn, gayer style, an account not only of are and have been doing, but our future designs. It will be a ole consolation to me in this per- f mind, to be assured that yours is arewel.

LETTER XII.

To Bebius.

nd and guest Tranquillus has an nation to purchase a small farm, , as I am informed, an acquaint- ours intends to dispose. I beg you deavour he may have it upon rea- rms; a circumstance which will satisfaction in obtaining it. A gin is always disagreeable, par- s it is a reflection upon the pur- udgment. There are several cir- s attending this little villa, which g my friend has no objection to) are extremely suitable to his convenient distance from Rome, is of the roads, the smallness of gs, and the very few acres of land which is just enough to amuse, employ him. To a man of the rn that Tranquillus is, it is suffi- he has but a small spot to relieve and divert the eye, where he may saunter round his grounds, traverse his single walk, grow familiar with his two or three vines, and count his little plantations. I mention these particulars, to let you see how much he will be obliged to me, as I shall to you, if you can help him to the purchase of this little *box*, so agreeable to his taste, upon terms of which he shall have no occasion to repent. Farewel.

LETTER XIII.

To Voconius Romanus.

ROME has not for many years beheld a more magnificent and solemn spectacle, than was lately exhibited in the public funeral of that great man, the illustrious and fortunate* Virginius Rufus. He lived thirty years in the full enjoyment of the highest reputation; and as he had the satisfaction to see his actions celebrated by poets and recorded by historians, he seems to have anticipated his fame with posterity. He was thrice raised to the dignity of consul, that he who† refused to be the first of princes, might at least be the highest of subjects. As he escaped the resentment of those emperors to whom his virtues had given umbrage, and even rendered him odious, and ended his days when the best of princes, this friend of mankind‡, was in quiet

ular and philosophical hours, wrote a ch he highly condemned Cato, as ed act both of impiety and cow- ing himself. The judicious Virgil e sentiments, and represents such ons as in a state of punishment:

hic [illegible] maesti loca, qui sibi lumen [illegible] manu, [illegible] perosi [illegible] Quam vellent aethere in alto, [illegible], & duras perferre labores §!

is faced, who, prodigal of breath, the doom of death; s from guilt, they cast their lives away, [illegible] late the golden day. [illegible] the wretches now would bear [illegible] breathe the vital air. PITT. § Æn. vii. 434.

* The ancients seem to have considered fortune as a mark of merit in the person who was thus distinguished. Cicero (to borrow the observation of an excellent writer) recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and *good fortune*; and not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among other titles, gave themselves that of *felix*, or fortunate.

† At the time of the general defection from Nero, Virginius was at the head of a very powerful army in Germany, which had pressed him, and even attempted to force him, to accept the title of emperor. But he constantly refused it: adding, that he would not even suffer it to be given to any person but whom the senate should elect. With this army he marched against Vindex, who had put himself at the head of 100,000 Gauls. Having come up with him he gave him battle, in which Vindex was slain, and his forces entirely defeated. After this victory, when Nero's death was known in the army, the soldiers renewed their application to Virginius to accept the imperial dignity; and though one of the tribunes rushed into his tent, and threatened that he should either *receive the empire, or his sword through his body*, he resolutely persisted in his former sentiments. But as soon as the news of Nero's death was confirmed, and that the senate had declared for Galba, he prevailed with the army, though with much difficulty, to do so too. *Plutarch. in Galb.*

‡ The justness of this glorious title, *the friend of mankind*, which our author here gives to Nerva, is

quiet possession of the empire, it seems as if providence had purposely preserved him to these times, that he might receive the honour of a public funeral. He arrived, in full tranquillity, and universally revered, to the eighty-fourth of his age; having enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health during his whole life, excepting only a paralytic disorder in his hands, which, however, was attended with no pain. His last sickness, indeed, was severe and tedious; but even the accident that occasioned it added to his glory. As he was preparing to return his public acknowledgments to the emperor, who had raised him to the consulship, a large volume, which he had accidentally received at that time, too weighty for a feeble old man, slipped out of his hands. In hastily endeavouring to recover it, the pavement being extremely slippery, he fell down and broke his thigh-bone; which fracture, as it was unskilfully set at first, and having besides the infirmities of age to contend with, could never be brought to unite again. The funeral obsequies paid to the memory of this great man, have done honour to the emperor, to the present age, and even to eloquence herself. The consul Cornelius Tacitus pronounced his funeral oration; for, to crown the series of his felicities, he received the applause of the most eloquent of orators. He died full of years and of glory, as illustrious by the honours he refused, as by those he acquired. Still, however, he will be missed and lamented by the world, as the bright model of a better age; especially by myself, who not only admired him as a patron, but loved him as a friend. We were not only natives of the same province, and of neighbouring towns, but our estates were contiguous. Besides the accidental connections with him, he was also left guardian to me; and indeed he treated me with the affection of a parent. Whenever I offered myself a candidate for any employment, he constantly supported me with his interest; as in all the honours I have obtained, though he had long since renounced all offices of this nature, he would kindly give up the repose of his retirement, and come in person to solicit for me. At the time when it is customary for the priests to nominate they judge worthy to be received sacred office*, he constantly propo Even in his last sickness I recei stinguishing mark of his affection; apprehensive he might be rai the five commissioners appointed b nate to reduce the public expence upon me, young as I am, to carry cuses, in preference to so many oth of superior age and dignity; and obliging manner assured me, that son of his own he would never employed me in that office. H sufficient cause then to lament his if it were immature, and thus pe fulness of my grief in the b friend? if indeed it be reasonable upon this occasion, or to call th *death*, which, to *such* a man, is rat looked upon as the period of his than the end of his life. He friend, and will continue to live and his fame will spread farther more celebrated by mankind, no is removed from their sight.

I had many other things to wri but my mind is so entirely taken this subject that I cannot call it of other. Virginius is constantly thoughts; the vain but lively im of him are continually before my I am for ever fondly imagining him, converse with him, and en There are, perhaps, and possibly will be, some few who may rival virtue; but not one, I am perfe will ever equal him in glory. Fa

is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of all the historians of these times. That excellent emperor's short reign seems indeed to have been one uninterrupted series of generous and benevolent actions; and he used to say himself, he had the satisfaction of being conscious he had not committed a single act that could give just offence to any man. *Dion. l.* 68.

LETTER XIV.

To Paulinus.

WHETHER I have reason for is not quite so clear; how drous angry I am. But love, will sometimes be irrational; as ungovernable, and ever jealous. casion of this my formidable wrath you must allow, were it but ju ing it for granted, that there truth as weight in it, I am mo

* Namely of Augurs. "This " gulated by Sylla, consisted of fifte " all persons of the first distinction " was a priesthood for life, of a cha " ble, which no crime or forfeiture " it was necessary that every can " nominated to the people by two " gave a solemn testimony upon oath " nity and fitness for that office." *Life of Cic.* v. 1. 529.

your long silence. Would you resentment? Let your letters ore be very frequent, and very hall excuse you upon no other d as absence from Rome, or en- in business, is a plea I can by no nit; so that of ill health, the e, will not suffer you to alledge. self, I am enjoying at my villa te pleasures of study and indo- se happy privileges of retired Farewel.

LETTER XV.

To Nepos.

received very advantageous ac- s of Iseus, before his arrival here; superior to all that was reported e possesses the utmost facility and s of expression, and his unpreme- courses have all the propriety and of the most studied and elaborate on. He speaks the Greek lan- rather the genuine Attic. His s are polite, easy, and harmoni- when occasion requires, solemn ific. He gives his audience li- all for any question they please, imes even to name what side of take; when immediately he rises the graceful attitude of an ora- rises at once into his subject with fluency. His reflections are so- lected in the choicest expressions, sent themselves to him with the tility. The ease and strength of unprepared discourses plainly dis- has been conversant in the best and much accustomed to compose He opens his subject with great ; his style is clear, his reasoning his inferences just, and his figures and sublime. In a word, he at ests, entertains, and affects you, in so high a degree, that you are o determine in which of those he s. His arguments are formed in ength and conciseness of the strict- a point not very easy to attain udied compositions. His memory ordinary, that he will repeat as before spoke extempore, with- a single word. This wonderful s has acquired by great applica- practice; for his whole time is so to subjects of this nature, that he d talks of nothing else. Though at sixty-three years of age, he still continue in his profession; than which, it must be owned, none abound with men of more worth, simplicity, and integrity. We who are conversant in the real contentions of the bar, unavoidably contract a certain artfulness, however contrary to our natural tempers: but the business of the schools, as it turns merely upon matters of imagination, affords an employment as innocent as it is agreeable; and it must, methinks, be particularly so to those who are advanced in years; as nothing can be more desirable at that period of life, than to enjoy those reasonable pleasures, which are the most pleasing entertainments of our youth. I look, therefore, upon Iseus, not only as the most eloquent, but the most happy of men; as I shall esteem you the most insensible if you appear to slight his acquaintance. Let me prevail with you then to come to Rome, if not upon my account, or any other, at least for the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary person. Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and, as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again? A man must have a very inelegant, illiterate, and indolent (I had almost said a very mean) turn of mind, not to think whatever relates to a science so entertaining, so noble, and so polite, worthy of his curiosity. You will tell me, perhaps, you have authors in your own study equally eloquent. I allow it: and those authors you may turn over at any time, but you cannot always have an opportunity of hearing Iseus. Besides, we are infinitely more affected with what we hear, than what we read. There is something in the voice, the countenance, the habit*, and the gesture of the speaker, that concur in fixing an impression upon the mind, and gives this method of instruction greatly the advantage of any thing one can receive from books; this at least was the opinion of Æschines, who having read to the Rhodians a speech of Demosthenes, which they loudly applauded: "But how,"

* The ancients thought every thing that concerned an orator, worthy of their attention, even to his very *dress*. Ovid mentions the *habit*, as well as the air and mien of Germanicus, as expressive of his eloquence:

Dum---silens adstat, status est vultusque disserti,
Spemque decens doctæ vocis amictus habet.
De Pont. l. 2. 5.

Ere yet he speaks, the orator is seen
In all the eloquence of *garb* and mein.

said

said he, "would you have been affected, "had you heard the orator himself thun-"dering out this sublime harangue?"—Æschines, if we may believe Demosthenes, had great dignity of utterance; yet, you see, he could not but confess it would have been a considerable advantage to the oration, if it had been pronounced by the author himself, in all the pomp and energy of his powerful elocution. What I aim at by this, is, to persuade you to come and hear Iseus; and let me again intreat you to do so, if for no other reason, at least that you may have the pleasure to say, you once heard him. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

To Caninius.

HOW is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius*? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will, at the same time, dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all, or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you; but I must confess, I greatly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished: such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster! Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

To Octavius.

YOU are certainly a most obstinate, I had almost said, a most cruel man, thus to withhold from the world such excellent compositions! How long do you intend to deny your friends the pleasure of your verses, and yourself the glory of them? Suffer them, I entreat you, to come abroad, and to be admired; as admired they undoubtedly will be, wherever the language is understood. The public, believe me, has long and earnestly [illegible] them, and you ought not to dis[illegible] delay it any longer. Some few [illegible] yours have already, contrary to your [illegible] nation, indeed, broke their prison, [illegible] caped to light: these if you do not [illegible] together, some person or other will [illegible] the agreeable wanderers as their [illegible] Remember, my friend, the more [illegible] human nature, and that there is not [illegible] likely to preserve your name as a [illegible] ment of this kind; all others are [illegible] and perishable as the men whose [illegible] they pretend to perpetuate. You [illegible] I suppose, as usual, let my friends [illegible] that. May you find many wise [illegible] fidelity, and learning, render them [illegible] and willing to undertake so confide[illegible] charge! But surely it is not altogether [illegible] dent to expect from others, what [illegible] will not do for himself. However, [illegible] publishing of them, I will press you [illegible] ther; be that when you shall think [illegible] But let me, at least, prevail with [illegible] recite them, that you may be more [illegible] to send them abroad; and may receive [illegible] satisfaction of that applause, which [illegible] venture, upon very just grounds, [illegible] you of beforehand. I please myself [illegible] imagining the crowd, the admiration [illegible] applause, and even the silence that [illegible] tend you: for the silence of an [illegible] when it proceeds from an earnest [illegible] hearing, is as agreeable to me as the [illegible] est approbation Do not then, by [illegible] reasonable reserve, defraud your [illegible] any longer of a fruit so certain and [illegible] firable; if you should, the world [illegible] will be apt to charge you with [illegible] and indolence, or, perhaps, with [illegible] Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

To Priscus.

AS I know you gladly embrace [illegible] opportunity of obliging me, [illegible] no man to whom I had rather lay [illegible] under an obligation. I apply to you [illegible] fore, preferably to any body else, [illegible] favour which I am extremely desirous [illegible] obtaining. You, who are at the [illegible] a very considerable army, have [illegible] portunities of exercising your good [illegible] and the length of time you have [illegible] that post, must have enabled you [illegible] vide for all your own friends. I [illegible] will now turn your eyes upon some [illegible]

* Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese. Comum, the place where Pliny was born, and near to which Caninius had a country-house, was situated upon the border of this lake.

re but a few indeed for whom I shall you; though your generous dispo- I know, would be better pleased if mber were greater. But it would ome me to trouble you with recom- ng more than one or two: at present only mention Voconius Romanus. ther was of great distinction among oman knights; and his father-in-law, might more properly call him, his father (for his affectionate treatment conius entitles him to that appella- was still more conspicuous. His r was one of the most considerable of Upper Spain: you know what ter the people of that province bear, ow remarkable they are for the strict- f their manners. As for himself, he een lately admitted into the sacred or- priesthood. Our friendship began ur studies, and we were early united closest intimacy. We lived together the same roof in town and country, shared with me my most serious and gayest hours: and where, indeed, I have found a more faithful friend, re agreeable companion? In his con- ion, and even in his very voice and enance, there is the most amiable ness; as at the bar he discovers an ed genius, an easy and harmonious tion, a clear and penetrating appre- on. He has so happy a turn for epi- y writing*, that were you to read his s, you would imagine they had been ed by the muses themselves. I love with a more than common affection, know he returns it with equal ardour. in the earlier part of our lives, I ly embraced every opportunity of do- im all the good offices which then lay y power; as I have lately obtained um of the emperor†, the privilege ed to those who have three children‡. our which though Cæsar very rarely s, and always with great caution, yet he conferred, at my request, in such a manner, as to give it the air and grace of being his own choice. The best way of shewing that I think he deserves the obligations he has already received from me, is, by adding more to them, especially as he always accepts my favours with so much gratitude as to merit farther. Thus I have given you a faithful account of Romanus, and informed you how thoroughly I have experienced his worth, and how much I love him. Let me intreat you to honour him with your patronage in a way suitable to the generosity of your heart and the eminence of your station. But above all, admit him into a share of your affection; for though you were to confer upon him the utmost you have in your power to bestow, you can give him nothing so valuable as your friendship. That you may see he is worthy of it, even to the highest degree of intimacy, I have sent you this short sketch of his character. I should continue my intercessions in his behalf, but that I am sure you do not love to be pressed, and I have already repeated them in every line of this letter; for to shew a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner. Farewel.

appears from this and some other passages letters, that the art of epistolary writing teemed by the Romans in the number eful and polite accomplishments; and we icero mentioning with great pleasure, in f his letters to Atticus, the elegant speci- e had received from his son of his genius in ar.

rigin.

y a law passed A. U. 762, it was enacted, ever citizen of Rome had three children be excused from all troublesome offices believed. This privilege the emperors some- extended to those who were not legally en- to it.

LETTER XIX.

To Valerianus.

HOW goes on your old estate at Marsi*? and how do you approve of your new purchase? Has it as many beauties in your eye now, as before you bought it? That would be extraordinary indeed! for an object in possession seldom retains the same charms it had in pursuit. As for myself, the estate left me by my mother uses me but ill; however, I value it for her sake, and am besides grown a good deal insensible by a long course of bad treatment. Thus, frequent complaints generally end at last in being ashamed of complaining any more.

LETTER XX.

To Gallus.

YOU are suprised, it seems, that I am so fond of my Laurentinum†, or (if you like the appellation better) my Laurens: but

* One of the ancient divisions of Italy, comprehending part of what is now called the farther Abruzzo.

† Pliny had no estate round this seat, his whole possessions here being included in this house and gardens.

but you will cease to wonder, when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive prospect of the sea-coast. It is but seventeen miles distant from Rome; so that having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth mile-stone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are in some parts sandy, which makes it something heavy and tedious if you travel in a coach, but easy and pleasant to those who ride. The landscape on all sides is extremely diversified, the prospect in some places being confined by woods, in others extending over large and beautiful meadows, where numberless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has drove from the mountains, fatten in the vernal warmth of this rich pasturage. My villa is large enough to afford all conveniences, without being expensive. The porch before it is plain, but not mean, through which you enter into a portico in the form of the letter D, which includes a small but agreeable area. This affords a very commodious retreat in bad weather, not only as it is inclosed with windows, but particularly as it is sheltered by an extraordinary projection of the roof. From the middle of this portico you pass into an inward court extremely pleasant, and from thence into a handsome hall, which runs out towards the sea; so that when there is a south-west wind it is gently washed with the waves, which spend themselves at the foot of it. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides, as it were of three different seas; from the back part you see the middle court, the portico, and the area; and by another view you look through the portico into the porch, from whence the prospect is terminated by the woods and mountains which are seen at a distance. On the left-hand of this hall, something farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, beyond that a second of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising, and another to setting sun; this has likewise a prospect the sea, but being at a greater distance less incommoded by it. The angle which projection of the hall forms with this dra ing-room, retains and increases the warmth of the sun, and hither my family retire winter to perform their exercises. It sheltered from all winds except those which are generally attended with clouds, so nothing can render this place useless, what at the same time destroys the weather. Contiguous to this, is a a forming the segment of a circle, the dows of which are so placed as to receive the sun the whole day. In the wall contrived a sort of cases, which contain collection of such authors whose works never be read too often. From hence pass into a bed-chamber through a passage which being boarded, and suspended it were over a stove which runs underneath tempers the heat which it receives and veys to all parts of this room. The mainder of this side of the house is appriated to the use of my slaves and men; but, however, most of the apartments in it are neat enough to entertain any of my friends, who are inclined to my guests. In the opposite wing is an ornamented in a very elegant taste; to which lies another room, which, though large for a parlour, makes but a mode dining-room; it is exceedingly warm and enlightened not only by the direct of the sun, but by their reflection from sea. Beyond this is a bed-chamber, ther with its ante-chamber, the height which renders it cool in summer, as ing sheltered on all sides from the wind makes it warm in winter. To this apartment another of the same sort is joined one common wall. From thence you into the grand and spacious *cooling* belonging to the baths †, from the

gardens. It was merely a winter villa, in which he used to spend some of the cold months, whenever his business admitted of his absence from Rome; and for this reason it is, that we find warmth is so much considered in the disposition of the several apartments, &c. And indeed he seems to have a principal view to its advantages as a winter-house throughout the whole description of it. See *Castel's Villas of the Ancients.*

* "The principal use of this room seems "have been designed to prepare the bodies of "that had been in the former room, for their "ing into the warmer air." *Castel's Villas*, p.

† "The custom of bathing in hot water "become so habitual to the Romans in the "time, that they every day practised it before "they lay down to eat; for which reason, in "city, the public baths were extremely numerous "in which Vitruvius gives us to understand "were for each sex three rooms for bathing "of cold water, one of warm, and one "warmer; and there were cells of three degrees "heat for sweating: to the forementioned "bers were added others for anointing and "exercises. The last thing they did before

walls of which two round basons pro-
rge enough to swim in. Contiguous
is the perfuming-room, then the
g-room, and beyond that, the fur-
hich conveys the heat to the baths;
ing are two other little bathing-
which are fitted up in an elegant
than costly manner: annexed to this
rm bath of extraordinary workman-
herein one may swim, and have a
ct at the same time of the sea. Not
m hence stands the tennis-court,
lies open to the warmth of the after-
un. From thence you ascend a sort
et, which contains two entire apart-
below; as there are the same num-
ove, besides a dining-room which
nds a very extensive prospect of the
d coast, together with the beautiful
that stand interspersed upon it. At
her end is a second turret, contain-
room which faces the rising and set-
n. Behind this is a large room for
sitory, next to which is a gallery of
ities, and underneath a spacious din-
om, where the roaring of the sea,
in a storm, is heard but faintly: it
upon the garden and the gestatio*
surrounds the garden. The gestatio
mpassed with a box tree hedge, and,
that is decayed, with rosemary: for
x in those parts which are sheltered
: buildings, preserves its verdure
ly well; but where by an open situation it lies exposed to the dashing of the sea-water, though at a great distance, it entirely withers. Between the garden and this gestatio runs a shady walk of vines, which is so soft that you may walk barefoot upon it without any injury. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favourable as it is averse to all others. In this place is a banquetting-room, which, though it stands remote from the sea, enjoys however a prospect nothing inferior to that view; two apartments run round the back part of it, whose windows look upon the entrance of the villa, and into a very pleasant kitchen-garden. From hence an inclosed portico† extends itself, which by its grandeur you might take for a public one; it has a range of windows on each side, but on that which looks towards the sea, they are double the number of those next the garden. When the weather is fair and serene, these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the side the wind sits are shut, while the others remain unclosed without any inconvenience. Before this portico lies a terrace perfumed with violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which as it retains the rays, so it keeps off the north-east wind; and it is as warm on this side, as it is cool on the opposite; in the same manner it is a defence against the south-west; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds from what point soever they blow. These are some of the winter advantages of this agreeable situation, which however are still more considerable in summer; for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during all the forenoon, as it defends the gestatio, and that part of the garden which lies contiguous to it, from the afternoon sun, and casts a greater or less shade, as the day either encreases or decreases; but the portico itself is then coolest when the sun is most scorching, that is, when its rays fall directly upon the roof. To these advantages I must not forget to add, that by setting open the windows, the western breezes have a free draught, and by that means the inclosed air is prevented from stagnating. On the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached building in the garden, which I call my *favourite*; and in truth I am extremely fond of it,

td into the dining-room was to bathe; preceded their washing was their exercise : sphaeristerium, prior to which it was their n to anoint themselves. As for their ing rooms, though they were doubtless in eir baths, we do not find them to have used but upon particular occasions." *Castel's the Ancients*, p. 31.

Roman magnificence seems to have parti- displayed itself in the article of their baths. dring one of his epistles from a villa which longed to the famous Scipio Africanus, ration from thence to draw a parallel be- simplicity of the earlier ages, and the f his own times in that instance. By the gives of the latter, they were works of the splendour and expence. The walls were d of Alexandrine marble, whose veins were and brightened in such a manner as to a picture: the edges of the basons were d with a most valuable kind of stone, found us, one of the Greek islands, variegated s of different colours, interspersed with of gold; the water was conveyed through s, and fell, by several different descents, ful cascades. The floors were inlaid with gems, and an intermixture of statues and s, contributed to throw an air of elegance ur upon the whole. *Vid. Sen. Ep.* 86. p. 93, note §.

† "These inclosed porticos differed no other- "ways from our present galleries, than that they "had pillars in them; the use of this room was "for walking." *Castel's Villas*, p. 44.

it, as I erected it myself. It contains a very warm winter room, one side of which looks upon the terrace, the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. Through the folding-doors you see the opposite chamber, and from the window is a prospect of the inclosed portico. On that side next the sea, and opposite to the middle wall, stands a little elegant retired closet, which, by means of glass doors and a curtain, is either laid into the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from the feet you have a prospect of the sea; if you look behind you see the neighbouring villas: and from the head you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either distinctly* from so many different windows in the room, or blended together in one confused prospect. Adjoining to this, is a bed-chamber, which neither the voice of the servants, the murmur of the sea, nor even the roaring of a tempest can reach, nor lightning nor the day itself can penetrate it, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity is occasioned by a passage, which divides the wall of this chamber from that of the garden, and thus by means of that void intervening space every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a small stove-room, which by opening a little window warms the bed-chamber to the degree of heat required. Beyond this lies a chamber and ante-chamber, which enjoys the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden-apartment I fancy myself a hundred miles from my own house, and take particular pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia†, when, by the licence of that season of joy, every other part of my villa resounds with the mirth of my domestics: thus I neither interrupt their diversions, nor they my studies. Among the pleasures and conveniences of this situation there is one disadvantage, and that is the want of a running stream; but this defect is in a great measure supplied by wells, or rather I should call them springs, for they rise very near the surface. And indeed, the [illegible] of this coast is pretty remarkable [illegible] what part soever you dig, you meet, [illegible] the first turning up of the ground, [illegible] spring of pure water, not in the leas[illegible] though so near the sea. The neighbo[illegible] forests afford an abundant supply of [illegible] as every other convenience of life [illegible] had from Ostia: to a moderate [illegible] deed, even the next village (between [illegible] and my house there is only one villa) [illegible] furnish all the common necessaries of [illegible] In that little place there are no less [illegible] three public baths; which is a great [illegible] venience if it happens that my friends [illegible] in unexpectedly, or make too short [illegible] to allow time for preparing my own. [illegible] whole coast is beautifully diversified [illegible] joining or detached villas that are [illegible] upon it, which, whether you view [illegible] from the sea or the shore, have a [illegible] more agreeable effect than if it was [illegible] ed with towns. It is sometimes, [illegible] long calm, good travelling upon the [illegible] though in general, by the storms [illegible] the waves upon it, it is rough and [illegible] I cannot boast that our sea produces [illegible] very extraordinary fish; however, [illegible] plies us with exceeding fine [illegible] prawns: but as to provisions of other [illegible] my villa pretends to excel even [illegible] countries, particularly in milk, for [illegible] the cattle come from the meadows [illegible] numbers in pursuit of shade and [illegible] Tell me now, have I not just cause [illegible] flow my time and my affection upon [illegible] delightful retreat? Surely you are [illegible] sonably attached to the pleasures of [illegible] town, if you have no inclination to [illegible] view of it; as I much wish you had [illegible] to so many charms with which my [illegible] rite villa abounds, it might have the [illegible] considerable addition of your presence [illegible] recommend it. Farewel.

* "It must have been from the middle of the "room that he could see all these prospects separate and distinct, which upon a nearer approach "to any particular window must have appeared "intermingled." *Castel's Villas*, p. 48.

† A feast held in honour of the god Saturn, which began on the 19th of December, and continued, as some say, for seven days. It was a time of general rejoicing; particularly among the slaves, who had at this season the privilege of treating their masters with great freedom.

LETTER XXI.

To Mauricus.

WHAT can be more agreeable [illegible] than the office you have enjoined [illegible] of chusing a proper tutor for your [illegible] It gives me an opportunity of [illegible] the scene of my education, and of [illegible] back again to the most pleasing part [illegible] life. I take my seat, as formerly, [illegible] the young lads, and have the plea[illegible] experience the respect my character [illegible] quence meets with from them. I [illegible] came in upon them while they were [illegible] declaiming before a very full audi[illegible]

ns of the first rank; the moment I red, they were silent. I mention this eir honour, rather than my own; and you see the just hopes you may con- of placing your nephews here to their ntage. I purpose to hear all the seve- ofessors; and when I have done so, I write you such an account of them as enable you (as far as a letter can) to of their respective abilities. The ful execution of this important com- n is what I owe to the friendship that s between us, and to the memory of brother. Nothing certainly is more concern, than that his children (I d have said *sons*, but that I know you look upon them even with more ten- s than your own) may be found y of such a father, and such an uncle; should have claimed a part in that though you had not required it of me. sensible, in chusing a preceptor, I draw upon me the displeasure of all the f that profession: but when the in- of these young men is concerned, I n it my duty to hazard the displea- or even enmity of any man, with as resolution as a parent would for his children. Farewel.

LETTER XXII.

To Cerealis.

advise me to read my late speech fore an assembly of my friends. I do so, since it is agreeable to your s, though I have many scruples it. Compositions of this kind lose, know, all their fire and force, and almost their very name, by a plain re- It is the solemnity of the tribunal, concourse of one's friends, the expec- of the success, the emulation between veral orators concerned, the different s formed amongst the audience in favour; in a word, it is the air, the n*, the attitude of the speaker, with corresponding gestures of his body, conspire to give a spirit and grace to he delivers. Hence those who sit they plead, though they have most other advantages I just now men- yet, from that single circumstance, n and depress the whole force of their eloquence. The eyes and hands of the reader, those important instruments of graceful elocution, being engaged, it is no wonder the hearer grows languid, while he has none of those awakening charms to excite and engage his attention. To these general considerations I must add this particular disadvantageous circumstance, which attends the speech in question, that it is chiefly of the augmentative kind; and it is natural for an author to suspect, that what he wrote with labour will not be read with pleasure. For who is there so unprejudiced as not to prefer the flowing and florid oration, to one in this close and unornamented style? It is very unreasonable there should be any difference; however, it is certain the judges generally expect one manner of pleading, and the audience another; whereas in truth an auditor ought to be affected only with those things which would strike him, were he in the place of the judge. Nevertheless, it is possible the objections which lie against this piece may be got over, in consideration of the novelty it has to recommend it; the novelty I mean with respect to us, for the Greek orators have a method, though upon a different occasion, not altogether unlike what I made use of. They, when they would throw out a law, as contrary to some former one unrepealed, argue by comparing those laws together! so I, on the contrary, endeavoured to shew that the crime, which I was insisting upon as falling within the intent and meaning of the law relating to public extortions, was agreeable not only to that, but likewise to other laws of the same nature. Those who are not conversant in the laws of their country, can have no taste for reasonings of this kind; but those who are, ought to be so much the more pleased with them. I shall endeavour, therefore, if you persist in my reciting it, to collect a judicious audience. But before you determine this point, I intreat you thoroughly to weigh the difficulties I have laid before you, and then decide as reason shall direct; for it is reason that must justify you: obedience to your commands will be a sufficient apology for me. Farewel.

* e of the Roman orators were as much too in their action, as those of our own are too calm and spiritless. In the vio- gesture of action they not only used all the violence, but actually walked backwards and

LETTER XXIII.

To Calvisius.

I NEVER spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man

whom I would sooner chuse for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those transactions which one might call minute and inconsiderable, did they not occur every day, he observes a certain periodical season and method. The first part of the morning he devotes to study; at eight he dresses and walks about three miles, in which he enjoys at once contemplation and exercise. At his return, if he has any friends with him in his house, he enters upon some polite and useful topic of conversation; if he is alone, somebody reads to him; and sometimes too when he is not, if it is agreeable to his company. When this is over he reposes himself, and then again either takes up a book, or falls into some discourse even more entertaining and instructive. He afterwards takes the air in his chariot, either with his wife (who is a lady of uncommon merit) or with some friend: a happiness which lately was mine!—How agreeable, how noble is the enjoyment of him in that hour of privacy! You would fancy you were hearing some worthy of ancient times, inflaming your breast with the most heroic examples, and instructing your mind with the most exalted precepts; which yet he delivers with so modest an air, that there is not the least appearance of dictating in his conversation. When he has thus taken a tour of about seven miles, he gets out of his chariot and walks a mile more, after which he returns home, and either reposes himself, or retires to his study. He has an excellent taste for poetry, and composes in the lyric manner, both in Greek and Latin, with great judgment. It is surprising what an ease and spirit of gaiety runs through his verses, which the merit of the author renders still more valuable. When the baths are ready, which in winter is about three o'clock, and in summer about two, he undresses himself; and if there happens to be no wind, he walks for some time in the sun. After this he plays a considerable time at tennis; for by this sort of exercise too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he throws himself upon his couch till supper time*, and the meanwhile some agreeable and entertaining author is read to him. In this, in all the rest, his friends are at full liberty to partake; or to employ themselves in any other manner more suitable to their taste. You sit down to an elegant yet frugal repast, which is served up in pure antique plate. He has likewise a compleat equipage for his side-board, in Corinthian metal†, which is his pleasure, not his profession. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his amusements may be seasoned with good sense; and though he continues there, even in summer, till the night is something advanced, yet he prolongs the feast with so much affability and politeness, that none of his guests ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any appearance of old age, or the wisdom. This is the sort of life which I ardently aspire after; as I purpose to enjoy it, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business. In the mean while I am embarrassed with a thousand affairs, in which Spurinna is once my support and my example. For as long as it became him he entered into the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If untimed ambition should carry me beyond, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewel.

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feasts and invitations were made; they usually began it about their ninth hour, answering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon. But as Spurinna, we find, did not enter upon the exercises which always preceded this meal till the eight or ninth hour, if we allow about three hours for that purpose, he could not sit down to table till towards six or seven o'clock.

† This metal, whatever it was composed of (for that point is by no means clear), was in high esteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold:

Æraque ab Isthmiacis auro potiora fornacis. Stat. Sylv.

Corinthian brass more precious far than fire

LETTER XXIV.

To Hispulla.

It is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father; but this is certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I will by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to make him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of great consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I could rather say, to no wrong impressions. But he is now at an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some orator of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals you may be well satisfied. Amongst the many advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person; it is necessary, therefore, in this loose and slippery age, to find out one who shall not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely; but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment, on the contrary it is, rather, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the libertine manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on that side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as much zeal as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then to place him with a tutor, whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill-acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewel.

LETTER XXV.

To Macer.

I HAVE the pleasure to find you are so great an admirer of my uncle's works, as to wish to have a complete collection of them, and for that purpose desire me to send you an account of all the treatises he wrote. I will point them out to you in the order in which they were composed; for however immaterial *that* may seem, it is a sort of information not at all unacceptable to men of letters. The first book he published was, a Treatise concerning the Art of using the Javelin on Horseback: this he wrote when he commanded a troop of horse, and it is drawn up with great accuracy and judgment. The Life of Pomponius Secundus, in two volumes: Pomponius had a very great affection for him, and he thought he owed this tribute to his memory. The History of the Wars in Germany, in twenty books; in which he gave an account of all the battles we were engaged in against that nation. A dream which he had when he served in the army in Germany, first suggested to him the design of this work. He imagined that Drusus Nero (who extended his conquests very far into that country, and there lost his life) appeared to him in his sleep, and conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise A Treatise upon Eloquence, divided into six volumes. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle, and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the latter part of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published a piece of criticism in eight books, concerning ambiguity in expression. He has completed the history which Aufidius Bassus left unfinished, and has added to it thirty books. And lastly, he has left thirty-seven books upon the subject of Natural History: this is a work of great compass and learning, and almost as full of variety as nature herself. You will wonder how a man so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books, and some of them too upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher when you hear,

hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year; that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death, he was employed in the execution of the highest posts, and in the service of his prince.—But he had a quick apprehension, joined to unwearied application. In summer he always began his studies as soon as it was night*; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever spent less time in bed, insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his books, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies. Before day-break he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors), he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read; for it was a maxim of his, that "no book was so bad, "but something might be learned from "it." When this was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment and then reposed himself for a little while. Thus, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till supper-time when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some hasty remarks. I remember once his *reader* having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it? Who replying, "Yes;" "Why then," said he, "wh "you make him go back again? W "have lost by this interruption above "lines:" so covetous was this great man time! In summer he always rose from s per by day-light, and in winter as soon it was dark; and this was an invariab law with him. Such was his manner of amidst the noise and hurry of the town; in the country his whole time was devo to study without intermission, excepti only when he bathed. But in this excep tion I include no more than the time he actually in the bath; for all the while was rubbed and wiped, he was employ either in hearing some book read to h or in dictating himself. In his journies lost no time from his studies, but his m at those seasons being disengaged from other thoughts, applied itself wholly to th single pursuit. A secretary† constantly tended him in his chariot, who, in the wi ter, wore a particular sort of warm glov that the sharpness of the weather might occasion any interruption to his studies and for the same reason my uncle alw used a chair in Rome. I remember once reproved me for walking: "Y "might," says he, "employ those ho "to more advantage;" for he thought was time lost, that was not given to stud By this extraordinary application he fou time to write so many volumes, besides o hundred and sixty which he left me, co sisting of a kind of common-place, wro on both sides in a very small character; that one might fairly reckon the numb considerably more. I have heard him s when he was comptroller of the revenue Spain, Largius Licinius offered him fo hundred thousand sesterces‡ for these m nuscripts; and yet they were not then qu so numerous. When you reflect upon t books he has read, and the volumes he wrote, are you not inclined to suspect th he never was engaged in the affairs of t public, or the service of his prince? the other hand, when you are informed ho indefatigable he was in his studies, are you disposed to wonder that he read wrote no more? For, on one side, wh obstacles would not the business of a co throw in his way? And on the other, wh is it that such intense application might perform? I cannot but smile, therefo when I hear myself called a studious m

* The distribution of time among the Romans, was extremely different from the method in use amongst us. They measured the night into four equal parts, which they called *watches*, each containing the space of three hours; and part of these they devoted either to the pleasures of the table, or to study. The natural day they divided into twelve hours, the first beginning with sun-rise, and the last ending with sun-set; by which means their hours were of unequal length, varying according to the different seasons of the year. The time for business began with sun-rise, and continued to the fifth hour, being that of dinner, which with them was only a slight repast. From thence to the seventh hour was a time of repose: a custom which still prevails in Italy. The eighth hour was employed in bodily exercises; after which they constantly bathed, and from thence went to supper.

† The word in the original implies a person wrote short-hand; an art which the Romans carried to its highest perfection.

‡ About 3200*l.* of our money.

in comparison to him, am a mere loi-
But why do I mention myself, who
verted from the pursuits by number-
ffairs both public and private? Even
whose whole lives are engaged in stu-
must blush when placed in the same
with him. I have run out my letter,
ceive, beyond the extent I at first de-
d, which was only to inform you, as
desired, what treatises he has left be-
him, But I trust this will not be less
ptable to you than the books them-
s, as it may possibly not only raise your
osity to read his works, but your emu-
n to copy his example by some at-
pts of the same nature. Farewel.

LETTER XXVI.

To Severus.

AVE lately purchased, with a legacy
at was left me, a statue of Corinthian
. It is small indeed, but well execut-
at least if I have any judgment; which
certainly in matters of this sort, as
aps in all others, is extremely defec-
. However, I think I have a taste to
ver the beauties of this figure: as it is
d, the faults, if there be any, as well
e perfections, are more observable. It
esents an old man in a standing pos-
. The bones, the muscles, the veins,
wrinkles are so strongly expressed,
you would imagine the figure to be
ated. The character is well preserved
ughout every part of the body: the
is thin, the forehead broad, the face
eled, the throat lank, the arms lan-
, the breast fallen, and the belly sunk;
e whole turn and air of the figure be-
, is expressive of old age. It appears
antique from the colour of the brass.
hort, it is a performance so highly fi-
ed as to merit the attention of the most
cus, and to afford, at the same time,
ure to the most common observer: and
induced me, who am a mere novice in
art, to buy it. But I did so, not with
intent of placing it in my own house
r I have yet nothing of that kind there)
with a design of fixing it in some con-
ous place in my native province, per-
s in the temple of Jupiter: for it is a
ent well worthy a temple and a god. I
e, therefore, that you would, with that
which you always execute my re-
ts, give immediate orders for a pedes-
to be made for it. I leave the choice
the marble to you, but let my name be
graven upon it, and, if you think pro-
per, my titles. I will send the statue by the first opportunity; or possibly (which I am sure you will like better) I may bring it myself: for I intend, if I can find leisure, to make an excursion to you. This is a piece of news which I know you will rejoice to hear; but you will soon change your countenance when I tell you, my visit will be only for a few days: for the same business that now detains me here, will prevent my making a longer stay. Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

To Caninius.

I AM just now informed that Silius Italicus has starved himself to death, at his villa near Naples. Having been afflicted with an imposthume, which was deemed incurable, he grew weary of life under such uneasy circumstances, and therefore put an end to it, with the most determined courage. He had been extremely fortunate through the whole course of his days, excepting only the loss of his younger son; however, that was made up to him in the satisfaction of seeing his eldest, who is of a more amiable character, attain the consular dignity, and of leaving him in a very flourishing situation. He suffered a little in his reputation in the time of Nero, having been suspected of forwardly joining in some of the informations which were carried on in the reign of that prince; but he made use of his interest in Vitellius, with great discretion and humanity. He acquired much honour by his administration of the government of Asia; and by his approved behaviour after his retirement from business, cleared his character from that stain which his former intrigues had thrown upon it. He lived among the nobility of Rome, without power, and consequently without envy, highly respected, and much visited, merely upon account of his merit: for what other inducement could bring company to a man, who frequently was confined to his bed, and always to his chamber? He employed his time between conversing with men of letters, and composing of verses; which he sometimes recited, in order to try the sentiments of the public: but he discovered in them more industry than genius. In the decline of his years he entirely quitted Rome, and lived altogether in Campania, from whence even the accession of the new * emperor could

* Trajan.

not draw him. A circumstance which I mention as well to the honour of the prince, who was not displeased with that liberty, as of Italicus, who was not afraid to make use of it. He was reproached with being fond of all the elegancies of the fine arts to a degree of excess. He had several villas in the same province, and the last purchase was always the chief favourite, to the neglect of the rest. They were all furnished with large collections of books, statues, and pictures, which he more than enjoyed, he even adored; particularly that of Virgil, of whom he was so passionate an admirer, that he celebrated the anniversary of that poet's birth-day with more solemnity than his own; especially at Naples, where he used to approach his tomb* with as much reverence as if it had been a temple. In this tranquillity he lived to the seventy-fifth year of his age, with a delicate, rather than a sickly constitution. It is remarkable, that as he was the last person upon whom Nero conferred the consular office (that prince being killed during his consulship) so he was the last also that survived of all those who had been raised by him to that dignity. When I consider this, I cannot forbear lamenting the transitory condition of mankind. Is there any thing in nature so short and limited as human life, even in its most extended period? Does it not seem to you, my friend, but yesterday, that Nero was upon the throne? and yet not one of all those who were consuls in his reign now remains! But why should I wonder at an event so common? Lucius Piso (the father of that Piso who was infamously assassinated by Valerius Festus in Africa) used to say, he did not see one person in the senate† who sat in that house when he was consul: such multitudes are swept away in so short a space! I am therefore so far from thinking those tears of Xerxes need any apology, that in my judgment history does honour to his racter, which informs us, that when prince had attentively surveyed his mense army, he could not refrain weeping, with the thought that so thousand lives would so soon be ext The more ardent therefore should be to lengthen out this short portion existence by acquisitions of glory, if the active scenes of life (which is not ways in our own power), yet however those of study and contemplation; since it is not granted us to live long us transmit to posterity some memorial we have at least lived. I well know, want not any incitement to virtue; but warmth of my affection for you inc me to forward you in the course you ready pursue; as I have often found self encouraged by your generous exha tions. How glorious is the contend when two friends thus strive who shall mate each other most in their pursuit immortal fame! Farewel.

* Travellers are still shewn a monument near Naples which is called Virgil's tomb. But Mr. Addison "thinks it is almost certain, that this "tomb stood on the other side of the town, which "looks towards mount Vesuvio." Addison's Travels, p. 164. Mabillon, in his Mus. Ital. p. 112, says, the following epitaph was dug up there:

Sistite viatores quæso, pauca legite:
Hic situs est Maro!

Stay Travellers, I beg, and read this short Inscription;

Here lies Maro!

† The number of senators, as regulated by Augustus, was 600.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Tranquillus.

THE obliging manner in which you sire me to confer the military tribun upon your relation, which I had obtai of the most illustrious‡ Neratius Marce for yourself, is agreeable to that rep with which you always treat me. As would have given me great pleasure have seen you in that post, so it will be less acceptable to me to have it bestow upon one whom you recommend. hardly, I think, would it be consistent wish a man advanced to honours, and envy him a title far nobler than any o he can receive, even that of a gener and affectionate relation. To deserve to grant favours, is the fairest point of vi in which we can be placed; and this able character will be yours, if you re to your friend what is due to your merit. I must acknowledge at the s time, I am by this means advancing own reputation, as the world will k from hence, that my friends not only it in their power to enjoy such an hon able post, but to dispose of it. I rea therefore comply with your generous quest; and as your name is not yet ent upon the roll, I can without difficulty sert Silvanus's in its stead: and may he

‡ This was a title given to all senators, in times of the latter emperors.

his good office at your hands with the grateful disposition that I am sure you receive mine. Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

To Catilius.

CCEPT of your invitation to supper; t I must make this agreement before- that you dismiss me soon, and treat ugally. Let our entertainment abound in philosophical conversation; and that too with moderation. There ertain midnight parties, which Cato lf could not safely fall in with; though st confess at the same time, that Julius r*, when he reproaches him upon head, exalts the character he endea- to expose: for he describes those ns who met this reeling patriot, as ing when they discovered who he was; adds, you would have thought that had detected them, and not they . Could he place the dignity of Cato stronger light, than by representing thus venerable even in his cups? As urselves, nevertheless, let temperance ly spread our table, but regulate our s: for we are not arrived at so high a tation, that our enemies cannot cen- us but to our honour. Farewel.

LETTER XXX.

To Proculus.

OU desire me to read your poems in my retirement, and to examine whether are fit for public view; and after re- ling me to turn some of my leisure s from my own studies to yours, you nd me that Tully was remarkable for generous encouragement and patronage poetical geniuses. But you did not do justice, if you supposed I wanted either ty or example upon this occasion, not only honour the muses with the religious regard, but have also the ment friendship for yourself: I shall fore do what you require, with as h pleasure as care. I believe I may ure to declare beforehand, that your formance is extremely beautiful, and t by no means to be suppressed; at that was my opinion when I heard you e it: if indeed your manner did not ose upon me; for the skill and harmony of your elocution is certainly inchanting. I trust, however, the charming cadence did not entirely overcome the force of my criticism; it might possibly a little soften its severity, but could not totally, I imagine, disarm me of it. I think therefore I may now safely pronounce my opinion of your poems in general: what they are in their several parts, I shall judge when I read them. Farewel.

* Julius Cæsar wrote an invective against Cato ica, to which, it is probable, Pliny here al- s.

LETTER XXXI.

To Nepos.

I HAVE frequently observed, that amongst the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most illustrious; and I am confirmed in this opinion, by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is grand-daughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, not less heroical than this famous action of hers, though less taken notice of: which I am persuaded will raise your admiration as much as they did mine. Her husband Cæcinna Pætus, and her son, were both at the same time attacked with a dangerous illness, of which the son died. This youth, who had a most beautiful person and amiable behaviour, was not less endeared to his parents by his virtues than by the ties of affection. His mother managed his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better: and as often as he enquired after his health, would answer that he had rested well, or had eat with an appetite. When she found she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had dismissed every sentiment of sorrow at her entrance. The action* was, no doubt, truly noble, when drawing

* The story, as mentioned by several of the ancient historians, is to this purpose: Pætus having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms in Illyria against Claudius, was taken after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Arria, having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself, rather than suffer the ignominy of falling by the executioner's hands; and in order to encourage him to an act, to which it seems he was not much

drawing the dagger she plunged it in her breast, and then presented it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine expression, Pætus, it is not painful. It must however be considered, when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of immortal glory before her eyes to encourage and support her. But was it not something much greater, without the view of such powerful motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully seem the mother when she was so no more?

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyria against Claudius, where having lost his life, Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board a ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to go with him: Certainly, said she, you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few slaves to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their office. This favour, however, she could not obtain; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship. At her return to Rome, she met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all she knew of that insurrection, What! said she, shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered even in thy very arms, and yet survivest him? An expression which plainly shews, that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. When Thrasea, who married her daughter, was dissuading her from her purpose of destroying herself, and among other arguments which he used, said to her, Would you then advise your daughter to die with me, if my life were to be taken from me? Most certainly I would, she replied, if she had lived as long and as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus. This answer greatly increased the alarm of her family, and made them observe her for the future more narrowly, which when she perceived, she told them all their caution would be to no purpose. You may oblige me, said she, to execute my resolution in a way that will give me more pain, but it is impossible you should prevent it. She had scarce said this, when she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, she fell down, in a swoon and dead. But being brought to life, I told you, said she, if you would not suffer me to take the easy paths to death, I should make my way to it through a more difficult passage. Now, is there, my friend, something much greater in this, than the so much talked of, Pætus is not painful? to which, indeed, she seems to have led the way: and yet this little favourite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in profound silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I insinuated in the beginning of my letter, that the most famous actions are not always the most noble. Farewel.

much inclined, she set him the example in the manner Pliny relates.

"In a pleasure-house belonging to the Villa Ludovisa at Rome there is a fine statue representing this action: Pætus is stabbing himself with one hand, and holds up the dying Arria with the other. Her sinking body hangs so loose, as if every joint were relaxed." Wright's Travels, p. 334. Martial also has celebrated this heroic action in a famous epigram:

Cæsis fugit gladium cum traheret Arria Pæto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si mea, dixit, habes jam quod fecisti, vulnera, dixit,
Si quid tu facies, Non mihi, Pæte, dolet.
L. i. 14.

When from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the dreadful weapon to her lord,
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart;
'Tis thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

LETTER XXXII.

To Servianus.

TO what shall I attribute your silence? Is it want of health, or of leisure that prevents your writing? Is it, perhaps, that you have no opportunity of conveying your letters? Free I intreat you, from the perplexity of doubts; for they are more, by far, than I am able to support; and do so though it be at the expence of an express messenger; I will gladly bear his charge and even reward him too, should he bring me the news I wish. As for myself, I am well; if that, with any propriety, can be said of a man who lives in the utmost suspense and anxiety, under the apprehension of all the accidents which can possibly befal the friend he most tenderly loves. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Maximus.

YOU remember, no doubt, to have heard what commotions were occasioned by the law which directs that the election of magistrates shall be by balloting, and

[illegible] author* of it was both approved [illegible]. Yet this very law the [illegible] unanimously received, and [illegible] election day, with one consent, [illegible] the ballots. It must be owned, [illegible] by open votes had introduced [illegible] more riot and disorder than [illegible] in the assemblies of the people; [illegible] in speaking, all decency of silence, [illegible] of character, was broke through; [illegible] universal dissonance and clamour: [illegible] several candidates running from [illegible] with their patrons; there, a [illegible] together in the middle of [illegible]; and, in short, the whole [illegible] into separate parties, creating [illegible] indecent confusion. Thus [illegible] we departed from the manners [illegible] ancestors, who conducted these elections [illegible] a calmness and regularity suitable [illegible] reverence which is due to the [illegible] of the senate. I have been informed [illegible] who remember those times, [illegible] method observed in their assemblies: the name of the person who [illegible] himself for any office being called [illegible] a profound silence ensued, when immediately the candidate appeared, who [illegible] had spoken for himself, and given [illegible] to the senate of his life and [illegible] called witnesses in support of his [illegible]. These were, either the person [illegible] he had served in the army or [illegible] he had been Quæstor, or both [illegible] admitted of it); to whom he [illegible] some of those friends who espoused his interest. They delivered what [illegible] to say in his favour, in few words, [illegible] great dignity: and this had far [illegible] than the modern method of [illegible] solicitation. Sometimes the candidate would object either to the birth, or [illegible] character of his competitor; to [illegible] the senate would listen with a severe [illegible] attention: and thus was merit [illegible] preferred to interest. But [illegible] having abused this wise institution [illegible] our ancestors, we were obliged to [illegible] to the way of balloting, as [illegible] probable remedy for this evil. [illegible] being new, and immediately [illegible] practice, it answered the present [illegible] very well: but, I am afraid, in [illegible] process of time it will introduce new inconveniences; as this manner of balloting seems to afford a sort of screen to injustice and partiality. For how few are there who preserve the same delicacy of conduct in secret, as when exposed to the view of the world? The truth is, the generality of mankind revere Fame more than Conscience. But this, perhaps, may be pronouncing too hastily upon a future contingency: be it therefore as it may, we have in the mean while obtained by this method an election of such magistrates as best deserved the honour. For it was with us as with those sort of judges who are named upon the spot, we were taken before we had time to be biassed, and therefore determined impartially.

[illegible] author of this law was one Gabinius, a [illegible] tribune, A. U. 614. It gave a very [illegible] to the influence of the nobility, [illegible] of balloting, it could not be dis[illegible] the people gave their votes, [illegible] of that restraint they before [illegible] fear of offending their supe-

I have given you this detail, not only as a piece of news; but because I am glad to seize every opportunity of speaking of the republic; a subject, which as we have fewer occasions of mentioning than our ancestors, so we ought to be more careful not to let any of them slip. In good earnest, I am tired with repeating over and over the same compliments, How d' ye do? and I hope you are well: Why should our letters for ever turn upon trivial and domestic concerns? It is true, indeed, the direction of the public weal is in the hands of a single person, who, for the general good, takes upon himself solely to ease us of the care and weight of government; but still that bountiful source of power permits, by a very generous dispensation, some streams to flow down to us: and of these we may not only taste ourselves; but thus, as it were, administer them to our absent friends. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Fabatus.

YOU have long desired a visit from your grand-daughter* and myself. Nothing, be assured, could be more agreeable to us both; for we equally wish to see you, and are determined to delay that pleasure no longer. For this purpose our baggage is actually making ready, and we are hastening to you with all the expedition the roads will permit. We shall stop only once, and that for a short time; intending to turn a little out of the way in order to go into Tuscany: not for the sake of looking upon our estate and into our family

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

concerns,

concerns, for that we could defer to another opportunity; but to perform an indispensable duty. There is a town near my estate, called Tifernum-upon-the-Tiber*, which put itself under my patronage when I was yet a youth. These people enter extremely into my interest, celebrate my arrival among them, express the greatest concern when I leave them, and in short give every proof of an affection towards me as strong as it is undeserved. That I may return their good offices, (for what generous mind can bear to be excelled in acts of friendship?) I have built a temple in this place, at my own expence; and as it is finished, it would be a sort of impiety to omit the dedication of it any longer. We design, therefore, to be there on the day that ceremony is to be performed, and I have resolved to celebrate it with a grand feast. We may possibly continue there all the next day, but we shall make so much the more expedition upon the road. May we have the happiness to find you and your daughter in good health! as I am sure we shall in good spirits, if you see us safely arrived. Farewel.

LETTER XXXV.

To Clemens.

REGULUS has lost his son; and it is perhaps the only undeserved misfortune which could have befallen him; for I much doubt whether he thinks it one. The boy was of a sprightly, but ambiguous turn; however, he seemed capable enough of steering right, if he could have avoided splitting upon his father's example. Regulus gave him his freedom†, in order to entitle him to the estate left him by his mother; and when he got into possession of it, endeavoured (as the character of the man made it generally believed) to wheedle him out of it, by the most singular and indecent complaisance. This perhaps you will scarce think credible; but if you consider Regulus, you will not be long of that opinion. However, he now expresses his concern for the loss of this youth in a most outrageous manner. The boy had great number of little coach and saddle horses; dogs of different sorts, together with parrots, black birds, and nightingales ‡ in abundance: all these Regulus slew [illegible] the funeral pile of his son, in the [illegible] of an affected grief. He is visited [illegible] this occasion by a surprising [illegible] people, who though they secretly [illegible] and abhor him, yet are as assiduous in [illegible] attendance upon him, as if they were [illegible] fluenced by a principle of real [illegible] affection; or, to speak my sentiments [illegible] few words, they endeavour to recommend themselves to his favour by following [illegible] example. He is retired to his villa [illegible] the Tiber; where he has covered [illegible] extent of ground with his portico[illegible] crowded all the shore with his statues: he blends prodigality with covetous[illegible] and vain-glory with infamy. By [illegible] tinuing there, he lays his visitors under [illegible] great inconvenience of coming to [illegible] this unwholesome season; and he seems [illegible] consider the trouble they put themselves [illegible] to, as a matter of consolation. He [illegible] out, with his usual absurdity, that he [illegible] signs to marry. You must expect, therefore, to hear shortly of the wedding [illegible] man oppress with sorrow and years; [illegible] is, of one who marries both too soon [illegible] too late. Do you ask me why I conjecture thus? Certainly, not because he [illegible] firms it himself (for never was there [illegible] famous a liar), but because there is [illegible] doubt that Regulus will do every thing [illegible] ought not. Farewel.

* Now Citta di Castello.

† The Romans had an absolute power over their children, of which no age or station of the latter deprived them.

‡ This bird was much esteemed amongst nice eaters, and was sold at a high price. Horace mentions, as an instance of great extravagance, [illegible] brothers who used to dine upon them:

Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum------
Luscinias saliti impenso prandere cicantes. L. 2. Sat.

A noble pair of brothers------
On nightingales of monstrous purchase dine.
Mr. Francis.

§ From an unaccountable notion that prevailed among the ancients, that the ghosts delighted in blood, it was customary to kill a great number of beasts, and throw them on the funeral pile: in the more ignorant and barbarous ages, even the unhappy victims of this horrid rite. Even the compassionate Æneas is represented by Virgil practising this cruel ceremony, at the funeral honours which he performed to the memory of the unfortunate Pallas:

------ *Sulmone creatos*
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidemque quos educat Ufens,
Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolat umbris,
Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammas.
Æn. 10.

Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens bred,
Unhappy victims! destin'd to the dead,
He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And sprinkle with their blood the funeral fire.
Mr. Pitt.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Antoninus.

T you have twice enjoyed the dig-
y of consul, with a conduct equal to
our most illustrious ancestors; that
our modesty will not suffer me to say
ever have, or ever will come up to
egrity and wisdom of your Asiatic
istration; that in virtue, in autho-
nd even in years, you are the first of
s; these, most certainly, are shining
ble parts of your character; never-
, I own it is in your retired hours
most admire you. To season the
y of business with the sprightliness of
d to temper wisdom with politeness,
ifficult as it is great; yet these un-
on qualities you have most happily
in those wonderful charms, which
ly grace your conversation, but par-
ly distinguish your writings. Your
like the venerable old man's in
r*, drop honey, and one would ima-
the bee had diffused her sweetness
ll you compose. These were the sen-
ts I had when I lately read your
epigrams and satires. What ele-
, what beauties shine in this collec-
how sweetly the numbers flow, and
exactly are they wrought up in the
pirit of the ancients! What a vein of
ns through every line, and how con-
ble is the whole to the rules of just
ism! I fancied I had got in my hands
nachus or Hesiod; or, if possible,
poet even superior to these: though
d, neither of those authors excelled,
have, in both those species of poetry.
possible, that a Roman can write
k in so much perfection? I protest I
t believe Athens herself can be more
. To own the truth, I cannot but envy
ce the honour of your preference.—
since you can write thus elegantly in a
gn language, it is past conjecture what
could have performed in your own.
wel.

——Νέστωρ
ῥητὴρ ἀγορῆς, λιγὺς Πυλίων ἀγορήτης,
οὗ καὶ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.
Il. 1. 247.

ience'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
s sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.
Pope.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Naso.

A STORM of hail, I am informed, has destroyed all the produce of my estate in Tuscany; whilst that which I have on the other side the Po, though it has proved extremely fruitful this season, yet from the excessive cheapness of every thing, turns to small account. Laurentinum is the single possession which yields me any advantage. I have nothing there, indeed, but a house and gardens; all the rest is barren sands; still, however, my best productions rise at Laurentinum. It is there I cultivate, if not my lands, at least my mind, and form many a composition. As in other places I can shew you full barns; so there I can entertain you with good store of the literary kind. Let me advise you then, if you wish for a never-failing revenue, to purchase something upon this contemplative coast. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Lepidus.

I HAVE often told you that Regulus is a man of spirit: whatever he engages in, he is sure to execute it in a most extraordinary manner. He chose lately to be extremely concerned for the loss of his son: accordingly he mourned for him in a way which no man ever mourned before. He took it into his head that he would have several statues and representations of him; immediately all the artisans in Rome are set to work. Colours, wax, brass, silver, ivory, marble, all exhibit the figure of young Regulus. Not long ago he read, before a numerous audience, a panegyric upon the life of his son: a large book upon the life of a boy! then a thousand transcribers were employed to copy this curious anecdote, which he dispersed all over the empire. He wrote likewise a sort of circular letter to the several Decurii, to desire they would choose out one of their order who had a strong clear voice, to read this eulogy to the people; and I am informed it has been done accordingly. Had this spirit (or whatever else you will call an earnestness in executing all one undertakes) being rightly applied, what infinite good might it have produced! The misfortune is, this active cast is generally strongest in men of vicious characters: for

as ignorance begets rashness, and knowledge inspires caution; so modesty is apt to depress and weaken the great and well-formed genius, whilst boldness supports and strengthens low and little minds. Regulus is a strong proof of the truth of this observation: he has a weak voice, an aukward address, a thick speech, a slow imagination, and no memory; in a word, he has nothing but an extravagant genius: and yet by the assistance of this flighty turn and much impudence, he passes with many for a finished orator. Herennius Senecio reversed Cato's definition of an orator*, and applied it with great justness to Regulus: an orator, said he, is a bad man unskilled in the art of speaking. And, in good earnest, Cato's definition is not a more exact description of a true orator, than Senecio's is of the character of this man. Would you make a suitable return to this letter? let me know if you, or any of my friends in your town have with an air of pleasantry mouthed (as Demosthenes calls it) this melancholy piece to the people, like a stroller in the market-place. For so absurd a performance must move rather laughter than compassion; and, indeed, the composition is as puerile as the subject. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Arrianus.

MY advancement to the dignity of an Augur† is, indeed, an honour that justly merits the congratulation you give me; not only as it is highly glorious to receive, even in the slightest instances, a testimony of the approbation of so wise and judicious a prince; but as it is also an ancient and sacred institution, which has this high and peculiar privilege annexed to it, that it is for life. Other sacerdotal honours, though they may, perhaps, equal this in dignity, yet as they are given, so they may be taken away: but fortune has no farther power over this, than to bestow it. What recommends this dignity to me still more, is, that I have the hon[illegible] succeed so illustrious a person as [illegible] Frontinus. He for many years, upo[illegible] nomination-day of proper persons [illegible] received into the sacred college, con[illegible] proposed me, as if he had a view to [illegible] being his successor; and since it has [illegible] proved so in the event, I am willing to [illegible] upon it as something more than acci[illegible] But the circumstance, it seems, that [illegible] pleases you in this affair, is, that [illegible] enjoyed the same post; and you [illegible] (you tell me) to find that I follow him [illegible] as closely in the paths of honour, as [illegible] deavour to do in those of eloquence [illegible] wish, indeed, as I had the advantage [illegible] admitted earlier into the sacred college [illegible] consular office than Cicero, so I might [illegible] my more advanced years, catch some [illegible] at least, of his divine genius! The [illegible] as it is in the gift of man, may happen [illegible] me and to many; but the latter is a [illegible] tainment much too high for my hopes, [illegible] in the disposal of heaven alone. Farewel.

* Cato, as we learn from Nonius, composed a treatise upon rhetoric, for the use of his son, wherein he defined an orator to be, a good man skilled in the art of speaking.

† Their business was to interpret dreams, oracles, prodigies, &c. and to foretel whether any action should be fortunate or prejudical to particular persons, or to the whole commonwealth. Upon this account they very often occasioned the displacing of magistrates, the deferring of public assemblies, &c. Kennet's Rom. Antiq. p. 67.

LETTER XL.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I REJOICE that you are safely arrived [illegible] Rome; for though I am always desir[illegible] to see you, I am more particularly so [illegible] I purpose to continue a few day longer [illegible] my house at Tusculum, in order to finish [illegible] work which I have upon my hands. [illegible] I am afraid, should I put a stop to this [illegible] sign now that it is so nearly completed, [illegible] shall find it difficult to resume it. In the mean while, that I may lose no time, I [illegible] this letter before me to request a favour [illegible] you, which I hope shortly to ask in per[illegible] But before I inform you what my req[illegible] is, I must let you into the occasion of it. Being lately at Comum, the place of [illegible] nativity, a young lad, son to one of [illegible] neighbours, made me a visit. I asked [illegible] whether he studied oratory, and where [illegible] he told me that he did, and at Mediolanum‡. And why not here? Because (said his father, who came with him) [illegible] have no masters. "No! (said I), [illegible] "it nearly concerns you who are fath[illegible] "(and very opportunely several of [illegible] "company were so) that your sons [illegible] "receive their education here, rather [illegible] "any where else. For where can they [illegible] "placed more agreeably than in their [illegible] "coun[illegible]

‡ Milan.

ry, or instructed with more safety less expence than at home and under ye of their parents? Upon what very terms might you, by a general con-tion, procure proper masters, if you d only apply towards raising a sala-r them, the extraordinary expence osts you for your sons' journies, ings, and whatever else you pay for n account of their being abroad; ay, indeed, you must, in such a case, every thing. Though I have no dren myself, yet I shall willingly tribute to a design so beneficial to at I look upon as a child, or a pa-t) my country; and therefore I will ance a third part of any sum you shall k proper to raise for this purpose. I ld take upon myself the whose ex-ce, were I not apprehensive that my efaction might hereafter be abused perverted to private ends; as I have erved to be the case in several places ere public foundations of this nature e been established. The single means prevent this mischief is, to leave the oice of the masters entirely in the ast of the parents, who will be so ch the more careful to determine pro-ly, as they shall be obliged to share expence of maintaining them. For ough they may be careless in disposing another's bounty, they will certainly cautious how thy apply their own; d will see that none but those who de-ve it shall receive my money, when ey must at the same time receive theirs o. Let my example then encourage u to unite heartily in this useful de-gn; and be assured the greater the sum y share shall amount to, the more a-eeable it will be to me. You can un-rtake nothing that will be more ad-ntageous to your children, nor more ceptable to your country. They will this means receive their education here they receive their birth, and be customed from their infancy to inhabit d affect their native soil. May you be le to procure professors of such distin-tished abilities, that the neighbouring ns shall be glad to draw their learn-g from hence; and as you now send our children to foreigners for educa-on, may foreigners in their turn flock ither for their instruction."

thought proper thus to lay open to you rise of this affair, that you might be the e sensible how agreeable it will be to if you undertake the office I request. I intreat you, therefore, with all the earnestness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, proper persons to whom we may apply for this purpose; but without entering into any agreement with them on my part. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that of contributing my care and my money. If, therefore, any one shall be found who thinks himself qualified for the undertaking, he my repair thither; but without relying upon any thing but his merit. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

To Valerius Paulinus.

REJOICE with me, my friend, not only upon my account, but your own, and that of the public; for eloquence is still held in honour. Being lately engaged to plead in a cause before the Centumviri, the crowd was so great that I could not get to my place, but in passing by the tribunal where the judges sat. And I have this pleasing circumstance to add farther, that a young nobleman, having lost his robe in the press, stood in his vest to hear me for seven hours together: for so long I was speaking; and with a success equal to my great fatigue. Come on then, my friend, and let us earnestly pursue our studies, nor screen our own indolence under pretence of that of the public. Never, we may rest assured, will there be wanting hearers and readers, so long as we can supply them with orators and authors worthy of their attention. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

To Gallus.

YOU acquaint me that Cœcilius, the consul elect, has commenced a suit against Correllia, and earnestly beg me to undertake her cause in her absence. As I have reason to thank you for your information, so I have to complain of your intreaties: without the first, indeed, I should have been ignorant of this affair, but the last was unnecessary, as I want no solicitations to comply, where it would be ungenerous in me to refuse; for can I hesitate a moment to take upon myself the protection of a daughter of Correllius? It is true, indeed, though there is no particular intimacy between her adversary and me, we are, however, upon

good terms. It is true likewise, that he is a person of great rank, and who has a claim to particular regard from me, as he is entering upon an office which I have had the honour to fill; and it is natural for a man to be desirous those dignities should be treated with the highest respect, which he himself once possessed. Yet these considerations have little weight, when I reflect that it is the daughter of Correllius whom I have to defend. The memory of that excellent person, than whom this age has not produced a man of greater dignity, rectitude, and good sense, is indelibly impressed upon my mind. I admired him before I was acquainted with him; and, contrary to what is usually the case, my esteem increased in proportion as I knew him better: and indeed I knew him thoroughly, for he treated me without reserve, and admitted me to share in his joys and his sorrows, in his gay and his serious hours. When I was but a youth, he esteemed, and (I will venture to say) revered me as if I had been his equal. When I solicited any post of honour, he supported me with his interest, and recommended me by his testimony; when I entered upon it, he was my introducer and my attendant; when I exercised it, he was my guide and my counsellor. In a word, wherever my interest was concerned, he exerted himself with as much alacrity as if he had been in all his health and vigour. In private, in public, and at court, how often has he advanced my reputation! It happened once, that the conversation before the emperor Nerva turned upon the hopeful young men of that time, and several of the company were pleased to mention me with applause: he sat for a little while silent, which gave what he said the greater weight; and then with an air of dignity, to which you are no stranger, I must be reserved, said he, in my praises of Pliny, because he does nothing without my advice. By which single sentence he gave me a greater character than I would presume even to wish for, as he represented my conduct to be always such as wisdom must approve, since it was wholly under the direction of one of the wisest of men. Even in his last moments he said to his daughter (as she often mentions), I have in the course of a long life raised up many friends to you; but there is none that you may more assuredly depend upon, than Pliny and Cornutus. A circumstance I cannot reflect upon, without being deeply sensible how much it is incumbent upon me, to endeavour to act up to the opinion so excellent a judge of mankind co[illegible] of me. I shall therefore most readily [illegible] my assistance to Correllia in this [illegible] and willingly hazard any displeasure I [illegible] incur by appearing in her cause. T[illegible] I should imagine, if in the course of [illegible] pleadings I should find an opportu[illegible] explain and enforce, more at large [illegible] can do in a letter, the reasons I have [illegible] mentioned, upon which I rest at o[illegible] apology and my glory; her ad[illegible] (whose suit may perhaps, as you in[illegible] entirely unprecendented, as it is a[illegible] woman) will not only excuse, but a[illegible] my conduct. Farewel.

LETTER XLIII.

To Hispulla.

AS you are an exemplary instance of [illegible] der regard to your family in gen[illegible] and to your late excellent brother in [illegible] ticular, whose affection you returned [illegible] an equal warmth of resentment; and [illegible] not only shewn the kindness of an aun[illegible] supplied the loss of a tender parent to [illegible] daughter*; you will hear, I am well [illegible] suaded, with infinite pleasure, that she [illegible] haves worthy of her father, her grand[illegible] ther, and yourself. She possesses an ex[illegible] lent understanding, together with a [illegible] summate prudence, and gives the strong[illegible] testimony of the purity of her heart by [illegible] fondness of me. Her affection to me [illegible] given her a turn to books; and my [illegible] positions, which she takes a pleasure [illegible] reading, and even getting by heart, [illegible] continually in her hands. How full of [illegible] der solicitude is she when I am en[illegible] upon any cause? How kindly does she [illegible] joice with me when it is over? Wh[illegible] am pleading, she places persons to inf[illegible] her from time to time how I am [illegible] what applauses I receive, and what fa[illegible] attends the cause. When at any time [illegible] recite my works, she conceals herself [illegible] hind some curtain, and with secret ra[illegible] enjoys my praises. She sings my verse[illegible] her lyre, with no other master but love, [illegible] best instructor, for her guide. From [illegible] happy circumstances I draw my mo[illegible] sured hopes, that the harmony betwee[illegible] will increase with our days, and be a[illegible] ing as our lives. For it is not my [illegible] or my person, which time gradually [illegible] pairs; it is my reputation and my [illegible] of which she is enamoured. But wh[illegible] could be expected from one who [illegible]

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

by your hands, and formed by your ions; who was early familiarised your roof with all that is worthy and e, and was first taught to conceive an n for me, by the advantageous co- which you were pleased to represent And as you revered my mother with respect due even to a parent, so ndly directed and encouraged my in- presaging of me from that early pe- that my wife now fondly imagines y am. Accept therefore of our mu- ank, that you have thus, as it were ly, formed us for each other. el.

LETTER XLIV.

To Maximus.

VE already acquainted you with my n of each particular part of your as I perused it; I must now tell you eral thoughts of the whole. It is a and beautiful performance; the sen- are sublime and masculine, and con- in all the variety of a pregnant im- ion; the diction is chaste and ele- the figures are happily chosen, and and diffusive vein of eloquence rough the whole, and raises a very a of the author. You seem borne the full tide of a strong imagina- d deep sorrow, which mutually assist ghten each other; for your genius blimity and majesty to your pas- rd your passion adds strength and cy to your genius. Farewel.

LETTER XLV.

To Velius Cerealis.

severe a fate has attended the ghters of Helvidius! these two sis- both dead in child-bed, after hav- h of them been delivered of a girl. fortune pierces me with the deep- ow; as indeed, to see two such ami- ung ladies fall a sacrifice to their ns in the prime and flower of their is a misfortune which I cannot too lament. I lament for the unhappy n of the poor infants, who are thus orphans from their birth: I lament ate of the disconsolate husbands ladies; I lament too for my own. ction I bear to the memory of father is inviolable, as my defence the senate, and all my writings, reis for me. Of three children furnished him, there now remains but one; and his family, that had lately so many noble supports, rests only upon a single person! It will, however, be a great mitigation of my affliction, if fortune shall kindly spare that one, and render him worthy of his father and grand-father*: and I am so much the more anxious for his welfare and good conduct, as he is the only branch of the family remaining. You know the softness and solicitude of my heart where I have any tender attachments; you must not wonder then that I have many fears where I have great hopes. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

To Rufus.

I LATELY attended our excellent emperor† as one of his assessors, in a cause wherein he himself presided. A certain person left by his will, a fund for the establishment of the gymnastic‡ games at Vienna§. These my worthy friend Trebonius Rufinus, when he exercised the office of Duumvir‖, had ordered to be totally abolished; and it was now alledged against him, that he had no authority for so doing. He spoke in his own cause with a success equal to his great eloquence; and what particularly recommended his speech was, that he delivered it with a certain seasonable boldness becoming a true Roman and a good citizen, who stood up in his own defence. When the sentiments of the assessors were taken, Junius Mauricus (who in resolution and integrity has no superior) declared it was his opinion, that the liberty of solemnizing these games should not be restored to the people of Vienna; and

* The famous Helvidius Priscus, who signalised himself in the senate by the freedom of his speeches in favour of liberty, during the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian; in whose time he was put to death by the order of the senate, though contrary to the inclination of the emperor, who countermanded the execution; but it was too late, the executioner having performed his office before the messenger arrived. Tacitus represents him as acting in all the various duties of social life with one consistent tenor of uniform virtue; superior to all temptations of wealth, of inflexible integrity, and unbroken courage. Hist. l. 4, 5.

† Trajan.

‡ So called, because the persons who performed in these games were naked. They consisted principally of running, wrestling, and boxing.

§ Vienne in Dauphiné, a province in France.

‖ The Duumviri, so called from their number, being only two, were magistrates in the corporate cities, who exercised in their respective corporations, the same functions as the Consuls at Rome; they were chosen out of the body of Decuriones, who were a kind of senators. Sigonius de Jure Ital. l. 3, 4.

would to God, added he, they could be abolished at Rome too! This, you will say, was an instance of great firmness*: but it is nothing uncommon in Mauricus. He gave as strong a proof of his honest freedom before the late emperor Nerva. Being at supper one evening with that prince and a few select friends, Vejento† was placed next to the emperor: after I have named the man, I need say no more to raise your indignation. The discourse happened to turn upon Catullus Messalinus, who had a soul as dark as his body; for he was not only cursed with want of sight, but want of humanity. As he was uninfluenced either by fear, shame, or compassion, he proved a very proper instrument in the hand of Domitian to execute his black purposes against every man of worth. The company gave their sentiments of the sanguinary counsels and infamous practices of this creature.—"And what (said the emperor) would have "been his fate had he lived now?" To have supped with us, replied Mauricus. But to return from this long digression, into which, however, I did not fall undesignedly,—It was determined these games should be suppressed, which had greatly infected the manners of the people of Vienna; as they have universally had the same effect among us. But the vices of the Viennenses are confined within their own walls; ours have a more extensive influence; for it is in the body politic, as in the natural, those disorders are most dangerous that flow from the head.

LETTER XLVII.

To Pomponius Bassus.

I HAD the pleasure to hear from our common friends, that you support the dignity of ease in your agreeable retirement, as becomes a man of your distinguished wisdom; that you mix exercise with contemplation, and learned conferences with much reading; in a word, that your are daily increasing that glorious fund of knowledge you already possess. This is to grow old in a way worthy of one who has discharged the highest offices both civil and military, and who gave himself wholly up to the service of the commonwealth, whilst it became him to do so. Our youth and manhood we owe to our country, but our declining age is due to our[illegible] as the laws themselves seem to [illegible] which resign us up to retirement, [illegible] are arrived beyond our sixtieth year,‡ [illegible] do I long for the time when I shall enjoy [illegible] happy privilege! when my years will [illegible] tify my following the example of you[illegible] nourable retreat! when my retirement [illegible] not be deemed indolence, but [illegible] Farewel.

* Trajan was fond of these kind of entertainments, and had himself exhibited some very splendid ones, upon his triumph over the Dacians.

† An infamous sycophant frequently mentioned by Juvenal.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Valens.

BEING engaged lately in a cause [illegible] the Centumviri, it occurred to me [illegible] when I was a youth I was also concerned [illegible] one which passed through the same [illegible] I could not forbear, as usual, to pursue [illegible] reflection my mind had started, and to [illegible] sider if there were any of those advo[illegible] then present, who were joined with [illegible] the former cause; but I found I was [illegible] only person remaining who had been [illegible] sel in both; such changes does the [illegible] of human nature, or the vicissitudes of [illegible] tune, produce! Death had removed [illegible] banishment others; age and infirmities [illegible] silenced those, while these were with[illegible] to enjoy the happiness of retirement; [illegible] was at the head of an army; and the [illegible] dulgence of the prince had exempted [illegible] other from the burden of civil employ[illegible] ments. What turns of fortune have [illegible] perienced even in my own person! [illegible] eloquence that first raised me; it was [illegible] quence that occasioned my disgrace; [illegible] it was eloquence that advanced me [illegible] The friendships of the wise and good [illegible] first appearance in the world, were [illegible] serviceable to me; the same friends [illegible] proved afterward extremely prejudicial [illegible] my interest, and now again they are [illegible] ornament and support. If you compute [illegible] time in which these incidents have happ[illegible] ed, it is but a few years; if you number [illegible] events, it seems an age. A lesson that [illegible] teach us to check both our despair and [illegible] sumption, when we observe such a [illegible] of revolutions roll round in so [illegible] narrow a circle. It is my custom to [illegible] municate to my friend all my thoughts [illegible] and to set before him the same [illegible] examples by which I regulate my own [illegible] duct: and such was my design in this [illegible] ter. Farewel.

‡ A senator was not obliged to attend the business of the house, after that age. Suetonius [illegible] Vit. c. 20.

LETTER XLIX.

To Maximus.

EXTIONED to you in a former let-, that I apprehended the method of g by ballots would be attended with veniences; and so it has proved. At last election of magistrates, upon some e tablets were written several pieces of ntry, and even indecencies; in one icularly, instead of the name of the lidate, were inserted the names of those espoused his interest. The senate was erely exasperated at this insolence; and one voice threatened the vengeance of emperor upon the author. But he lay ceiled, and possibly might be in the ber of those who expressed the greatest gnation. What must one think of such al private conduct, who, in public, n so important an affair, and at so so- n time, could indulge himself in such rious liberties, and dare to act the droll e face of the senate? Who will know is the argument that prompts little and minds to commit these indecencies. ure from being discovered by others, unawed by any self-respect, they take pen and tablets; and hence arise these foneries which are fit only for the stage. t course shall we take, what remedy y against this abuse! Our disorders, ed, in general have every where eluded attempts to restrain them. But this is ert much too high for us, and will be cure of that superior power, who, by slow but daring insults, has daily fresh ations of exerting all his pains and vi- ance. Farewel.

LETTER L.

To Nepos.

HE request you make me, to supervise the correction of my works, which you e taken the pains to collect, I shall most ingly comply with; as indeed there is thing I ought to do with more readiness, ecially at your instance. When a man such dignity, learning, and eloquence, ply engaged in business, and entering on the important government of a pro- nce, has so good an opinion of my works to think them worth taking with him, w am I obliged to endeavour that this rt of his baggage may not seem an useless rbrassment! My first care, therefore, all be, that they may attend you with all e advantages possible; and my next, to supply you at your return with others, which you may not think undeserving to be added to them; for I can have no stronger encouragement to enter upon some new work, than being assured of finding a reader of your taste and discernment. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

To Licinius.

I HAVE brought you, as a present out of the country, a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive erudition. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks is received into a little banqueting-room, from whence, after being detained a short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprising; it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. This increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very entertaining to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and whilst you are taking a repast and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees till it is entirely covered, and then again gently retires from it; and this you may see it do for three times successively. Shall we say, that some secret current of air stops and opens the fountain-head, as it advances to or recedes from it; as we see in bottles, and other vessels of that nature, where there is not a free and open passage, though you turn their necks downwards, yet the outward air obstructing the vent, they discharge their contents as it were by starts? Or may it not be accounted for upon the same principle as the flux and reflux of the sea? or, as those rivers which discharge themselves into the sea, meeting with contrary winds and the swell of the ocean are forced back in their channels; so may there not be something that checks this fountain, for a time, in its progress? or is there rather a certain reservoir that contains these waters in the bowels of the earth, which, while it is recruiting its discharges, the stream flows more slowly and in less quantity, but when it has collected its due measure, it runs again in its usual strength and fulness? or lastly, is there not I know not what kind of subterraneous poize, that throws up the water when the fountain is dry, and repels it when it is full? You, who are so well qualified for the enquiry, will examine the reasons of this wonderful

appearance*; it will be sufficient for me if I have given you a clear description of it. Farewel.

LETTER LII.

To Flaccus.

THE thrushes† I received from you were so excellent, that my Laurentinum is not capable of supplying me with any thing, in this tempestuous season, either of the land or sea kind, to make you a suitable return. I have only therefore to send you the ineffectual acknowledgments of a barren letter: an exchange more unequal, I confess, than that famous one of the subtle Diomed‡. But your good-nature will so much the more readily grant me an excuse, as I own myself not to deserve one. Farewel.

LETTER LIII.

To Maximus.

I AM deeply afflicted with the news I have received of the death of Fannius, not only as I have lost in him a friend whose eloquence and politeness I admired, but a guide whose judgment I pursued; and indeed he possessed a most penetrating genius, improved and quickened by great experience. There are some circumstances attending his death, which aggravate my concern: he left behind him a will which had been made a considerable time, by which it happens his estate is fallen into the hands of those who had incurred his displeasure, while his greatest favourites have no [illegible] of it. But what I particularly regret, that he has left unfinished a very [illegible] work in which he was engaged. Notwithstanding his full employment at the bar, he had undertaken a history of those persons who had been put to death or banished by Nero; of which he had perfected the books. They are written with great delicacy and exactness; the style is pure, and preserves a proper medium between the plain narrative and the historical: and they were very favourably received by the public, he was the more desirous of being able to complete the rest. The hand of death is ever, in my estimation, too early and too sudden when it falls upon [illegible] are employed in some immortal work. The sons of sensuality, who have no view beyond the present hour, terminate within a day the whole purpose of their lives; those who look forward to posterity, and endeavour to extend their memories to future generations by useful labours, such, death is always immature, as it snatches them from amidst some unfinished design. Fannius, long before his death had a strong presentiment of what happened: he dreamed one night, that he was in his study with his papers before him; Nero came in, and placing himself by his side, took up the three first books of his history, which he read through, and then went away. This dream greatly alarmed him, and he looked upon it as an intimation, that he should not carry on his history any farther than Nero had read: and so the event proved. I cannot reflect on this accident without lamenting that I should not be able to accomplish a work which had cost him so much pains and vigilance, as it suggests to me at the same time the thoughts of my own mortality and the fate of my writings: and I am persuaded the same reflection alarms you with apprehensions for those in which you are employed. Let us then, my friend, while yet we live, exert all our endeavours, that death, whenever it arrives, may destroy as little as possible to destroy. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

To Apollinaris.

THE kind concern you expressed when you heard of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany§, and [illegible]

* There are several of these periodical fountains in different parts of the world; as we have some in England. Lay-well near Torbay is mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions. [No. 104. p. 909.] to ebb and flow several times every hour.

† These birds, of which there are several sorts, were in high reputation among the Romans, and generally had a place upon all elegant tables.

‡ Alluding to the story in Hom. Iliad, where Glaucus and Diomed having an interview between the two armies, they come to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality which had formerly subsisted between their families; and Diomed proposes an exchange of their arms, as a token of reciprocal friendship:

Τευχεα δ' αλληλοις επαμειψομεν· οφρα καὶ οἱδε
Τρωσιν, &c.----Lib. 6. v. 230.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
Thus having said----
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind):
For Diomed's brass arms of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
An hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
POPE.

§ This was Pliny's principal seat, lying at one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, where he usually resided in the summer season.

ng endeavours to dissuade me from to a place which you think unheal- s extremely agreeable to me. I con- n deed, the air of that part of Tus- which lies towards the coast, is thick nwholesome; but my house is situated reat distance from the sea, under one Apennine mountains, which, of all s, is most esteemed for the clearness air. But that you may lay aside all hensions upon my account, I will give description of the temperature of the te, the situation of the country, and eauty of my villa, which I am per- d you will hear with as much pleasure hall relate. The winters are severe old, so that myrtles, olives, and trees er kind which delight in constant th, will not flourish here; but it pro- bay-trees* in great perfection; yet imes, though indeed not oftener than e neighbourhood of Rome, they are l by the sharpness of the seasons. The ers are exceedingly temperate, and ually attended with refreshing breezes, are seldom interrupted by high winds. I were to come here and see the num- of old men who have lived to be -fathers and great-grand-fathers, and e stories they can entertain you with ir ancestors, you would fancy your- m in some former age. The dispo- of the country is the most beautiful n be imagined: figure to yourself mense amphitheatre; but such as the of nature could only form. Before es a vast extended plain bounded by ge of mountains, whose summits are ed with lofty and venerable woods, supply variety of game: from hence, mountains decline, they are adorned underwoods. Intermixed with these e hills of so strong and fat a soil, would be difficult to find a single upon them: their fertility is nothing r to the lowest grounds; and though harvest, indeed, is something later, crops are as well matured. At the of these hills the eye is presented, ver it turns, with one unbroken view fields vineyards, which are termi- by a border, as it were, of shrubs. ence you have a prospect of the ing fields and meadows below. The the former is so extremely stiff, and upon the first ploughing it rises in such vast clods, that it is necessary to go over it nine several times with the largest oxen and the strongest ploughs, before they can be thoroughly broken; whilst the enamelled meadows produce trefoil, and other kinds of herbage as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up, being continually refreshed by never-failing rills. But though the country abounds with great plenty of water, there are no marshes; for as it is a rising ground, whatever water it receives without absorbing, runs off into the Tiber. This river, which winds through the middle of the meadows, is navigable only in the winter and spring, when it transports the produce of the lands to Rome; but its channel is so extremely low in summer, that it scarce deserves the name of a river; towards the autumn however, it begins again to renew its claim to that title. You could not be more agreeably entertained, than by taking a view of the face of this country from the top of one of our neighbouring mountains; you would imagine not a real, but some painted landscape lay before you, drawn with the most exquisite beauty and exactness; such an harmonious and regular variety charms the eye which way soever it throws itself. My villa is so advantageously situated, that it commands a full view of all the country round; yet you go up to it by so insensible a rise, that you find yourself upon an elevation without perceiving you ascended. Behind, but at a great distance, stand the Apennine mountains. In the calmest days we are refreshed by the winds that blow from thence, but so spent, as it were, by the long tract of land they travel over, that they are entirely divested of all their strength and violence before they reach us. The exposition of the principal front of the house is full south, and seems to invite the afternoon sun in summer (but something earlier in winter) into a spacious and well-proportioned portico, consisting of several members, particularly a porch built after the manner of the ancients. In the front of the portico is a sort of terrace, embellished with various figures, and bounded with a box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box answering alternately to each other, into a lawn overspread with the soft, I had almost said the liquid acanthus†: this is surrounded by a walk

* the original it is laurus, which the inge- Mr. Martyn, professor of botany in Cam- given very strong reasons for believing tine tree with our laurel, but means the

† Sir William Temple supposes the Acanthus of the ancients to be what we call Pericanthe. Modern botanists

walk* inclosed with tonsile ever-greens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the Gestatio laid out in the form of a circus†, ornamented in the middle with box cut into numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the sheers from running up too high: the whole is fenced in with a wall covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. On the outside of the wall lies a meadow that owes as many beauties to nature, as all I have been describing within does to art; at the end of which are several other meadows and fields interspersed with thickets. At the extremity of the portico stands a grand dining-room, which opens upon one end of the terrace; as from the windows there is a very extensive prospect over the meadows up into the country, from whence you also have a view of the terrace and such parts of the house which project forward, together with the woods inclosing the adjacent hippodrome‡. Opposite almost to the centre of the portico stands an apartment something backwards, which encompasses a small area, shaded by four plane-trees, in the midst of which a fountain rises, from whence the water running over the edges of a marble bason gently refreshes the surrounding plane-trees and the verdure underneath them. This apartment consists of a bed-chamber free from every kind of noise, and which the light itself cannot penetrate; together with a common dining-room that I use whenever I have none but familiar friends with me. A second portico looks upon this little area, and has the same prospect with the former I just now described. There is besides another room, which being situated c to the nearest plane-tree, enjoys a cool shade and verdure: its sides are incr half way with carved marble, and f thence to the ceiling a foliage is pai with birds intermixed among the brac which has an effect altogether as agree as that of the carving; at the basis of wh is placed a little fountain, that play through several small pipes into a v produces a most pleasing murmur. F a corner of the portico you enter in very spacious chamber opposite to the gr dining-room, which from some of its w dows has a view of the terrace, and f others of the meadow, as those in the f look upon a cascade, which entertain once both the eye and the ear; for the ter falling from a great height, fa round the marble bason which rece it below. This room is extremely w in winter, being much exposed to the s as in a cloudy day the heat of an adjoin stove very well supplies his absence. F hence you pass through a spacious and p sant undressing-room into the cold-b room, in which is a large gloomy b but if you are disposed to swim more large, or in a warmer water, in the mi of the area is a wide bason for that purp and near it a reservoir from whence may be supplied with cold water to b yourself again, if you should perceive are too much relaxed by the warm. C tiguous to the cold-bath is one of a m dling degree of heat, which enjoys kindly warmth of the sun, but not so tensely as that of the hot-bath, which p jects farther. This last consists of three veral divisions, each of different degree heat; the two former lie open to the full the latter, though not so much exposed its heat, receives an equal share of its h Over the undressing-room is built the nis-court, which by means of diffe circles § admits of different kinds of ga Not far from the baths, is the stair which leads to the inclosed portico, ha first passed through three apartments: of these looks upon the little area with

botanists term it garden bear's-foot; but Mr. Castel in his observations upon this passage, with more probability, imagines by its character here that it resembles moss.

* This walk is called in the original Ambulatio, as what I have ventured to translate a Terrace, is by Pliny termed Xystus. The Ambulatio seems to be what we properly call a walk; the Gestatio was a place appropriated to taking of exercise in their vehicles, and the Xystus in its original signification, according to the definition given by Vitruvius, was a large portico wherein the athletic exercises were performed: though it is plainly used in this place for an open walk, ornamented much in the manner of our old-fashioned parterres; but its being raised above the other walks which lay in the front, seems to justify its being called a Terrace.

† The Circus was a place set apart for the celebration of several public games, particularly the chariot-race. Its form was generally oblong, having a wall quite round with ranges of seats for the convenience of spectators.

‡ A part of the garden so called.

§ "These circles were probably no other "particular marks made on the floor, the s "of their play depending on the ball's lighti "such a circle after it had been struck, which "the adversaries business to prevent; a "many sorts of exercises this room was ma "might be diversified by lines or circles "walls or floor; like the game of tennis, "though it takes up one entire room, m "for several games of the like nature." Remarks on Tuscum, p. 110.

plane-trees round it, the other has a of the meadows, and from the third have a view of several vineyards; so they have as many different prospects positions. At one end of the inclosed tico, and indeed taken off from it, is a mber that looks upon the hippodrome, vineyards, and the mountains; and adding is a room which has a full exposure he sun, especially in winter: from hence s an apartment that connects the hippome with the house: and such is the form aspect of the front. On the side is a mer inclosed portico which stands high, has not only a prospect of the vineds, but seems almost to touch them. n the middle of this portico you enter ining-room cooled by the wholesome zes which come from the Apennine ys: from the windows in the back t, which are extremely large, there is ospect of the vineyards, as you have another view of them from the foldings through the summer portico: along side of this dining-room where there no windows, runs a private stair-case the greater conveniency of serving at rtainments: at the farther end is a mber from whence the eye is entertainith a view of the vineyards and (what qually agreeable) of the portico. Unneath this room is an inclosed portico ething resembling a grotto, which ensg in the midst of summer heats, its natural coolness, neither admits nor ts the refreshment of external breezes. er you have passed both these porticos, he end of the dining-room stands a third, ch as the day is more or less advanced, es either for winter or summer use. It ds to two different apartments, one conning four chambers, the other three, ich enjoy by turns both sun and shade. the front of these agreeable buildings s a very spacious hippodrome*, entirely n in the middle, by which means the upon your first entrance, takes in its ole extent at one view. It is encomsed on every side with plane-trees coverwith ivy†, so that while their heads flourish with their own green, their bodies enjoy a borrowed verdure; and thus the ivy twining round the trunk and branches, spreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Between each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind these, bay-trees, which blend their shade with that of the planes. This plantation, forming a streight boundary on both sides of the hippodrome, bends at the farther end into a semicircle, which being set round and sheltered with cypress-trees, varies the prospect, and casts a deeper and more gloomy shade; while the inward circular walks (for there are several) enjoying an open exposure, are perfumed with roses, and correct by a very pleasing contrast the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a streight walk‡, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box-hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another the box is cut into a thousand different forms§; sometimes into letters, expressing the name of the master; sometimes that of the artificer: whilst here and there little obelisks rise intermixed alternately with fruit-trees: when on a sudden, in the midst of this elegant regularity, you are surprised with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature; in the centre of which lies a spot surrounded with a knot of dwarf planetrees‖. Beyond these is a walk

* The Hippodromus, in its proper signification, s a place among the Grecians, set apart for ce-racing and other exercises of that kind. But seems here to be nothing more than a particular ks, to which Pliny perhaps gave that name, on its bearing some resemblance in its form to ppodromic places so called.

† "What the Hederæ were, that deserved a place in a garden, (says Sir William Temple in his Essay on Gardening) I cannot guess, unless they had sorts of ivy unknown to us." But it does not seem necessary to have recourse to that supposition; for there are two sorts among us, which are very beautiful plants, the one called the silver-striped ivy, the other the yellow variegated ivy. The former, perhaps, is the pallentes Hederæ of Virgil; which epithet some of the critics, not attending to the different kinds of ivy, have injudiciously changed for palantes.

‡ Here seems to begin what we properly call the Garden, and is the only description of a Roman one, which is come down to us. Virgil indeed mentions that of his Corycian friend's, but he only gives an account of the plants which that contented old man cultivated, without describing the form in which his little spot was laid out.

§ It is very remarkable that this false taste in gardening, so justly rejected by modern improvements in that agreeable art, was introduced among the Romans at a time when one should little expect to meet with any inelegancies in the polite refinements of life. Matius, the friend of Julius Cæsar, and peculiar favourite of Augustus, of whom there is still extant a letter to Cicero, greatly admired for the beauty of its sentiments and expression, is said to have first taught his countrymen this monstrous method of distorting nature, by cutting trees into regular forms. Columel. l. 12. c. 44.

‖ The plane-tree was extremely cultivated among the Romans upon account of its extraordinary

walk interspersed with the smooth and twining acanthus†, where the trees are also cut into a variety of names and shapes. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines, supported by four small Carystian pillars‡. From this bench the water gushing through several little pipes, as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons who repose themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine polished marble bason, so artfully contrived that it is always full without ever overflowing. When I sup here, this bason serves for a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl. Corresponding to this, is a fountain which is incessantly emptying and filling; for the water, which it throws up a great height, falling back again into it, is by means of two openings returned as fast as it is received. Fronting the alcove (and which reflects as great an ornament to it, as it borrows from it) stands a summer-house of exquisite marble, whose doors project and open into a green enclosure; as from its upper and lower windows the eye is presented with a variety of different verdures. Next to this is a little private closet (which though it seems distinct, may be laid into the same room) furnished with a couch; and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloominess, by means of a spreading vine which climbs to the top, and entirely overshades it. Here you may lie and fancy yourself in a wood, with this difference only, that you are not exposed to the weather: in this place a fountain also rises and instantly disappears: in different quarters are disposed several marble seats, which serve, as well as the summer-house, as so many reliefs after one is wearied with walking. Near each seat is a little fountain, and throughout the whole hippodrome several small rills run murmuring along wheresoever the hand of art thought proper to conduct them, watering here and there different spots of verdure, and in their progress refreshing the whole.

And now, I should not have hazarded the imputation of being too minute in this detail, if I had not proposed to lead you into every corner of my house and gardens. You will hardly, I imagine, think it a trouble to read the description of a place which I am persuaded would please you were you to see it; especially as you have it in your power to stop, and by throwing aside my letter, sit down as it were, and be yourself as often as you think proper. I had at the same time a view to the gratification of my own passion; as I confess, I have a very great one for this villa, which was chiefly built or finished by myself. In a word, (for why should I conceal from my friend my sentiments whether right or wrong?) I look upon it as the first duty in every writer frequently to throw his eye upon his title-page, and to consider well the subject he has proposed to himself; and he may be assured if he closely pursues his plan he cannot justly be thought tedious, but on the contrary, if he suffers himself to be carried off from it, he will most certainly incur that censure. Homer, you know, has employed many verses in the description of the arms of Achilles, as Virgil also has in those of Æneas; yet neither of them are prolix, because they both keep within the limits of their original design. Aratus, you see, is not esteemed too circumstantial, though he traces and enumerates the minutest stars; for he does not go out of his way for that purpose, he only follows where his subject leads him. In the same manner (to compare small things with great) if endeavouring to give you an idea of my house, I have not wandered into any thing foreign, or, as it were, devious, it is not my letter which describes, but my villa which is described, that is to be deemed large. But not to dwell any longer upon this digression, lest I should myself be condemned by the maxim I have just laid down; I have now informed you why I prefer my Tuscan villa, to those which I possess at Tusculum*, Tiberius† and Præneste‡. Besides the advantages

nary shade, and they used to nourish it with wine* instead of water, believing (as Sir William Temple observes "This tree loved that liquor, as "well as those who used to drink under its shade."

† It is probable the Acanthus here mentioned is not the same plant with that described above; it is certain at least there were different sorts of them.

‡ This marble came from Carystus (now called Caristo) in Eubœa, an island in the Archipelago, which has since changed its name into Negroponte. From hence likewise, it is said, the Romans fetched that famous stone out of which they spun a sort of incombustible cloth, wherein they wrapped the bodies of their dead, and thereby preserved their ashes distinct and unmixed with those of the funeral pile.

* Plin. Hist. Nat.

* Now called Frascati, † Tivoli, and ‡ Palestrina, all of them situated in the Campagna di Roma, and at no great distance from Rome.

y mentioned, I here enjoy a more nd retirement, as I am at a farther e from the business of the town, and terruption of troublesome avocations. s calm and composed; which con- es, no less than its clear air and un- ed sky, to that health of body and fulness of mind which I particularly there: both of which I keep in pro- xercise by study and hunting. And, d, there is no place which agrees bet- ith all my family in general; I am at least, I have not yet lost one (and k it with the sentiments I ought) of ose I brought with me hither: and the gods continue that happiness to nd that honour to my villa! Farewel.

LETTER LV.

To Capito.

U are not singular in the advice you ive me to undertake the writing of y; it is a work which has been fre- ly pressed upon me by several others y friends; and what I have some hts of engaging in. Not that I have onfidence of succeeding in this way, would be too rashly presuming upon ccess of an experiment which I have yet made; but because it is a noble yment to rescue from oblivion those deserve to be eternally remembered, xtend the reputation of others at the time that we advance our own.— ng, I confess, so strongly affects me desire of a lasting name: a passion worthy of the human breast, espe- of one, who not being conscious to f of any ill, is not afraid of being n to posterity. It is the continual t therefore of my thoughts,

What fair deed I too may raise a name*:

that I moderate my wishes; the rest,

gather round the world immortal fame,

ch beyond my hopes:

Though yet†"——However, the first ficient, and history perhaps is the single s that can assure it to me. Oratory oetry, unless carried to the highest of eloquence, are talents but of small mendation to those who possess them; but history, however executed, is always entertaining. Mankind are naturally inquisitive, and are so fond of having this turn gratified, that they will listen with attention to the plainest matter of fact, and the most idle tale. But besides this, I have an example in my own family that inclines me to engage in this study, my uncle and adoptive father having acquired great reputation as a very accurate historian; and the philosophers, you know, recommend it to us to tread in the steps of our ancestors, when they have gone before us in the right path. If you ask me then, why I do not immediately enter upon the task? My reason is this: I have pleaded some very important causes, and (though I am not extremely sanguine in my hopes concerning them) I have determined to revise my speeches, lest, for want of this remaining labour all the pains they cost me should be thrown away, and they with their author be buried in oblivion; for with respect to posterity, the work that was never finished, was never begun. You will think, perhaps, I might correct my pleadings and write history at the same time. I wish indeed, I were capable of doing so, but they are both such great undertakings, that either of them is abundantly sufficient. I was but nineteen when I first appeared at the bar; and yet it is only now at last I understand (and that in truth but imperfectly) what is essential to a complete orator. How then shall I be able to support the weight of an additional burthen? It is true, indeed, history and oratory have in many points a general resemblance; yet, in those very things in which they seem to agree, there are several circumstances wherein they differ. Narration is common to them both, but it is a narration of a distinct kind: the former contents itself frequently with low and vulgar facts; the latter requires every thing splendid, elevated, and extraordinary: strength and nerves is sufficient in *that*, but beauty and ornament is essential to *this*: the excellency of the one consists in a strong, severe, and close style; of the other, in a diffusive, flowing, and harmonious narration: in short, the words, the emphasis, and whole turn and structure of the periods are extremely different in these two arts: for, as Thucydides observes, there is a wide distance between compositions which are calculated for a present purpose, and those which are designed to remain as lasting monuments to posterity; by the first of which expressions he alludes to oratory, and by the other to history. For these

* Virgil. 1 Georg. sub init.

† Part of a verse from the fifth Æneid, where Gyas, one of the competitors in the naval [illegible] who was in some danger of being distanced, [illegible] his men to exert their utmost vigour to [illegible] faith a disgrace.

these reasons I am not inclined to blend together two performances of such distinct natures, which, as they are both of the highest rank, necessarily therefore require a separate attention; lest, confounded by a crowd of different ideas, I should introduce into the one what is only proper to the other. Therefore (to speak in our language of the bar) I must beg leave the cause may be adjourned some time longer. In the mean while, I refer it to your consideration from what period I shall commence my history. Shall I take it up from those remote times which have been treated of already by others? In this way, indeed, the materials will be ready prepared to my hands, but the collating of the several historians will be extremely troublesome: or, shall I write only of the present times, and those wherein no other author has gone before me? If so, I may probably give offence to many, and please but few. For, in an age so over-run with vice, you will find infinitely more to condemn than approve; yet your praise, though ever so lavish, will be thought too reserved; and your censure, though ever so cautious, too profuse. However, this does not at all discourage me; for I want not sufficient resolution to bear testimony to truth. I expect then that you prepare the way which you have pointed out to me, and determine what subject I shall fix upon for my history, that when I am ready to enter upon the task you have assigned me, I may not be delayed by any new difficulty. Farewel.

LETTER LVI.

To Saturninus.

YOUR letter made very different impressions upon me, as it brought me news which I both rejoiced and grieved to receive. It gave me pleasure when it informed me you were detained in Rome; which though you will tell me is a circumstance that affords you none, yet I cannot but rejoice at it, since you assure me you continue there upon my account, and defer the recital of your work till my return; for which I am greatly obliged to you. But I was much concerned at that part of your letter which mentioned the dangerous illness of Julius Valens; though, indeed, with respect to himself it ought to affect me with other sentiments, as it cannot but be for his advantage the sooner he is relieved by death, from a distemper of which there is no hope he can ever be cured. But what you add concerning Avitus, who died in his return from the province where he had been quæstor, is an accident that demands our sorrow. That he died board-a-ship, at a distance from his b[illegible] whom he tenderly loved, and from his [illegible]ther and sisters, are circumstances, [illegible] though they cannot affect him now, [illegible] undoubtedly did in his last moments, [illegible] well as tend to heighten the afflic[illegible] those he has left behind. How severe [illegible] reflection, that a youth of his well-[illegible] disposition should be extinct in the [illegible] of life, and snatched from those high [illegible]nours to which his virtues, had they [illegible] permitted to grow to their full matu[illegible] would certainly have raised him! How [illegible] his bosom glow with the love of the [illegible] arts! How many books has he pe[illegible] how many volumes has he transcri[illegible] But the fruits of his labours are now [illegible]rished with him, and for ever lost to p[illegible]rity.—Yet why indulge my sorrow [illegible] passion which, if we once give a loose [illegible] will aggravate every the slightest cir[illegible]stance. I will put an end therefore to [illegible] letter, that I may to the tears which [illegible] has drawn from me. Farewel.

LETTER LVII.

To Fabatus.*

YOUR letter informs me that you [illegible] erected a noble public porticos†, [illegible] memorial of yourself and your [illegible], that the next day after the ceremony [illegible] opening of it, you engaged to repair [illegible] beautify the gates of our city at your [illegible] charge: thus it is that you rise from [illegible] act of munificence to another! I take [illegible] believe me, in every thing that con[illegible] your glory; which, from the alliance [illegible] is between us, in some degree redound [illegible] mine; and am pleased to see the memory [illegible] my father-in-law delivered down to p[illegible]rity by such beautiful structures. I rej[illegible] too at the honour that hereby arises to [illegible] native province; and as every thing [illegible] tends to her advantage is highly agree[illegible] to me, by what hand soever it may [illegible] conferred; so particularly when it is [illegible]

* Grand-father to Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

† These porticos, which were carried to an [illegible]treme degree of magnificence, served for [illegible] uses: sometimes for the assembly of the [illegible] sometimes for stands of the most curious [illegible]chandise. But the general use they were [illegible] was, the pleasure of walking in them; [illegible] present piazzas in Italy [*Fabric. Descr.* [illegible] c. 13.] Here likewise works of genius were [illegible]licly recited, and the philosophers held their [illegible]putations.

I have only to desire that heaven continue to cherish in you this ge- frame of mind, and to grant you ears in which to exert it; for your I am well persuaded will not ter- here, but extend itself to farther f beneficence. Generosity, when e is set forward, knows not how to r progress; as the more familiar we th the lovely form, the more en- ed we grow of her engaging charms. el.

LETTER LVIII.

To Pontius.

S at Comum when I heard that mutus Tertullus was appointed sur- of the Æmilian way. This news exprestibly agreeable to me, both is account and my own: upon his, e though ambition should be (as it ly is) far removed from his heart, cannot but be acceptable to him to e so great an honour without seeking on mine, because it heightens the tion which results from my own to see a man of so distinguished a ter as Cornutus raised to one of the nature †; for to be placed in the rank with the good, is a pleasure to being honoured with the highest ies. And where indeed is the man xceeds Cornutus in worth and virtue? ose conduct is a more express model ient manners? In this I do not found dgment upon fame, which, however, great justice speaks of him in the st terms, but upon long and frequent ience. We have ever been joined in me friendships with the most shining sters in both sexes which this age has ced; an union that cemented us in ridest intimacy. To these private ties added those of a more public nature: as, you know, my colleague in the ry, as well as the consulship. These opportunities of gaining a thorough ledge of his uncommon virtues, when owed him as a guide and revered him as a parent; and that not so much upon account of his age as his merit. I rejoice therefore no less for my own sake than his; and I do so upon a public as well as private consideration, since virtue is now no longer, as formerly‡, exposed to the most cruel dangers, but advanced to the noblest dignities. But if I were to indulge the joyous sentiments I feel upon this occasion, I should never have finished my letter. Let me turn then to an account of what I was doing when your messenger arrived. He found me with my wife's grandfather and aunt, together with several other friends, whose company I had not enjoyed for a considerable time: I was traversing my grounds, hearing the complaints of the farmers, running over their tedious accounts, and had before me papers and letters far different from those to which my inclination early devoted me; in a word, I was preparing to return to Rome; for I have obtained but a short leave of absence; and indeed, the news of this office being conferred on Cornutus, reminds me to hasten to the duties of my own. I hope your favourite Campania will resign you about the same time, so that when I return to Rome, not a day may be lost to our friendly intercourse. Farewel.

† This was an office of great dignity among the ns, and usually conferred upon those who en consuls. Thus Cæsar is mentioned by rch as surveyor of the Appian way. These extended to a great distance from the city on hes, the most noble of which was the Appian, ned to reach three hundred and fifty miles. It appears by some ancient inscriptions still ins, that Pliny was surveyor of the river Tiber, its banks, to which office it is probable ne alludes.

LETTER LIX.

To Marcellinus.

I WRITE this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! never surely was there a more agreeable and more amiable young person, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom of age and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends! how affectionately treat all those who in their respective offices had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment; she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did she endure her last illness! she complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her sister and her

‡ Alluding to the times of Nero and Domitian.

her father; and when all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! she was contracted to a most worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral? He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the nobler and most elevated studies; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve his sorrow, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. If you shall think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even requires the means of its cure; so a mind under the first impressions of a misfortune shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewel.

LETTER LX.

To Spurinna.

KNOWING, as I do, how much you admire the polite arts, and what satisfaction you take in seeing young men of quality pursue the steps of their ancestors, I seize this earliest opportunity of informing you, that I went to-day to hear Calpurnius Piso read a poem he ha[illegible] upon a very bright and learned [illegible] entitled the Constellations. His [illegible] which were elegiac, were soft, [illegible] and easy, at the same time that they [illegible] the sublimity suitable to such a noble [illegible] He varied his style from the lofty [illegible] simple, from the close to the copious, [illegible] the grave to the florid, with equal [illegible] and judgment. These beauties we[illegible] tremely heightened and recommended [illegible] a most harmonious voice; which [illegible] becoming modesty rendered still [illegible] pleasing. A confusion and concern [illegible] countenance of a speaker throws a [illegible] upon all he utters; for there is a [illegible] decent timidity, which, I know not how, [illegible] infinitely more engaging than the [illegible] and self-sufficient air of confidence. I [illegible] mention several other circumstances [illegible] advantage, which I am the more [illegible] to take notice of, as they are most [illegible] in a person of his age, and most uncom[illegible] in a youth of his quality: but not to [illegible] into a farther detail of his merit, I [illegible] only tell you, that when he had finished [illegible] poem, I embraced him with the [illegible] complacency; and being persuaded [illegible] nothing is a greater encouragement [illegible] applause, I exhorted him to persever[illegible] the paths he had entered, and to shine [illegible] to posterity with the same glorious [illegible] which reflected from his ancestors to [illegible] self. I congratulated his excellent [illegible] and his brother, who gained as much [illegible] nour by the generous affection he disco[illegible] ed upon this occasion, as Calpurnius did [illegible] his eloquence, so remarkable a concern [illegible] shewed for him when he began to [illegible] his poem, and so much pleasure in his [illegible] cess. May the gods grant me frequ[illegible] occasions of giving you accounts of [illegible] nature! for I have a partiality to the [illegible] in which I live, and should rejoice to [illegible] it not barren of merit. To this end I [illegible] dently wish our young men of qu[illegible] would not derive all their glory from [illegible] images of their ancestors*. As for the [illegible] which are placed in the house of these [illegible] cellent youths, I now figure them to my[illegible] as silently applauding and encouraging [illegible] their pursuits, and (what is a sufficient [illegible] gree of honour to them both) as own[illegible] and confessing them to be their kind[illegible] Farewel.

* None had the right of using family [illegible] or statues, but those whose ancestors or the[illegible] had borne some of the highest dignities. So [illegible] the *jus imaginis* was much the same thing [illegible] the Romans, as the right of bearing a coat [illegible] arms among us. *Kin. Antiq.*

LETTER LXI.

To Macer.

is well with me, since it is so with u. You are happy, I find, in the by of your wife and son, and are en- the pleasures of the sea, the fresh- f the fountains, the verdure of the and the elegances of a most agree- lla; for so I judge it to be, since he as most happy ere fortune had raised what is generally esteemed the high- at of human felicity, chose it for the of his retirement*. As for myself, I ployed at my Tuscan villa in hunt- d studying, sometimes alternately, metimes both together; but I am not e to determine in which pursuit it is ifficult to succeed. Farewel.

LETTER LXII.

To Paulinus.

know the humanity with which you at your own servants, I do not scru- confess to you the indulgence I shew e. I have ever in my mind Homer's er of Ulysses,

ral'd his people with a father's love†.

e very expression‡ in our language head of a family, suggests the rule s conduct towards it. But were I ly of a rough and hardened cast of , the ill state of health of my freed- osimus (who has the stronger claim mane treatment at my hands, as he ands much in need of it) would be nt to soften me. He is a person of worth, diligent in his services, and illed in literature; but his chief ta- d indeed his profession, is that of a ian, wherein he highly excels. He with great emphasis, judgment, pro- and gracefulness; he has a very and too upon the lyre, which he un- ds better than is necessary for one of ofession. To this I must add, he reads , oratory, and poetry as well as if d singly applied himself to that art. I am the more particular in enumerating his qualifications, to let you see how many agreeable services I receive from him.— He is indeed endeared to me by the ties of a long affection, which seems to be heightened by the danger he is now in. For nature has so formed our hearts, that nothing contributes more to raise and enflame our inclination for any enjoyment than the apprehension of being deprived of it; a sentiment which Zosimus has given me occasion to experience more than once. Some years ago he strained himself so much by too vehement an exertion of his voice, that he spit blood, upon which account I sent him into Egypt§; from whence, after a long absence, he lately returned with great benefit to his health. But having again exerted himself for several days together beyond his strength, he was reminded of his former malady by a slight return of his cough, and a spitting of blood. For this reason I intend to send him to your farm at Forum-Julii‖, having frequently heard you mention it as an exceeding fine air, and recommend the milk of that place as very good in disorders of this nature. I beg you would give directions to your people to receive him into your house, and to supply him with what he shall have occasion for; which will not be much, for he is so temperate as not only to abstain from delicacies, but even to deny himself the necessaries his ill state of health requires. I shall furnish him towards his journey with what will be sufficient for one of his abstemious turn, who is coming under your roof. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

To Rufus.

I WENT into the Julian court¶ to attend a cause in which at the next sitting I was to reply. The judges had taken their seats, the decemviri** were arrived, the eyes of audience were fixed upon the counsel, and all was hushed in silence and expectation, when an order arrived from the prætor that

is supposed by some commentators that ...ter here to Nerva, who being suspected ...tian, was ordered by that emperor to retire ...m, where, without any views of reign- ...quietly sat down in the enjoyment of a ...; others imagine that he means Sulla. ...l. 5. 11.

...Latin word for a master of a family, im- ...of a family.

§ The Roman physicians used to send their patients in consumptive cases into Eygpt, particularly to Alexandria.

‖ Frejus in Provence, the southern part of France.

¶ A court of justice.

** The decemviri seem to have been magistrates for the administration of justice, subordinate to the prætors who (to give the English reader a general notion of their office) may be termed lords chief-justices, as the judges here mentioned were something in the nature of our juries.

the

the court ſhould be adjourned; an accident extremely agreeable to me, who am never ſo well prepared, but that I am glad of gaining farther time. The occaſion of the court's riſing thus abruptly was an edict of Nepos, the prætor for criminal cauſes, wherein he directed all perſons concerned as plaintiffs or defendants in any cauſe before him, to take notice, that he deſigned ſtrictly to put in force the decree of the ſenate annexed to his edict; which decree, was expreſſed in the following words:— "All perſons whatſoever, who have any "law-ſuits depending, are hereby required "and commanded, before any proceedings "be had thereon, to take an oath that they "have not given, promiſed, or engaged to "give any fee or reward to any advocate "upon account of his undertaking their "cauſe." In theſe terms, and many others equally full and expreſs, the lawyers were prohibited to make their profeſſion venal. However, after the cauſe is decided, they are permitted to accept a gratuity of ten thouſand ſeſterces*. The prætor for civil cauſes, being alarmed at this unexpected order of Nepos, gave us this holiday in order to take time to conſider whether he ſhould follow the example. In the mean while the town is much divided in its ſentiments of this edict, ſome extremely approving, and others as much condemning it. "We "have got then at laſt," ſay they with a ſneer, "a redreſſor of abuſes. But pray "was there never a prætor before this man? "what then is he who thus forwardly ſets "up for a reformer?" Others, on the contrary, ſay, that he has taken a very proper ſtep upon entering upon his office; that he has paid obedience to the laws; conſidered the decrees of the ſenate, repreſſed a moſt indecent traffic, and will not ſuffer the moſt honourable of all profeſſions to be debaſed into a ſordid commerce of lucre. Theſe are the reflections which are univerſally thrown out upon this occaſion; but which ſide ſhall be thought to judge moſt rightly, the event alone will determine. It is the uſual method of the world (though a very unequitable rule of eſtimation) to pronounce an action to be either right or wrong as it is attended with good or ill ſucceſs; in conſequence of which you ſhall hear the very ſame conduct attributed to zeal or folly, to liberty or licentiouſneſs. Farewel.

* About 80l. of our money.

LETTER LXIV.

To Calphurnia†.

NEVER was buſineſs more uneasy to me than when it prevented me [illegible] from attending, but following you [illegible] Campania‡. As at all times, ſo particularly now, I wiſh to be with you, that I may be a witneſs what progreſs you make in [illegible] ſtrength and recovery, and how the tranquillity, the amuſements, and plenty of this charming country agree with you. [illegible] you in perfect health, yet I could [illegible] port your abſence; for even a [illegible] uncertainty of the welfare of those [illegible] derly love, is a ſituation of mind [illegible] painful; but now your ſickneſs [illegible] with your abſence to perplex me [illegible] thouſand diſquietudes. I fear every [illegible] that can befal you, and, as is uſual [illegible] under the ſame terrifying apprehen[illegible] ſuſpect moſt, what I moſt dread. I conjure you then to prevent my [illegible] by writing to me every day, and [illegible] twice a day; I ſhall be more easy [illegible] while I am reading your letters; [illegible] all my apprehenſions will again return on me the moment I have perused [illegible] Farewel.

LETTER LXV.

To the ſame.

YOU kindly tell me, my abſence is [illegible] ly uneaſy to you, and that your conſolation is in converſing with my [illegible] inſtead of their author, which you [illegible] ly place by your ſide. How agreeable it to me to know that you thus with [illegible] company, and ſupport yourſelf under want of it by theſe tender amuſements. In return, I entertain myſelf with [illegible] over your letters again and again, [illegible] continually taking them up as if I had received them; but alas! they only [illegible] to make me more ſtrongly regret your [illegible] ſence; for how amiable muſt her conſation be, whoſe letters have [illegible] charms? Let me receive them, [illegible] as often as poſſible, notwithſtanding [illegible] is ſtill a mixture of pain in the [illegible] they afford me. Farewel.

† His wife.

‡ Where Fabatus, Calphurnia's grandfather had a villa. This delightful country is [illegible] by almoſt every claſſic author, and every [illegible] traveller, for the fertility of its ſoil, the [illegible] its landſcape, and the temperature of its [illegible]

ETTER LXVI.

To Priscus.

know and esteem Attilius Crescens; indeed who is there of any rank or that does not? For myself, I pro- have a friendship for him much su- to the common attachments of the The places of our nativity are se- only by a day's journey; and we ved an affection to each other when e very young; a season when friend- rikes the deepest root. Ours im- by years, and so far from being ned, that it was confirmed by our judgments, as those who know us an witness. He takes pleasure in g every where of my friendship; as let the world know that his honour, e, and his interest, are my peculiar n. Insomuch that upon his expres- me some apprehension from the in- of a certain person who was enter- on the tribuneship of the people, I not forbear answering,

as Achilles breathes this vital air,
such thy head no impious hand shall dare*.

tion this to shew you, that I look every injury offered to Attilius as o myself. But you will be impatient r what all this tends to. You must then, Valerius Varus, at his death, Attilius a sum of money. Though acquainted with Maximus his heir, ere is a closer friendship between nd you. I beg therefore, and con- ou by the affection you have for me, e care that Attilius is not only paid incipal which is due to him, but all ng arrears of interest. He neither the property of others, nor neglects re of his own; and as he is not en- in any lucrative profession, he has g to depend upon but his frugality; to the polite arts, in which he great- cels, he pursues them merely upon otives of pleasure and fame. In such ation the slightest loss presses hard up- man, and the more so because he has pportunities of repairing any injury to his fortune. Assist us then, I in- you, in this difficulty, and suffer me o enjoy the pleasure of his sprightly liverting conversation; for I cannot to see the cheerfulness of my friend loaded, whose mirth and good humour dissipates every gloom of melancholy in myself. In a word, as you are well acquainted with the entertaining gaiety of temper which Attilius possesses, I hope you will not suffer any injury to discompose and sour it. You may judge by the warmth of his affection how bitter his resentments would prove; for a generous and great mind can ill brook an injury when it is joined with contempt. But though he could pass it over, yet cannot I: on the contrary, I shall look upon it as a wrong and indignity done to myself, and resent it as one offered to my friend; that is, with double warmth. But after all, why this air of threatning? rather let me end in the same style I began, by earnestly conjuring you so to act in this affair, that neither Attilius may have reason to imagine (which I should greatly regret) that I neglect his interest; nor that I may have occasion to charge you of being careless of mine; as undoubtedly I shall not, if you have the same regard for the latter as I have for the former. Farewel.

* Hom. Il. lib. 1. ver. 88.

LETTER LXVII.

To Tacitus.

WHEN you recommend to my care the interest of Julius Naso in the office he is pursuing, what is it but recommending me to myself? However, I forgive you, and I should have done the same had you been at Rome, and I absent. The tender anxiety of friendship is apt to imagine every circumstance to be material. But I advise you to turn your solicitations to others, and be assured I will take a full share with you in all your applications in this affair, and support you with my best and warmest endeavours. Farewel.

LETTER LXVIII.

To Albinus.

I WAS lately at Alsium†, where my wife's mother has a villa which once belonged to Virginius Rufus. The place renewed in my mind the sorrowful remembrance of that great and excellent man. He was extremely fond of this retirement, and used to call it, "the nest of his old age." Wherever I turned my eyes I missed my worthy friend. I had an inclination to visit his monument; but I repented of my curiosity, for I found it still unfinished; and this not from any difficulty of the work itself,

† Now Alzia, not far from Como.

itself, for it is very plain, or rather indeed slight, but through the neglect of him to whose care it was entrusted. I could not see without a concern mixed with indignation the remains of a man, whose fame filled the whole world, lie for ten years after his death without an inscription or a name. He had however directed that the divine and immortal action of his life should be recorded upon his tomb in the following lines:

Here Rufus lies, who Vindex' arms withstood,
Not for himself, but for his country's good.

But a faithful friend is so rare to be found, and the dead are so soon forgotten, that we shall be obliged to build even our very monuments, and anticipate the office of our heirs. For who is it that has not reason to fear what has happened to Virginius, may be his own case? an indignity which is so much the more remarkable and injurious, as it falls upon one of his distinguished virtues. Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

To Maximus.

HOW happy a day did I lately pass! when having been called by the præfect* of Rome to his assistance in a certain cause, I had the pleasure to hear two excellent young men, Fuscus Salinator and Numidius Quadratus, plead on the opposite sides; both of them of extraordinary hopes and great talents, who will one day, I am persuaded, prove an ornament not only to the present age, but to literature itself. They discovered upon this occasion an admirable probity, supported by inflexible courage: their habit was decent, their elocution distinct, their voice manly, their memory strong†, their genius elevated, and guided by an equal solidity of judgment [illegible] infinite pleasure in observing them [illegible] these noble qualities; particularly [illegible] the satisfaction to see that while [illegible] ed upon me as their guide and mod[illegible] appeared in the sentiment of the [illegible] as my imitators and rivals. It was a [illegible] cannot but repeat it again) which [illegible] me the most exquisite happiness, and [illegible] I shall ever distinguish with the [illegible] mark‡. For what indeed could be [illegible] more pleasing to me on the public [illegible] than to observe two such noble [illegible] building their fame and glory upon [illegible] lite arts, or more desirable upon my [illegible] than to be marked out as a worthy [illegible] to them in their pursuits of virtue! [illegible] heaven still grant me the continuance [illegible] that pleasure! And you will bear me [illegible] ness, I sincerely implore the gods, [illegible] every man who thinks me deserving of [illegible] imitation, may far exceed the mod[illegible] has chosen. Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

To Fabatus§.

MOST certainly you ought not to [illegible] reserve in your recommend[illegible] me of such persons whom you judge [illegible] thy your patronage, because nothing more agreeable to your character [illegible] to be as extensively beneficent as [illegible] nor to mine, than to interest m[illegible]

* An officer something in the nature of the lord mayor among us. He preceded all other city magistrates, having power to receive appeals from the inferior courts, and to decide almost all causes within the limits of Rome, or a hundred miles round.

† Strength of memory seems to have been a quality highly esteemed among the Romans, Pliny often mentioning it when he draws the characters of his friends, as in the number of their most shining talents. And Quintilian considers it as the measure of genius; *tantum ingenii*, says he, *quantum memoriæ*. The extraordinary perfection in which some of the ancients are said to have possessed this useful faculty is almost incredible. Our author speaks, in a former letter, of a Greek philosopher of his acquaintance, who after having delivered a long harangue extempore, would immediately repeat it again, without losing a single word. Seneca says, he could in his yo[illegible] two thousand names exactly in the same order [illegible] were read to him; and that to try the strength [illegible] his memory, the audience who attended the [illegible] professor with himself, would each of them [illegible] him a verse, which he would instantly repeat [illegible] ginning with the last, and so on to the first, [illegible] amount of two hundred. He tells a pleasant [illegible] upon this occasion of a certain poet, who [illegible] recited a poem in public, a person who was [illegible] claimed it for his own, and in proof of it [illegible] so, repeated it word for word: which the [illegible] thor was not capable of doing. [*Sen. Controv. [illegible] sub init.*] Numberless instances might be [illegible] lected from the ancients to the same purpose [illegible] mention only a few more: It is said of Th[illegible] cles, that he made himself master of the Pe[illegible] language in a year's time; of Mithridates, [illegible] understood as many languages as he [illegible] nations, that is, no less than twenty-two; [illegible] rus, that he retained the name of every [illegible] dier in his army. [*Quint. l.* 11. 2.] [illegible] finest compliment that ever was paid to [illegible] memory, is what Tully says of Julius Cæsar [illegible] oration for Ligarius, that "he never forgot [illegible] "thing but an injury."

‡ Alluding to a custom of the Ro[illegible] marked the fortunate days in their calendar [illegible] white, and the unfortunate with black.

§ His wife Calphurnia's grandfather.

thing in which you are concerned. ed, therefore, I shall give all the e in my power to Vectius Priscus, ly in what relates to my peculiar e, I mean the bar.

desire me to forget those letters you wrote to me, you say, in the of your heart; but, believe me, none I remember with more com- y. They are very pleasing proofs ore I enjoy of your affection, since the same free expostulations with you would with your own son. confess the truth, they are so much re agreeable, as I had nothing to myself of upon your account; for ery exactly performed your requests. you again and again, still to re- e with the same freedom, whenever agine (and I trust it will be only ation) that I fail in my duty to- y: it will afford me the pleasure of g a strong mark of your affection; u that of being convinced I did not the reproach. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mauricus.

mplance with your solicitation, I to make you a visit at your For- a, but it is upon condition that yourself to no inconvenience upon ; a condition which I shall also erve on my part. It is not the of your sea and your coast that I it is your company, together with freedom from business, that I de- oy; otherwise I might as well in Rome: for there is no medium accepting between giving up your holly to the disposal of others, or re- it entirely in your own; at least for I declare I cannot relish mixtures land. Farewel.

LETTER LXXII.

To Romanus.

LIEVE you were not present at a droll accident which lately hap- I was not indeed a witness to it however, I had an early account Passienus Paulus, an eminent Ro- and particularly conspicuous great learning, has a turn for ele- ; a talent which runs in the for Propertius was his relation as well as his countryman. He was lately reciting a poem which began thus:

Priscus, at thy command----

Whereupon Priscus, who happened to be present as a particular friend of the poet's, cried out, "But he is mistaken, I did "not command him." Think what a peal of laughter this occasioned. The intellects of Priscus, you must know, are something suspicious; however, as he enters into the common offices of life, is called to consultations, and publicly acts as a lawyer, this behaviour was the more remarkable and ridiculous: and in truth, Paulus was a good deal disconcerted by his friend's absurdity. Thus, you see, it is not only necessary that an author who recites his works in public, should himself have a sound judgment, but that he takes care his audience have so too. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Tacitus.

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it I am well assured will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum*. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud

* In the gulf of Naples.

which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun*, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from mount Vesuvius†. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright, sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea, she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered the gallies to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of this [illegible] ful scene. He was now so nigh the [illegible] tain that the cinders, which grew [illegible] and hotter the nearer he approach[illegible] into the ships, together with pumice-[illegible] and black pieces of burning rock; [illegible] were likewise in danger not only of [illegible] a-ground by the sudden retreat of the [illegible] but also from the vast fragments which [illegible] led down from the mountain, and [illegible] ed all the shore. Here he stopped to [illegible] der whether he should return back [illegible] which the pilot advising him; "For[illegible] said he, "befriends the brave; camp[illegible] "Pomponianus." Pomponianus was [illegible] at Stabiæ‡, separated by a gulf which [illegible] sea, after several insensible windings, [illegible] upon that shore. He had already [illegible] baggage on board; for though he was [illegible] at that time in actual danger, yet [illegible] within the view of it, and indeed extr[illegible] near, if it should in the least incre[illegible] was determined to put to sea as soon [illegible] wind should change. It was favou[illegible] however, for carrying my uncle to [illegible] ponianus, whom he found in the gr[illegible] consternation: he embraced him wi[illegible] derness, encouraging and exhorting [illegible] to keep up his spirits, and the more [illegible] sipate his fears, he ordered, with [illegible] unconcern, the baths to be got [illegible] when after having bathed, he sat do[illegible] supper with great cheerfulness, or [illegible] (what is equally heroic) with all the [illegible] pearance of it. In the mean while [illegible] eruption from Mount Vesuvius flam[illegible] in several places with much violence, [illegible] the darkness of the night contribu[illegible] render still more visible and dreadful. [illegible] my uncle, in order to soothe the appr[illegible] sions of his friend, assured him it was [illegible] the burning of the villages, which [illegible] country people had abandoned to the [illegible] after this he retired to rest, and it is [illegible] certain he was so little discompos[illegible] fall into a deep sleep; for being pre[illegible] and breathing hard, those who [illegible] without, actually heard him snore. [illegible] court which led to his apartment [illegible] now almost filled with stones and [illegible] he had continued there any time lon[illegible] would have been impossible for him [illegible] made his way out; it was thought [illegible] therefore, to awaken him. He [illegible] and went to Pomponianus and the [illegible] his company, who were not unco[illegible] enough to think of going to bed. [illegible]

* The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.

† About six miles distant from Naples.---This dreadful eruption happened A. D. 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus.

‡ Now called *Castel à Mar di Stabia*, in the [illegible] of Naples.

ed together whether it would be rudent to trust to the houses, which ook from side to side with frequent olent concussions; or fly to the open where the calcined stones and cin- hough light indeed, yet fell in large s, and threatened destruction. In stress they resolved for the fields as s dangerous situation of the two; a ion which, while the rest of the ny were hurried into by their fears, cle embraced upon cool and delibe- onsideration. They went out then, pillows tied upon their heads with is; and this was their whole defence the storm of stones that fell round

Though it was now day every else, with them it was darker than ost obscure night, excepting only ight proceeded from the fire and

They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe if they safely put out to sea, but they found ves still run extremely high and ous. There my uncle having drank ght or two of cold water, threw him- wn upon a cloth which was spread , when immediately the flames and g smell of sulphur, which was the ner of them, dispersed the rest of npany and obliged him to arise. He himself up with the assistance of two servants, and instantly fell down suffocated, as I conjecture, by some nd noxious vapour, having always eak lungs, and frequently subjected ficulty of breathing. As soon as it ght again, which was not till the lay after this melancholy accident, dy was found entire, and without rks of violence upon it, exactly in e posture that he fell, and looking ike a man asleep than dead. During time my mother and I, who were at m—But as this has no connection our history, so your enquiry went no than concerning my uncle's death; at therefore I will put an end to my suffer me only to add, that I have lly related to you what I was either witness of myself, or received im- ely after the accident happened, efore there was time to vary the You will chuse out of this narrative rcumstances as shall be most suitable r purpose; for there is a great dif- e between what is proper for a letter, n history; between writing to a and writing to the public. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Restitutus.

I CANNOT forbear pouring out my indignation before you in a letter (since I have no opportunity of doing so in person) against a certain behaviour which gave me some offence in an assembly where I was lately present. The company was entertained with the recital of a very finished performance; but there were two or three persons among the audience, men of great genius in their own, and a few of their friends estimation, who sat like so many mutes, without so much as moving a lip or a hand, or once rising from their seats, even to shift their posture. But to what purpose, in the name of good sense, all this wondrous air of wisdom and solemnity, or rather indeed (to give it its true appellation) of this proud indolence? Is it downright folly, or even madness, thus to be at the expence of a whole day merely to commit a piece of rudeness, and leave *him* an enemy, whom you visited as a friend? Is a man conscious that he possesses a superior degree of eloquence than the person whom he attends upon on such an occasion? so much the rather ought he to guard against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority, wherever it resides. But whatever a man's talent may be, whether greater, or equal, or less than his friend's, still it is his interest to give him the approbation he deserves: if greater or equal, because the higher his glory rises whom you equal or excel, the more considerable yours must necessarily be: if less, because if one of more exalted abilities does not meet with applause, neither possibly can you. For my own part, I honour and revere all who discover any degree of merit in the painful and laborious art of oratory; for Eloquence is a high and haughty dame, who scorns to reside with those that despise her. But perhaps you are not of this opinion; yet who has a greater regard for this glorious science, or is a more candid judge of it, than yourself? In confidence of which I chose to vent my indignation particularly to you, as not doubting you would be the first to share with me in the same sentiments. Farewel.

LETTER LXXV.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court* belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots we had ordered to be drawn out were agitated backwards and forwards, though in the open fields, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its bounds by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud bursting with igneous serpentine vapour, darted a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with greater warmth and earnestness: "If your brother and your uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it is his desire, no doubt, that you might survive him: Why therefore do you lay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from danger with the utmost precipitation. afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as it did if entirely hid the island of Capreæ and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she, by her age and corpulency rendered attempts of that sort impossible; but she should willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing she was not the occasion of mine. I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was

* An island near Naples, now called Capri.

rd but the shrieks of women, the s of children, and the cries of men; alling for their children, others for parents, others for their husbands, ly distinguishing each other by their ; one lamenting his own fate, an- that of his family; some wishing to m the very fear of dying, some lift- their hands to the gods; but the r part imagining that the last and l night was come, which was to de- oth the gods and the world toge- Among these there were some who nted the real terrors by imaginary and made the frighted multitude believe that Misenum was actually es. At length a glimmering light ed, which we imagined to be rather erunner of an approaching burst of (as in truth it was) than the return ; however, the fire fell at a distance us: then again we were immersed k darkness, and a heavy shower of rained upon us, which we were l every now and then to shake off, ise we should have been crushed and in the heap. I might boast, that all this scene of horror, not a sigh ression of fear escaped from me, had support been founded in that miser- hough strong consolation, that all nd were involved in the same cala- and that I imagined I was perishing e world itself. At last this dreadful ss was dissipated by degrees like a of smoke; the real day returned, ven the sun appeared, though very , and as when an eclipse is coming very object that presented itself to es (which were extremely weakened) l changed, being covered over with athes† as with a deep snow. We re- to Misenum, where we refreshed ves as well as we could, and passed an s night between hope and fear; h indeed with a much larger share of ter; for the earthquake still continu- ile several enthusiastic people ran up own heightening their own and their s calamities by terrible predictions. ver, my mother and I, notwithstand-

he Stoic and Epicurean philosophers held, e world was to be destroyed by fire, and all fall again into original chaos, not excepting he national gods themselves from the de- on of this general conflagration.

r. Addison in his account of Mount Vesu- bserves, that the air of the place is so very impregnated with salt-petre, that one can find a stone which has not the top white *Travels*, 182.

ing the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some account of my uncle——

And now you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed, you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Caninius.

THOUGH I acknowledge myself an admirer of the ancients, yet I am very far from despising, as some affect to do, the genius of the moderns; nor can I suppose that nature, in these latter ages, is so worn out as to be incapable of any valuable production. On the contrary, I have lately had the pleasure of hearing Virginius Romanus read to a few select friends, a comedy so justly formed upon the plan of the ancients, that it may one day serve itself for a model. I know not whether he is in the number of your acquaintance; I am sure at least he deserves to be so, as he is greatly distinguished by the probity of his manners, the elegance of his genius, and the variety of his productions. He has written some very agreeable pieces of the burlesque kind in Iambics, with much delicacy, wit, and humour, and I will add too, even eloquence; for every species of composition which is finished in its kind, may with propriety be termed eloquent. He has also composed some comedies after the manner of Menander and other approved authors of that age, which deserve to be ranked with those of Plautus and Terence. He has now, for the first time, attempted the ancient comedy‡, but in such a manner as to shew he is a perfect master in this way.— Strength, majesty, and delicacy, softness, poignancy and wit, are the graces which shine out in this performance with full lustre. He represents virtuous characters

‡ With regard to the various changes and revolutions comedy has undergone, it is distinguished into three kinds, viz. the *ancient*, which was founded upon real facts, and persons pointed out by their proper names; the *middle*, where the subject was real, but the name fictitious; the *new*, wherein both the names and the action are imaginary. Of the *first* model was Aristophanes, upon whose general manner, it is probable, Romanus formed his comedy here mentioned; but as he appears to have made use both of true and invented names in his characters, it seems rather to have been of the *mixed* kind.

with the highest distinction of honour, at the same time that he stigmatizes vicious ones with a noble indignation: wherever he makes use of feigned names it is with great propriety, as he employs real ones with most justness. With respect only to myself, I should say he has erred through an excess of good-will, if I did not know that fiction is the privilege of poets. In a word, I will insist upon his letting me have the copy, that I may send it to you for your perusal, or rather that you may get it by heart; for I am well persuaded when you have once taken it up, you will not easily lay it aside. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Triarius.

I CONSENT to undertake the cause which you so earnestly recommend to me; but as glorious and honourable as it may be, I will not be your counsel without a fee. Is it possible, you will say, that my friend Pliny should be so mercenary? indeed it is; and I insist upon a reward which will do me more honour than the most disinterested patronage. I beg of you then, and indeed I make it a previous condition, that Cremutius Ruso may be joined with me as counsel in this cause. This is a practice which I have frequently observed with respect to several distinguished youths; as indeed I take infinite pleasure in introducing young men of merit to the bar, and assigning them over to fame. But if ever I owed this good office to any man, it is certainly to Ruso, not only upon account of his family, but his tender affection to me; and it would afford me a very singular satisfaction to have an opportunity of seeing him draw the attention of the audience in the same court and the same cause with myself. This I now ask as an obligation to me; but when he has pleaded in your cause, you will esteem it as a favour done to you: for I will be answerable that he shall acquit himself in a manner equal to your wishes, as well as to my hopes and the importance of the cause. He is a youth of a most excellent disposition, and when once I shall have produced his merit, we shall soon see him exert the same generous office in forwarding that of others; as indeed no man without the support and encouragement of friends, and having proper opportunities thrown in his way, is able to r[illegible] at once from obscurity, by the brightness of his own unassisted genius.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Servianus.

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear th[illegible] design your daughter for Fuscus [illegible]nator, and congratulate you upon it. [illegible] family is Patrician*, and both his [illegible] and mother are persons of the mo[illegible] merit. As for himself, he is [illegible] learned, and eloquent, and with [illegible] innocence of a child, unites the [illegible]liness of youth to the wisdom of age. [illegible] not, believe me, deceived by my [illegible] when I give him this character; though I love him, I confess, beyond [illegible]sure (as his friendship and esteem [illegible] well deserve), yet partiality has no [illegible] my judgment; on the contrary, the [illegible]er my fondness of him is, the more [illegible]rously I weigh his merit. I will [illegible] then to assure you (and I speak it upon [illegible] own experience) you could not have [illegible]ed to your wish a more accomplished [illegible] in-law. May he soon present you [illegible] grand-son, who shall be the exact [illegible] his father! And with what pleasure [illegible] I receive from the arms of two such [illegible] their children or grand-children, who [illegible] shall claim a sort of right to embrace [illegible] own! Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Pontius.

I WAS not ignorant of the reason [illegible] prevented your coming into Ca[illegible] to receive me. But as absent as you [illegible] might I have judged by the vast qu[illegible] of provisions of all sorts, with which [illegible] supplied by your orders, I should [illegible] imagined you had conveyed yourself [illegible] with your whole possessions. I must [illegible] was so arrant a clown, as to take all [illegible] was offered me; however it was in [illegible]pliance with the solicitations of your [illegible]ple, and fearing you would chide [illegible] them and me if I refused. But for the [illegible]ture, if you will not observe some [illegible] I must. And accordingly I assured [illegible] servants, if ever they were thus pre[illegible] their bounty to me again, I would [illegible]ly return the whole. You will tell [illegible] know, that I ought to consider every [illegible] belonging to you as entirely mine. [illegible] extremely sensible of that; and th[illegible]

* Those families were styled Patrician, [illegible] ancestors had been members of the senate [illegible] earliest times of the regal or consular go[illegible]

d use them with the same modera- my own. Farewel.

LETTER LXXX.

To Quintilian.

OUGH your desires, I know, are xtremely moderate, and the educa- which your daughter has received is le to your character, and that of Tu- her grandfather; yet as she is going married to a person of so great di- ion as Nonius Celer, whose station res a certain splendour of living, it be necessary to consider the rank of usband in her clothes and equipage: mstances which, though they do not ent our real dignity, yet certainly n and grace it. But as I am sensible fortune is not equal to the greatness our mind, I claim to myself a part in expence, and like another father, rt the young lady with fifty thousand ces*. The sum should be larger, but I am well persuaded the smallness of present is the only consideration that prevail with your modesty not to re- it. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Restitutus.

HIS obstinate distemper which hangs upon you greatly alarms me; and gh I know how extremely temperate are, yet I am afraid your disease ld get the better of your moderation. me intreat you then to resist it with a rmined abstemiousness: a remedy, be red, of all others the most noble as as the most salutary. There is nothing racticable in what I recommend: it is le, at least, which I always direct my ly to observe with respect to myself. I e, I tell them, that should I be attack- ith any disorder, I shall desire nothing hich I either ought to be ashamed, or e reason to repent; however, if my mper should prevail over my resolu- , I forbid that any thing be given me by the consent of my physicians; and ure the people about me, that I shall nt their compliance with me in things roper, as much as another man would r refusal. I had once a most violent er; when the fit was a little abated, and I had been anointed†, my physician offered me something to drink; I desired he would first feel my pulse, and upon his seeming to think the fit was not quite off, I instantly returned the cup, though it was just at my lips. Afterwards, when I was preparing to go into the bath, twenty days from the first attack of my illness, perceiving the physicians whispering together, I enquired what they were saying. They replied, they were of opinion I might possibly bathe with safety, however that they were not without some suspicion of hazard. What occasion is there, said I, of doing it at all? And thus, with great complacency, I gave up a pleasure I was upon the point of enjoying, and abstained from the bath with the same composure I was going to enter it. I mention this not only in order to enforce my advice by example; but also that this letter may be a sort of tie upon me to persevere in the same resolute abstinence for the future. Farewel.

* About 400l. of our money.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Præsens.

ARE you determined then to pass your whole time between Lucania‡ and Campania§? Your answer, I suppose, will be, that the former is your native country; and the latter that of your wife. This, I admit, may justify a long absence, but I cannot allow it as a reason for a perpetual one. But are you resolved in good earnest never to return to Rome, that theatre of dignities, preferment, and society of every sort? Are you obstinately bent to live your own master, and sleep and rise when you think proper? Will you never change your country dress for the habit of the town, but spend your whole days unembarrassed by business? It is time, however, you should revisit our scene of hurry, were it only that your rural pleasures may not grow languid by enjoyment; appear at the levees of the great, that you may enjoy the same honour yourself with more satisfaction; and mix in our crowd, that you may have a stronger relish for the charms of so-

† Unction was much esteemed and prescribed by the ancients. Celsus, who flourished, it is supposed, about this time, expressly recommends it in the remission of acute distempers: *ungi leniterque pertractari corpus, etiam in acutis et recentibus morbis oportet; in remissione tamen, &c.* Celsi med. ed. Almeloveen, p. 88.

‡ Comprehending the Basilicata, a province in the kingdom of Naples.

§ Now called Campagna di Roma.

litude. But am I not imprudently retarding the friend I would recal? it is these very circumstances, perhaps that induce you every day more and more to wrap yourself up in retirement. All, however, I mean to persuade you to, is only to intermit, not renounce your repose. If I were to invite you to a feast, as I would blend dishes of a sharper taste with those of a more luscious kind, in order to raise the edge of your palate by the one, which had been flattened by the other; so I now advise you to enliven the smooth pleasures of life with those of a quicker relish. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Calpurnia.*

IT is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return; such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night in thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment, at those hours I used to visit you; but not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge how wretched must his life be, who finds no repose but in business; no consolation but in a crowd. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Saturninus.

THOUGH I had very lately made my acknowledgments to our friend Priscus, yet, since it was your desire, I willingly repeated them again. It is with great pleasure I see so much harmony subsist between two such worthy men, whom I tenderly esteem, and that you consider each other's friendship as the highest obligation. For he professes also on his part to receive much happiness from yours, and, with a very generous contention, endeavours to rival you in that reciprocal affection, which time, I am persuaded, will augment.

I regret that any business should call you off from your studies; however, when you shall have compromised (as you say you are upon the point of doing) one cause, and brought the other to a hearing, you will be at leisure to enjoy the retirement [illegible] country; and when you are satisfied that, we may hope for your return [illegible] Farewel.

* His wife.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Priscus.

THE frequent letters which I [illegible] from Saturninus upon the subject [illegible] your favours to him, afford me [illegible] sible satisfaction. May you go on [illegible] began, and continue to cherish an [illegible] for so worthy a man, from whose [illegible] ship you will receive a strong and [illegible] pleasure. For as he is greatly distinguished by every other virtue, so particularly his invariable attachment to his friends. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Tuscus.

YOU desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue, in that retirement to which you are long since withdrawn. In the first place then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself with noble and proper expressions, with variety of beautiful figures, and an ease and strength of style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination heated, and fall insensibly into a similar turn of thought: at the same time that those things which you may possibly have over-looked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating, and this method will open your understanding and improve your judgment. It will not be amiss after you have read an author in order to make yourself master of his subject and argument, from his reader, to rise, as it were, his rival, and attempt something of your own in the same way; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to see in what points either you or he most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you shall find in some things, that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all. You may sometimes venture in some little essays, to try your strength upon the most shining passages of a distinguished author. The attempt, indeed, will be [illegible]

old; but as it is a contention which in secret, it cannot be taxed with ption. Not but that we have seen of persons, who have publicly en- his sort of lists with great success, ile they did not despair of overtak- ve victoriously advanced before those they thought it sufficient honour to After you have thus finished a ition, you may lay it aside, till it is er fresh in your memory, and then ep, in order to revise and correct will find several things to retain, more to reject; you will add a ought here, and alter another there. laborious and tedious task, I own, re enlarge the mind after the first over, to recover an impulse when e has been checked and spent, in a to interweave new parts into the tex- a composition, without disturbing founding the original plan; but the age attending this method will over- e the difficulty. I know the bent of resent attention is directed towards quence of the bar; but I would not it reason advise you never to quit the f dispute and contention. As land rowed by sowing it with various so is the mind by exercising it with ht studies. I would recommend it therefore, sometimes to single out a ll recent history; sometimes to ex- yourself in the epistolary style, and mes the poetical. For it frequently ns, that in pleading one has occasion be use not only of historical, but even al descriptions; as by the epistolary t of writing you will acquire a close ly expression. It will be extremely le to unbend your mind with poe- When I say so, I do not mean that of it which turns upon subjects of length (for that is fit only for persons th leisure), but those little pieces of epigrammatic kind, which serve as relief to, and are consistent with, ness of every sort. They com- go under the title of Poetical Amuse- s; but these amusements have some- gained as much reputation to their s as works of a more serious nature. manner the greatest men, as well as ent orators, used either to exercise m themselves, or rather indeed did It is surprising how much the mind ened and enlivened by these little compositions, as they turn upon s of gallantry, satire, tenderness, ks, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers. And now, perhaps, I have troubled you upon this subject longer than you desired; however, there is one thing which I have omitted: I have not told you what kind of authors you should read; though indeed that was sufficiently implied when I mentioned what subjects I would recommend for your compositions. You will remember, that the most approved writers of each sort are to be carefully chosen; for, as it has been well observed, "though we "should read much, we should not read "many books*." Who those authors are, is so clearly settled, and so generally known, that I need not point them out to you; besides, I have already extended this letter to such an immoderate length, that I have interrupted, I fear, too long those studies I have been recommending. I will here resign you therefore to your papers,

* Thus the noble and polite moralist, speaking of the influence which our reading has upon our taste and manners, thinks it improper "to call a "man well-read, who reads many authors; since "he must of necessity have more ill models than "good; and be more stuffed with bombast, ill "fancy, and wry thought, than filled with solid "sense and just imagination." [Character, v. 1. 142.] When the Goths over-ran Greece, the libraries escaped their destruction, by a notion which some of their leaders industriously propagated among them, that it would be more for their interest to leave those spoils untouched to their enemies; as being proper to enervate their minds, and amuse them with vain and idle speculations. Truth perhaps has been less a gainer by this multiplicity of books, than error; and it may be a question, whether the excellent models which have been delivered down to us from antiquity, together with those few which modern times have produced, by any means balance the immoderate weight which must be thrown into the opposite scale of writers. The truth is, though we may be learned by other men's reflections, wise we can only be by our own: and the maxim here recommended by Pliny would well deserve the attention of the studious, though no other inconvenience attended the reading of many books, than that which Sir William Temple apprehends from it: the lessening the force and growth of a man's own genius. For it may be justly doubted, with that ingenious author, "whether the weight and number of so ma- "ny other men's thoughts and notions may not "suppress his own, or hinder the motion or agi- "tation of them, from which all invention arises; "as heaping on wood, or too many sticks, or too "close together, suppresses, and sometimes quite "extinguishes a little spark, that would other- "wise have grown up to a noble flame." [Essay on Learning, v. 1. 158.]

which

which you will now resume; and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Saturninus.

YOU ask me how I spend my time? You know how much of it is disposed in the business of my post; what remains I devote to the service of my friends, and sometimes to my books; an employment which, though I will not venture to affirm it would be better, I am sure it would be happier, if I could say not only sometimes, but altogether engages me. I should be concerned to hear, that yours are of the sort which are least agreeable to you, if I did not know you were busied in the noblest offices; as nothing can be more worthy of applause, than to be active in the interest of one's country and one's friends.

I was well persuaded the company of our friend Priscus would be extremely agreeable to you, as I know the simplicity, innocence, and politeness of his manners: but I had to learn (what I had the pleasure to be informed of by your letter) that he so obligingly remembers the services I have done him. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Priscus.

I AM deeply afflicted at the ill state of health of my friend Fannia, which she contracted during her attendance on Junia, one of the Vestal virgins. She engaged in this good office at first voluntarily, Junia being her relation; as she was afterwards appointed to it by an order from the college of Priests: for these virgins, when any indisposition makes it necessary to remove them from the temple of Vesta, are always delivered to the care and custody of some venerable matron. It was her assiduity in the execution of this charge that occasioned her present disorder, which is a continual fever, attended with a cough that increases daily. She is extremely emaciated, and seems in a total decay of every thing but spirits; those, indeed, she preserves in their full vigour; and in a manner worthy the wife of Helvidius, and the daughter of Thrasea. In all the rest she is so greatly impaired, that I am more than apprehensive upon her account; I am deeply afflicted. I grieve, my friend, that so excellent woman is going to be removed from the eyes of the world, [illegible] never, perhaps, again behold her [illegible] How consummate is her virtue, her [illegible] her wisdom, her courage! She [illegible] followed her husband into exile, and [illegible] banished herself upon his account [illegible] Senecio, when he was tried for [illegible] life of Helvidius, having said in his [illegible] that he composed that work at the [illegible] of Fannia; Metius Carus, with a [illegible] threatening air, asked her whether [illegible] true? She acknowledged it was: [illegible] he farther questioned her, whether [illegible] plied him likewise with materials [illegible] purpose, and whether her mother [illegible] vy to this transaction? she boldly [illegible] the former, but absolutely denied [illegible] ter. In short, throughout her [illegible] amination not a word escaped her [illegible] trayed the least emotion of fear. [illegible] contrary, she had the courage to [illegible] copy of those very books which [illegible] over-awed by the tyranny of the [illegible] ordered to be suppressed, and at [illegible] time the effects of the author to be [illegible] cated; and took with her as the [illegible] ons of her exile, what had been the [illegible] it. How pleasing is her conversation [illegible] polite her address, and (which [illegible] unites in the same character) how [illegible] ble is she as well as amiable! [illegible] hereafter, I am well persuaded, be [illegible] out as a model to all wives; and [illegible] be esteemed worthy to be set [illegible] example of fortitude even to our [illegible] while yet we have the pleasure of [illegible] conversing with her, we contemplate [illegible] with the same admiration as those [illegible] who are celebrated in ancient story. [illegible] myself, I confess I cannot but tremble [illegible] this illustrious house, which seems [illegible] to its very foundations, and ready [illegible] into ruins with her: for though [illegible] leave descendants behind her, yet [illegible] height of virtue must they attain, [illegible] glorious actions must they perform, [illegible] world will be persuaded that this [illegible] woman was not the last of her family! [illegible] is an aggravating circumstance of [illegible] tion to me, that by her death I [illegible] a second time her mother; that [illegible] mother (and what can I say higher [illegible] praise?) of so amiable a person! [illegible] she was restored to me in her daughter [illegible] she will now again be taken from [illegible] the loss of Fannia will thus pierce [illegible] at once with a fresh stab, and at [illegible] time tear open a former wound. I [illegible] and honoured them both so highly, [illegible] knew not which had the greatest [illegible]

n and affection; a point they de- h ever remain undetermined.— prosperity and their adversity I m every good office in my power, their comforter in exile, as well as at their return. But I have them what I owe, and am so solicitous for the recovery that I may have time to ac- what is due from me to her. Such is under which I write this let- But if some friendly power should give me occasion to exchange it hearts of joy, I shall not complain alarms I now suffer. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Tacitus.

VE perused your book with all the on I was master of, and have the passages I think should be al- and those which I am of opinion entirely to be thrown out. It is as to me to speak truth, as it is able to you to hear it, and indeed none more patient of censure, than those who the best claim to applause. I now ex- n return, your observations upon the se of mine which I sent you. How how noble is such a commerce! I am pleased with the thought, posterity, if it shall at all concern it- with us, will not cease to mention with harmony, what freedom, what fide- lived together! It will be an in- as remarkable, as it is uncommon, two persons nearly of the same age and and of some character in the repub- letters (for since I join myself with I am obliged to speak of your merit reserve), should thus mutually assist promote each other's studies. When a very young man, and you in the of your glory and reputation, I en- ared to follow your steps, and was us to be considered as next in charac- you,

t next with many a length between!

hough there were, at that time, many ated geniuses in Rome, yet you, of hers, appeared to me, not only most to be my model, but, from a simi- of our dispositions, most easy to my ion. It is particularly agreeable to refore to find, that in all companies learning is the topic of conversation, always mentioned together, and me immediately follows yours. It is true, there are some who prefer you to me, as others, on the contrary, give me the advantage; but I am little solicitous in what order we are placed, so that we stand united; for in my estimation, whoever is next to you must be before every body else. You even see in wills* (unless in the case of particular friendship to either of us) we are always equally considered, and that the legacies bequeathed to us are generally the same, both in number and value. Since, therefore, we are thus closely linked together by a similitude of studies, manners, reputation, and even by those last instances of human judgment, should it not mutually tend to enflame us with the most ardent affection? Farewel.

LETTER XC.

To Falco.

YOU will not wonder I so strongly pressed you to confer the tribunate upon my friend, when you shall be informed who and what he is; and as you have complied with my request, I may now acquaint you with his name and character. It is Cornelius Minutianus, who, both in rank and virtue, is the ornament of that province to which I owe my birth. His family and fortune are noble, and yet he pursues his studies with as much application, as if the necessity of his circumstances required it. He is a most upright judge, a most strenuous advocate, a most faithful friend. You will look upon the obligation as done to yourself, when you shall have an opportunity of taking a nearer view of this excellent person, who (not to speak in too lofty terms of so modest a man) is equal to all honours and titles that can be conferred upon him. Farewel.

* "It was the peculiar custom of Rome, for "the clients and dependents of families, to be- "queath at their death to their patrons some "considerable part of their estates, as the most ef- "fectual testimony of their respect and gratitude; "and the more a man received in this way, the "more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero "mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that "while he governed Asia as proconsul, many great "estates were left to him by will. And Nepos "tells us, in praise of Atticus, that he succeeded "to many inheritances of the same kind, be- "queathed to him on no other account, than of "his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero, when "he was falsely reproached by Antony, with be- "ing neglected on these occasions, declared in his "reply, that he had gained from this single arti- "cle, about two hundred thousand pounds." Middleton's Life of Tully, vol. ii. 514.

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LETTER XCI.

To Rufus.

WHAT numbers of learned men does modesty conceal, or love of ease withdraw from the notice of the world! and yet when we are going to speak or recite in public, it is the judgment only of ostentatious talent which we stand in awe of: whereas in truth, those who silently cultivate the sciences have so much a higher claim to regard, as they pay a calm veneration to whatever is great in works of genius: an observation which I give you upon experience. Terentius Junior having passed through the military offices suitable to a person of equestrian rank, and executed with great integrity the post of receiver-general of the revenues in Narbonensian Gaul*, retired to his estate, preferring the enjoyment of an uninterrupted tranquillity, to those honours which his services had merited. He invited me lately to his house, where, looking upon him only as a worthy master of a family, and industrious farmer, I started such topics of conversation in which I imagined he was most versed. But he soon turned the discourse, and with a great fund of knowledge entered upon points of literature. With what elegance did he express himself in Latin and Greek! for he is so perfectly well skilled in both, that whichever he uses, seems to be the language wherein he particularly excels. How extensive is his reading! how tenacious his memory! You would not imagine him the inhabitant of a country village, but of polite Athens herself. In short, his conversation has increased my solicitude concerning my works, and taught me to fear the judgment of these retired country gentlemen, as much as those of more known and conspicuous learning. And let me persuade you to consider them in the same light: for, believe me, upon a careful observation, you will often find in the literary as well as military world, most formidable abilities concealed under a very unpromising appearance. Farewel.

* One of the four principal divisions of ancient Gaul: it extended from the Pyrenæan mountains, which separate France from Spain, to the Alps, which divide it from Italy, and comprehended Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiny, and Savoy.

LETTER XCII.

To Maximus.

THE lingering disorder of a friend [illegible] gave me occasion lately to reflect [illegible] we are, never so virtuous as when [illegible] with sickness. Where is the man [illegible] under the pain of any distemper, is [illegible] solicited by avarice or enflamed with [illegible] At such a season he is neither a [illegible] love, nor the fool of ambition; he [illegible] with indifference upon the charms of [illegible] and is contented with ever so small [illegible] tion of it, as being upon the point of [illegible] ing even that little. It is then he [illegible] lects there are Gods, and that he [illegible] is but a man: no mortal is then the [illegible] of his envy, his admiration, or his [illegible] tempt; and the reports of slander [illegible] raise his attention nor feed his curi[illegible] his imagination is wholly employed [illegible] baths and fountains†. These are the [illegible] jects of his cares and wishes, while he [illegible] solves, if he should recover, to pass the [illegible] mainder of his days in ease and tranq[illegible] that is, in innocence and happiness [illegible] may therefore lay down to you and [illegible] a short rule, which the philosophers [illegible] endeavoured to inculcate at the expe[illegible] many words, and even many volu[illegible] that "we should practise in health [illegible] "resolutions we form in sickness." F[illegible] wel.

LETTER XCIII.

To Septitius.

THERE are, it seems, who have c[illegible] demned me to you, as being upon [illegible] occasions too lavish in commendation [illegible] all my friends. I acknowledge the cha[illegible] and glory in it too; for can there be [illegible] nobler error than an excess of benevolence [illegible] But still, who are these, let me ask, [illegible] are better acquainted with my friends [illegible] I am myself? Yet grant there are [illegible] such, why will they deny me so pleasing [illegible] mistake? For supposing my friends deserve [illegible] not the high encomiums I give them, c[illegible] tainly I am happy in believing they [illegible] Let them recommend then this unge[illegible] strictness to those (and their number is [illegible] inconsiderable) who imagine they [illegible] their judgment when they indulge th[illegible]

† It is probable that fevers were the [illegible] distemper of Rome, as Pliny, in his gene[illegible] sions to disorders of the body, seems always [illegible] sider them of the inflammatory kind.

As for myself, they will never to persuade me I can be guilty of ſs in friendſhip. Farewel.

LETTER XCIV.

To Genitor.

extremely concerned that you have your pupil, a youth, as your letter me, of ſuch great hopes. Can I o be informed, that his ſickneſs and muſt have interrupted your ſtudies, ıg, as I do, with what exactneſs l up every duty of life, and how un- l your affection is to all thoſe to you give your eſteem? As for my- uſineſs purſues me even hither, and ıot out of the reach of people who me to act either as their judge or rbitrator. To this I muſt add, not ıe continual complaints of the far- who claim a ſort of preſcription to patience as they pleaſe; but the ıy of letting out my farms: an af- ıich gives me much trouble, as it is ingly difficult to find out proper s. For theſe reaſons I can only ſtudy ıtches; ſtill however I ſtudy. I mes read, and ſometimes I compoſe; y reading teaches me, by a very ying compariſon, with what ill ſuc- attempt to be an author myſelf. gh indeed you give me great encou- ent, when you compare the piece I in vindication of Helvidius, to the n of Demoſthenes againſt Midias. I s I had that harangue in my view I compoſed mine; not that I pretend l it (that would be an abſurd and ttempt indeed), but I endeavoured, , to imitate it, as far as the differ- of our ſubjects would admit, and as as a genius of the loweſt rank can one of the higheſt. Farewel.

LETTER XCV.

To Cornutus.

AUDIUS Pollio is extremely deſirous f your friendſhip, and he deſerves it. nly for that reaſon, but becauſe he you his; as few ever require the without returning the other. He is right, honeſt, good-natured man, and ſt, I had almoſt ſaid, beyond mea- if indeed it is poſſible to be ſo. We d in the army together, where he anded a troop of horſe, and I had an rtunity of taking a nearer view of his cter, than merely what his being my fellow officer gave me. I was appointed by the lieutenant-general to examine the accounts of the ſeveral companies, and as I diſcovered many inſtances of groſs avarice and neglect of duty in ſome, ſo I found the higheſt integrity and exacteſt care in him. He was afterwards promoted to very conſiderable employments in the management of the revenue, yet no temptations could turn aſide the innate bias of his ſoul from honeſty, no proſperity ſwell his breaſt, but he preſerved, in all the variety of poſts through which he paſſed, an unbroken reputation of humanity; as he ſupported the toils of buſineſs with the ſame fortitude of mind he now diſcovers in his retreat. He once indeed quitted his retirement for a ſhort time, with great applauſe, being called by my worthy friend Corellius to his aſſiſtance, in purchaſing and dividing out thoſe lands which were given by the liberality of the emperor Nerva*. And could there be any thing more to his honour, than to be thus particularly ſingled out from ſo many others, by a perſon of ſo eminent a character? You may judge how faithfully he reveres the ſacred ties of friendſhip, by caſting your eyes upon the laſt wills of ſeveral of his friends, particularly that of Muſonius Baſſus, a perſon of diſtinguiſhed ſenſe. Pollio (as he cultivates eloquence as well as every other valuable endowment) has very gratefully endeavoured to perpetuate and extend the memory of Baſſus, by publiſhing an account of his life; a circumſtance too uncommon, as well as too generous, not to be applauded, ſince the generality of the world ſeldom mention the dead, unleſs to revile them. Receive then this worthy man, greatly deſirous (believe me) of your friendſhip, with the embraces of the warmeſt affection, and even invite him to accept of it as what you owe him; for he who makes the firſt amicable advances, cannot ſo properly be ſaid to merit a favour, as a reward. Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

To Fabatus.

I AM extremely glad that the arrival of my friend Tiro was acceptable to you. But above all I rejoice that you made uſe (as your letter informs me) of the opportunity which the preſence of the procon-

* Nerva reſtored to the Romans all that Domitian had plundered them of, and gave a very large ſum of money to be laid out in the purchaſe of lands for the ſupport of decayed families.

ſul,

ful afforded you, of manumizing several of your slaves. For as I wish to see our country improved by every possible method, so particularly by an increase of citizens; as that, of all others, is the strongest ornament a community can receive, I am pleased too (not out of a spirit of vanity, however I confess I am pleased) with what you farther add, that both you and I were highly extolled, in the acknowledgments which were made upon this occasions; for as Xenophon observes, "the voice of praise "is sweet:" especially when we think we deserve it. Farewel.

LETTER XCVII.

To Tacitus.

I STRONGLY presage (and I am persuaded I shall not be deceived) that your histories will be immortal. I ingenuously own, therefore, I so much the more earnestly wish to find a place in them. If we are generally careful to have our faces taken by the best artists, ought we not to desire that our actions may be celebrated by an author of your distinguished character? In view to this, I acquaint you with the following affair, which though it cannot have escaped your attention, as it is mentioned in the journals of the public, still I acquaint you with it, that you may be more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, that this action, greatly heightened by the hazard which attended it, should receive an additional lustre from the testimony of so bright a genius. The senate appointed Herennius Senecio, and myself, counsel for the province of Bœtica, in their prosecution of Bœbius Massa. He was condemned, and the house ordered his effects to be seized into the hands of the public officer. Shortly after, Senecio having learnt that the consuls intended to sit to hear petitions, came to me, and proposed that we should go together, and address them with the same unanimity we executed the office which had been enjoined us, that they would not suffer Massa's effects to be dissipated by those who were appointed to preserve them. I answered, that as we had been counsel in this cause by order of the senate, I would recommend it to his consideration, whether it would be proper for us, after sentence had passed, to intermeddle any farther. "You "are at liberty," said he, "to prescribe "what bounds you please to yourself, who "have no particular connections with the "province, except what arise fr[illegible] "late services to them; but it is [illegible] "with me, who was born there, [illegible] "joyed the post of Quæstor amo[illegible] If such, I told him, was his de[illegible] resolution, I was ready to attend hi[illegible] whatever resentment should be the [illegible] quence of this affair, it might not fa[illegible] upon himself. Accordingly we w[illegible] the consuls, where Senecio spoke [illegible] thought proper upon the occasion, [illegible] I subjoined a few words on my part. [illegible] had scarce ended, when Massa, co[illegible] ing that Senecio had not acted [illegible] him with the fidelity of an advoca[illegible] the bitterness of an enemy, defi[illegible] might be at liberty to prosecute hi[illegible] treason. The whole assembly was [illegible] with the utmost consternation and [illegible] at this motion. I immediately ro[illegible] "Most noble consuls," said I, "I [illegible] "afraid it should seem that Massa [illegible] "citly charged me with having [illegible] "him in this cause, since he did not [illegible] "proper to join me in the desired [illegible] "cution." This short speech was extr[illegible] ly well received by those who were [illegible] sent; as it soon afterwards got a[illegible] was mentioned by every body with [illegible] ral applause. The late emperor [illegible] (who though at that time in a priva[illegible] tion, yet gave attention to every [illegible] action which passed in public) wrote [illegible] ter to me upon the occasion with [illegible] good sense, wherein he not only cong[illegible] lated me, but the age which had prod[illegible] an example so much in the spirit (as [illegible] pleased to call it) of the ancients. [illegible] whatever it be, it is in your pow[illegible] heighten and spread the lustre of it: [illegible] far am I from desiring you would [illegible] least exceed the bounds of reality. [illegible] ry ought to be guided by strict truth, [illegible] worthy actions require nothing more. [illegible] wel.

LETTER XCVIII.

To Septitius.

I HAD a good journey hither, exc[illegible] only that some of my servants were [illegible] ordered by the violent heats. Poor [illegible] colpius, my reader*, whose assistance [illegible] such service to me in my studies [illegible] amusements, was so affected with the [illegible] that it occasioned his spitting of blood: [illegible]

* Persons of rank and literature among the [illegible] mans retained in their families a domestic, [illegible] sole business was to read to them.

which will prove as unfortunate s to himself, should he be thereby unfit for those purposes of litera- which he so greatly excels. If that nhappily be the event, where shall he who will read my works with so irit and harmony, or admire them much fondness? But the gods seem r our hopes, as his bleeding is stop- d his pain abated. He is himself ly temperate; as no care or con- wanting either on our parts or his n's. This, with the wholesome- the air, and the quiet of retirement, s reason to expect, that the coun- l contribute as much to his health, s repose. Farewel.

LETTER XCIX.

To Caninius.

EATLY approve your design of ing a poem upon the Dacian war*: ere could you have chosen a subject , so full of events, so extensive, and tical? a subject, which while it has marvellous of fiction, has all the of truth. You will sing of rivers to flow in new channels; of bridges over immense rivers†; of encamp- ments upon the dreadful steep of craggy mountains; and of a mighty kind superior to adversity, though forced to abandon his crown, and even his life‡. You will describe too, the glorious victor's double triumph, one of which was the first that was ever gained over that nation, till then unsubdued, as the other will be the last. There is one difficulty however, and a very considerable one it is, where to find expressions equal to the grandeur of the subject; a difficulty which seems almost insuperable even to your elevated genius, though capable of rising to the most sublime subjects. Something too there will be of labour in reconciling those barbarous and uncouth names, especially that of the king§ himself, to the harmony of Grecian number. There is nothing, however, so hard that art and industry cannot, at least, mitigate, if not absolutely subdue. If Homer is allowed to contract or lengthen, or change even Grecian names, which are nothing harsh to the ear, in order to make them run more smoothly in verse; why should the same liberty be refused to you, especially since it is necessity and not affectation that pleads for that indulgence? Come on then, my friend, and after having, as poets are wont, invoked the gods, and among the rest that divine hero‖ whose mighty deeds and deep counsels you are going to celebrate, loosen all your cordage, spread every sail, and then, if ever, launch forth with the full flow of your unbounded genius; for you must allow me to be poetical, when I am a talking to a poet. And now I insist that you send me every part, as soon as it has received your last finishing touches; and even before, while it is only a rude sketch, and yet in embryo. You will tell me, that a detached piece cannot please, like one entire de-

cia comprehended part of the present king- Hungary, together with part of Transilva- nia, Walachia, and Moldavia. It was first l and added to the Roman empire by Tra- memory of whose victories over this nation, ous pillar is supposed to have been erected, Trajan's pillar, which is still to be seen en- Rome. It is 128 Italian feet high, to the which you ascend by 184 steps, which wind the inside. The outside is carved in basso with the representation of the most re- ble circumstances of this expedition. [Bar- lonna Traj.] After the death of Trajan, es were placed, as some authors say, in a ball on the top of this noble pillar: but ius affirms they were deposited under it. l. 8. c. 5.

t is probable Pliny here alludes to the famous built by Trajan over the river Danube, in per Mœsia, that last flight, as Sir William le calls it, of ancient architecture. "It is ed by the ancients, the most stately fabric of t nature in the universe. It was all of square e, and contained 20 arches, each of them feet above the foundation, and 60 feet in adth, all distinct from each other 170 feet. as built where the river was narrowest, and sequently where the stream was strongest and st rapid; which renders the fabric still more endous, on account of the almost unsur- untable difficulties they must have met with laying so large a foundation. The architect ployed upon this occasion, was one Apollo- us of Damascus, who, it seems, left a de- scription of this great work. We are told that some remains are still to be seen of it near Ze- veria, in Lower Hungary.---Adrian, fearing the Barbarians might make use of it to invade the Roman territories, broke down the arches; but the piers were still standing in Dion Cas- sius's time, that is, 120 years after, though they served only to shew, says the writer, the utmost extent of human power. This stupen- dous fabric was begun and ended in a summer." Univers. Hist. v. 6. p. 14.

‡ Decebalus, king of the Dacians, who, rather than fall into the hands of the conqueror, or live in dependence, put an end to his own life.

§ From hence Catanæus conjectures, upon the credit of Orosius, that the true name of the king was Diurpaneus, which was afterwards changed by the Greek and Latin writers, to Decebalus.

‖ Trajan.

sign,

sign, nor an unfinished plan be as agreeable as a complete performance. I am very sensible it cannot, and therefore shall consider it only as a work in its first rudiments, as a separate and disjointed member; and shall faithfully lay it up in my scrutore to wait your last hand. Indulge me then with this instance, above others, of your affection, that you suffer me to be privy to what you would chuse to conceal even from every body. In a word, though the more time and caution you take in communicating your works, the more possibly it may heighten my esteem and approbation of the poet, yet the less you use of either upon this occasion, the more I shall certainly love and applaud the friend. Farewel.

LETTER C.

To Geminius.

OUR friend Macrinus is pierced with the severest affliction, He has lost his wife! a lady whose uncommon virtues would have rendered her an ornament even to ancient times. He lived with her thirty-nine years in the most uninterrupted harmony. How respectful was her behaviour to him! and how did she herself deserve the highest veneration, as she blended and united in her character all those amiable virtues that adorn and distinguish the different periods of female life! It should, methinks, afford great consolation to Macrinus, that he has thus long enjoyed so exquisite a blessing; but that reflection seems only so much the more to imbitter his loss; as indeed the pain of parting with our happiness still rises in proportion to the length of its continuance. I cannot therefore but be greatly anxious for so valuable a friend, till this wound to his peace shall be in a condition to admit of proper applications. Time, however, together with the necessity of the thing, and even a satiety of grief itself, will best effect his cure. Farewel.

LETTER CI.

To Tacitus.

WHEN you sent me your treatise, it was not (as you were pleased to say yourself) as one master or disciple would communicate his works to another, but with the condescension of a preceptor to his scholar; for in that relation I must consider myself to you. Accordingly you summon me to my studies, whilst I am playing the truant and prolonging the Saturnalian holidays. Tell me now, could I have [illegible] you a more stiff and awkward co[illegible] or given a stronger proof, that I a[illegible] from deserving to be your instru[illegible] I am not even worthy to be you[illegible] However, I will take upon myself [illegible] racter you have invested me with, [illegible] the authority you have given me [illegible] book; and with so much the more [illegible] as I have nothing to send you of [illegible] in return, upon which you may [illegible] revenge. Farewel.

LETTER CII.

To Romanus.

HAVE you seen the source of the Clitumnus* ? as I never heard mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, I condemn myself for not having [illegible] sooner. At the foot of a little hill, [illegible] ed with venerable and shady cypresses a spring issues out, which gushing in [illegible] ferent and unequal streams, forms itself [illegible] ter several windings, into a spacious [illegible] so extremely clear that you may see pebbles and the little pieces of [illegible] which are thrown into it †, as they [illegible] the bottom. From thence it is [illegible] off not so much by the declivity of [illegible] ground, as by its own strength and [illegible] It is navigable almost as soon as it has [illegible] ted its source, and wide enough to [illegible] a free passage for vessels to pass by [illegible] other, as they sail with or against [illegible] stream. The current runs so strong, [illegible] the ground is level, that the large [illegible] which go down the river have no [illegible] to make use of their oars; while those [illegible]

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a [illegible] the village of Campello in Ombria. The [illegible] bitants near this river still retain a notion [illegible] waters are attended with a supernatural [illegible] imagining it makes the cattle white that [illegible] it; a quality for which it is likewise [illegible] many of the Latin Poets. See *Addison's* [illegible]

† The heads of considerable rivers, [illegible] large bodies of standing water, &c. were [illegible] holy among the Romans, and cultivated [illegible] gious ceremonies. *Magnorum fluminum* (sc. [illegible] *capita reverenmur; subita et ex abdito erupt[illegible] aras habet; coluntur aquarum calentium f[illegible] na quædam, vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo* [illegible] Ep. 41. It was customary to throw [illegible] of money into those fountains, lakes, &c. [illegible] had the reputation of being sacred, as a [illegible] veneration for those places, and to render [illegible] siding deities propitious. Suetonius mentions [illegible] practice in the annual vows which he [illegible] Roman people made for the health of Aug[illegible] *Suet. in Vit. Aug.*

ind it difficult to advance, even
assistance of oars and poles; and
ssitude of labour and ease is ex-
amusing when one sails up and
rely for pleasure. The banks on
e are shaded with the verdure of
mbers of ash and poplar trees, as
and distinctly seen in the stream,
y were actually sunk in it. The
cold as snow, and as white too.
stands an ancient and venerable
wherein is placed the river god
us, clothed in a robe, whose im-
presence the prophetic oracles
ivered sufficiently testify. Several
ps are scattered round, dedicat-
rticular gods distinguished by dif-
names, and some of them too pre-
er different fountains. For, besides
cipal one, which is as it were the
of all the rest, there are several
ller streams, which, taking their
m various sources, lose themselves
iver; over which a bridge is built,
arates the sacred part from that
ies open to common use. Vessels
wed to come above this bridge,
person is permitted to swim except
t*. The Hispellates†, to whom
s gave this place, furnish a public
nd likewise entertain all strangers
own expence. Several villas, at-
by the beauty of this river, are
upon its borders. In short, every
hat presents itself will afford you
nment. You may also amuse your-
h numberless inscriptions, that are
on the pillars and walls by differ-
ons, celebrating the virtues of the
n, and the divinity that presides
There are many of them you will
admire, as there are some that will
ou laugh; but I must correct my-
n I say so; you are too humane,
, to laugh upon such an occasion.
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LETTER CIII.

To Ursus.

long since I have taken either a
or a pen in my hand. It is long
have known the sweets of leisure
ose; since I have known, in short,
olent but agreeable situation of

* touch of a naked body was thought to
ify affected waters, as appears from a
Pliny, l. 12. epist. c. 22.
† Hispellum, a town in Umbria, now called

doing nothing, and being nothing; so much have the affairs of my friends engaged me, and prevented me from enjoying the pleasures of retirement and contemplation. There is no sort of studies, however, of consequence enough to supercede the duty of friendship: on the contrary, it is a sacred tie which they themselves teach us most religiously to preserve. Farewel.

LETTER CIV.

To Fabatus‡.

YOUR concern to hear of my wife's miscarriage will be equal, I know, to the earnest desire you have that we should make you a great-grandfather. The inexperience of her youth rendered her ignorant that she was breeding; so that she not only neglected the proper precautions, but managed herself in a way extremely unsuitable to a person in her circumstances. But she has severely atoned for her mistake by the utmost hazard of her life.—Though you should (as most certainly you will) be afflicted to see yourself thus disappointed in your old age, of the immediate hopes of leaving a family behind you; yet it deserves your gratitude to the gods, that in the preservation of your grand-daughter, you have still reason to expect that blessing; an expectation so much the more certain, as she has given this proof, though an unhappy one indeed, of her being capable of bearing children. These, at least, are the reflections by which I endeavour to confirm my own hopes, and comfort myself under my present disappointment. You cannot more ardently wish to have great-grandchildren than I do to have children, as the dignity of both our families seems to open to them a sure road to honours, and we shall leave them the glory of descending from a long race of ancestors, whose fame is as extensive as their nobility is ancient. May we but have the pleasure of seeing them born, it will make us amends for the present disappointment. Farewel.

LETTER CV.

To Hispulla§.

WHEN I consider that you love your niece even more tenderly than if she were your own daughter, I ought in the

‡ His wife's grandfather.
§ His wife's aunt.

first place to inform you of her recovery, before I tell you she has been ill; that the sentiments of joy at the one may leave you no leisure to be afflicted at the other; though I fear indeed, after your first transports of gratulation are over, you will feel some concern, and in the midst of your joy for the danger she has escaped, will tremble at the thought of that which she has undergone. She is now, however, in good spirits, and again restored to herself and to me; as she is making the same progress in the recovery of her strength and health that she did in the loss of them. To say the truth (and I may now safely tell it you), she was in the utmost hazard of her life; not indeed from any fault of her own, but a little from the inexperience of her youth. To this must be imputed the cause of her miscarriage, and the sad experience she has had of the consequence of not knowing she was breeding. But though this misfortune has deprived you of the consolation of a nephew, or niece, to supply the loss of your brother; you must remember that blessing seems rather to be deferred than denied, since her life is preserved from whom that happiness is to be expected. I intreat you then to represent this accident to your father* in the most favourable light; as your sex are the best advocates in cases of this kind. Farewel.

LETTER CVI.

To Minutianus.

I BEG you would excuse me this one day: Titinius Capito is to recite a performance of his, and I know not whether it is most my inclination or my duty to attend him. He is a man of a most amiable disposition, and justly to be numbered among the brightest ornaments of our age: he studiously cultivates the polite arts himself, and generously admires and encourages them in others. To several who have distinguished themselves by their compositions, he has been the defence, the refuge, and the reward; as he affords a glorious model and example to all in general. In a word, he is the restorer and reformer of learning, now alas! well nigh grown obsolete and decayed. His house is open to every man of genius who has any works to rehearse; and it is not there alone that he attends these assemblies with the most obliging good-nature. I [illegible] at least, he never once excused [illegible] from mine if he happened to be at [illegible] I should therefore with a more [illegible] dinary ill grace refuse to return [illegible] same favour, as the occasion of doing [illegible] peculiarly glorious. Should not I [illegible] myself obliged to a man, who, if I [illegible] engaged in any law-suit, generously [illegible] tended the cause in which I was [illegible] ed? And am I less indebted, now [illegible] whole care and business is of the [illegible] kind, for his assiduity in my concerns [illegible] this sort? A point which, if not the [illegible] is however the principal instance [illegible] I can be obliged. But though I owe [illegible] no return of this nature; though I [illegible] not engaged to him by the reciprocal [illegible] of the same good offices he has done [illegible] yet not only the beauty of his [illegible] genius, as polite as it is severely [illegible] but the dignity of his subject would [illegible] ly incite me to be of his audience. He [illegible] written an account of the deaths of [illegible] illustrious persons, some of which [illegible] my particular frends. It is a pious [illegible] then, it should seem, as I could [illegible] present at their obsequies, to attend [illegible] least, this (as I may call it) their [illegible] oration; which, though a late, is [illegible] ever, for that reason, a more unsuspected tribute to their memories. Farewel.

* Fabatus, grandfather to Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

LETTER CVII.

To Genialis.

I MUCH approve of your having [illegible] my orations with your father. [illegible] highly for your advantage to learn [illegible] a man of his eloquence, what to admire [illegible] in compositions of this kind, and what [illegible] condemn; as you will at the same [illegible] be trained up in an habitual custom [illegible] speaking your real sentiments. Y[illegible] whose steps it is you ought to follow [illegible] happy are you in having a living [illegible] before you, which is at once the [illegible] and the noblest model you can pursue [illegible] a word, that he whom nature [illegible] you should most resemble, is, of all [illegible] the person whom you should most [illegible] Farewel.

LETTER CVIII.

To Junior.

I DOUBT I have over-burthened [illegible] by sending so many volumes at [illegible] but if I have, remember you [illegible] them of me. Besides, as you [illegible]

nd you were likely to reap but little m the fruits of your vineyards, I imaed you would be at leisure to reap (as say) the fruits of learning. I have reved the same bad accounts of my own le farms; and am myself therefore at l leisure to write books for you, proed I can but raise money enough to nish me with good paper. For should e reduced to the coarse and spungy sort, her I must not write at all, or whatever ompose, whether good or bad, must nesarily undergo one cruel blot! Farewel.

LETTER CIX.

To Paternus.

HE sickness which has lately run through my family, and carried off eral of my domestics, some of them too the prime of their years, has deeply icted me. I have two consolations, wever, which though they are not equal so considerable a grief, still they are nsolations. One is, that as I have always y readily manumised my slaves, their uth does not seem altogether immature, they lived long enough to receive their edom; the other, that I have allowed em to make a kind of will*, which I serve as religiously as if they were lelly entitled to that privilege. I receive d obey their last requests as so many thoritative commands, suffering them dispose of their effects to whom they ase; with this single restriction, that ey leave them to some in my family, hich to persons in their station is to be teemed as a sort of commonwealth. But ough I endeavour to acquiesce under ese reflections, yet the same tenderness hich led me to shew them these indulences, still breaks out and overpowers my rongest resolutions. However, I could ot wish to be insensible to these soft imressions of humanity; though the geneality of the world, I know, look upon ses of this kind in no other view, than s a diminution of their property, and axy, by cherishing such an unfeeling emper, they discover a superior fortitude nd good sense. Their wisdom and magnanimity I shall not dispute; but manly I am sure they are not; for it is the very riterion of true manhood to feel those mpressions of sorrow which it endeavours o resist; and to admit, not to be above, the want of consolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this subject,—though not so long as I would. There is a certain pleasure in giving vent to one's grief, especially when we pour out our sorrow in the bosom of a friend, who will approve, or at least pardon our tears. Farewel.

* A slave could acquire no property, and consequently was incapable by law of making a will.

LETTER CX.

To Macrinus.

IS the season with you as rude and boisterous as it is with us? All here is tempest and inundation; the Tiber has swelled its channel, and overflowed its banks far and wide. Though the wise precaution of the emperor had guarded against this evil, by cutting several outlets to the river; it has nevertheless flooded all the fields and valleys, and entirely overspread the whole face of the flat country. It seems to have gone out to meet those rivers which it used to receive and carry off in one intermingled stream; and has driven them back to deluge those countries it could not reach itself. That most delightful of rivers the Anio†, which seems invited and detained in its course by the charming villas that are situated upon its banks, has almost entirely rooted up and carried away the woods which shaded its borders. It has overthrown whole mountains, and in endeavouring to find a passage through the ruins that obstructed its way, has forced down houses, and rises over the desolation it has occasioned.—The inhabitants of the hill countries, who are situated above the reach of this inundation, have been the melancholy spectators of its dreadful effects, having seen costly furniture, instruments of husbandry, ploughs, and oxen with their drivers, whole herds of cattle, together with the trunks of trees, and beams of the neighbouring villas, floating about in different parts. Nor indeed have these higher places themselves, to which the waters could not rise, escaped the calamity. A continued heavy rain, as destructive as the river itself, poured down in torrents upon them, and has destroyed all the enclosures which divided that fertile country. It has damaged likewise, and even overturned, some of the public buildings, where numbers have been miserably buried in the ruins. And thus those people, besides

† Now called the Teverone, which falls into the Tiber about three miles from Rome.

the loss of their effects, have suffered the additional misfortune of lamenting their friends I am extremely uneasy lest this extensive ruin should have spread to you: I beg, therefore, if it has not, you will immediately ease me of my fears. And indeed I desire you would inform me though it should; for the difference is not great between fearing a danger, and feeling it; except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehensions have none. For we can suffer no more than what actually has, but we fear all that possibly may have, happened. Farewel.

LETTER CXI.

To Rufinus.

IT is a mistaken maxim which is generally advanced, that a man's will is a kind of mirror wherein one may clearly see his genuine character. We have a late instance to the contrary in Domitius Tullus, who appears a much better man since his death, than during his life. After having artfully encouraged the expectations of those who paid court to him, with a view to being his heir, he has left his estate to his niece whom he adopted. He has given likewise several very considerable legacies among his grandchildren, and also to his great-grandson. In a word, he has shewn himself a kind relation throughout his whole will; which is so much the more to be admired as it was not expected of him. This affair has been much the subject of conversation; some represent him as guilty of the basest falsehood and ingratitude; and while they thus complain of him as if they were actually disinherited kindred, their invectives betray their own dishonest designs; others, on the contrary, applaud him extremely for having disappointed the hopes of this infamous tribe of men, whom, considering the manners of the age, it is but prudence to deceive. They add farther, that he was not at liberty to make any other will, and that he cannot so properly be said to have left, as returned, his estate to his adopted daughter, since it was by her means it came to him. For Curtilius Mancia, whose daughter Domitius Lucanus, brother to this Tullus, married, having taken a dislike to his son-in-law, devised his estate to this young lady (who was the issue of that marriage), upon condition that Lucanus her father would emancipate her*. He accordingly did so, but she being afterwards adopted by Tullus her uncle, the design of Mancia's will was entirely frustrated; for these two brothers having never divided their patrimony, but living together as joint-tenants of one common estate, the daughter of Lucanus, notwithstanding the act of emancipation, returned back again, together with her fortune, under the dominion of her father, by means of this fraudulent adoption. It seems, indeed, to have been the fate of these two brothers to be enriched by those who had the greatest aversion to them. For Domitius Afer, by whom they were adopted, left a will in their favour, which he had made eight years before his death; though it was plain he had altered his sentiments with respect to the family, because he was instrumental in procuring the confiscation of their father's estate. There is something, in truth, extremely singular in the resentment of Afer, and the good fortune of the other two; as it was very extraordinary on one hand, that Domitius should endeavour to extirpate from the privilege of society a man whose children he had adopted, and on the other, that these brothers should find a parent in the very person that ruined their father. But it was highly just in Tullus, after having been appointed sole heir by his brother, in prejudice to his own daughter, to make her amends by giving her this estate which came to him from Afer, as well as all the rest which he possessed in common with his brother. His will therefore deserves the highest applause, as it is the dictate of nature, justice, and honour; wherein he has returned his obligations to his several relations, according to their respective good offices towards him. He has made a just acknowledgment likewise to his wife

* That is, would make her free; for the power of a father over his children was unlimited among the Romans. It extended not only to their fortunes, but their lives, and was even greater than what the laws allowed over their slaves; for if a master sold his slave, who afterwards obtained his freedom, the former owner had no farther claim; whereas, in the case of a son, the father's rights were not absolutely extinguished by selling him, for if the son obtained his freedom, he again came under his dominion. And this authority could not be wholly disannulled till the son had been thrice sold, and as often recovered his liberty, and then it entirely ceased. The law vested the same power likewise as fully in the adoptive father as in the natural Justinian observes, this authority was peculiar to the Romans, and followed by no other nation whatsoever. *Inst. l. 1.*

ing bequeathed to that excellent wo-
r, who patiently endured much upon
a count, several delightful villas, be-
s a large sum of money. And indeed
deserved so much the more at his
ds, as she was highly censured for her
rriage with him. It was thought un-
ry a person of her rank and merit,
r having had a former husband by
om she had issue, to marry, in the de-
e of her life, an old man, merely for
ches, who was so sickly and infirm,
even though he had passed the best
s of his health and youth with her,
might well have been weary of him.
had so entirely lost the use of all his
s, that he could not move himself in
without assistance; and all the enjoy-
nt he had of his riches was only to con-
plate them. He was even reduced to
wished necessity (which indeed one
ust mention without loathing as well
lamenting) of having his teeth washed
d cleansed by others: and he used fre-
ently to say, when he was complaining
the indecencies which his infirmities ob-
liged him to suffer, that he was every day
ad to take his servant's fingers into his
outh. Still, however, he lived, and was
ing to accept life upon these terms;
privation of which was particularly
ing to the care of his wife, who, what-
r reputation she might lose at first by
marriage, acquired great honour by her
s conduct towards him. Thus I have
n you all the news of the town, where
thing is talked of but Tullus. It is ex-
ted his curiosities will shortly be sold
auction. He had such vast numbers of
statues, which stood neglected in a
ter-room, that he actually filled a
ge garden with them the very same day
he exposed it. If you have any thing
communicating in return, I hope
u will not refuse the trouble of writing
me: not only as we are all naturally
ious men, but because example has a
ficial influence upon our own
s. Farewel.

LETTER CXII.

To Maximus.

STudies prove both an entertainment
and consolation to me: and as there is
nothing I prefer to them, so there is no
misfortune they do not alleviate. In this
view, therefore, of dejection, occasioned
by the indisposition of my wife, the dangerous sickness of some of my servants, and the death of others, I fly to my books, those sovereign composers of my grief. It is true, indeed, they teach me a greater sensibility to misfortunes, but they teach me too how to bear them with more patience. It is an established rule with me, before I publish any of my productions to take the judgment of my friends upon them, especially yours. I beg therefore you would examine the performance I here send you, with particular care, as I am afraid the disquietude of my mind may have prevented me from giving it the attention I ought. For though I could command myself so far as to sit down to write, I was not master enough of my heart to do so with ease and cheerfulness, but if study throws the mind into a pleasing state of serenity, a state of serenity is necessary to throw a grace upon our studies. Farewel.

LETTER CXIII.

To Gallus.

THOSE works of art or nature which are usually the motives of our travels, are often overlooked and neglected if they lie within our reach: whether it be that we are naturally less inquisitive concerning those things which are near us, while we are pushed forward in pursuit of remote objects; or because the easiness of gratifying a desire is always sure to damp it; or, perhaps, that we defer from time to time viewing what we know we have an opportunity of seeing when we please. Whatever the reason be, it is certain there are several rarities in and near Rome which we have not only never seen, but even never so much as heard of: and yet if they had been the produce of Greece, or Egypt, or Asia, or any other country which we admire as fruitful in wonders, they would long since have been the subject both of our conversation and inspection. For myself, at least, I confess I have lately been entertained with one of these curiosities to which I was an entire stranger before. My wife's grandfather desired I would look upon his estate near Ameria*. As I was walking over his grounds I was shewn a lake that lies below them, called Vadimon†, which I was informed had several very extraordinary qualities attending it.

* Now called Amelia, an episcopal city in Ombria.

† Now called Lago di Bassanello.

This raised my curiosity to take a nearer view. It is formed exactly circular: there is not the least obliquity or winding, but all is regular and even as if it had been hollowed and cut out by the hand of art. The colour of its water is clearer than that of the sea, though of a deeper green; it seems by its taste and smell impregnated with sulphur, and is esteemed of great efficacy in all fractures of the limbs, which it is supposed to consolidate. Though it is but of a moderate extent, yet the winds have a great effect upon it, throwing it into violent commotions. No vessels are suffered to sail here, as its waters are held sacred; but several floating islands swim about it covered with reeds and rushes, and whatever other plants the neighbouring marsh and the borders of the lake produce. These islands differ in their size and shape; but the edges of all of them are worn away by their frequent collision against the shore and one another. They have equally the same height and motion, as their respective roots, which are formed like the keel of a boat, may be seen hanging down the water, on whichever side you stand. Sometimes they move in a cluster, and seem to form one entire little continent; sometimes they are dispersed into different quarters by the winds; at other times, when it is calm, they float up and down separately. You may frequently see one of the larger islands sailing along with a lesser joined to it, like a ship with its long-boat; or, perhaps, seeming to strive which shall out-swim the other; then again they all assemble in one station, and by joining themselves to the shore, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, make the lake appear considerably less, till at last uniting in the centre they restore it to its usual size. The sheep which graze upon the borders of this lake, frequently go upon these islands to feed, without perceiving that they have left the shore, till they are alarmed by finding themselves surrounded with water; and in the same manner when the wind drives them back again, they return without being sensible that they are landed. This lake empties itself into a river, which after running a little way sinks under ground, and if any thing is thrown in brings it up again where the stream emerges.—I have given you this account because I imagined it would not be less new nor less agreeable to you than it was to me; as I know you take the same pleasure as myself in contemplating the works of nature. Farewell.

LETTER CXIV.

To Arrianus.

NOTHING, in my opinion, gives a more amiable and becoming grace to our studies, as well as our manners, than to temper gravity with gaiety, lest the former should degenerate into austerity, and the latter run up into levity. Upon this maxim it is that I diversify my more serious works with compositions of a lighter nature. I had chosen a convenient place and season for some productions of that sort to make their appearance in; and designing to accustom them early to the tables of the idle, I fixed upon the month of July*, when the courts of justice are as usually shut up, in order to read them to some of my friends at supper; and accordingly I placed a desk before each of my guests. But as I happened that morning to be unexpectedly called away to attend a cause, I took occasion to preface my recital with an apology. I intreated my audience not to impute it to me as a want of due regard for the business for which I had invited them, that on the very day I had appropriated to read my performances to some of my friends (though but indeed few), I did not abstain from serving others in the affairs of the bar. I assured them I would observe the same rule in my writings, and should always give the preference to points of importance before those of entertainment, to serious subjects before gay ones; and to my friends before myself. The poem I recited consisted of a variety of subjects in different measures. It is by such a

* The months of July and August was a time of vacation to the Roman lawyers, the courts of justice being then shut up, that the farmers might not be interrupted in their harvest, by being obliged to attend their law-suits at Rome.

----messesque reversæ
Dimisere forum; nec jam tibi turba reverso
Vestibulo, querulique regant exire clientes.
Cessat centeni moderatrix judicis hasta.
Statius Syl. l. iv. 4.

Returning harvest bids contention cease.
And thro' the wrangling forum all is peace.
No teazing clients now besiege thy way,
Nor judges sage the solemn spear display.

However, the courts, as appears from this letter, were sometimes opened during this season of vacation, upon cases, perhaps, of particular urgency.

[illegible], we, who dare not rely upon the [illegible] of our genius, endeavour to [illegible] our readers satiety. In com[illegible] with the earnest solicitation of my [illegible], I recited for two days successive[illegible] not in the manner that several [illegible], by passing over the less shining [illegible], and making a merit of so doing; [illegible] contrary, I omitted nothing, and [illegible] that I did not. I read the [illegible] that I might correct the whole; [illegible] impossible those who select par[illegible] should do. The latter [illegible], indeed, may have the more ap[illegible] lofty, and perhaps respect; [illegible] former shews greater simplicity, [illegible] affection towards the au[illegible] for the belief that a man's friends [illegible] in regard to him, as not to be [illegible] upon these occasions, is a sure in[illegible] of his own love for them. To [illegible], one has little obligation to [illegible], if they assemble merely with [illegible] their own entertainment. He [illegible] rather find his friend's perform[illegible], than make it so, is to be con[illegible] a stranger, or one who is too [illegible] to give himself any trouble. Your [illegible] for me leaves me no room to [illegible] you are impatient to read my [illegible], which is yet, however, not ripe for [illegible]. You shall do so when I [illegible] it; which was indeed the [illegible] of my recital. You are already ac[illegible] with some parts of it; but even [illegible] they have been polished (or [illegible] spoiled as is sometimes the case by [illegible] corrections) will seem new to [illegible] for when a composition has under[illegible] various changes, it contracts an air [illegible] even in those parts which re[illegible]. Farewel.

LETTER CXV.

To Geminius.

[illegible] you never observed a sort of [illegible] who, though they are them[illegible] the abject dominion of every [illegible] a kind of malicious resentment [illegible] errors of others; and are most [illegible] upon those whom they most re[illegible]? yet surely a lenity of disposition, [illegible] persons who have the least occa[illegible] clemency themselves, is of all [illegible] the most becoming. The [illegible] all characters, in my estimation, [illegible] who is as ready to pardon the er[illegible] mankind as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one. It is a rule then which we should upon all occasions both private and public most religiously observe, "to be inexorable to our own "failings, while we treat those of the rest "of the world with tenderness, not ex"cepting even such as forgive none but "themselves;" remembering always what the humane, and, therefore, as well as upon other accounts, the great Thrasea used frequently to say: "He who hates "vice, hates mankind." You will ask me, perhaps, who it is that has given occasion to these reflections? You must know a certain person lately—but of that when we meet—though, upon second thoughts, not even then, lest whilst I condemn and expose his conduct, I should act counter to that maxim I particularly recommend. Whoever therefore, and whatever he is, shall remain in silence; for though there may be some use, perhaps, in setting a mark upon the man for the sake of example; there will be more, however, in sparing him for the sake of humanity. Farewel.

LETTER CXVI.

To Marcellinus.

THE deep concern I am under for the death of Junius Avitus has rendered me incapable of business, study, or amusement. He was invested with the laticlave in my house: as in all the honours he solicited he was constantly assisted by my interest. I will add too, his affection and esteem for me were so great that he formed his manners and regulated his conduct by my guidance and direction; a disposition extremely uncommon in the youth of this age; for who among them will deign to submit to the experience and authority of their superiors? They think themselves at once in full possession of all wisdom and knowledge; and without revering or imitating the virtues of any, imagine they are a sufficient example to themselves. But Avitus was of a far different turn; he shewed his wisdom in believing there were some who had more; and discovered his knowledge in his desire to learn. He was ever consulting his friends upon some point relating to his studies or his conduct; and he always returned from them with advantage, either

by the advice he received, or the disposition he shewed. With what respect did he treat Servianus, one of the most accomplished men of the age? Avitus knew how to value such uncommon merit, as well as to endear himself to him in his turn. Accordingly, when Servianus went lieutenant from Germany into Pannonia*, he attended him as tribune, not so much in the character of his fellow-officer, as of his friend and admirer. With what care and integrity did he execute the office of quæstor under several consuls, who all esteemed him, not only as an useful and experienced officer, but as a pleasing and agreeable companion? With what industry and application did he solicit this very ædileship†, from the enjoyment of which he is now prematurely snatched? A reflection that gives a peculiar poignancy to my affliction for the loss of him. His unavailing labours, his fruitless solicitations, and the honour which he merited only, not enjoyed, are for ever in my thoughts. The circumstance of his having first put on the laticlave under my roof, the first and the last suffrage I ever gave him; the conversations we have had, and the consultations we have held, all return fresh upon my mind. I am struck with the most tender sorrow when I consider his youth, and reflect upon the irreparable loss his family has sustained; an aged parent, a young wife to whom he had not been married much above a year, an infant daughter just born, so many pleasing hopes, so many tender joys, all reserved and destroyed in one day! When he was just elected ædile, when he was lately commenced a bride-groom, when he was newly made a father, he was taken from the midst of these enjoyments, and has left behind him an honour untasted, a mother inconsolable, a widowed wife, and an orphan infant, who will have the misfortune of never having known her father! But what increases my tears upon this melancholy occasion is, that being absent when this accident happened, I never knew of his sickness till I heard of his death, and had no time to prepare myself for this cruel stroke, by previously apprehending it! Such is the present state of my mind! You must not wonder that it is the whole subject of my letter, for I am not able at present to think or talk of any thing else. Farewel.

* A very extensive province, comprehending part of Austria, Hungary, &c.

† The ædiles were at first two officers chosen out of the body of the commons, in order to assist the tribunes in the discharge of some particular parts of their office, the chief of which was the care of public edifices. Others were afterwards elected out of the nobility to inspect public games, determine causes relating to the selling or exchanging of estates, to supervise the public stores of corn, and other provisions, &c. Ken. Antiq. p. 116. 117.

LETTER CXVII.

To Maximus.

THE friendship I profess to have for you, obliges me, not indeed to direct you (for you are far above the want of guide), but to remind you, however, of what you already know, and to admonish you carefully to observe and reflect, and put it in practice; that is, in other words, to know it to all the more useful purpose of knowledge. You will consider yourself as sent to that noble province, Achaia, the real and genuine Greece, whose liteness, learning, and even agriculture itself, are supposed to have taken their first rise; as sent to govern a state composed of free cities; that is, to a society of men who breathe the spirit of true manhood and liberty‡; who maintain

‡ "It is remarkable, that even after Greece "was absorbed in the Roman empire, and became "a province to it under the name of Achaia, "did not lose with its power and sovereignty "lively sense and love of liberty which was "peculiar character of that people, amongst whom "the arts were produced and brought to perfec- "tion. The Romans, when they had subdued "Greece, left that generous, brave, polite people "in possession of many of their rights and pri- "leges. And they maintained such an ardent "zeal for liberty, that, to name no other instance "of it, when the civil wars happened in Italy, "Athenians very warmly espoused the party "Pompey, who fought for the republic; and "ter Cæsar was killed, they erected statues in h- "nour of Brutus and Cassius near to those "Harmodius and Aristogiton, their ancient "liverers. It was hence Greece, Athens in p- "ticular, after it was very much fallen and de- "nerated, continued still to be the metropolis "sciences, the school of all the fine arts, "standard and centre of good taste in all works "genius, to Cicero's time and long afterwards "insomuch that Rome sent its most illustrious "youth to be perfected there in polite literature "eloquence, philosophy, and all the ingenuous "and sciences; and the emperors who loved "learning, if they could not go to Greece to "become scholars there, as some of them did, "brought Greece to them by inviting and re- "ceiving into their palaces its most celebrated "professors and artists, and even entrusting the "education of their children with Greek masters. "Now their continuing to excel in the arts and "sciences

ght they received from nature, by ge, by virtue, by alliances; in a by civil and religious faith. You revere the gods and heroes their ers; you will respect their ancient , and even their very age, which as renerable in men, in states it is sa- You will honour them therefore heir antiquity, and for those famous which are truly, nay for those which bulously recorded of them. You will ge them in the full exercise of their ity, their privileges, and even their vanity. Remember it was from this n we derived our laws*; that she did receive ours by conquest, but gave us by favour. Remember it is Athens you approach; it is Lacedæmon you rn; and to deprive such a glorious le of the declining shadow, the re- ing name of liberty, would be a lship, would be even a barbarity of the rest kind. Physicians, you see, though respect to diseases there is no differ- between freedom and slavery, yet persons of the former rank with e tenderness than those of the latter. lect on the noble figure these cities e made; but so reflect, as not to despise n for what they now are. Far be le and asperity from my friend; nor , by a proper condescension, to lay rself open to contempt. Can he who essed with the power and bears the en- s of authority, can he fail of meeting h respect, unless by pursuing base and did measures, and first breaking through that awful reverence he owes to himself? Ill, believe me, is power experienced by injuries; ill can terror command veneration, and far more prevalent is affection in obtaining one's desires, than fear. For terror operates no longer than its object is present, but love produces its effects at a distance; and as absence changes the former into hatred, it raises the other into respect. It behoves you therefore, (and I cannot but repeat it again) it behoves you thoroughly to consider the end of your office, and to represent to yourself how great and important the task is of governing a free state. For what is more becoming to human nature than well ordered government, or more valuable than liberty? How ignominious then must his conduct be, who turns the first into confusion, and the latter into slavery? To these considerations let me add, that you have an established reputation to maintain: the fame you acquired by the administration of the quæstorship in Bithynia†, the good opinion of the emperor, the credit you obtained when you were tribune and prætor, in a word, this very government, which may be looked upon as the reward of your former services, are all so many glorious weights which are incumbent upon you to support. So much the more therefore ought you to endeavour that it may not be said, you shewed greater humanity, integrity, and ability in a province remote from Rome, than in one which lies nearer to it; in the midst of a nation of slaves, than among a free people; that it may not be said it was chance, and not judgment, appointed you to this office; that your character was unknown and unexperienced, not tried and approved. For (and it is a maxim which your reading and conversation must have often suggested to you) it is far worse to lose the fame one has acquired, than never to have attained it. I again beg you would be persuaded, that I did not write this letter with a design to instruct, but to remind you. Though indeed if I had, it would have only been in consequence of my affection for you: a point which I am in no apprehension of carrying beyond its just limits: for there cannot be any danger of excess where we ought to advance as far as possible. Farewel.

kiences, to what else can it be attributed but this, that with some small remains of liberty, they retained the spirit of liberty, the love of it, and zeal for it? It was indeed in consequence of this alone, that they maintained in some degree, even till Italy was quite over-run with barbarism, a sovereignty the Romans could not take from them; a sovereignty in science, arts, and good taste. 'Tis impossible to account for it in any other way: they preserved the arts to a very great degree, because they retained the spirit of liberty in a very extraordinary one." Mosaic on ancient Painting, p. 100.

* About the year of Rome 300, that is, 452 years before Christ, ambassadors were sent into Greece to make a collection of such laws and customs as the wisdom of that polite people had established, particularly the famous ones of Solon. At their return, these laws were approved and confirmed, and, together with some additional ones, were engraven on ten tables of brass. Two other tables of laws were soon afterwards added to these, which, together with the former, went by the name of the twelve tables, and were looked upon as the foundation of all law, public and private. *Liv. l.* 3. §1. *Ferrier Hist. des Loix civ. c.* 5.

† A province in Anatolia, or Asia the less.

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LETTER CXVIII.

To Sabinus.

YOUR request that I would write to you very frequent and very long letters, is extremely agreeable to me. If I have forborne to do so, it is partly in consideration of the important affairs in which you are employed; and partly from some very cold and uninteresting engagements of my own, which dissipate my thoughts, and at the same time damp my imagination. Besides, I have not a sufficient supply of matter for frequent letters; and am by no means in the same situation that Tully was, whom you point out to me as an example. He not only possessed a most enlarged genius, but the circumstances of the times wherein he lived furnished him with a variety of noble occasions of exercising it. As for myself, you know (without my telling you) to what narrow limits I am confined, unless my letters were to turn upon the fictitious and pedantic topics of the schools. But when I consider you in the midst of arms and encampments, inflamed with martial music, or fatigued with toil and heat, how absurd would it be to talk to you upon such subjects? This is my apology, and I think a reasonable one; however, I almost wish you would not accept it: for to reject the excuses of a friend upon such an occasion, be they ever so just, is an evident proof of a warm affection. Farewel.

LETTER CXIX.

To Paulinus.

MANKIND differ in their notions of happiness; but in my opinion it consists in the anticipation of an honest fame, and the conscious security of making a glorious figure in the eyes of posterity.—I confess if I had not the reward of an immortal reputation in view, I should prefer a life of uninterrupted ease and retirement to any other. There seem to be but two points worthy our attention; either the endless duration of fame, or the short extent of life. Those who are governed by the former consideration, must pursue it with the full exertion of the most laborious efforts; while such as are influenced by the latter should quietly resign themselves to repose, nor wear out a short life in perishable pursuits: as some we may observe, do, and then sink at last into contempt, in the midst of a wretched and fruitless course of [illegible] dustry. These are my daily reflec[illegible] which I communicate to you, in order [illegible] renounce them if you do not join with [illegible] in the same sentiments: as undoubt[illegible] you will, who are for ever meditat[illegible] some glorious and immortal enterp[illegible] Farewel.

LETTER CXX.

To Tiro.

YOU are to be highly applauded for [illegible] mildness with which, as I am inform[illegible] (and I make very strict enquiry), you [illegible] minister justice in your province; [illegible] principal branch of which is to distingu[illegible] merit in every degree, and so to gain [illegible] love of the lower rank, as to preserve [illegible] the same time the affection of their su[illegible] riors. But it is an error many have fal[illegible] into, that while they endeavour to av[illegible] the appearance of favouring the gr[illegible] they run into the contrary extreme, [illegible] gain the character of acting with ill m[illegible] ners or ill nature. A mistake this, wh[illegible] you are far from committing, I w[illegible] know: however, I cannot forbear thro[illegible] ing in a caution with my applause, [illegible] recommending it to you, to conduct you[illegible] self in such a manner as to keep up the d[illegible] stinction of rank and dignity. For to k[illegible] and confound the different orders of m[illegible] kind, is far from producing an equa[illegible] among them; it is, in truth, the m[illegible] unequal thing imaginable. Farewel.

LETTER CXXI.

To Calvisius.

I HAVE spent these several days past [illegible] my study with the most pleasing tr[illegible] quillity imaginable. You will ask h[illegible] that can possibly be in the midst of Rom[illegible] It was the time of celebrating the Circ[illegible] sian games*; an entertainment for wh[illegible] I have not the least taste. They have [illegible] novelty, no variety to recommend the[illegible] nothing in short, one would wish to [illegible] twice. It is the more surprising the[illegible] fore, that so many thousand people sho[illegible] be possessed with the childish passion [illegible] desiring often to see a parcel of hor[illegible] gallop, and men standing upright in the[illegible] chariots. If indeed it were the sw[illegible]

* These games were originally of Grecian [illegible] traction, but first introduced among the Ro[illegible] by Romulus, in order to favour his design o[illegible] rying off the Sabine virgins: they consisted [illegible] horse and chariot races, &c.

he horses, or the skill of the men, asted them, there might be some tence of reason on their side. But dress they favour*; it is the dress tivates them. And if in the midst ourse the different parties were to habits, their different favourers change sides, and instantly desert y same men and horses, whom they fore were eagerly following with yes, as far as they could see, and g out their names with all the of exclamation. Such mighty , such wonderous power is there in unic! and this in the sentiments, y of the vulgar (more contemptible e habit they espouse), but even in nion of some grave personages.— I observe such men thus insatiably so silly, so low, so uninteresting, so n an entertainment, I congratulate that I am insensible to these plea- and am glad to employ the leisure eason upon my books, which others way upon the most idle employ- Farewel.

LETTER CXXII.

To Romanus.

R letter informs me, that you are gaged in building, and I am glad to u are; for I may now defend my nduct by your example. I am my- ployed in the same sort of work; ce I have you, who shall deny I eason on my side? We are pretty greed likewise, I find, in our situ- and as your buildings are carried n the sea-coast, mine are rising upon e of the Larian lake. I have seve- as upon the borders of this lake, but are two particularly, in which as I cost delight, so they give me most yment. They are both situated in nner of those at Baiæ†, one of them stands upon a rock, and has a prospect of the lake; the other actually touches it.— The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin‡, I call my tragic; the other, as resting upon the humble sock, my comic villa. They have both their particular beauties, which recommend themselves to me so much the more, as they are of different kinds. The former commands a wider prospect of the lake; the latter enjoys a nearer view of it. This by an easy bend embraces a little bay; the promontory upon which the other stands forms two. Here you have a strait walk extending itself along the banks of the lake; there a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not perceive the force of the waves; the latter breaks them: from that you see the fishing vessels below; from this you may fish yourself, and throw your line out of your chamber, and even as you lie in bed, as out of a boat. It is the beauties therefore these agreeable villas possess, that tempt me to add to them those which are wanting. But I need not assign a reason to you; who undoubtedly will think it a sufficient one that I follow your example. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Colo.

I GREATLY admire the generous grief you shew for the death of Pompeius Quinctianus, as it is a proof that your affection for your departed friend does not terminate with his life: far different from those who love, or rather, I should more

* performers at these games were divided panies, distinguished by the particular co- their habits; the principal of which were e, the red, the blue, and the green. Ac- y, the spectators favoured one or the other as humour or caprice inclined them. In n of Justinian a tumult arose in Constanti- occasioned merely by a contention among ctions of these several colours, wherein no n 30,000 men lost their lives.

† now called Castello di Baia, in Terra di La- was the place the Romans chose for their ment; and which they frequented upon of its warm baths. Some few ruins of the d villas that once covered this delightful all remain; and nothing can give one a higher idea of the prodigious expence and magnificence of the Romans in their private buildings, than the manner in which some of these were situated. It appears from this letter, as well as from several other passages in the classic writers, that they actually projected into the sea, being erected upon vast piles sunk for that purpose. And here, indeed, luxury seems to have reigned in her most licentious refinements of all kinds; while the principal amusement of the place consisted in sailing upon the gulph in gaily painted barks, accompanied with all the melting softness that exquisite wines, fine women, and rapturous music could inspire. There was something even in the natural as well as artificial turn of the scene, which seemed formed to throw the mind into a state of softness and dissipation; insomuch that Seneca, with all his stoical fortitude, durst not trust himself in it above a day. See Seneca, ep. 51.

‡ The buskin was a kind of high shoe worn upon the stage by the actors of tragedy, in order to give them a more heroical elevation of stature; as the sock was something between a shoe and stocking, and appropriated to the comic players.

properly

properly say, who counterfeit love to none but the living: nor indeed even that any longer than they are the favourites of fortune; for the unhappy are no more the objects of their thoughts, than the dead. But your friendship is raised upon a more lasting foundation, and the constancy of your affection can only end with your life. Quinctianus, most certainly, well deserved to meet with that generous warmth from his friends, of which he was himself so bright an example. He loved them in prosperity; he protected them in adversity; he lamented them in death. How open was his countenance! how modest his conversation! how equally did he temper gravity with gaiety! how fond was he of learning! how judicious his sentiments! how dutiful to a father of a very different character; how did he reconcile his obedience to his virtue; and continue a good son, without forfeiting the title of a good man!—But I must not sharpen your affliction by reminding you of his merit—yet I know your affection for the memory of this excellent youth is such, that you had rather endure the pain of hearing him mentioned, than suffer his virtues to be passed over in silence; especially by me, whose applause, you imagine, will adorn his actions, extend his fame, and restore him, as it were, to that life from which he is unhappily snatched. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIV.

To Tacitus.

THOUGH you are by no means inclined to self-admiration, yet, be assured, none of my writings are more sincerely the undissembled dictates of my real thoughts, than those of which you are the subject. Whether, indeed, posterity will concern herself with either of us, I know not; but surely we deserve some small regard at least, I will not say upon account of our geniuses (that would be too vain a pretension), but from our application, our labours, and that high reverence we pay to her. Proceed we then, my friend, in the course we have begun, which as it has conducted some few to the fairest point of lustre and reputation, so it has led out numbers from silence and obscurity. Farewel.

LETTER CXXV.

To Genitor.

I HAVE received your letter, in which you complain of being highly entertained lately at an entertainment, though [illegible] ing splendid, by a set of buffoons, [illegible] and wanton prostitutes, who were [illegible] their antic tricks* round the tables. [illegible] let me advise you to smooth your [illegible] little. I confess, indeed, I admit [illegible] of this kind at my own house; how[illegible] bear with it in others. "And why [illegible] "(you will be ready to ask) should [illegible] "have them yourself?" The tri[illegible] because the soft gestures of the wan[illegible] pleasantries of the buffoon, or the [illegible] gancies of the fool, give me no [illegible] ment, as they give me no surprise. [illegible] particular taste, you see, not my judg[illegible] that I plead against them. And [illegible] what numbers are there who think [illegible] entertainments which you and I are [illegible] delighted with, to be no better than [illegible] pertinent follies! How many are [illegible] who as soon as a reader, a musician, [illegible] comedian is introduced, either take [illegible] leave of the company, or if they con[illegible] at the table, shew as much dislike [illegible] kind of diversions, as you did at [illegible] monsters, as you call them! Let us [illegible] therefore, my friend, with others in [illegible] amusements, that they, in return, may [illegible] indulgence to ours. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Ruffo.

YOU have read, it seems, in a letter [illegible] mine, that Virginius Rufus directed the following lines to be inscribed [illegible] his tomb:

Here Rufus lies, who Vindex' arms withstood
Not for himself, but for his country's good:

for which you blame him, and think Fla[illegible] tius acted much more reasonably, in [illegible] bidding any monument whatsoever to [illegible] erected to his memory. And in the [illegible] clusion of your letter you desire my [illegible] ments upon each. I loved them both; [illegible] I confess I admired him most whom [illegible] condemn; and to such a degree, that [illegible]

* These persons were introduced at most [illegible] tables of the great, for the purposes of mirth [illegible] gaiety, and constituted an essential part in [illegible] lite entertainments among the Romans.

agining I ever ſhould have occa-
ſe up in his defence, I thought he
ever be ſufficiently applauded. In
ion, every man who has acted a
nd memorable part, deſerves not
be excuſed but approved, if he
that glorious immortality of fame
merited, and endeavours to per-
an everlaſting remembrance of
even by monumental inſcriptions.
ldly ſhall you find a man, who had
ed ſuch great atchievements, ſo
reſerved upon the ſubject of his
ions, as Virginius was. I can bear
neſs (and I had the happineſs to
is intimacy and affection) that I
ut once heard him mention his own
; and that was, in giving an ac-
f a converſation which paſſed be-
im and Cluvius: "You well know
Cluvius to him) the fidelity requir-
an hiſtorian; you will pardon me
fore, I hope, if you ſhould meet
any thing in my works, that is not
able to you."—"O Cluvius (he
d,) can you be ignorant that what
, was in order that every man
enjoy the liberty of writing what
eaſed?" But let us compare Fron-
h him in that very inſtance wherein
k the former is more modeſt and
. He forbid a monument to be
to him, it is true; but in what
"The expence of a monument
he) is ſuperfluous; my memory
remain, if my actions deſerve it."
leſs vanity, do you think, thus to
n to all the world* that his memory
emain; than to mark upon a ſingle
ne, in two lines, the actions one
formed? It is not, however, my
o condemn your favourite; I only
o defend Virginius: and what ar-
can be more prevailing with you,
e drawn from a compariſon between
d the perſon you prefer? In my
inion, indeed, neither of them de-
o be condemned, ſince they both
glory with the ſame paſſion, but
rent roads; the former in deſiring
nonumental honours he had merit-
e latter, in rather chooſing the ap-
ce of deſpiſing them. Farewel.

* ppears from hence, that this was not a
ate direction, but a declaration in ſome
ich Frontius had publiſhed.

LETTER CXXVII.

To Sabinianus.

YOUR freedman, whom you lately mentioned to me with diſpleaſure, has been with me, and threw himſelf at my feet with as much ſubmiſſion as he could have done at yours. He earneſtly requeſted me with many tears, and even with all the eloquence of ſilent ſorrow, to intercede for him; in ſhort, he convinced me by his whole behaviour, that he ſincerely repents of his fault. And I am perſuaded he is thoroughly reformed, becauſe he ſeems entirely ſenſible of his guilt. I know you are angry with him, and I know too, it is not without reaſon; but clemency can never exert itſelf with more applauſe, than when there is the juſteſt cauſe for reſentment.—You once had an affection for this man, and, I hope, will have again: in the mean while, let me only prevail with you to pardon him. If he ſhould incur your diſpleaſure hereafter, you will have ſo much the ſtronger plea in excuſe for your anger, as you ſhew yourſelf more exorable to him now. Allow ſomething to his youth, to his tears, and to your own natural mildneſs of temper: do not make him uneaſy any longer, and I will add too, do not make yourſelf ſo; for a man of your benevolence of heart cannot be angry without feeling great regret. I am afraid, were I to join my intreaties with his, I ſhould ſeem rather to compel, than requeſt you to forgive him. Yet I will not ſcruple to do it: and in ſo much the ſtronger terms, as I have very ſharply and ſeverely reproved him, poſitively threatening never to interpoſe again in his behalf. But though it was proper to ſay this to him, in order to make him more fearful of offending; I do not ſay ſo to you. I may, perhaps, again have occaſion to intreat you upon his account, and again obtain your forgiveneſs; ſuppoſing, I mean, his error ſhould be ſuch as may become me to intercede for, and you to pardon. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To Severus.

I HAVE been much alarmed by the ill ſtate of health of Paſſienus Paulus, as indeed I had many and juſt reaſons. He has a moſt excellent and generous heart, of which I have the happineſs to ſhare the warmeſt friendſhip. In his writings he very

very successfully emulates the ancients, whose spirit and manner he has closely imitated and happily restored; especially that of Propertius, to whom he is no less related by genius, than by blood, as he particularly resembles that poet in his chief excellency. When you read his elegies, whatever is elegant, tender, and agreeable, will conspire to charm you; as you will clearly discover they derive their lineage from Propertius. He has lately made some attempts in the lyric kind, in which he as successfully copies the manner of Horace, as he has that of the other poet just mentioned. You would imagine, were there such a thing as a kindred in genius, that the blood of Horace likewise flowed in his veins. He displays a most wonderful compass and pregnancy of imagination; when he describes the passion of love, you perceive his heart is entirely possessed by the most tender sentiments; when he paints the emotions of grief, you see his breast is penetrated with the deepest sorrow: when he enters upon topics of panegyric, it is with all the ardour of the warmest benevolence; when he diverts himself with subjects of pleasantry, it is in the spirit of the most agreeable gaiety; in short, whatever species of poetry he engages in, he executes it with such a masterly hand, that one would imagine it were the single branch to which he had applied himself. The dangerous indisposition of such a friend, and such a genius, occasioned as much anxiety to me, as it did pain to him. But at length he is recovered, and my peace is restored: an event which deserves your congratulation, not only for my sake, but for the sake of learning itself, which ran as great a hazard by his danger, as it will receive glory by his recovery. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIX.

To Maximus.

IT has frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the centumviri, that those venerable judges, after having preserved as much as possible the gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have at length been forced, as it were, to break through all restraints, and have risen up, with one consent, in my applause. I have often likewise gained as much glory in the senate, as my utmost wishes could desire: but I never was touched with a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me, that at the last Circensian games he sat next to a knight, who, after much discourse ed between them upon various learning, asked him if he was or a provincial? Tacitus replied, "acquaintance with literature informed you who I am." knight, "Pray then is it Tacitus "I am talking with?" I cannot how highly I am pleased to find, names are not so much the proper tives of men, as a kind of distinc learning herself; and that eloquence ders us known to those who would norant of us by any other means. cident of the same nature happened a few days ago. Fabius Rufinus, of distinguished merit, was placed me at table; and below him a cousin of his, who was just then come to R the first time. Rufinus desired him to take notice of me, and fell into versation upon the subject of my quence: to whom the other immediately replied, "That must undoubtedly ny." To own the truth, I look upon instances as a very considerable pense of my labours. Had Demosthenes reason to be pleased with the citizens of Athens crying out, "This is Demosthenes!" and may I not be allowed to congratulate myself upon the extensive tion my name has acquired? Yes friend, I will rejoice in it, and scruple own that I do. As I only the judgment of others concerning the opinion I conceive of myself, I afraid of incurring the censure of especially from you, who, as you man's reputation, so you are parti zealous for mine. Farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

To Sabinianus.

I GREATLY approve of your in compliance with my letter, again into your family and favour, man, whom you once admitted into of your affection. It will afford doubt not, great satisfaction. It at least has me, both as it is a proof you are capable of being governed passion, and as it is an instance of ing so much regard to me, as yield to my authority, or to comply my request. You will accept, at once, both of my applause and thanks. At the same time I you to be disposed for the future

...ers of your people, though there be none to interpose in their behalf. ...

LETTER CXXXI.

To Mamilianus.

...OUGH you complain of the crowd ...ary affairs which press upon ...et, as if you were enjoying the most ...rupted leisure, you read and ad... it seems, my poetical trifles, and not ...e encourage me still to persevere in ... I begin, indeed, to pursue this kind ..., not only with a view to my a...ent, but my glory, since they have ...d themselves to the judgment of a ...r, your gravity and learning, and, what ...e than all, of your veracity. At ...r I have some causes upon my hands, ...h, though not very deeply indeed, ...ery engage me; when I shall have ...ed these, I will again trust my muse ...r candid bosom. You will suffer my ... doves and sparrows to take wing ...g your eagles*, if you should have the ...good opinion of them as they have of ...lves; if not, you will kindly con...rn to their cage and their nests.—...wel.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Lupercus.

...AID once (and I think not improper...) of a certain orator of the present ..., whose compositions are extremely re...r and correct, but by no means sub...e and ornamented, "His only fault is, ...at he has none." Whereas he who is ...ll of the true spirit of oratory, should ...bold and elevated, and sometimes even ...e out and be hurried away with all the ...rth and violence of passion; in short, ...ould frequently soar to great and even ...gerous heights: for precipices are ge...y near whatever is towering and ex...t. The plain, 'tis true, affords a safer, ...for that reason a more humble and in...ous path: they that run are more like...to tumble than they that creep; but the ...er gain no honour by not slipping, while ...former even fall with glory. It is with ...ence as with some other arts; she is ...er more pleasing when she hazards ...f. Have you not observed what accla...ions our rope-dancers excite, at the instant of imminent danger? Whatever is most unexpected and hazardous; or, as the Greeks strongly express it, whatever is most daring, has always the greatest share of our admiration. The pilot's skill is by no means equally proved in a calm, as in a storm: in the former case he tamely enters the port, unnoticed and unapplauded; but when the cordage cracks, the mast bends, and the rudder groans, then is it that he shines forth in full lustre, and is adored as little inferior to a sea-god. The reason of my making this observation is, because, if I mistake not, you have marked some passages in my writings for being tumid, exorbitant, and over-wrought, which, in my estimation, are full, and bold, and sublime. But it is material to consider, whether your criticism turns upon such points as are real faults or only striking and remarkable expressions. Whatever is elevated is sure to be observed; but it requires a very nice judgment to distinguish the bounds between true and false grandeur; between a just and enormous height. To give an instance out of Homer, both of the grand and elevated style, in the following lines; which can scarce, I imagine, have escaped any reader's observation:

Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground†.

——Again,

Reclin'd on clouds his steed and armour lay‡.

So in this whole passage:

As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills§,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills,
Rush to the vale, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main.

It requires, I say, a very delicate hand to poise these metaphors, and determine whether they are too figurative and lofty, or truly majestic or sublime. Not that I think any thing which I have wrote or can write, admits of comparison with these. I am not extravagant enough to say so: what I would be understood to contend for is, that we should throw up the reins to eloquence, nor restrain the daring flights of genius within too narrow a compass. But it will be said, perhaps, there is a wide difference between orators and poets. As if, in truth, Tully were not as bold in his figures as any of the poets. But not to mention particular instances from him, in a point where, I imagine, there can be no dispute: does

* Alluding to the Roman standard, which was ...ed upon the top of a spear.

† Iliad xxi. 452. Pope's translation.
‡ Iliad v. 356. speaking of Mars.
§ Iliad ver. 452. Pope's translation.

Demosthenes

Demosthenes himself, that model and standard of true oratory, does Demosthenes check and repress the fire of his genius, in that well known passage which begins thus: "Ye infamous flatterers, ye evil genii, &c." —And again, "It is neither with stones "nor bricks that I have fortified this city, "&c."—And afterwards: "I have thrown "up these out-works before Attica, and "pointed out to you all the resources which "human prudence can suggest, &c."—— And in another place: "O my country-"men, I swear by the immortal Gods, "that he is intoxicated with the grandeur "of his own actions, &c." But what can be more daring and beautiful than that long digression, which begins in this manner: "A terrible disease, O my countrymen, "has seized upon all Greece, &c.?"— The following passage likewise, though something shorter, is conceived in the same boldness of metaphor:—"Then it was I "rose up in opposition to the daring Pytho, "who poured forth a torrent of menaces "against you, &c."—The subsequent stricture is of the same stamp: "When a man "has strengthened himself, as Philip has, "in avarice and wickedness, upon the first "pretence that offers itself, at the first false "step, be it ever so inconsiderable, he "bristles up his mane and destroys all, &c." —So in the same style with the foregoing is this:—"Railed off, as it were, from the "privileges of society, by the concurrent "and just judgments of the three tribunals "in the city."—And in the same place: "O Aristogiton! you have betrayed that "mercy which used to be shewn to offences "of this nature, or rather, indeed, you "have wholly exhausted it. In vain then "would you fly for refuge to a port, "which you have shut up, and choaked "with piles."—He had said before; "I "am afraid, therefore, you should appear "in the judgment of some, to have set up "a public office for bad education: for "there is a weakness in all wickedness, "which renders it unable to support it-"self?"—And a little lower; "I see "none of these resources open to him; "but all is precipice, gulph, and profound "abyss."—And again: "Nor do I ima-"gine that our ancestors erected those "courts of judicature, that men of his "character should be planted there; but "on the contrary, that none may desire to "imitate their evil actions."—And afterwards: "If he is then the artificer of "every wickedness, if he openly makes it "his trade and traffic, &c."—And a thousand other passages which I might [illegible] the same purpose; not to mention [illegible] expressions which Æschines [illegible] words, but wonders.—You will [illegible] perhaps, I have unwarily [illegible] Æschines, since Demosthenes is [illegible] ed, even by him, for running into [illegible] figurative expressions. But observe [illegible] treat you, how far superior the [illegible] orator is to his criticizer, and superior [illegible] in the very passages to which he [illegible] for in others, the strength of his [illegible] discovers itself; in those above quoted [illegible] sublimity of it shines out. But does [illegible] nes himself avoid what he reproves [illegible] Demosthenes? "The orator," says [illegible] "Athenians, and the law, ought to [illegible] "the same language; but when the [illegible] "of the law declares one thing, and [illegible] "of the orator another, we should give [illegible] "vote to the justice of the law, not to [illegible] "impudence of the orator."—And in [illegible] other place: "He afterwards manifested [illegible] "discovered the design he had, of [illegible] "cealing his fraud under cover of the [illegible] "cree, having expressly declared there [illegible] "that the ambassadors sent to the [illegible] "gave the five talents, not to you, but [illegible] "Callias. And that you may be convinced [illegible] "ed what I say is the truth (after [illegible] "stripped the decree of its gallantry, [illegible] "pomp and ostentation), read the [illegible] "itself."—And in another part: "[illegible] "him not to break cover and wander [illegible] "of the limits of the question." A [illegible] phor he is so fond of, that he repeats [illegible] again: "But remaining firm and consistent [illegible] "in the assembly, drive him into the [illegible] "rits of the question, and observe well [illegible] "he doubles."—Is his style more [illegible] and simple, when he says: "But you [illegible] "for ever wounding our ears, and are [illegible] "concerned in the success of your [illegible] "harangues, than for the salvation of [illegible] "city."—What follows is conceived [illegible] yet higher strain of figure: "Will [illegible] "not expel this man as the common [illegible] "mity of Greece? will you not seize [illegible] "punish this pirate of the state, who [illegible] "about in quest of favourable conjunctures [illegible] "&c."—with many other passages of [illegible] like nature. And now I expect you [illegible] make the same attacks upon certain [illegible] pressions in this letter, as you did [illegible] those I have been endeavouring to defend. The rudder that groans, and the pilot [illegible] pared to a sea-god, will not, I imagine, escape your criticism: for I perceive [illegible] I am suing for indulgence in my [illegible] style, I have fallen into the same [illegible]

[illegible] you condemn. But attack them [illegible] please, provided you will immediately point a day when we may meet [illegible] these matters in person: you will [illegible] teach me to be less daring, or I [illegible] you to be more bold. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIII.

To Romanus.

[illegible] letters have at length reached me, [illegible] received three at once; all writ[illegible] strongest spirit of eloquence and [illegible], and such as I had reason to ex[illegible] you, especially after having [illegible] them so long. In one, you en[illegible] the very agreeable commission of [illegible] your letter to that excellent [illegible] virtuous Plotina*: I will take [illegible] do so. At the same time you re[illegible] to me Popilius Artemisius; and [illegible] I have performed your request. [illegible] me also your vintage has proved [illegible] moderate. That complaint, [illegible] we are separated by such [illegible] countries, is common to us both. [illegible] second letter informs me, that you [illegible] employed in dictating and writing upon [illegible], wherein you have me strongly [illegible]. I am much obliged to you; and [illegible] more so, if you would give me [illegible] of reading your performance. [illegible] just indeed, that as I communi[illegible] you all my compositions, you should [illegible] to partake of yours, even though [illegible] would turn upon subjects which con[illegible]. You promise me in the close [illegible] letter, that as soon as you shall be [illegible] with certainty, in what manner I [illegible] to dispose of myself, you will make [illegible] from your family, and imme[illegible] to me: I am already preparing [illegible] for you, which, when I have [illegible], you will by no means be able to [illegible]. I learn from your third, [illegible] oration in behalf of Clarius has [illegible] to you, which appears, it seems, more full than when you heard it pronounced. It is so, I confess; for I afterwards very considerably enlarged it. You mention having sent me another letter, which you say was written with peculiar elegance, and desire to know if I have received it: I have not, but impatiently wish for its arrival. To make me amends, write to me upon every the first opportunity, and pay me with full interest for this delay; which I shall compute, be assured, at the highest rate: for tell me, can I acquit you upon more reasonable terms? Farewel.

* [illegible] was consort to the emperor Trajan, [illegible] celebrated by several historians, and [illegible] a most amiable character of her, [illegible] noble panegyric upon that [illegible] consorts her (and he could not give [illegible] a merit) the choice of that [illegible] a sanctity of manners worthy [illegible] in her habit, modest in her [illegible] in her address. She greatly [illegible] and, to the wise choice which [illegible] a successor; and Adrian, in gra[illegible] offices to him in that election, [illegible] a magnificent temple to her memory, at [illegible]: the remains of which are [illegible].

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Rusticus.

AS it is far better to excel in any single art, than to arrive only at a mediocrity in several; so, on the other hand, a moderate skill in several is to be preferred, where one cannot attain to perfection in any. Upon this maxim it is, that I have attempted compositions of various sorts, as I could not expect to carry any particular one to its highest point of excellency. I hope, therefore, when you read any performance of mine, you will consider it with that indulgence which is due to an author, who has not confined himself to a single manner of writing, but has struck out into different kinds. In every other sort of workmanship, the number pleads some excuse for the deficiencies of the artist; and shall works of literature, the most difficult of all others, be tried by a severer law? But whilst I am bespeaking your candour, am I not bringing my gratitude in question? For, if you receive these last pieces with the same indulgence that you have all my former, I have more reason to hope for your applause, than to sue for your pardon. However, your pardon will be sufficient. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXV.

To Geminus.

YOU have frequently in conversation, and lately in a letter, commended your friend Nonius to me for his great liberality to some particular persons: I shall join with you in his applause, if his bounty is not confined to those only. I would have him who desires to shew himself influenced by a spirit of true generosity, be liberal to his country, his kindred, his relations, and his friends; his friends, I mean, in distress: not like those who chiefly bestow their pre-

ſents where there is the greateſt ability to make returns. I do not look upon ſuch as parting with any thing of their own; on the contrary. I conſider their bounties as only ſo many diſguiſed baits, thrown out with a deſign of catching the property of others. Much of the ſame character are thoſe who defraud one man in order to be generous to another, and purſue muniſicence through the paths of avarice. The firſt and fundamental principle of genuine liberality is, to be contented with one's own; and after that, to cheriſh and embrace all the moſt indigent of every kind, in one comprehenſive circle of benevolence. If your friend obſerves this rule in its full extent, he is entirely to be commended; if he only partially purſues it, ſtill he deſerves (in a leſs degree indeed, however, he deſerves) applauſe: ſo uncommon is it to meet with an inſtance of generoſity even of the moſt imperfect kind! The luſt of avarice has ſo totally ſeized upon mankind, that their wealth ſeems rather to poſſeſs them, than they to poſſeſs their wealth. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVI.

To Titianus.

WHAT are you doing? And what do you propoſe to do? As for myſelf, I paſs my life in the moſt agreeable, that is, in the moſt diſengaged manner imaginable. I do not find myſelf therefore, in the humour to write a long letter, though I am to read one. I am too much a man of pleaſure for the former, and juſt idle enough for the latter; for none are more indolent, you know, than the voluptuous, or have more curioſity than thoſe who have nothing to do. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVII.

To Caninius.

I HAVE met with a ſtory which, though it is ſupported by undoubted credit, has all the air of fable, and would afford a very proper ſubject for the ſublimity of your lively and truly poetical genius. It was related to me the other day at table, where the converſation happened to turn upon various kinds of miraculous events. The perſon who gave the account was a man of unſuſpected veracity:—but what has a poet to do with truth? However, you might venture to rely upon his teſtimony, even though you had the character of a faithful hiſtorian to ſupport. There is in Africa a town called Hippo, ſ[illegible] far from the ſea-coaſt: it ſtand[illegible] navigable lake, from whence a [illegible] runs into the main ocean, which [illegible] flows with the ſea. Perſons of [illegible] divert themſelves here with fiſhing, [illegible] or ſwimming; eſpecially boys, [illegible] of play and idleneſs bring hither. [illegible] conteſt among them is, who ſhall [illegible] glory of ſwimming fartheſt; and [illegible] leaves the ſhore and his companions [illegible] greateſt diſtance, gains the victory. [illegible] happened in one of theſe trials of [illegible] a certain boy, more bold than [illegible] launched out towards the oppoſite [illegible] He was met by a dolphin*, who ſo[illegible] ſwam before him, and ſometimes [illegible] him, then played round him, and [illegible] took him upon his back, then [illegible] down, and afterwards took him up [illegible] and thus carried the poor frighted [illegible] into the deepeſt part; when imme[illegible] he turns back again on the ſhore, and [illegible] him among his companions. The [illegible] this remarkable accident ſpread [illegible] the town, and crowds of people [illegible] round the boy (whom they viewed [illegible] kind of prodigy) to aſk him queſtions [illegible] hear him relate the ſtory. The next [illegible] the ſhore was lined with multitudes [illegible] ſpectators, all attentively obſerving [illegible] ocean, and (what indeed is almoſt [illegible] ocean) the lake. In the mean while [illegible] boys ſwam as uſual, and among the [illegible] the youth I am ſpeaking of went into [illegible] lake, but with more caution than [illegible] The dolphin appeared again and [illegible] the boy, who together with his com[illegible] ſwam away with the utmoſt precipi[illegible] The dolphin, as it were, to invite [illegible] cal them, bounded and dived up [illegible] down, winding about in a thouſand [illegible] ferent circles. This he practiſed for [illegible] days together, till the people (accu[illegible] from their infancy to the ſea) began [illegible] aſhamed of their timidity. They [illegible] therefore, to advance nearer, playing [illegible] him and calling him to them, while [illegible] return ſuffered himſelf to be touched [illegible] ſtroked. Uſe rendered them more [illegible] rageous: the boy, in particular, who [illegible] made the experiment, ſwam by the [illegible] him, and leaping upon his back, was [illegible] ried about in that manner: thus they [illegible] to be fond of and acquainted with [illegible]

* This animal is celebrated by ſeveral of the [illegible] cients for its philanthropy, and Pliny the [illegible] particular, relates this very ſtory, among [illegible] ſtances, in confirmation of that notion. [illegible] Hiſt. Nat. l. 9. c. 8.

There seemed, now, indeed, to be r on either side, the confidence of the d tameness of the other mutually in- ng; the rest of the boys in the mean surrounding and encouraging their nion. It is very remarkable, that olphin was followed by a second, seemed only as a spectator and at- nt on the former; for he did not at bmit to the same familiarities as the but only conducted him backwards orwards, as the boys did their com- But what is farther surprising, and s true than that I have already relat- , this dolphin, who thus played with ovs and carried them upon his back, d come upon the shore, dry himself in nd, and as soon as he grew warm, back into the sea. Octavius Avitus, ny governor of the province, from an rd piece of superstition, poured some ious ointment over him as he lay on shore*; the novelty and smell of which e him retire into the ocean, and it was till after several days that he was seen in, when he appeared dull and languid; ever he recovered his strength, and tinued his usual wanton tricks. All the jistrates round the country flocked hi- to view this sight, the entertainment hom upon their arrival, and during r stay, was an additional expence, ch the slender finances of this little munity would ill afford; besides, the et and retirement of the place was rly destroyed. It was thought proper refore to remove the occasion of this course, by privately killing the poor phin. And now, with what a flow of derness will you describe this sad ca- rophe! and how will your genius adorn l heighten this moving story! Though, ked, it does not require any fictitious bellishments; it will be sufficient to ce the real circumstances in their full ht. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Appius.

HAVE received your book, and return you thanks for it: but am at present so ch engaged, that I have not time to d it; which, however, I impatiently wish to do. I have that high reverence for learning in general, and for your compositions in particular, that I think it a sort of profanation to approach them but with a mind entirely disengaged. I extremely approve of your care in revising your works; remember, however, this exactness has its limits: too much polishing rather weakens than strengthens a performance. Besides, this excessive delicacy, while it calls one off from other pursuits, not only prevents any new attempts, but does not even finish what it has begun. Farewel.

* It was a religious ceremony practised by the ients, to pour precious ointments upon the sta- s of their gods: Avitus, it is probable, imagin- this dolphin was some sea-divinity, and there- expressed his veneration of him by the solem- y of a sacred unction.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To Fuscus.

YOU desire to know in what manner I dispose of my time, in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself; then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution, as

my digeſtion; though indeed the voice at the ſame time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exerciſes, and go into the bath.—At ſupper, if I have only my wife, or a few friends with me, ſome author is read to us: and after ſupper we are entertained either with muſic or an interlude. When that is finiſhed, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without ſome perſons of literature. Thus we paſs our evenings in various converſation; and the day, even when it is at the longeſt, ſteals away imperceptibly. Upon ſome occaſions, I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For inſtance, if I have ſtudied longer or walked more than uſual, after my ſecond ſleep and reading an oration or two aloud, inſtead of uſing my chariot I get on horſeback; by which means I take as much exerciſe and loſe leſs time. The viſits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim ſome part of the day; and ſometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very ſeaſonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuſe myſelf with ſporting, but always take my tablets into the field, that though I ſhould not meet with game, I may at leaſt bring home ſomething. Part of my time too (though not ſo much as they deſire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their ruſtic complaints give a zeſt to my ſtudies and engagements of the polite kind. Farewel.

LETTER CXL.

To Muſticus.

IN compliance with the advice of the Aruſpices*, I intend to rebuild and enlarge the temple of Ceres, which ſtands upon my eſtate. It is indeed a very ancient fabric, and though extremely ſmall, yet upon a certain ſtated anniverſary is much frequented. On the 13th of September great numbers of people from all the country round aſſemble there, at which time many affairs are tranſacted, and many vows paid and offered; but there is no ſhelter for them againſt the inclemency of the weather. I imagine then, I ſhall [illegible] once an act of piety and munificence, [illegible] the ſame time that I build a [illegible] temple, I add to it a ſpacious portico; [illegible] firſt for the ſervice of the goddeſs, [illegible] other for the uſe of the people. I [illegible] therefore you would purchaſe for me [illegible] marble pillars, of whatever kind you [illegible] think proper; as alſo a quantity of [illegible] for laying the floor and incruſting [illegible] walls. You muſt likewiſe either [illegible] ſtatue of the goddeſs, or procure one [illegible] be made; for age has maimed, in [illegible] parts, the ancient one of wood which [illegible] there at preſent. With reſpect to the [illegible] tico, I do not recollect there is any [illegible] you can ſend me that will be ſervice[illegible] unleſs you will ſketch me out a plan [illegible] able to the ſituation of the place. It is [illegible] practicable to build it round the [illegible] becauſe it is encompaſſed on one [illegible] the river, whoſe banks are exceeding [illegible] ſteep; and on the other, by the high [illegible] Beyond this road lies a very large [illegible] dow, in which the portico may be [illegible] veniently enough placed, oppoſite to [illegible] temple; unleſs you, who know ſo well [illegible] to conquer the inconveniences of [illegible] by art, can propoſe ſome better [illegible] Farewel.

* The buſineſs of the Aruſpices was, to examine the beaſts which were offered in ſacrifice, and from thence to foretel the ſucceſs of any enterprize.

LETTER CXLI.

To Fuſcus.

YOU are much pleaſed, I find, with [illegible] account I gave you in my former [illegible] ter, of the manner in which I ſpend [illegible] ſummer ſeaſon at Tuſcum; and deſire [illegible] know what alteration I make in my [illegible] thod, when I am at Laurentinum in [illegible] winter? None at all, except abridg[illegible] myſelf of my ſleep at noon, and [illegible] ploying part of the night in ſtudy: [illegible] if any cauſe requires my attendance [illegible] Rome (which in winter very frequent[illegible] happens), inſtead of having interlude[illegible] muſic after ſupper, I meditate upon [illegible] I have dictated, and by often reviving [illegible] in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my ſcheme [illegible] life in ſummer and winter; to which [illegible] may add the intermediate ſeaſons of [illegible] and autumn. As at thoſe times I [illegible] nothing of the day, ſo I ſtudy but little [illegible] the night. Farewel.

LEGANT EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN LETTERS.

SECTION I.

MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE.

LETTER I.

Robert Repps to John Paston, Esq.

To my right reverend, and right honourable Master, John Paston, be this given.

RIGHT, &c. Tidings, the duke of Orleans* hath made his oath upon the sacrament, and used it, never for to bear armes against England, in the presence of the king, and all the lords, except my lord of Gloucester†; and in proving my said lord of Gloucester agreed never to his defiance, when the mass began, he took his oath, &c.

God give grace the said lord of Orleans be true, for this same week shall he come into France.

Also Frenchmen and Picards a great number came to Arfleet‡, for to have rescued it; and our lords with their small puissance manly beat them, and put them to flight, and blessed be our Lord, have taken the said city of Arfleet; the which is a great jewel to all England, and especially to our country.

Moreover there is one come into England, a knight out of Spain, with a kerchief of plesaunce§ enwrapped about his arm; the which knight will run a course with a sharp spear for his sovereign lady's sake, whom, either sir Richard Wodvile‖, or sir Christopher Talbot¶, shall deliver to the worship of England, and of themselves by God's grace.

Farthermore ye be remembered, that an esquire of Suffolk, called John Lyston recovered in assize of novel dissesin, seven hundred marks (466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) in damages against sir Robert Wingfield, &c. In avoiding of the payment of the said seven hundred marks, the said sir Robert Wingfield, subtely hath outlawed the said John Lyston in Nottinghamshire, by the vertue

* Charles, duke of Orleans and Milan, was [illegible] 14 R. II. and was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, fought on Friday [illegible] October, 1415, 3 H. V. where he was [illegible] a heap of dead bodies almost lifeless; [illegible] a prisoner till this time (1 Nov. [illegible] H. VI.), a space of twenty-five years. [illegible] V. on his death bed, had ordered that [illegible] should not be released, till a peace with [illegible] concluded; and the duke of Gloucester [illegible] now protested against his enlargement [illegible] his protest recorded.

[illegible] however, availed nothing, for the Cardinal of Winchester, Henry Beaufort, and [illegible] prevailed.

[illegible] of Orleans died in 1465. 5 E. IV.

[illegible] Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, [illegible] son of Henry IV. and protector of Henry [illegible] murdered at Bury St. Edmunds in 1447, [illegible] contrivance of Queen Margaret and the [illegible] Suffolk, &c.

‡ Harfleur, a port town in France, in the province of Normandy.

§ A scarfe, or rich embroidered handkerchief, presented him by his sovereign lady, and which, in honour of her, he wore tied upon his arm; such ornaments were often worn by knights at their tilting matches.

‖ Afterwards earl Rivers, and father to Elizabeth, the queen of Edward IV.---He was beheaded at Banbury, in 1469.

¶ Third son of John, the famous earl of Shrewsbury. He was slain in the battle of Northampton, in July, 1460, fighting for the house of Lancaster.

of which outlawry, all manner of chattel to the said John Lyston appertaining are accrued unto the king, &c. And anon *(as soon)* as the said outlawry was certified, my lord treasurer granted the said seven hundred marks to my lord of Norfolk, for the arrears of his sowde *(pay)* whilst he was in Scotland. And according to the assignment aforesaid, tailles *(were)* delivered, &c. And my lord of Norfolk hath released the same seven hundred marks to sir Robert Wingfield.

And here is great heaving and shoving by my lord of Suffolk* and all his counsel, for to espy how this matter came about, &c. Sir, I beseech *(you)* recommend me unto my mistress your mother, to my mistress your wife, and to my mistress your sister, et omnibus alijs quorum interest, &c.

Sir, I pray you, with all my heart, hold me excused, that I write thus homely and briefly unto you, for truly convenable *(competent)* space sufficed me not.

No more, at this time, but the trinity have you in protection, &c. and when your leisure is, resort again unto your college, the Inner Temple, for there be many which fore desire your presence, Welles and others, &c.

Written on the feast of All Saints, between mass and matins calamo festinante, &c.

LETTER† II.

John Northwood to John Viscount Beaumont‡.

To my worshipful and reverend Lord, John Viscount Beaumont,

RIGHT worshipful, and my reverend, and most special lord, I recommend me unto your good grace in the most humble and lowly wise, that I can or may, desiring to hear of your prosperity and welfare, as to my most singular joy and special comfort.

And if it please your highness, as touching the sudden adventure that fell lately at Coventry, please it your lordship to [illegible] that on Corpus Christi even last past [illegible] tween eight and nine of the clock in [illegible] noon, sir Humphrey Stafford§ had [illegible] my master, sir James of Ormond‖, [illegible] his inn from my lady of Shrewsbury¶, [illegible] returned from him towards his inn, [illegible] with sir Robert Harcourt** coming [illegible] his mother's towards his inn, and passed [illegible] Humphery; and Richard his son [illegible] somewhat behind, and when they met [illegible] gether, they fell in hands together, and [illegible] Richard smote him a great stroke on [illegible] head with his sword, and Richard with [illegible] dagger hastily went toward him, and as [illegible] stumbled, one of Harcourt's men [illegible] him in the back with a knife; men [illegible] *(know)* not who it was readily; his son [illegible] heard *(a)* noise, and rode toward [illegible] and his men ran before him thither [illegible] and in the going down off his horse, [illegible] he wot not who, behind him smote him [illegible] the head with an edged tool, men know [illegible] with us, with what weapon, that he [illegible] down, and his son fell down before him [illegible] good as dead; and all this was done, [illegible] men say, in a Pater-noster†† while.

And forthwith sir Humphery Stafford [illegible] men followed after, and slew two men [illegible] Harcourts, one Swynerton and Bradshaw [illegible] and more be hurt, some be gone, and [illegible] be in prison in the jail of Coventry.

And before the coroner of Coventry [illegible] upon the sight of the bodies, there be [illegible] dited as principals, for the death of [illegible] chard Stafford, sir Robert Harcourt, [illegible] the two men that be dead; and for the [illegible] men of Harcourt's that be dead, there [illegible] indited two men of sir Humphrey's [illegible] principals; and as yet there hath been [illegible] thing found before the justice of the peace of Coventry of this riot, because the [illegible] of Warwickshire is dead, and they may [illegible]

* William de la Pole, earl of Suffolk; he was afterwards duke of Suffolk, and beheaded at sea, in 1450.

† This letter presents us with the effects of a private dispute, and gives us an instance of the dangerous, though common ferocity of these unsettled times; it must have been written between 1440 and 1450, as in the former year lord Beaumont was created a viscount, and in the latter sir Humphrey Stafford was killed.

‡ John Viscount Beaumont, so created in February, 1439-40, 18 H. VI. was the first of that title by patent in England; he was killed at the battle of Northampton, in July 1460, fighting for the house of Lancaster.

§ He was a collateral branch of the family [illegible] the duke of Buckingham; and, in June [illegible] commanded a detachment of the royal army, [illegible] out against the rebel Jack Cade; his party fell [illegible] an ambush, and he was killed.

‖ Query, whether James, son of the earl of [illegible] mond, who afterwards, in 1449, was created [illegible] of Wiltshire.

¶ Wife of John Talbot, the famous earl [illegible] Shrewsbury.

** He signalised himself in the wars of Hen. VI. and Edward IV. was a knight of the garter, and, in November 1470, 10 E. IV. was [illegible] the Staffords, perhaps in revenge for this [illegible] of Richard Stafford.

†† Proverbially, a short time; for our forefathers, who were to repeat a great number of Pater nosters at once, performed the business in a very expeditious manner.

the time there be a new sheriff; this mischief fell because of an old that was between them, for taking tress, as it is told.

Almighty Jesu preserve your high my special lord, and send you long good health.

Written at Coventry on Tuesday next, Corpus Christi day, &c.

LETTER* III.

Humphrey Stafford†, Duke of Buckingham, to John Viscount Beaumont.

The right worshipful, and with all mine heart right entirely beloved Brother, the Viscount Beaumont‡.

RIGHT worshipful, and with all mine heart right entirely beloved brother, I recommend me to you, thanking right heartily your good brotherhood, for your good and gentle letters, the which it hath liked you to send unto me now late; and like it you to know, I perceive, by the tenor of the said letter, your good desire of certain debt that I owe unto you.

In good faith, brother, it is so with me at this time, that I have but easy stuff of money within me, for so much as the season of the year is not yet grown, so that I may not please your said good brotherhood, as God knoweth my will and intent were to do, and *(if)* I had it.

Nevertheless, and *(if)* it like you, I send you by my son Stafford, an obligation whereof, of late time, I have received part of the debt therein comprised; the residue of which I pray you to receive by the said obligation, and that I may have an acquittance thereof, and to give credence unto my said son in such thing as he shall say unto your good brotherhood on my behalf.

Right worshipful, and with all mine heart right entirely beloved brother, I beseech the blessed Trinity, preserve you in honour and prosperity.

Written at my castle of Makestock, the 17th day of March.

* This letter has no date of the year, but it must have been written after 1444, 23 H. VI. in which year the earl of Stafford was created duke of Buckingham, and most probably before the breaking out of the civil war, as the duke makes no complaint of the distresses of the times, but only mentions that season of the year, as not so proper for him to procure money.

The sentiments contained in the letter are those of a just man, and a man of honour, wishing to discharge his debt at the time appointed, which, as he could not do in money, he performs by sending an obligation which he had from his son, upon which lord Beaumont might receive the demand.

The direction and address of those letters, which are written from one knight of the garter to another, shew us, that in this age they esteemed one another as friends and brethren united by the most noble order, whose institution directs that the knights companions should be "Fellows and brethren united in all chances of fortune, partners both in peace and war, assistant to one another in all serious and dangerous transactions, and through the whole course of their lives, faithful and friendly one towards another."

The letter itself is written by the duke's secretary, but the conclusion and signature are by his own hand, and it is most probably the only original letter extant of this great peer.

† Humphrey Stafford, earl of Stafford, &c. was created duke of Buckingham, in 1444, 23 H. VI. His mother was the lady Anne, only daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son to Edward III. He was firm in the interest of his sovereign, and lost his life in the battle of Northampton, in July 1460, where he jointly commanded with the duke of Somerset.

His son Stafford, mentioned in this letter, was most probably Humphrey earl of Stafford, who was wounded at the first battle of St. Albans, in 1455, of which wounds he soon after died; if so, it doubtedly ascertains the date of this letter to the period between 1444 and 1455.

‡ John Beaumont was created viscount Beaumont, in 1439, 18 H. VI. being the first nobleman who bore that title by patent in England. He was a faithful adherent to the king, and was slain in the battle of Northampton, in July 1460.

LETTER IV.

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, to his Son.

The Copy of a notable Letter, written by the Duke of Suffolk§ to his Son, giving him therein very good Counsel.

MY dear and only well-beloved son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him, and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you, and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with his great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

And that, also weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And there as

§ William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, succeeded his brother Michael, slain at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, as earl of Suffolk; he was prime minister, and favourite of Henry VI. and queen Margaret; was created 1443, 23 H. VI. marquis, and in 1448, 26 H. VI. duke of Suffolk. He was banished by the king, at the instigation of the commons, &c. and murdered on the sea, on the 2d of May, 1450, 28 H. VI.

(*whenever*) any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him above all earthly things, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our alder most (*greatest*) high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare* or prosperity of his most royal person, but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother; and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you.

And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it nought and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you and to your company good and vertuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease.

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living; and that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this to his service, in such wise as after parting from this wretched world be and they, may glorify him amongst his angels in heaven.

† Written of mine hand,
The day of my departing fro this.

LETTER V.

J. Payn to John Paston, Esq.

To my right honourable Master, John Paston.

RIGHT honourable and my right ly beloved master, I recommend unto you, with all manner of due in the most lowly wise as me ought evermore desiring to hear of your wor ful state, prosperity and welfare; to I beseech (*beseech*) God, of his abu grace, increase and maintain to his pleasance, and to your heart's desire.

Pleaseth it, your good and gra mastership, tenderly to consider the

* This very particular advice to his son, shows his fears for the king's personal safety at this time.

† The concluding sentences are in rhyme.

This affectionate letter, strongly inculcates son's duty to God, his sovereign, and his gives him good and fartherly counsel, company, his conversation, and transit life; tells him, that in following the advice tain, he will prosper in the world; and solemnly pronouncing a blessing on him includes with a prayer for him and his posterity.

May not this well written epistle alone this duke to a place amongst the noble authors England.

This advice written so immediately upon departure, and so short a time before his must have made a deep impression on his mind, and doubtless in that age the lessons much admired, as even at this period of literature, it may be called a good and an composition.

‡ This letter was written in 1465, 5 E. but it relates so entirely to a transaction in Ja and July 1450, 28 H. VI. that I have thought better to place it here, according to the the event it records, than according to the the time when it was written.

It presents to us, a certain and curious of the commons of Kent, when assembled Blackheath under Cade, in 1450, and was by J. Payn (then a servant to Sir John Fa who was taken by them, carried about with and threatened to have been beheaded, &c.

It truly shews to us the violence and of a body of men, collected chiefly from meanest of the people, combined together pretended purpose of reformation; but the destruction of all good order, and legal ment.

J. Payn had been formerly a servant to Sir Fastolf, of some consequence, and was petitioner for some relief, on account of his and misfortunes, while a prisoner, &c. rebels, from John Paston, one of the executors Sir John Fastolf's will.

[illegible] hurts, that your poor petitioner [illegible] hath had, ever since the com[illegible] of Kent came to Blackheath, and [illegible] fifteen years passed; whereas my [illegible] sir John Fastolf, knight, that is, [illegible], commanded your beseecher [illegible] a man, and two of the best horses [illegible] in his stable, with him to ride to [illegible] of Kent, to get the articles [illegible] came for; and so I did; and also [illegible] as I came to the Blackheath, the [illegible] made the commons to take me; [illegible] the savation *(saving)* of my ma[illegible] I made my fellow to ride away [illegible] two horses; and I was brought [illegible] before the captain of Kent; and [illegible] demanded *(of)* me, what was [illegible] of coming hither, and why that I [illegible] fellow to steal away with the [illegible]; and I said, that I came thither to [illegible] with my wife's brethren, and others [illegible] mine allies, and gossips of mine, [illegible] present there; and then was there [illegible], and *(who)* said to the captain, [illegible] was one of sir John Fastolf's men, [illegible] two horses were sir John Fastolf's; [illegible] the captain, let cry treason upon [illegible] throughout all the field, and brought [illegible] four parts of the field, with a herald [illegible] duke of Exeter† before me, in the [illegible] coat of arms, making four oyez at [illegible] parts of the field; proclaiming openly [illegible] said herald, that I was sent thither [illegible] espy their puissance, and their habi[illegible] of war, from the greatest traitor that [illegible] in England or in France, as the said [illegible] made proclamation at that time, [illegible] sir John Fastolf, knight, the [illegible] minished *(diminished)* all the garri[illegible] of Normandy, and Manns, and Mayn, [illegible] was the cause of the losing of all [illegible] title and right of an heritance, [illegible] had beyond sea. And moreover, [illegible] said, that the said sir John Fastolf had [illegible] his place with old soldiers of Nor[illegible] and habiliments of war, to destroy the commons of Kent, when they came to Southwark, and therefore he said plainly that I should lose my head; and so forthwith I was taken, and led to the captain's tent, and one axe and one block was brought forth to have smitten off mine head; and then my master Poynyngs, your brother, with others of my friends came, and letted *(prevented)* the captain, and said plainly, that there should die an hundred or two, that in case be, that I died; and so by that mean my life was saved at that time.

And then I was sworn to the captain, and to the commons, that I should go to Southwark, and array me in the best wise that I could, and come again to them to help them; and so I got the articles, and brought them to my master, and that cost me more amongst the commons that day than 27*s*.

Whereupon I came to my master Fastolf, and brought him the articles, and informed him, of all the matter, and counselled him to put away all his habiliments of war, and the old soldiers, and so he did, and went himself to the tower, and all his meny *(family)* with him, but Betts and Matthew Brayn; and had not I been, the commons would have brenned *(burnt)* his place, and all his tenuries; where though it cost me of my own proper goods at that time more than six marks (4*l*.) in meat and drink, and *(yet)* notwithstanding the captain that same time, let take me at the White Hart, in Southwark, and there commanded Lovelace to dispoil me of mine array, and so he did; and there he took a fine gown of muster' devillers furred with fine beavers, and one pair of brigandines‡ covered with blue velvet and gilt nails, with leg-harness; the value of the gown and the brigandines 8*l*.

Item, the captain sent certain of his meny to my chamber in your rents, and there *(they)* broke up my chest, and took away one obligation of mine, that was due unto me of 36*l*. by a priest of Paul's, and one other obligation, of one knight of 10*l*. and my purse with five rings of gold, and 17*s*. and 6*d*. of gold and silver; and one harness complete of the touch of Milan§; and one gown of fine Perse blue, furred with martens; and two gowns, one furred with Bogey, and one other lined with frieze; and

[illegible] Cade, an Irishman; he called himself [illegible] Mortimer, of the house of Marche, he was [illegible] styled Captain Mend-all.

[illegible] be supposed that the duke of Exe[illegible] Lancastrian took any part in this [illegible], but it is probable his herald might be [illegible] the service of the rebels.

[illegible] Holland, duke of Exeter, though he [illegible] Anne, sister of Edward IV. always adher[illegible] house of Lancaster, and after the battle [illegible] 1471, took sanctuary at Westminster; [illegible] privately escaped abroad, where he liv[illegible] poverty and distress. It is said that his [illegible] found in 1474, on the sea-shore, on [illegible] of Kent.

‡ A coat of mail, consisting of many jointed and scale-like plates, &c.

§ Milan, a city in Italy, famous for its works in iron and steel, &c.

there

there would have smitted off mine head, when that they had dispoiled me at (*the*) White Hart; and there my master Poynyngs, and my friends saved me, and so I was put up, till at night that the battle was at London bridge, and then at night the captain put me out into the battle at the bridge, and there I was wounded, and hurt near hand to death; and there I was six hours in the battle, and might never come out thereof; and four times before that time, I was carried about throught Kent and Sussex, and there they would have smitten off my head; and in Kent there as (*where*) my wife dwelled, they took away all our goods moveable that we had; and there would have hanged my wife, and five of my children, and left her no more goods but her kirtle and her smock; and anon after that hurling (*commotion*), the bishop of Rochester impeached me to the queen, and so I was arrested by the queen's commandment into the marshalsea, and there was in right great duress, and fear of mine life, and was threatened to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and so (*they*) would have made me have impeached my master Fastolf of treason, and because that I would not, they had me up to Westminster, and there they would have sent me to the gaol house at Windsor, but my wife's, and one cousin of mine own, that were yeomen of the crown, they went to the the king, and got grace and one charter of pardon.

LETTER VI.

Margaret Paston to John Paston, Esq.

To my right worshipful Master, John Paston, be this delivered in haste,

RIGHT worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, praying you to weet, &c. (*here follows some account of money received, &c.*)

As for tidings, the queen* came into this town on Tuesday last past after noon, and abode here till it was Thursday three *o'clock* afternoon; and she sent after my cousin Elizabeth Clere by Sharinborn to come to her; and she durst not disobey her commandment, and came to her; and when she came in the queen's presence, the queen made right much of her, and desired her to have an husband, the which ye shall know of hereafter; but as for that he is not nearer than he was before; the queen was right well pleased with her answer, and supporteth of her in the best wise, and said by her truth, she saw no gentlewoman since she came into Norfolk, that she liked better than she doth her.

Blake, the bailey of Swaffham, was here with the king's brother, and he came to me, wening that ye had been at home; and said, that the king's brother desired him that he should pray you in his name to come to him, for he would right fain that ye had come to him, if ye had been at home; and he told me, that he will write that he should send for you, when he comes to London, both for Cossey and other things.

I pray you that ye will do your cost on me against Witsuntide, that I may have something for my neck; when the queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth Clere's device†, for I durst not for shame go with my beads‡ amongst so many freshe§ gentlewomen as here were at that time.

The blessed Trinity have you in his keeping.

Written at Norwich on the Friday next before Saint George.

LETTER‖ VII.

John de Vere, Earl of Oxenford, to John Paston, Esq.

To our well-beloved John Paston,

RIGHT well beloved, I greet you well; and as touching for tidings I can none, saving

* Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI. alarmed at the report of the approach of Edward, earl of March, (son to the duke of York,) towards London with a great power endeavoured to make what friends she could; and amongst other places, on her journey for that purpose, visited Norwich, Edmund de Hadham, and Jasper of Hatfield, the king's half brothers attending her.

Her familiarity and obliging address pleased the gentry, and shows that she understood the art of conciliating the goodwill of those with whom she conversed.

† A device or ornament for the neck.

‡ Necklaces of Beads, &c. appear to have been worn at this time, though she either did not think her's handsome, or fashionable enough to be put on upon this occasion.

§ May not the word *fresch* mean French or foreign gentlewomen attendant on the queen? though it most probably means, fresh, gay, or well-dressed ladies.

‖ The contents of this letter plainly point out to us, that the election of the members of the house of commons, even for counties, was, in this distant age, influenced by the great and leading men of the time.

We have here the clearest evidence that Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, at their meeting at Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, determined who should be returned knights of the shire for the county of Norfolk, and sent their instructions accordingly to John

that my lord of Norfolk met with d of York at Bury on Thursday, and were together till Friday nine of the and then they departed; and there gleman of my lord of York took, yeoman of mine, John Deye, a to- d a sedell (*schedule*) of my lord's in- whom he would have knights of the and I send you a sedell closed (*schedule*) of their names in this same , wherefore me thinketh (*it*) well to perform my lord's intent, &c.

ritten the 18th day of October, at in.

y of Norfolk, { Sir Wm. Chamberlayn. Henry Grey. }

LETTER* VIII.

John Jernyngan, to Margaret Paston.

o my right worshipful cousin, Margaret Paston, this letter be delivered in haste.

GHT worshipful, and my best beloved mistress and cousin, I recommend me you as lowly as I may, evermore de- g to hear of your good welfare; the I beseech Almighty Jesu to preserve , and keep you to his pleasure, and to gracious heart's desire.

And if it please you to hear of my wel- , I was in good hele (*health,*) at the ing of this letter, blessed be God; praying you, that it please you for to send me word, if my father were at Norwich with you at this Trinity mass, or no; and how the matter doth between my mistress Blanch Witchingham and me; and if ye suppose that it shall be brought about or no; and how ye feel my father, if he be well willing thereto or no; praying you lowly that I may be recommended lowly unto my mistress; Arblaster's wife; and unto my mistress Blanch, her daughter, specially.

Right worshipful cousin, if it please you for to hear of such tidings as we have here, the Basset (*Embassy*) of Burgundy shall come to Calais, the Saturday after Corpus Christi day, as men say five hundred horse of them.

Moreover, on Trinity Sunday, in the morning, came tidings unto my Lord of Warwick, that there were 28 sail of ships on the sea, and whereof there was 16 great ships of forecastle; and then my Lord went, and manned five ships of forecastle* and three carvells† and four spynnes‡; and on the Monday, in the morning, after Trinity Sunday, we met together afore Calais, at four at the clock in the morning, and fought together till ten at the clock; and there we took six of their ships, and they slew of our men about four score, and hurt a 200 of us right sore; and there were slain on their part about 120, and hurt a 500 of them.

And happed me, at the first aboarding of us, we took a ship of 300 ton, and I was left therein, and 23 men with me; and they fought so sore, that our men were fain to leave them and go the||, and then come they and aboarded the ship that I was in, and there I was taken, and was prisoner with them six hours, and was delivered again for their men that were taken before; and, as men say, there was not so great a battle upon the sea this forty winters; and forsooth we were well and truly beat, and my Lord hath sent for more ships, and like to fight together again in haste.

No more I write unto you at this time, but that it please you for to recommend

ch de Vere, earl of Oxford, at this time to have been a friend to the duke of York, therefore must have been written pre- to the duke's professed design upon the for in that contest, the earl sided with the Lancaster, and being taken, was behead- 1461, the first year of Edward IV. when he 55 years old. He married Elizabeth, ter and heir of sir John Howard, knight, ir Fastolf's possessions at Winch, in Norfolk.

The names of the two candidates to be elected, written on a schedule, or strip of paper, which d to the original letter by a piece of wax.

* The beginning of this letter, after the usual ns, refers to a marriage that seemed for the writer; the other part gives a particular and curious account of a sea en- , in which the writer was present and between the Earl of Warwick and Spaniards; about which our historians are divided, as to what nation the ships taken, ged, &c.

From this authentic narrative it appears that Earl took six of the trading ships of Spain, then was obliged to retreat, and secure them himself in Calais; the immediate exchange prisoners is a curious piece of intelligence.

This battle was fought on Monday the 29th of 1458, 36 *H. VI.* Hollinshed says this sea engagement was fought about Midsummer, 1459, .

A commission of enquiry concerning this en- ment was granted in July, 1458.

† Ships of forecastle were ships with forestages, and carried about 150 men each; they were the largest ships then in use.

A barge carried about 80 men, and a balynger about 40.

‡ Carvels were ships of a middle size.

§ Spinnes or pinnaces, carried about 25 men each.

|| These words are struck across in the original letter.

me unto my right reverend, and worshipful cousin, your husband; and mine uncle Gournay; and to mine aunt, his wife; and to all good masters and friends, where it shall please you; and after the writing I have from you, I shall be at you in all haste.

Written on Corpus Christi day in great haste.

LETTER* IX.

Robert Wenyngton, to Thomas Daniel, Esq.

To my reverend master, Thomas Daniel, Esq. for the King's Body, be this letter delivered in haste.

MOST reverend master, I recommend me unto your gracious mastership, ever desiring to hear of your worshipful estate; the which Almighty God maintain it, and increase it unto his pleasance *(pleasure.)*

Pleasing you to know of my welfare, and of all your men, at the making of this letter, we were in good health of body, blessed be God.

Moreover master, I send you word by Ravly Pickering of all matters, the which I beseech you give him credence, as he will inform you of all, so sure I beseech you in the reverence of God, that ye will inform our Sovereign Lord the King of all matters, that I send you in this letter; like as I have sent a letter to my Lord Chancellor, and to all my Lords by the said Pickering; the which letter, I beseech you that ye take and deliver to my Lord, and all my Lords by your own hands, and let the said Pickering declare all things as he hath seen and know.

First I send you word that when we went to sea, we took two ships of Brest coming out of Flanders; and then after, there is made a great arming in Britayne to meet with me and my fellowship, that is to say, the great ship of Brest, the great ship of Morlaix, the great ship of Vannes, with other eight ships, barges, and bal ngers to the number of 3000 men, and so we lay on the sea to meet with them.

And then we met with a flote *(fleet)* of an hundred great ships of Prusc, Lubeck, Campe, Rostock, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, betwixt Guernsey and Portland; and there I came aboard the Admiral, and bad them strike in the king's name of England, and they bade me [illegible] in the king's name of England; [illegible] I and my fellowship said, but [illegible] strike down the sail, that I will [illegible] them by the grace of God, and [illegible] send me wind and weather; and [illegible] me do my worst, because I had [illegible] ships and so small, that they scorned [illegible]

And as God would, on Friday [illegible] we had a good wind; and then we [illegible] us to the number of 2000 men in [illegible] lowship, and made us ready to [illegible] them; and then they launched a boat, set up a standard of truce, and came [illegible] speak with me, and there they were [illegible] ed all the hundred ships to go with me [illegible] what port that me list and my fellow[illegible] they fought with me the day before, [illegible] shot at us a 1000 guns, and quarrel[illegible] of number, and have slain many of [illegible] fellowship, and maimed also.

Wherefore methinketh that they [illegible] forfeited both ships and goods at our [illegible] reign Lord the king's will.

Beseeching you that ye do your pa[illegible] this matter, for this I have written to [illegible] Lord Chancellor, and all my lords of [illegible] king's council; and so I have brou[illegible] them, all the hundred ships, within Wi[illegible] *(the Isle of Wight)* in spite of them all.

And ye might get leave of our sove[illegible] lord the king to come hither, it shall [illegible] you to great worship, and profit, to [illegible] make our appointment in the king's [illegible] for ye saw never such a sight of ships [illegible] into England this hundred winters; [illegible] we lie armed night and day to keep [illegible] in, to the time that we have tidings [illegible] our sovereign, and his council; for [illegible] they have done harm to me, and to [illegible] fellowship, and to your ships, more [illegible] 2000l. worth *(of)* harm.

And therefore I am advised, and all [illegible] fellowship, to * drown them and slay [illegible] without that we have tidings from our [illegible] vereign the king, and his council; [illegible] therefore in the reverence of God [illegible] ye yourself, and ye shall have a [illegible] avail, and worship for your coming to [illegible] a such sight, for I dare well say, that [illegible] have here at this time, all the chief [illegible] of Dutchland, Holland, Zealand, and Flan[illegible] ders, and now it were time for to [illegible] a final peace, as for these parts.

I write no more to you at this time, but Almighty Jesu have *(you)* in his keeping.

* This letter must have been written in the reign of Henry VI. but in what year I cannot say; it contains a curious historical anecdote, greatly to the honour of the commander of the ships.

* It seems contrary to all rules of war or hu[illegible] manity to drown or slay prisoners of war, after they have surrendered.

[illegible]e in haste within Wight, on Sun-[illegible]ight after the ascension of our

LETTER X.

*[illegible] Paston to his Mother.**

[illegible]ght reverend and worshipful mother, [illegible] Paston, dwelling at Caster, be this [illegible]

HT reverend and worshipful mother, [illegible]commend me unto you as humbly [illegible] think, desiring most heartily to [illegible]ur welfare and heart's ease, which God send you as hastily as any heart [illegible]k.

[illegible] it you to weet, that at the making [illegible] Bill, my brother, and I, and all [illegible]ship, were in good heele (*health*), [illegible] be God.

[illegible]r the guiding here in this country, [illegible] worshipful as all the world can de-[illegible] and there were never Englishmen [illegible] good chear out of England, that [illegible]heard of.†

[illegible] tidings here, but if (*unless*) it be [illegible]fail, I can none send you; saving, [illegible] lady Margaret was married on [illegible] last past at a town that is called [illegible]ame, three miles out of Bruges, at [illegible] the clock in the morning; and she [illegible]rought the same day to Bruges to her [illegible]r; and there she was received as [illegible]ipfully as all the world could desire; [illegible] procession with ladies, and lords, [illegible] of any people, that ever I saw [illegible] of. [illegible]y Pageants were played [illegible] Bruges to her welcoming, [illegible]; and the same day [illegible] the [illegible]ard, took upon him to an-[illegible]ty-four knights and gentlemen, [illegible] days at Justs of Peace; and [illegible] were [illegible], they twen-[illegible] and himself should turney with [illegible] twenty-five the next day after, which [illegible] Monday next coming; and that they [illegible] with him into this day, have been as richly beseen, and himself also, as cloth of gold, and silk, and silver, and goldsmiths work, might make them; for of such gear, and gold, and pearl, and stones, they of the duke's court, neither gentlemen nor gentlewomen, they want none; for without (*unless*) that they have it by wishes, by my truth, I heard never of so great plenty as here is.

This day my lord Scales justed with a lord of this country, but not with the bastard; for they made (*a*) promise at London, that none of them both should never deal with other in arms; but the bastard was one of the lords, that brought the lord Scales into the field; and of misfortune an horse struck my lord Bastard on the leg, and hath hurt him so sore, that I can think he shall be of no power to accomplish up his arms: and that is great pity, for by my faith I trow (*think*) God made never a more worshipful knight.

And as for the duke's court, as of lords, ladies and gentlewomen, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, I heard never of none like to it, save king Arthur's court. And by my truth, I have no wit nor remembrance to write to you, half the worship that is here; but what lacketh, as it cometh to mind I shall tell you, when I come home, which I trust to God shall not be long tofore. We depart out of Bruges homeward on Tuesday next coming, and all folk that came with my lady of Burgoyn (*Burgundy*) out of England, except such as shall abide here still with her, which I wot (*know*) well shall be but few.

We depart the sooner, for the duke hath word that the ‡ French king is purposed to make war upon him hastily, and that he is within four or five days journey of Bruges, and the duke rideth on Tuesday next coming, forward to meet with him; God give him good speed, and all his; for by my truth they are the goodliest fellowship that ever I came amongst, and best can behave them, and most like gentlemen.

Other tidings have we none here, but that the duke of Somerset, and all his

* We have in this letter a most curious and au-[illegible]ount of the marriage of Charles the [illegible] of Burgundy, with Margaret, daughter [illegible] Plantagenet, duke of York, and sister [illegible] IV. and of the subsequent diversions [illegible] Bruges in honour of it, written by [illegible] an eye-witness, who, with his [illegible] John Paston, Knight, attended in the [illegible] princess.

[illegible]scription here given affords us an high [illegible] of the splendour of the court of the duke, [illegible] gaiety of the courtiers.

† This is the opinion of a true Englishman.

‡ Charles VII. It is worthy of remark how cautious the writers of these times were not to give the title of king of France, to the ruler of that kingdom, but to style him the French king. In this place, (and I have observed it in others) the word "Kyng" (intending to go on with, of France) was written without consideration, and then, on observing it, immediately crossed out, and "Frenshe Kyng" put in its place.

bands

bands departed well beseen out of Bruges a day before that my lady the duchess came thither, and they say here, that he is to queen Margaret that was, and shall no more come here again, nor be holpen by the duke.

No more, but I beseech you of your blessing as lowly as I can, which I beseech you forget not to give me every day once; and, mother, I beseech you that ye will be good mistress to my little man, and to see that he go to school.

I sent my cousin Dawbeney 5*s.* by Calle's man, for to buy for him such gear as he needeth; and mother I pray you this bill may recommend me to my sisters both, and to the master, my cousin Dawbeney, sir James, sir John Stylle, and to pray him to be good master to little Jack, and to learn him well; and I pray you that this bill may recommend me to all your folks, and to my well willers; and I pray God send you your heart's desire.

Written at Bruges the Friday next after saint Thomas.

LETTER* XI.

Elizabeth Brews to John Paston, Esq.

To my worshipful Cousin John Paston, be this bill delivered, &c.

COUSIN, I recommend me unto you, thanking you heartily for the great cheer ye made me, and all my folks, the last time that I was at Norwich; and ye promised me, that ye would never break the matter to Margery unto such time, as ye and I were at a point. But ye have made her such (*an*) advocate for you, that I may never have rest night nor day, for calling and crying upon to bring the said matter to effect, &c.

And cousin, upon Friday is saint Valentine's day, and every bird chuseth him a mate; and if it like you to come on Thursday at night, and so purvey you, that ye may abide there till Monday, I trust to God, that ye shall so speak to mine husband; and I shall pray, that we shall bring the matter to a conclusion, &c.

For, cousin, "it is but a simple oak,
"That's cut down at the first stroke,"
for ye will be reasonable I trust [illegible]
which have you ever in his mer[illegible]
ing, &c.

LETTER† XII.

Margery Brews to John Paston, Esq.

Unto my right well beloved Valentine, John Paston, Esquire, be this bill delivered.

RIGHT reverend and worship[illegible] my right well beloved Valentine, recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to pr[illegible] unto his pleasure, and your heart's [illegible]

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heel (health) of body, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you; for there wottys (knows) no creature, what pain that I endure, for to be dead I dare it not discover.

And my lady my mother hath [illegible] the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know for the which God knoweth I am sorry. But if that ye love me, as I verily that ye do, ye will not leave therefore.

And if ye command me to keep me true [illegible] ever I go,
I wis I will do all my might you to love [illegible] never no mo.
And if my friends say, that I do amiss,
They shall not me let so for to do,
Mine heart me bids evermore to love you [illegible]
Truly over all earthly thing,
And if they be never so wrath,
I trust it shall be better in time coming.

No more to you at this time, but [illegible] holy trinity have you in keeping; and [illegible] beseech you that this bill be not seen [illegible] none earthly creature save only your[illegible]

And this letter was indited at Topcr[illegible] with full heavy heart, &c.

* This is a letter from lady Brews, the mother of the gentlewoman, to whom John Paston was desirous of paying his addresses, and whom he married. We here see that the custom of choosing Valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry at this time.

† We have in this letter the genuine [illegible] the heart of a young lady deeply in love, [illegible] fearing that her father will not give her [illegible] fortune on her marriage, as the gentleman, [illegible] paid his addresses to her expected. She [illegible] fears the continuance of his affection, but [illegible] him of hers.

Some parts of the letter seem intended for [illegible] as the lines, though unequal, rhyme; I have written them, in the modernized letter [illegible] rhymes end the lines.

The lady appears conscious that she has [illegible] her heart in the letter, and with a becoming [illegible] desty conjures J. Paston, that it may "be [illegible] of non' erthely creatur save only himself."

LET-

LETTER* XIII.

From the same, to the same.

my right well beloved cousin John Paston, Esquire, be this letter delivered, &c.

GHT worshipful and well beloved Valentine, in my most humble wise, I commend me unto you, &c. And heartily ank you for the letter, which that ye me, by John Beckerton, whereby I rstand and know, that ye be purposed come to Topcroft in short time, and out any errand or matter, but only to a conclusion of the matter betwixt my r and you; I would be most glad of creature alive, so that the matter might to effect. And thereas (*whereas*) ye and (*if*) ye come and find the matter more towards you than ye did aforetime, could no more put my father and my my mother to no cost nor business, for cause a good while after, which causeth heart to be full heavy; and if that ye e, and the matter take to none effect, n should I be much more sorry, and full heaviness.

And as for myself I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand, that my father will no more money t withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* d 50 marks (33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) which is right from the accomplishment of your de-e.

Wherefore, if that ye could be content th that good, and my poor person, I ould be the merriest maiden on ground; d if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or at ye might have much more good, as I ve understood by you afore; good, true, d loving Valentine, that ye take no such bour upon you, as to come more for that atter, but let (*what*) is, pass, and never ore to be spoken of, as I may be your e lover and beadwoman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

* J. Paston seems by this letter to have answered the last, but not to her satisfaction, respecting her being content to take her with the fortune her father proposed to give on her marriage. She acknowledges the pleasure it would give her to find that he would marry her with the fortune her father had fixed, and with great sensibility requests him, if he cannot acquiesce, not to come to Topcroft, but to let matters remain as they were.

The letter, at the same time that it acknowledges her regard for J. Paston, shews that she had a proper attention to her own consequence, and her father's determination.

LETTER† XIV.

Sir Thomas Brews, to Sir John Paston.

To my right worshipful Cousin, Sir John Paston, Knight, be this Letter delivered, &c.

RIGHT worshipful, and my heartily well beloved cousin, I recommend me unto you, desiring to hear of your welfare, which I pray God may be as continually good as I would have mine own; and cousin, the cause of my writing unto you, at this time, is I feel (*perceive*) well by my cousin John Paston your brother, that ye have understanding of a matter, which is in communication touching a marriage, with God's grace, to be concluded betwixt my said cousin your brother, and my daughter Margery, which is far communed, and not yet concluded, nor neither shall nor may be, till I have answer from you again of your good will and assent to the said matter; and also of the obligation which that I send you herewith; for cousin I would be sorry to see either my cousin your brother, or my daughter, driven to live so mean a life as they should do, if the six score pounds should be paid of their marriage money; and cousin, I have taken myself so near in leaving of (*parting with*) this said six score pounds, that whereas I had laid up an 100*l.* for the marriage of a younger daughter of mine, I have now lent the said 100*l.* and 20*l.* over that, to my cousin your brother, to be paid again by such easy days as the obligation, which I send you herewith, specifies.

And cousin, I were right loath to bestow so much upon one daughter, that the other her sisters should fare the worse; wherefore, cousin, if ye will that this matter shall take effect under such form as my cousin your brother hath written unto you, I pray you put thereto your good will, and some of your cost, as I have done of mine more largely than ever I purpose to do to any two of her sisters, as God knoweth mine intent, whom I beseech to send you your levest (*dearest*) heart's desire.

Written at Topcroft, the 8th day of March, &c.

† This letter, I suppose, accompanied one from J. Paston, in which the exact terms were specified, to his brother sir John. Sir Thomas Brews seemed to expect that sir John Paston would likewise do something for his brother on this occasion.

LET-

LETTER* XV.

Sir John Paston to his Mother.

To my right worshipfull Mother, Margaret Paston.

PLEASE it you to weet, that I have received your letter, wherein is remembered the great hurt, that by likelihood might fall to my brother, if so be that this matter between him and Sir Thomas Brews's daughter take not effect; whereof I would be as sorry as himself reasonably; and also the wealthy and convenient marriage, that should be if it take effect; whereof I would be as glad as any man; and am better content now, that he should have her than any other that ever he was heretofore about to have had considered. Her person, her youth, and the stock that she is come of, the love on both sides, the tender favour that she is in with her father and mother; the kindness of her father and mother to her in departing with her, the favour also and good conceit that they have in my brother, the worshipful and virtuous disposition of her father and mother, which prognosticateth that, of likelihood, the maid should be virtuous and good, all which considered, and the necessary relief that my brother must have, I marvel the less, that ye have departed, and given him the manor of Sparham, in such form as I have knowledge of by W. Gornay, Lomner, and Skipwith; and I am right glad to see in you such kindness unto my brother as ye have done to him; and would by my truth lever (*rather*) than an 100l. that it were fee simple land, as it is intailed, which by likelihood should prosper with him and his blood the better in time to come, and should also never cause debate in our blood in time to come, which God defend (*forbid*), for that were unnatural.

Item, another inconvenience is, whereas I understand that the manor is given to my brother and to his wife, and to the issue between them begotten; if the case were so, that he and she had issue together a daughter or more, and his wife [illegible] and he married after, another, and [illegible] issue a son, that son should have [illegible] land, and he being (*although he be*) [illegible] ther's heir, and for the inconvenience [illegible] I have known late enure in case like, [illegible] yet endureth in Kent, between a gen[illegible] man and his sister, I would ye took [illegible] advice of your counsel in this point, [illegible] that (*which*) is past you by writing or [illegible] promise, I deem verily in you, that [illegible] did it of kindness, and in eschewing of [illegible] more ill that might befall.

Item, whereas it pleaseth you that [illegible] should ratify, grant, and confirm the [illegible] gift unto my brother, it is so, that [illegible] mine honesty I may not, and for [illegible] causes.

The Pope will suffer a thing to be [illegible] but he will not license nor grant it to [illegible] used nor done, and so I.

My brother John knoweth mine [illegible] well enough heretofore in this manner; [illegible] will be found to him as kind a brother [illegible] I may be.

Item, if it be so that Sir Thomas Brews and his wife think that I would trouble my brother and his wife in the said manor, I can find no means to put them in surety thereof, but if it need, to be bound in an obligation with a condition that I shall not trouble nor infet (*infest*) them therein.

Item, I think that she is made fast enough in estate in the land, and that of right I deem they shall make none obstacle at my writing, for I had never none estate in the land, nor I would not that I had.

No more to you at this time, but Almighty God have you in keeping.

Written at Calais, the 28th day of March, in the 17th year of Edward IV.

LETTER† XVI.

John Paston, to Sir John Paston.

To Sir John Paston, Knight,

SIR, pleaseth it to understand, that I receive, by your letter which that ye sent me

* In this letter Sir John Paston shows himself a kind and generous brother, in permitting his mother to give the manor of Sparham, which appears to be entailed on him and his issue, to his younger brother; and though he cannot conscientiously permit the entail to be defeated, as the will of the dead by this means would not be performed, he very readily consents to enter into an engagement to debar himself from ever molesting his brother or his widow in their quiet possessions thereof.

† On the back of this letter is written, "pro "maritag. int". Ricm Call & Margram P[illegible]. "A pleasaunt lre to Sir J. Paston, from his "brother J. Paston, wherein the stoutness of Sir "John is somwhat declared."

The stoutness, or rather family pride, both of Sir John Paston and his brother, are discovered in this letter, in the behaviour of the one to the duke of Norfolk, and in the disdain which the other shewed to the idea of his sister's marriage with a person in trade.

Richard

lade, that ye have heard of Richard labour which he maketh by our unus sister's assent, but whereas they that they have my good will therein, your reverence, they falsly lie of they never spake to me of that mator none other body in their name. asked me once a question, whether understood how it was betwixt Rd. and my sister; I can think that it Calle's means, for when I asked whether Calle desired him to move question or not, he would have away by hums and haas, but I not so be answered; wherefore at he told me that his eldest son desirous to spere (*inquire*) whether that Calle were sure of her or not, for that he knew a good marriage for I wot he lied, for he is whole Richard Calle in that matter; where-that intent that he nor they should comfort of me, I answered him, (*if*) my father, whom God assoil! alive, and had consented thereto, and other, and ye both, he should never my good will for to make my sister to candle and mustard in Framlingham, has with more, which were too long me to you, we departed.

and whereas it pleaseth you in your letcry me mercy, for that ye sent me geer as I sent you money for; I mercy that I was so lewd (*trouble*-to encumber you with any so simple matter, considering the great matters weighty that ye have to do; but need called me, for in this country is no as I sent to you for.

So, whereas it pleaseth you to send to Calle to deliver me money, so help me, I will none ask him for myor none had I of him, nor of none but of mine own since ye de-, but that little that I might forbear of mine own, I have delivered money for household, and paid it in men's wages, and therefore sendeth you word that I have you any money since ye went hence, give you another reckoning, meat and drink, for I eat like of purpose to eat you out at the doors, but that needeth not for you come not within them, wherefore, so God help me, the fellowship here thinks that ye have forgotten us all, wherefore and (*if*) any thing be ill ruled when ye come home wyet (*blame*) it yourself for default of oversight.

Also, I understand for very certain, and it is sent me so word out of my Lord's house, that this Pentecost (*Whitsuntide*) is my lord's counsel at Framlingham, and they purpose this week and the next to hold courts here at Caister, and at all other manors that were Sir John Fastolf's, purchased of Yelverton and of Sir Thomas Howys, whom God assoil, and how that my demeaning shall be, it is too late to send to you for advice; wherefore, and (*if*) I do well I ask no thank, and if I do ill, I pray you lay the default on over little wit, but I purpose to use the first point of hawking, to hold fast and (*if*) I may; but so God help me, and (*if*) they might pull down the house on our heads, I wyet (*blame*) them not, which I trust to God to keep them from; for by God that bought me, the best earl in England would not deal so with my lord and my lady as ye do, without making of some means to them, so God help me, whosoever advise you to do so, he is not your friend; and I may, I trust to God to see you about midsummer or before, for in good faith I ween ye purpose you that it shall be easter ere ye come home, for all your servants here ween that ye purpose no more to deal with them, but to leave them here in hostage to my lord of Norfolk.

Also, Sir, I pray you purvey what inn that my brother Edmund shall be in, for he loseth sore his time here I promise you; I pray you send me word by the next messenger that cometh, and I shall either send him or bring him up with me to London.

Also, Sir, we poor sans deniers (*moneyless men*) of Caister have broken three or four steel bows, wherefore we beseech you and there be any maker of steel bows in London which is very cunning, that ye will send me word, and I shall send you the bows that be broken, which be your own great bow, and Robert Jackson's bow, and John Pamping's bow; these three have cast so many calvys, that they shall never cast quarrels (*square-headed arrows*) till they be new made.

I pray you find the means that my lord have some reasonable mean proffered, so that he and my lady may understand that

Richard Calle has been often mentioned in the preceding letters, and he seems to have been a great friend of the family. This however seems in the opinion of J. Paston by no means to have been sufficient to have authorised pretensions to become the husband of his sister.

ye desire to have his good lordship; I promise you it shall do you ease and your tenants both, and God preserve (*you*).

LETTER* XVII.

Richard Calle to Margery Paston.

To Mistress Margery Paston.

MINE own lady and mistress, and, before God, very true wife, I with heart full sorrowful recommend me unto you, as he that cannot be merry, nor nought shall be till it be otherwise with us then it is yet, for this life that we lead now is neither pleasure to God nor to the world, considering the great bond of matrimony that is made betwixt us, and also the great love that hath been, and as I trust, yet is betwixt us, and as on my part never greater; wherefore I beseech Almighty God comfort us as soon as it pleaseth him, for we that ought of very right to be most together, are most asunder, me seemeth it is a thousand year ago since that I spake with you, I had lever (*rather*) than all the good in the world I might be with you; alas, alas! good lady, full little remember they what they do that keep us thus asunder; four times in the year are they accursed that let (*hinder*) matrimony; it causeth many men to deem in them they have large conscience in other matters as well as herein, but what lady suffer as ye have done, and make you as merry as ye can, for I wis, lady, at the long way, God will of his rightwiseness help his servants that mean truly, and would live accor[illegible] his laws, &c.

I understand, lady, ye have had [illegible] sorrow for me as any gentlewoman had in the world, as would God [illegible] sorrow that ye have had had rest[illegible] me and that ye had been discharged [illegible] for I wis, lady, it is to me a death [illegible] that ye be entreated otherwise than ought to be; this is a painful life [illegible] lead, I cannot live thus without [illegible] great displeasure to God.

Also like you to weet that I [illegible] you a letter by my lad from Lond[illegible] he told me he might not speak wi[illegible] there was made so great await upon [illegible] and upon you both; he told me [illegible] Thresher came to him in your name, said that ye sent him to my lad for a [illegible] or a token, which I should have sent [illegible] but he trust him not, he would not [illegible] him none; after that he brought [illegible] ring, saying that ye sent it him, com[illegible] ing him that he should deliver the le[illegible] token to him, which I conceive [illegible] my lad it was not by your sending, [illegible] by my mistress and sir James's ad[illegible] alas, what mean they? I suppose the[illegible] we be not ensured together, and if [illegible] do I marvel, for then they are not advised remembering the plainnes[illegible] brake to my mistress at the beginning, I suppose by you both, and ye did [illegible] ought to do of very right, and if ye [illegible] done the contrary, as I have been [illegible] ed ye have done, ye did neither con[illegible] (*conscientiously*) nor to the pleasure of [illegible] without ye did it for fear, and for the [illegible] to please such as were at that time [illegible] you; and if ye did it for this cause it [illegible] a reasonable cause, considering the [illegible] and importable calling upon that ye [illegible] and many an untrue tale was made [illegible] of me, which, God know it, I was [illegible] guilty of.

My lad told me that my mistress [illegible] mother asked him, if he had brought [illegible] letter to you, and many other things [illegible] bare him on hand, and among all [illegible] the last she said to him that I would [illegible] make her privy to the beginning, b[illegible] supposed I would at the ending; and [illegible] that, God know it, she knew it first of [illegible] and none other, I wot not what her mis[illegible] ship meaneth, for by my troth there is [illegible] gentlewoman alive that my heart ten[illegible] eth more than it doth her, nor is loath [illegible] displease, saving only your person, w[illegible] of very right I ought to tender and [illegible]

* We cannot read this letter without entering into the private-family concerns of the Pastons, and however we may think with them that their daughter may have made without their knowledge and consent an improper contract, yet we must pity the lover. In ancient times families intermarried more amongst those of their own rank than at present; the gentry considered those in trade as moving in a different sphere to them; they dealt with them and required their attendance, but they scorned to intermarry.

The extension of commerce and the large fortunes raised by the merchants and men of business, have however broken down those barriers of distinction; and not only the gentleman, but the nobleman, now often select their wives from the city, and introduce into their families the daughters of those, who, by their honourable and extensive dealings in various branches of traffic, have enriched themselves, and trained up their children to become that elevated situation which their beauty, their education, and their good qualities, enable them to adorn.

The picture drawn in this letter is a true one, and gives us a much better idea of ancient family matters than the most laboured disquisition of a dry historian.

for I am bound thereto by the law of and so will do while that I live, whatever fall of it; I suppose and (*if*) ye tell ly (*seriously*) the truth, they will damn their souls for us; though I tell the truth they will not believe me as they will do you, and therefore, lady, at the reverence of God be to them and tell the truth, and if will in no wise agree thereto, betwixt and the devil, and them be it, and peril that we should be in, I beseech it may lie upon them and not upon us. heavy and sorry to remember their fation, God send them grace to guide ings well, as well (*as*) I would they God be their guide and send them and rest, &c.

marvel much that they should take matter so heedely (*cautiously*) as I understand they do, remembering it is in case as it cannot be remedied, and ever upon every behalf it is for to ought there should be none obstacle it; and also the worshipful that is em, is not in your marriage, it is in own marriage, which I beseech God them such as may be to their worship pleasure to God and to their hearts for else were it great pity. Mistress afraid to write to you for I understand ye have shewed my letters that I have you before this time; but I pray you creature see this letter, as soon as read it let it be burnt, for I would no should see it in no wise, ye had no from me this two year, nor I will end you no more, therefore I remit his matter to your wisdom; Almighty preserve, keep, and (*give*) you your's desire, which I wot well should be God's pleasure, &c.

This letter was written with as great as ever wrote I thing in my life, for God faith I have been right sick, and am not verily at ease, God amend it, that he would no more do in the matter touching your sister, till that ye and my brother and others that were executors to your father might be here together, for they had the rule of her as well as I; and he said plainly that he had been required so often to examine her, that he might not, nor would no longer delay it, and charged me in pain of cursing that she should not be deferred, but that she should appear before him the next day; and I said plainly that I would neither bring her nor send her; and then he said that he would send for her himself; and charged that she should be at her liberty to come when he sent for her; and he said by his troth that he would be as sorry for her, and (*if*) she did not well, as he would be and (*if*) she were right near of his kin, both for my mother's sake, and mine, and other of her friends, for he wist well that her demeaning had sticked sore at our hearts.

My mother and I informed him that we could never understand by her saying, by no language that ever she had to him, that neither of them were bound to other, but that they might choose both; then he said that he would say to her as well as he could, before that he examined her; and so it was told me by divers persons that he did as well and as plainly as (*if*) she had been right near to him, which were too long to write at this time, hereafter ye shall weet, and who were labourers therein; the Chancellor was not so guilty therein as I wend (*thought*) he had been.

On Friday the Bishop sent for her by Ashfield and other that are right sorry of her demeaning, and the bishop said to her right plainly, and put her in remembrance how she was born, what kin and friends that she had, and should have more if she were ruled and guided after them; and if she did not, what rebuke and shame and loss should be to her, if she were not guid-

LETTER XVIII.

Margaret Paston to Sir John Paston.

GREET you well, and send you God's blessing and mine, letting you weet that Thursday last was, my mother and I were with my lord of Norwich, and desired him

We find by the conversation here given us between the Bishop of Norwich, Agnes Paston, and Margaret Paston, that a contract of marriage had been made between Margery Paston, the daughter of the latter, and Richard Calle, and that her family wished to have a hearing in the Bishop's court, either to disprove it, or, if proved, to set it aside. The young lady's behaviour, and the account which both she and Richard Calle give of the contract seem to confirm it, and obliged the bishop to take time to consider of the matter before any sentence could be pronounced; though he seemed to wish to have it in his power to adjust the matter to the satisfaction of the family.

The expressions of Margaret Paston respecting her daughter must be read with some allowance; we must construe some of them as words of passion and resentment, arising from her avowal of her intentions to fulfil the contract, &c.

ed by them, and cause of forsaking of her for any good, or help, or comfort that she should have of them; and said that he had heard say, that she loved such one that her friends were not pleased with that she should have, and therefore he bad her be right well advised how she did; and said that he would understand the words that she had said to him, whether it made matrimony or not, and she rehearsed what she had said, and said, if those words made it not sure, she said boldly, that she would make it surer ere than she went thence, for she said she thought in her conscience she was bound whatsoever the words were; these lewd words grieveth me and her grandam as much as all the remanent; and then the bishop and the chancellor both said that there was neither I nor no friend of hers would receive (*her*.)

And then Calle was examined apart by himself, that her words and his accorded, and the time, and where it should have been done; and then the bishop said that he supposed that there should be found other things against him that might cause the letting thereof, and therefore he said he would not be too hasty to give sentence thereupon, and said that he would give over day till the Wednesday or Thursday after michaelmas, and so it is delayed; they would have had her will performed in haste, but the bishop said he would none otherwise than he had said.

I was with my mother at her place when she was examined, and when I heard say what her demeaning was, I charged my servants that she should not be received in mine house; I had given her warning, she might have been ware afore, if she had been gracious; and I sent to one or two more that they should not receive her if she came; she was brought again to my place for to have been received, and sir James told them that brought her, that I had charged them all, and she should not be received; and so my lord of Norwich hath set her at Roger Best's, to be there till the day before said, God knoweth full evil against his will and his wife's, if they durst do otherwise; I am sorry that they are acumyred (*cumbered, or troubled*) with her, but yet I am better paid (*satisfied*) that she is there for the while, than she had been in other place, because of the sadness (*seriousness*) and good disposition of himself and his wife, for she shall not be sou'd (*suffered, q?*) there to play the brothel; I pray you and require you that ye take it not pensily (*heavily*) for I well it goeth right near your heart, so doth it to mine and to others, remember you, and so do I, that we lost of her but a brethel (*a frail*), set it the less to heart, for and (*if*) had been good wherefoever she had it should not have been as it is, for (*if*) he were dead at this hour, she never be at mine heart as she was; the divorce that ye write to me of, I what ye meant, but I charge you blessing that ye do not, nor cause other to do, that should offend God your conscience, for and (*if*) ye do cause for to be done, God will take geance thereupon, and ye should put self and others in great jeopardy, for it well, she shall full sore repent her nesss hereafter, and I pray God she so I pray you for mine heart's ease be a good comfort in all things; I trust shall help right well, and I pray God in all our matters; I would ye took if there were any labour made in the of Canterbury for the lewd matter said.

But if the Duke* be purveyed for, and his wife counsel shall leave this try; it is told me that he saith that not spare to do that he is purposed, duke in England God help at need.

LETTER XIX.

Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen.

My Sweetheart and Friend,

I AND my heart put themselves your hands, begging of you to them to your good favour; and that being absent from you, your affection not be diminished towards them; would be a great pity to augment pain; for absence gives me enough, more than ever, and more than I have thought, and calls to my remembrance a point of astronomy, which is That by how much farther the Moon

* This I suppose relates to the duke of folk; the other duke most probably means the duke of Clarence or of Suffolk.

On the back of the letter in an ancient hand written, "Lre to St. Io. Paston "from his "ther, touching the good will between his da "ter Margery P. and Ric. Call, who were "maryed together."

It seems from this memorandum that the contract of marriage was proved and confirmed, that in consequence of it a marriage took place between the parties.

from the ſun, the heat is notwith-
g more fervent; ſo it is with our
for though we are perſonally diſtant
ach other the heat of love remains,
t on our ſide, and I hope the ſame
rs, aſſuring you, that the anxiety of
e is already too great; and when I
of the augmentation thereof which
ſtill ſuffer, if it was not for the firm
I have of your inviolable affection
is me, to put you in remembrance of
ſince I cannot be perſonally with you
ſent, I ſend you the neareſt likeneſs
can, to wit, my picture ſet in brace-
the only device which I have left,
g myſelf in their place whenever it
pleaſe you. Written by the hand of
ſervant and friend.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

HE uneaſineſs I bore by being uncer-
tain of your health, gave me a great
of trouble; nor could I enjoy any
t without knowing the truth: but as
have as yet felt nothing, I hope I may
e you that you will eſcape it*, as I
e we have; for we were at Waltham,
re two uſhers, two valets de chambre,
r brother, and maſter treaſurer fell ſick,
are now perfectly recovered; ſince
ch we betook ourſelves to your houſe
Hendon, where, God be praiſed, we
very well for the preſent; and I be-
e, if you will retire from Surry, as we
e done, you will eſcape it without any
ger. And to give you ſtill greater
ment, I am informed of a truth, that
few or no women have fell ſick, but
e of our court, and that very few in
e parts have died; wherefore I beg of
, my dearly beloved, to harbour no
r, nor to give yourſelf uneaſineſs at our
ence; for wherefoever I am I am yours.
withſtanding we muſt ſometimes obey
will of fortune; for who will, in ſome
ngs, ſtrive againſt her, are often drove
farthest back; wherefore comfort your-
f and be courageous, and fling away all
, as far as you can. I hope ſoon to
e you ſing the return. Time, at pre-
t, will let me write no more, but that I
a myſelf in your arms, to eaſe you of
ur juſt thoughts. Written by the hand
am who is, and ever ſhall be, yours.

* The Sweating Sickneſs.

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

THE examining the contents of your letters put me into a very great agony, not knowing how to underſtand them, whether to my diſadvantage, as in ſome others I underſtand; begging of you, with a ſincere heart, to inform me of your intentions in regard to the love between us.—Neceſſity obliges me to inſiſt on this anſwer, having for more than a year paſt been pierced by a dart of love, not being aſſured where to find place in your heart and affection; which certain laſt point has guarded me a little while in this, not to call you my miſtreſs, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you; for that denotes a ſingularity vaſtly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the part of a truly loyal miſtreſs and friend, give yourſelf body and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your moſt loyal ſervant. If with rigour you do not forbid me, I promiſe that not only the name ſhall be due to you, but likewiſe take you for my miſtreſs; rejecting and treating others, in compariſon of you, far from thought and affection, and to ſerve you only; begging of you to give me a full anſwer to this rude letter, on which and in which I may truſt. But if you do not pleaſe to give an anſwer in writing, appoint ſome place where I may have it by word of mouth, and with a willing heart I will meet you at the place. No more, for fear of incommoding you. Written with the hand of him who would willingly remain yours.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

I HEARTILY thank you for your handſome preſent, than which, well weighing the whole, nothing is more beautiful, not only for the beautiful diamond and veſſel in which the ſolitary damſel is toſſed; but principally for the beautiful interpretation and moſt humble ſubmiſſion, by your goodneſs in this caſe made uſe of, well thinking, that to merit this by opportunity will be very difficult, if your great humanity and favour did not aſſiſt me, for which I have watched, watch, and will watch all opportunities of retaliation poſſible; to remain in which, my whole hope

has placed its immutable intention, which says, *aut illic, aut nullibi.*

The demonstrances of your affection are such, the beautiful words, the letters so affectionately couched, which, in truth, oblige for ever to honour you, love and serve you; begging of you to continue in this firm and constant purpose; on my part assuring you, that I will rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if loyalty of heart, desire of pleasing you, without any other motive, may advance it; praying you, that if any time heretofore I have given you offence, that you would give me the same pardon that you ask; assuring you that for the future my heart shall be wholly dedicated to you, much desiring that the body might be also, as God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I beg once a day to do it, hoping that in time my prayers may be heard, wishing the time to be short, thinking it very long to our review. Written by the hand of my secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is your loyal and most assured servant.

LETTER XXIII.

Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen.

APPROACHING near the time which has seemed so long to me, I rejoice the more, because it seems to me almost come, notwithstanding the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons are met; which meeting is more desired on my part than any worldly thing; for what satisfaction can be so great in this world as to enjoy the company of one's most dearly beloved, knowing that she has the same pleasure on her side? The thought of which gives me a deal of pleasure; then judge what must the person do whose absence has given me more heart-achings than tongue or writing can express, and which nothing but her presence can remedy? Begging you, my dear, to tell your father, on my part, to come two days before the time appointed, that he may be at court before, or at least on the day fixed; for otherwise I shall think that he made not the course of the amorous, nor answered my expectation. No more at present for want of time; hoping very soon that by word of mouth, I shall tell you the pains I have suffered during your absence. Written by the hand of my secretary, who wishes himself now privately with you, who is, and ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant.

LETTER XXIV.

To the same.

Darling,

THESE shall be only to advertise you that this bearer and his fellow be dispatched with as many things to concern our matter, and to bring it to pass, as our wits could imagine or devise; which brought to pass, as I trust by their diligence it shall be shortly, you and I shall have your desired end, which should be more to my heart's ease, and more quietness to my mind, than any other thing in this world, as, with God's grace, shortly trust shall be proved, but not so soon as I would it were; yet I will insure you there shall be no time lost that may be won, nor further cannot be done, for *ultra posse nemo esse.* Keep him not too long with you, but desire him, for your sake, to make speed more speed; for the sooner we shall have word from him, the sooner shall our matter come to pass. And thus upon trust of your short repair to London, I make an end of my letter, mine own sweetheart. Written with the hand of him, who desireth as much to be yours as you do to have him.

LETTER XXV.

Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry.

Sir,

YOUR grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour) by such one as whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received the message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure me safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection than you have ever found in Anne Bullen, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration

tion as now I find; for the ground of referment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least ation, I know, was fit and sufficient aw that fancy to some other subject. have chosen me from a low estate to ar queen and companion, far beyond ect and desire. If then you found worthy of such honour, good your ce not any light fancy, or bad coun- of mine enemies, withdraw your favour from me; neither let that t unworthy stain, of a disloyal towards your good grace ever cast d a blot on your most dutiful wife, the infant princess your daughter. me, good king, but let me have a ful trial; and let not my sworn ene- s be my accusers and judges; yea, receive an open trial (for my truth fear no open shame); then shall you other mine innocence cleared, your and conscience satisfied, the igno- and slander of the world stopped, or ger openly declared. So that what- er God or you may determine of me, r grace may be freed from an open are, and mine offence being so lawfully ed, your grace is at liberty, both be- re God and man, not only to execute punishment on me, as an unlawful , but to follow your affection, already ed on that party, for whose sake I am a I am, whose name I could some le since have pointed unto your being not ignorant of my suspicion But if you have already deter- of me, and that not only my death, infamous slander must bring you the ing of your desired happiness, then I of God that he will pardon your in therein, and likewise mine ene- the instruments thereof; and that he not call you to a strict account for unprincely and cruel usage of me, at general judgment-seat, where both you myself must shortly appear, and in judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever world may think of me), mine inno- shall be openly known and suffi- cleared. My last and only request be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and it may not touch the innocent souls of poor gentlemen, who, as I under- are likewise in strait imprisonment sake. If ever I found favour in sight, if ever the name of Anne been pleasing in your ears, let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal, and ever faithful wife.

LETTER XXVI.

A Letter from Lady Moore to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

RIGHT honourable and my especial good master secretary: in my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shewn towards my poor husband and me. I pray Almighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time, is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board-wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man, being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time, wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to shew your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

LETTER XXVII.

Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

MASTER secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature. This shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part, I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him: and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have not deserved it but little, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, which ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us; and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again; wherefore there is the more need to help, but if I were at my liberty and might choose, I assure you, master secretary, for my time I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I had rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honestly life, though it be but poor, show your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother to be good to us; I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I; and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, which for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

LETTER XXVIII.

Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

FROM a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service

ast deserves no more than banish-
prescription in the cursedest of all
untries? Nay, nay, it is your re-
de and success that must give me
ransom my life out of this hateful
f my loathed body; which if it
so, your majesty shall have no cause
e the fashion of my death, since
rse of my life could never please
Your majesty's exiled servant.

LETTER XXIX.

ancellor Egerton to the Earl of Essex.

often seen, that he that stands by
more than he that playeth the
and, for the most part, every one in
cause standeth in his own light,
th not so clearly as he should.
ordship hath dealt in other men's
and in great and weighty affairs,
reat wisdom and judgment; now
wn is in hand, you are not to con-
refuse the advice of any that love
ow simple soever. In this order I
yself among others that love you,
more simple, and none that love you
ore true and honest affection; which
lead my excuse if you shall either
e or mistrust my words or meaning.
n your lordship's honourable wisdom,
er doubt nor suspect the one nor the
I will not presume to advise you,
hoot my bolt and tell you what I
. The beginning and long continu-
of this so unseasonable discontent-
you have seen and proved, by which
um at the end: if you hold still this
e, which hitherto you find to be worse
worse (and the longer you go, the
er you go out of the way), there is
hope or likelihood the end will be
: you are not yet gone so far, but
you may well return; the return is
but the progress is dangerous and
ers in this course you hold. If you
any enemies, you do that for them
ch they could never do for themselves.
r friends you leave to scorn and con-
: you forsake yourself, and over-
your fortunes, and ruin your honour
reputation: you give that comfort and
ge to the foreign enemies, as greater
y cannot have; for what can be more
come and pleasing news, than to hear
her majesty and the realm are maimed
so worthy a member, who hath so often
d so valiantly quelled and daunted them?
e forsake your country when it hath
d need of your counsel and aid: and
lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that it is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori:* and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ.* The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and yet take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty (my good lord) is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this and God will be pleased, her majesty (no doubt) well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom: if I have erred,

erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*. Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable poor friend.

LETTER XXX.

The Earl's Answer.

MY very good lord, there is not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself; yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aking head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced) to be an humorous discontent; and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate: natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unreasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all desires. In this course do I any thing for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself, because I do not [illegible] self? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper which every puff of wind blowe[illegible] Or do I ruinate mine honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or [illegible] the false mark or the shadow of [illegible] Do I give courage or comfort to [illegible] mies, because I neglect myself to [illegible] ter them, or because I keep my [illegible] business, though I cannot keep my [illegible] from declining? No, no, I give [illegible] one of those considerations his [illegible] and the more I weigh them, the [illegible] find myself justified from offending [illegible] of them. As for the two last [illegible] that I forsake my country when [illegible] most need of me, and fail in that [illegible] ble duty which I owe to my sovereign; answer, that if my country had at this [illegible] any need of my public service, her [illegible] that governeth it would not have [illegible] me to a private life. I am tied [illegible] country by two bonds; one public, discharge carefully and industriously [illegible] trust which is committed to me: the [illegible] private, to sacrifice for it my life and [illegible] case, which hath been nourished in [illegible] the first I am free, being dismissed by [illegible] majesty: of the other, nothing can [illegible] me but death, and therefore no [illegible] of performance shall sooner offer itself [illegible] I will meet it half way. The indis[illegible] duty I owe unto her majesty, the [illegible] of an earl and of marshal of England, [illegible] I have been content to do her the [illegible] of clerk, but I can never serve her [illegible] villain or a slave. But you say I [illegible] give way to time. So I do; for now [illegible] I see the storm come, I have put my [illegible] into harbour. Seneca saith, we [illegible] way to fortune. I know that fortune [illegible] both blind and strong, and therefore [illegible] as far as I can out of the way. Yet [illegible] the remedy is not to strive: I neither [illegible] nor seek for remedy. But you say, I [illegible] yield and submit: I can neither yield [illegible] self to be guilty, nor this my imprisonment, lately laid upon me, to be just; [illegible] so much to the author of truth, as I can [illegible] ver yield truth to be falsehood, nor [illegible] hood to be truth. Have I given [illegible] you ask, and yet take a scandal? No [illegible] gave no cause to take up so much as [illegible] bria his complaint: for I did [illegible] *corpore accipere*; I patiently bear and [illegible] bly feel all that I then received when [illegible] scandal was given me. Nay, when [illegible] vilest of all indignities are done unto [illegible]

gion enforce me to sue? Doth ure it? Is it impiety not to do ? Cannot Princes err? Cannot receive wrong? Is an earthly nfinite? Pardon me, pardon me, d, I can never subscribe to these s. Let Solomon's fool laugh when ken; let those that mean to make oit of Princes, shew to have no Princes injuries; let them acknow- n infinite absoluteness on earth, not believe an absolute infiniteness en. As for me, I have received I feel it; my cause is good, I it; and whatsoever comes, all the on earth can never shew more h contendancy in oppressing, than I w in suffering whatsoever can or imposed upon me. Your lordship beginning of your letter makes me r, and yourself a looker on; and ker of my own game, so you may re than I; but give me leave to tell t since you do but see, and I do I must of necessity feel more than I must crave your lordship's patience e him that hath a crabbed fortune, use a crooked style. But what- ny style is, there is no heart more e, nor more affected towards your p, than that of your lordship's poor d.

LETTER XXXI.

H Sidney to his son Philip Sidney, at r Shrewsbury, An. 1566. 9 Eliz. being of the age of twelve years.

AVE received two letters from you, e written in Latin, the other in ch; which I take in good part, and you to exercise that practice of learn- ction: for that will stand you in most in that profession of life that you are to live in. And, since this is my letter that ever I did write to you, I that it be all empty of some ad- which my natural care of you pro- me to wish you to follow, as docu- to you in this your tender age. Let first action be, the lifting up of your to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, feelingly digest the words you speak prayer, with continual meditation, and ing of him to whom you pray, and the matter for which you pray. And this as an ordinary, at, and at an or- ary hour. Whereby the time itself will you in remembrance to do that, which are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise lothsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles,

for

for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir Henry Sidney, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

My dearest Lord,

SINCE this gentleman, Sir Nicholas Arnold, doth now repair into England, to render account of his long and painful service, lest my silence might be an argument of my condemnation of him, I thought good to accompany him with these my letters, certifying your lordship, by the same, that I find he hath been a marvellous painful man, and very diligent in inquiry for the queen's advantage, and in proceeding in the same more severe than I would have wished him, or would have been myself in semblable service; but he saith he followed his instructions. Doubtless, the things which he did deal in are very dark and intricate, by reason of the long time passed without account; and he greatly impeached, for lack of an auditor, as I take it. In truth, what will fall out of it, I cannot say, but I fear he hath written too affirmatively upon Birmingham's information: it is reported by some of his adversaries, that he should triumph greatly upon a letter, supposed to be sent him lately from your lordship, as though, by the same, he should be encouraged to proceed more vehemently against the earl of Sussex, [illegible] make his abode longer here than [illegible] would. And that he should use [illegible] very, either by shewing this letter, [illegible] speech to me and to others. My [illegible] believe the whole of this to be [illegible] and, for so much as concerneth [illegible] assure your lordship is a stark lie; albeit he hath shewed me, as I [illegible] all the letters your lordship hath [illegible] since my arrival here, and a good [illegible] sent before, yet in none of them [illegible] any such matter contained; neither did he to me, or to my knowledge [illegible] other, of any letter sent by your lo[illegible] make any such bravery, or like [illegible] tion, as is reported.

My dearest lord and brother, [illegible] any respect of me, or any brotherly [illegible] borne me by you, but even for our [illegible] ral country's cause (whereunto, [illegible] not a little to your far spreading fame) [illegible] shew yourself most willingly to pa[illegible] indefatigable and much helping [illegible] help to revoke me from this regiment, being not credited, this realm will [illegible] under my rule, perhaps to my shame, [illegible] undoubtedly to England's harm: yea [illegible] will under any man whom the queen [illegible] fend, though he have the force of He[illegible] les, the magnanimity of Cæsar, the [illegible] gence of Alexander, and the eloquence [illegible] Tully: her highness withdrawing her [illegible] cious countenance. Yea if it be but [illegible] that her highness hath not a resolute unremovable liking of him; as for [illegible] she will direct him to sail by any [illegible] compass than his own. His ship of [illegible] ment, whosoever he be, shall sooner [illegible] on a rock than rest in a haven. I [illegible] not this, as though I thought gover[illegible] here could not err, and so err, as [illegible] should be revoked. For I know and [illegible] fess, that any one may so err, yea, [illegible] out any evil intent to her highness's [illegible] or country, as it shall be convenient [illegible] necessary to revoke him; but let it [illegible] done then with speed. Yea if it be [illegible] conceived, that he be insufficient to [illegible] vern here, I mean of the sovereign [illegible] magistrates, retire him, and send a [illegible] man to the helm. *Episcopatum ejus accipiat alter:* so as my counsel is (and you [illegible] find it the soundest) that the governor [illegible] continuance here, and his continuance there, be concurrent and correlative. [illegible] while her highness will employ any [illegible] here, all the countenance, all the credit, all the commendation, yea and most absolute trust that may be, is little enough [illegible]

ce appearing to withdraw that withdraw him too, if it be pos- n in that instant. Of this I would re largely and more particularly, he queen's majesty, and to all my ere it not that my many letters orm already written, together with rguments of my crazy credit there, me in hope of a speedy redemp- m this my miserable thraldom. A on of which my hope, my dearest procure me with speed: I have no but *sub umbra alarum tuarum protegat* s. In haste I take my leave of your p, wishing to the same present in- g, and immortal felicity. From ham, the 28th of June, 1566. lordship's bounden, fast, and obe- brother.

S. I assure your lordship I do know Nicholas Arnold hath spent, above s entertainment, 500l. sterling in ealm. I mean he hath spent so much s realm.

LETTER XXXIII.

Right Honourable Thomas Sackvil Lord Buckhurst, to Sir Henry Sidney.

Ly Lord,

RUST your lordship will pardon me, that I have not (as indeed possibly I d not) attend to make a meeting, for end of this variance betwixt your lord- and me: and now being this day also wrapt in business as I cannot by any be a suretyer, I thought to write few to your lordship, and therein to ertain you, that, because our meeting th the master of the rolls, and Mr. Hen- s meeting, will be so uncertain; that, refore, what time soever you shall like appoint I will come to the rolls, and ere your lordship and I, as good neigh- urs and friends, will, if we can, com- und the cause of ourselves. If we can- t, we will both pray the master of the lls, as indifferent, as I know he is, to ecide him to the right, that stands in e wrong. And thus, I doubt not, but ere shall be a good end to both our con- ations: your lordship not seeking that hich is not yours; nor I, in any sort, eaning to detain from you your own. This 23d May, 1574. All yours to com- and.

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir Henry Sidney, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

My dearest Lord,

I RECEIVED not your letter of the 25th of November, until the 24th of this January, by James Prescot, who was seven times at the sea, and put back again, before he could recover his coast.

I trust I have satisfied your Lordship with my writing, and others by my procurement, sent by Pakenham, touching the false and malicious bruit of the Earl of Essex's poisoning. If not, what you will have more done, shall be done. I am sorry I hear not how you like of that I have done, and the more, for that I am advertised of Pagnaney's arrival there. I would not have doubted to have made Knell to have retracted his inconsiderate and foolish speech and writing; but God hath prevented me by taking him away, dying of the same disease that the Earl died; which, most certainly, was free from any poison, and a mere flux; a disease appropriated to this country, and whereof there died many in the latter part of the last year, and some out of mine own household; and yet free from any suspicion of poison.

And for my Lord of Ormond's causes, I humbly beseech your Lordship be my pawn, that I will do him justice as indifferently and speedily as I will to any man, considering the cause and necessary circumstances incident to the same; but for love, and loving offices, I will do as I find cause. I crave nothing at his hand, but that which he oweth to the queen, and that which her great liberality, beside natural duty, bindeth him to. And if he will have of me that I owe him not, as he hath had, he cannot win it by crossing me, as I hear he doth in the court; and as I have cause to deem he doth in this country. In fine, my Lord, I am ready to accord with him: but, my most dear Lord and brother, be you upon your keeping for him; for if Essex had lived, you should have found him as violent an enemy, as his heart, power, and cunning would have served him to have been; and for that their malice, I take God to record, I could brook neither of them both.

Your Lordship's latter written letter I received the same day I did the first, together with one from my Lord of Pembroke

broke to your Lordship; by both which, I find, to my exceeding great comfort, the likelihood of a marriage between his Lordship and my daughter, which great honour to me, my mean lineage and kin, I attribute to my match in your noble house; for which I acknowledge myself bound to honour and serve the same, to the uttermost of my power; yea, so joyfully have I at heart, that my dear child's so happy an advancement as this is, as, in truth, I would lie a year in close prison rather than it should break. But, alas! my dearest Lord, mine ability answereth not my hearty desire. I am poor; mine estate, as well in livelihood and movable, is not unknown to your Lordship, which wanteth much to make me able to equal that, which I know my Lord of Pembroke may have. Two thousand pounds I confess I have bequeathed her, which your Lordship knoweth I might better spare her when I were dead, than one thousand living; and, in truth, my Lord, I have it not, but borrow it I must, and so I will: and if your Lordship will get me leave, that I may feed my eyes with that joyful sight of their coupling, I will give her a cup worth five hundred pounds. Good, my Lord, bear with my poverty; for if I had it, little would I regard any sum of money, but willingly would give it, protesting before the Almighty God, that if he, and all the powers on earth, would give me my choice for a husband for her, I would choose the Earl of Pembroke. I writ to my Lord of Pembroke, which herewith I send your Lordship; and thus I end, in answering your most welcome and honourable letter, with my hearty prayer to Almighty God to perfect your Lordship's good work, and requite you for the same; for I am not able. For myself I am in great despair to obtain the fee farm of my small leases; which grieveth me more for the discredit, during mine own time, than the lack of the gain to my succession, be it as God will.

I find by divers means, that there is great expectation of my wishing her Majesty's treasure appointed for the service of this country; and, in truth, no man living would fainer nourish it than I; and, in proof thereof, I will abate one thousand pounds of the quarterage due the last of March, so as I may have the other four thousand due, then delivered to the treasurer's assign, together with that due the last of December last; and, if I can, I will abate every quarter one thousand pounds. The actual rebellion of the Cl[illegible] the O'Conners, and O'Mores, [illegible] of money delivered in discharge [illegible] soldiers which were of my Lord [illegible] regiment, and the great sums im[illegible] the beginning of my charge, [illegible] sidered; it may and will appe[illegible] offer; and, I pray your Lord[illegible] have your favourable recommen[illegible]

Now, my dearest Lord, I [illegible] unto you for a necessary and [illegible] vant of mine, Hercules Rainsford, [illegible] father, and whole lineage, are dev[illegible] lowers to your Lordship and fami[illegible] suit is, that whereas by compo[illegible] James Wingfield, he is constable [illegible] castle of Dublin, and therein be[illegible] fully and carefully serveth, that it [illegible] please your Lordship to obtain it fo[illegible] during his life. Truly, my Lord, [illegible] you should bind the poor gentlem[illegible] all his honest friends, always to serv[illegible] for your bounty done to him; so [illegible] take it as a great mercy done to m[illegible] for truly I have found him a faithf[illegible] profitable servant, and beside, he hath [illegible] ried a good and an old servant of [illegible] wife's. Good my Lord, send Phil[illegible] me; there was never father had more [illegible] of his son than I have of him. O[illegible] again, good my Lord, let me have h[illegible]

For the state of this country, it [illegible] please you to give credit to Prescot.

I am now, even now, deadly wea[illegible] writing, and therefore I end, praying the Almighty to bless you with all [illegible] noble heart's desires. From Dub[illegible] this 4th of February, 1576. Your [illegible] assured brother at commandment.

LETTER XXXV.

Sir Henry Sidney, to Queen Elizabeth.

May it please your most excellent Ma[illegible] jesty,

TO understand, that of late it hath pl[illegible] Almighty God to call to his mer[illegible] the Bishop of Ossory, and so the room [illegible] that see is become void, and to be now b[illegible] your Highness conferred. I have there fore thought it my duty, moved in [illegible] for the reformation of the country a[illegible] good of the people, humbly to beseech your Majesty, that good care were ha[illegible] that that church might be supplied with [illegible] fit man, and such a person as is acquaint ed with the language and manners of this country people, might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent majesty

Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath bred and brought up in the city of Oxford, a master of arts of continuance, a man esteemed not learned, besides well given in regard of a modest discreet government commendable conversation, be- specially noted unto me, by the report of the Lord Archbishop of for his sufficiency to the place, very earnest desire that (the same the place of a suffragan under him) Cleere might be preferred unto The bishopric is but a mean living, sufficient finding for an honest man. because the sooner the place shall be an able man (such a one for his in- as this man is esteemed), the fruit will thereby grow to the honour to your Majesty, and no hope to be conceived of good to people; whereof, as it becometh me the principal charge of this realm your Majesty), I have a special I write not only to your Majesty case, by a report of others, but by knowledge and experience I had of the man myself. And there- am the more desirous that your Ma- should graciously allow of my com- and choice, and give order for admission and consecration, when it be your Majesty's pleasure to signify same. And even so, with my most and humble hearty prayer to the long and happily to preserve Highness to reign over us, your Ma- humble and obedient subjects, to inestimable comforts, I humbly take leave. From your Majesty's castle of the 4th of September, 1576. Majesty's most humble, faithful, and servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

Henry Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, concerning the reports of the Earl of Essex's death.

Sir,

IMMEDIATELY upon my return out of Connaught to this city, which was the 13th of this present October, and of the death of the Earl of Essex, I did not certainly till I came within miles of this town, and that his body to be buried at Carmarthen, and besides, that letters had been sent well before his death as after, died of poison, I thought good to examine the matter as far as I could learn, and certify you, to the end you might impart the same to the lords, and both satisfy them therein, and all others, whom it might please you to participate the same unto, and would believe the truth. For, in truth, there was no appearance or cause of suspicion that could be gathered that he died of poison. For the manner of his disease was this: a flux took him on the Thursday at night, being the 30th of August last past, in his own house, where he had that day both supped and dined; the day following he rode to the Archbishop of Dublin's, and there supped and lodged; the next morning following he rode to the Viscount of Baltinglass, and there did lie one night, and from thence returned back to this city: all these days he travelled hastily, fed three times a day, without finding any fault, either through inflammation of his body or alteration of taste; but often he would complain of grief in his belly, and sometimes say that he had never hearty grief of mind, but that a flux would accompany the same. After he returned from this journey he grew from day to day sicker and sicker, and having an Irish physician sent to him by the Earl of Ormond, doctor Trevor, an Oxford man and my physician, Mr. Chaloner, secretary of this state, and not unlearned in physic, and one that often, for good will, giveth counsel to his friends in cases of sickness, and one Mr. Knell, an honest preacher in this city, and a chaplain of his own, and a professor of physic, continually with him, they never ministered any thing to him against poison. The Irish physician affirmed before good witnesses that he was not poisoned; what the others do say of that matter, by their own writings, which herewith I send you, you shall perceive. And drawing towards his end, being specially asked by the Archbishop of Dublin whether he thought that he was poisoned or no, constantly affirmed that he thought he was not; nor that he felt in himself any cause why he should conjecture so to be: in his sickness his colour rather bettered than impaired, no hair of his body shed, no nail altered, nor tooth loosed, nor any part of his skin blemished. And when he was opened it could not appear that any intrail within his body, at any time, had been infected with any poison. And yet I find a bruit there was that he was poisoned; and that arose by some words spoken by himself, and yet not originally

ginally at the first conceived of himself, as it is thought by the wisest here, and those that were continually about him: but one that was very near him at that time, and whom he entirely trusted, seeing him in extreme pain with flux and griping in his belly, by reason of the same, said to him, by the mass, my lord you are poisoned; whereupon the yeoman of his cellar was presently sent for to him, and mildly and lovingly he questioned with him, saying, that he sent not for him to burden him but to excuse him. The fellow constantly answered, that if had taken any hurt by his wine he was guilty of it, for my lord (saith he), since you gave me warning in England to be careful of your drink, you have drunk none but it passed my hands. Then it was bruited, that the boiled water which he continually drank with his wine should be made of water wherein flax or hemp should be steeped, which the yeoman of his cellar flatly denied, affirming the water which he always boiled for him was perfect good. Then it was imputed to the sugar; he answered, he could get no better at the steward's hands, and fair though it were not, yet wholesome enough, or else it had been likely that a great many should have had a shrewd turn; for my household and many more have occupied of the same almost these twelve months. The physicians were asked what they thought, that they spoke doubtfully, saying it might be that he was poisoned, alledging that this thing or that thing might poison him, since they never gave him medicine for it; they constantly affirm that they never thought it, but for argument's sake, and partly to please the the earl. He had two gentlewomen that night at supper with him that the disease took him, and they coming after to visit him, and he hearing that they were troubled with some loosenes, said that he feared that they and he had tasted of one drug, and his page (who was gone with his body over before I returned). The women upon his words were afraid, but never sick, and are in as good state of health as they were before they supped with him. Upon suspicion of his being poisoned, Mr. Knell (as it was told me) gave him sundry times of unicorn's horn, upon which sometimes he vomited, as at other times he did, when he took it not. Thus I have delivered unto you, as much as I can learn of the sickness and death of this noble peer, whom I left when I left Dublin in all appearance a lusty, strong, and pleasant man; and before I returned his breath [illegible] of his body, and his body of this [illegible] and undoubtedly his soul in heaven; in my life I never heard of a [illegible] in such perfectness; he was sick [illegible] twenty-one days, and most of the [illegible] tormented with pangs intolerable, [illegible] all that time, and all that torture, [illegible] never heard speak an idle or angry [illegible] after he yielded to die, he desired [illegible] to have his friends come to him, [illegible] abide with him, which they did of [illegible] sorts, unto whom he shewed such [illegible] ments of hearty repentance of his [illegible] sed, so sound charity with all the [illegible] such assurance to be partaker of the [illegible] of heaven through the merits of Christ [illegible] passion; such a joyful desire, speedily [illegible] be dissolved, and to enjoy the same, [illegible] he would sometimes say, that it pleased [illegible] the Almighty to reveal unto him the [illegible] should be partaker of (as was to the [illegible] ceeding admiration of all that heard [illegible] He had continually about him [illegible] sundry degrees, as men of the [illegible] gentlemen, gentlewomen, citizens, [illegible] servants, unto all which he would [illegible] godly exhortations and grave admonitions [illegible] and that so aptly for the persons he spake [illegible] unto, as in all his life he never seemed [illegible] be half so wise, learned, nor eloquent, [illegible] of so good memory as at his death, [illegible] forgot not to send weighty warnings [illegible] some of his absent friends by means [illegible] Oft-times, when grievous pangs had driven [illegible] him out of slumbers, he would make [illegible] shew of comfort in spirit, and express it [illegible] such words, as many about him thought [illegible] saw and heard some heavenly voice [illegible] vision. Many times after bitter pangs [illegible] would with cheerful countenance cry [illegible] Courage, courage, I have fought a good [illegible] fight, and thus ought every true soldier [illegible] to do, that fighteth under the standard of [illegible] his captain and patron Jesus Christ. About eleven of the clock before noon, on [illegible] the 22d of September, with the name of [illegible] Jesus issuing out of his mouth, he left [illegible] speak any more, and shortly after lifting [illegible] up his hand to the name of Jesus, when he [illegible] could not speak it himself; he ceased [illegible] move any more, but sweetly and mildly his [illegible] ghost departed, by all Christians to be [illegible] hoped into heavenly bliss. The Almighty [illegible] grant that all professing Christ in their life [illegible] may at their death make such testimony of [illegible] Christianity as this noble earl did. And [illegible] thus ending my tedious letter, with the [illegible] doleful (and yet comfortable) end of this [illegible] noble man, I wish, you, from the bottom [illegible]

heart, good life and long; and the Heaven at the end. From the castle blin this 20th of October, 1756. ssured loving friend.

LETTER XXXVII.

y Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham.

ERAS the bishopric of Ardagh is ow void, and at her majesty's dis- n, by reason of the death of Patrick lton, the late incumbent; and for is not convenient that that see be long destitute of a spiritual pastor ted in the place, the rather for that, d teaching and doctrine, the people be drawn first to know their duties d, and next their obedience to their and civil order; I have thought fit upon mine own knowledge of sir Petit, clerk, and partly upon the report I have heard of the man by , that affirm unto me, that as well s sufficiency in learning, and good le of life, and honesty of manners, one meet for that room) to prefer therefore, to your recommendation majesty. And for that both the liv- very mean, when it is whole and , and yet the same by the late in- ent much dissipate, leased, and aliened h persons, as hardly it is to be re- d again to the possession of the h, except some man, who both by his , and somewhat by his strength in ship, and countenance in the coun- e substitute in the place; I have the given my full allowance of this who as well for that he is descended glish race, and speaketh the lan- e, as also for that he is well allied in , whose lands and livings adjoin to diocese of this bishopric. So that if ase her highness to nominate him to lace, I know not any one man of this ry birth that will accept the name of at a dignity, with so small commodity bishopric hath belonging unto it; a person for the place as he is. And fore, for that the living is so mean, areth that he may have the little he enjoyeth and dwelleth upon, being the parsonage of Pierston, in the pric of Meith, which is not extended above four pounds sterling by the by way of commendam, annexed to bishopric: which being a thing of no er a value, I thought it not amiss to him therein, the rather thereby to encourage him to take the other charge upon him, which I hope he will well supply: he hath been allowed by the bishops here for his sufficiency, and so commended unto me from them: and even to praying you to further the cause to her majesty, that I may with convenient speed receive her gracious pleasure for him, I bid you farewel. From the castle of Dublin, the 28th of October, 1576. Your assured loving friend.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir Henry Sidney to the Lords of the Council.

My very good Lords,

MY humble duty remembered to your honourable lordships: after I was come hither to deal in causes of the north, I received letters sent unto me by an express messenger from the archbishop of Dublin, to desire licence of me to repair into England, with some note and testimony from me, what I had found of him here. And albeit the motion seemed to me at the first to be very sudden; yet considering the manner of his writing, and the conveying of his meaning, proceeded from some deep conceit of a perplexed mind and a sorrowful heart, for some matter that touched him near (as it seemed), I could not deny him so reasonable a request, but granted him leave to depart, with this testimony, that I have found him ready to come to me at all times, when I had occasion to use his assistance for her majesty's service, and very willing to set forward any thing that might either concern the public benefit or quiet of the country, or her majesty's honour or profit; besides, a man well given, and zealous in religion, diligent in preaching, and no niggard in hospitality, but a great reliever of his poor neighbours, and by his good behaviour and dealing gained both love and credit amongst those with whom he hath been conversant; and carried himself in that reputation in the world, as I have not known him at any time either detected or suspected of any notorious or public crime. And thus much I thought good to declare to your lordships of him, and that I have not had cause at any time to think otherwise of him, but as of a sound counsellor to the queen, and good minister to this country and commonwealth. And even so, beseeching your lordships favourable acceptation of him, and in his petitions (if he have any) to stand his good lords, I humbly take my leave. From the Newry, the 12th of February, 1776. Your good

lordships assured loving friend to command.

LETTER XXXIX.

James Lord Regent of Scotland to Sir Henry Sidney.

After my right hearty commendations to your good lordship:

AN honest man of the town of Air, named David Colthrid, who uses the trade of merchandise at Dublin and other parts there in Ireland, has certain his goods stayed in Dublin, the persons in whose hands the same remain pretending the same to be arrested for certain customs due to have been paid by the said David; howbeit he affirms that he has always truly and thankfully paid all customs that he ought, and would repair himself to satisfy and answer for all things that justly may be laid to his charge. Before, I will heartily request and pray your lordship, the premisses considered, that you will show your favourable good will toward this honest man in furthering him to have expedite justice against the withholders of his goods, in case they refuse to do him reason and measure with benevolence; wherein you shall do me good pleasure, which I shall be very willing to acquit, when any of the queen's majesty her sovereign subjects may happen to have aught in this country at your recommendation. And so I commit your lordship in the protection of the Almighty Christ. Edinburgh, the 20th day of June, 1577. Your lordship's very assured friend.

LETTER XL.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

YOUR several letters of the 17th of September and 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same; and what excellent parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more or can be more to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from, and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge,* my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at [illegible] and of your intention to go to Vienna; wish you should curiously look [illegible] fortification of that; and considering state of Christendom, I cannot tell [illegible] design your travel into Italy. I would have you to go specially, for that the perpetual war between the Pope and think the Princes and Potentates of region are confederated with him; for some other respects, I would not you go thither. Yet from Spain [illegible] as it were under an inhibition; from endless troubles; the Low Countries [illegible] coverable misery. So I leave it to brother and yourself, whether Vienna ing seen, you will return into England spend the next summer in those which if you do, I think best (you satisfied with Vienna) you see the cipal cities of Moravia and Silesia, to Cracow; and if you can have [illegible] modity, to see the court of the [illegible] that realm; and from thence through ony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing Princes courts by the way; and then Denmark and Sweden, and see those courts. Acquaint you somewhat with estate of the free States; and so to burgh to embark, and to winter with But what do I blunder at these [illegible] follow the direction of your most brother, who in loving you is compa with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate virtues, exercises, studies, and affec is a rare ornament of this age, the formular that all well-disposed young tlemen of our court do form their manners and life by. In truth I [illegible] without flattery of him, or of mine hath the most rare virtues that [illegible] found in any man. I saw him not [illegible] months, little to my comfort. You hear from him with more ease than me. In your travels these documents will give you, not as mine but his pri Seek the knowledge of the estate of Prince, court, and city, that you through. Address yourself to the com to learn this of the elder sort, and yet lect not the younger. By the one you gather learning, wisdom, and knowl by the other acquaintance, language exercise. This he effectually observed great gain of understanding. Once I say imitate him. I hear you are into consort and fellowship with Sir Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. S

of singular virtues of them both. I d of your familiarity with them.

e 21st of this present I received your of the 12th of the same, and with it r from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as mislike nothing in you; for which you a great deal the better; and I I shall hear further of your com- tion from him, which will be to my ort. I find by Harry White that all money is gone, which with some er displeaseth me; and if you cannot e your charges according to that pro- on I have appointed you, I must and nd for you home. I have sent order Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds you, which is twenty pounds more I promised you; and this I look and r that it shall serve you till the last of ch 1580. Assure yourself I will not ge one groat, therefore look well to r charges.

hope by that time you shall receive letter you will be at or near Strasburgh, n which resolve not to depart till the dle of April come twelvemonth; nor t I will not that you do, unless you so ly your study, as by that time you do ceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and e the tongues of Latin, French, and ch which I know you may have, if I will apply your will and wit to it. I fore you cannot but find what lack in ming you have by your often departing m Oxford; and the like, and greater shall you find, if you resolve not to ain continually for the time appointed Strasburgh. Write to me monthly, and your charges particularly; and either Latin or French. I take in good part t you have kept promise with me; and my blessing I charge you to write truly me from time to time, whether you keep or no; and if you break it in some dark nner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. o no dishonest thing for any respect. ove Mr. Languet with reverence, unto him in most hearty manner commend e; and to Doctor Lubetius and Mr. ctor Sturmius. Farewel. If you will low my counsel you shall be my sweet . From Baynard's Castle in London e 25th of March 1578. Your loving ther.

LETTER XLI.

Sir Philip Sidney to his father Sir Henry Sidney.

Right honourable my singular good Lord and father,

SO strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point; but must needs sometimes alter its course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your Lordship's case, to whom of late I wrote, wishing your Lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befal, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style, and write to your Lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her Majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your Lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only shewing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the Chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your Lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your Lordship to weigh the particularities of your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself; and accordingly to resolve. For

mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here) this is your best way. At least whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you with your own hand; for truly sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplusages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the Queen, being armed with good accounts and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April 1578.

LETTER XLII.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq; Secretary of Ireland.

My good Ned,

NEVER since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters I have received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundas.* Commend me to my Lord President; to the noble Sir Nicholas, whom I bear special goodwill to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health; Sir Nicholas Bagnol; Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is Mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewel. From Court, this 28th April, 1578. Your very loving friend.

LETTER XLIII.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Molineux, Esq; Secretary to his father as Lord Deputy.

Mr. Molineux,

FEW words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know I have good proof of it. But that be much as is past. For that is to come, assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak in earnest. In the mean time farewel. From Court this last of May, 1578.

LETTER XLIV.

Edward Molineux, Esq; to Sir Philip Sidney in answer to the above-said letter.

Sir,

I HAVE received a letter from you, which as it is the first, so the same is the strangest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better somewhere, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet any ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time, and mine innocency, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure so is expressly that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure to great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter with a far less penalty. From the castle of Dublin, the 1st of July, 1578. Your, when it shall please you better to conceive of me, humbly to command.

LETTER XLV.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Sir Philip Sidney.

Philip,

BY the letters you sent me by Sackford you have discovered unto me your intention to go over into the Low Countries to accompany Duke Casimier, who hath with so noble offers and by so honourable means invited you: which disposition of your virtuous mind, as I must needs much commend in you, so when I enter into the consideration of mine own estate, and call to mind what practices, informations, and malicious

ious accusations, are devised against and what an assistance in the defence ose causes your presence would be unto repoing myself so much both upon help and judgment, I strive betwixt our and necessity, what allowance I may give of that motion for your going: beit, if you think not my matters of weight and difficulty (as I hope they not), but that they may be well ugh by myself, without your assistance ny other, be brought to an honourable , I will not be against your determina- . Yet would wish you, before your arture, that you come to me to the er-side* about the latter end of this nth, to take your leave of me, and so m thence to depart towards your in- ded journey. You must now bear with , that I write not this unto you with ne own hand, which I would have done, the indisposition of my body had not en such as I could not. God prosper you that you shall go about, and send you win much credit and honour. And I d you my daily blessing. Your very ing father.

The 1st of August, 1578.

LETTER XLVI.

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

Molineux,

I THOUGHT good to put you in remembrance to move my Lord Chamberlain, in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber, for my lord to have his resort unto, as he was wont to have; or else my lord will be greatly troubled when he shall have any matters of dispatch: my lodging, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick, and not able to be much out of my bed. For the night time one roof, with God's grace, will serve us: for the day time the queen will look to have my chamber always in readiness for her majesty's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship trusting to no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for want of a convenient place for the dispatch of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's own name, move my lord of Sussex for a room for that purpose, and I will have it hanged and lined for him with stuff from hence. I wish you not to be unmindful hereof: and so for this time I leave you to the Almighty. From Chiswick, this 11th of October, 1578. Your very assured loving mistress and friend.

* His house was at Bainard's Castle by the Water-side near St. Paul's.

LETTER XLVII.

Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Robert Sidney afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

I HEAR well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between Sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus as we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers; but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman; and do it indeed, and send for Mr. White; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send you now by Stephen 30*l.* which you call arrearages; term it as you will, it is all I owe you till easter; and 20*l.* of that, as Griffin Madox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you at or before Frankfort mart 60*l.* either to bring you home, or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at michaelmas; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man, than I hear of him; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20*l.* yearly, and you your 100*l.* and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martern skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassymyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me; and

after that sort you may write to him; but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the doctor Simeon's father. I love the boy well. I have no more; but God bless you my sweet child in this world and for ever; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October 1578. Your very loving father.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

YOU have used the matter very well; but we must do more yet for the good dear Lord than let him thus be dealt withal. Hampton Court I never yet knew so full, as there were not spare rooms in it, when it hath been thrice better filled than at this present it is. But some would be sorry, perhaps, my lord should have so sure footing in the court. Well, all may be as well when the good God will. The whilst, I pray let us do what we may for our lord's ease and quiet. Whereunto, I think, if you go to my lord Howard, and in my lord's name also move his lordship to shew his brother, my lord, as they call each other, to shew him a cast of his office, and that it shall not be known, and alledge your former causes, I think he will find out some place to serve that purpose; and also, if you go to Mr. Bowyer the gentleman usher, and tell him his mother requireth him, which is myself, to help my lord with some one room, but only for the dispatch of the multitude of Irish and Welsh people that follow him; and that you will give your word in my lord's behalf and mine, it shall not be accounted as a lodging, nor known of, I believe he will make what shift he can; you must assure him it is but for the day time for his business, as indeed it is for my brother's answer of my stay here for five or six days; he knows I have ventured far already, with so long absence, and am ill thought on for it, so as that may not be. But when the worst is known, old lord Harry and his old Moll will do as well as they can in parting, like good friends, the small portion allotted our long services in court; which, as little as it is, seems something too much. And this being all I can say to the matter. Farewel, Mr. Ned. In haste this Monday, 1578. Your assured loving mistress and friend.

If all this will not serve prove [illegible] gins, for I know my lord would not [illegible] no good be destitute in this time for [illegible] convenient place for his followers [illegible] friends to resort to him, which in the [illegible] I am in, is not possible to be in my [illegible] ber till after sun-set; when the dear good Lord shall be as best becomes him, [illegible] of his own.

LETTER XLIX.

Sir Henry Sidney to Arthur Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland; how to proceed in the government of that kingdom.

I DO remember, my very good lord, that I wrote unto you; I will by Doctor Jenison write more at large, which coming hither to me put me in remembrance of the same. And now, my lord, in satisfaction of your requests, and easing of my desirous mind of your happy success in that unhappy country; in the lovingest manner that I can I send unto your lordship these notes following, which, if I should lay down as principles of government to your lordship, I might well be likened to the puttock, that taught the falcon to fly; or, if I should write unto you any instructions for martial designs or actions, I might well be scorned with that scholar that offered to read to Hannibal, *De Arte Militare*.

But now to begin, and that with God Almighty: as I know you are religious, so I wish your lordship to frequent sermons and prayer in public places; it would comfort the few protestants you have there, and abash the papists, whereof you have many.

Have special regard to the health of your body; be not without a physician of your own; and he of this land's birth; and as you have been always delighted in virtuous and noble exercises; so what business soever you have, use weekly some days, or rather daily some hours, to continue the same; otherwise you shall both dull your spirits and make your body unable to serve.

Provide careful and bold officers for your household, and put on a determination to live within the compass of your allowance; wherein I wish you to make a pattern of other men, rather than of me; who by spending there (and yet in truth not prodigally) am forced to spoil my patrimony here; with what reward or thanks I know your Lordship cannot be ignorant; and

one of the principal officers of your hold have a care for the collection of cess for the same: and now *ut uno* never agree without cess, for you take money, it will be made a matter here, and yet not serve your there. Trust me, my lord, this one scular was the thing that chiefly broke back, which I only released, to bring people more willing to advance the revenue of the crown; and so I did, as after your lordship shall perceive in letter: this officer I termed my clerk controller; and albeit I had both treasurer and comptroller, his precedents in k, yet had I never a one that I trusted her: if your lordship, or your officers, need of any formular of my household there, if you write unto me for I will send it you, so soon as I can get ; for here I have none for that country: are of a just and painful man to be gentleman of your horse, who shall have need have a yeoman under him; in these two ers reileth much, importing both honour and profit. There liveth yet an old Paul Green by name, unto whom, the way, I beseech your lordship to be good lord: he can instruct, and I am sure ll, for so have I written to him, whosoever he be that your lordship will put in that office.

Your being in actual wars, I need not to advise your lordship to make none without the consent of the counsel; but for any charge that may be for the same wars laid upon the country, do it not without calling them to it, and others of the nobility, as been accustomed; for although you have not all to consent with you, yet I doubt not but you shall have so strong a party as always shall be sufficient for your discharge: one great matter you shall have to deal in at the council board, which is the cess for the army and your household; and, my lord, as this advised, compound not for any money they will offer you. I did, and, as I wrote before, undid myself by the same; for upon their grievous complaints, affirming that some one plough land was charged with twelve pounds, and I think might prove they were charged with eight, I compounded with them for five marks sterling; which five marks sterling upon every plough land amounted to two thousand and four hundred pounds sterling for one year, and the same received within one hundred pounds, little more or less, by the above named clerk comptroller; and the same might have been fixed to the crown imperial for ever, if it had been well stood to here: the limits and counties charged to this I think will appear in the council book; if not, I know none so able to inform you as the Secretary Chalinor; my opinion is, your lordship should be resolute in this, that you cess them according to the state of your household and number of your garrison; the man last named I ever found painful, skilful, and faithful, and pray your lordship to be good lord to him, and let him know that I forget him not. My dear Lord, in consultation of this matter, and of all other matters that must be treated of at council board, suppress passion; you shall be tempted in *summo grade:* I had forgotten one late thing, and yet material, and that is, the choice of cessers for the garrison, and raters for your household; for albeit I found some more honester than other, yet amongst them all, never a perfect honest man.

For the wars now in action, I wot not what to write, for that not long ago my Lord of Leicester writ unto me of your Lordship's safe arrival there, of the death of Sir James of Desmond, and of the overthrow of Sir John his brother, and how every thing went well there; but since I have heard of a shrewd conflict in Goulranell, and divers principal men slain in the same, and that the Desmonds are of such force as they be able to keep two armies; and to whether of these factions I should advise your Lordship to address yourself, considering the nearness of the one to Dublin, the opinion and possibility of the landing of foreign force to the aid of the other, towards which if this year you do advance, leave a strong guard upon the pale behind you; for a cottage burnt there will be made more here than a town burnt in Munster. If you will this year go about the extirping of those canibals of Goulranell, and their neighbours, or when you will, if your Lordship let me know it, I think I will lay you down a better plot than ever any yet of your predecessors for these two hundred years ever followed: and let it not trouble you, that your people took some blow there, for I do not remember that ever any attempt was made there, nor yet ever heard by my elders, but that we had more loss than gain; those vermin have lived there offensively to Englishmen and Irish government, above four hundred years: and yet I think it very possible and very feasible to subdue or expulse them; and doubtless an acre

won there is more honourable and profitable for the state, than a mile in any other remote place. Once again, my Lord, if you go into Munster, leave a stronger guard upon the pale, and spare not to burden them of the country to do it; it is for themselves; and what mass of treasure this crown exhausteth, besides that they yearly do, they cannot be ignorant of; I wish your Lordship should in person be in either action.

If you go into Munster, I cannot perceive that there is any manner of proceeding yet but martially; this I had forgotten, that you leave all of that country birth behind you, that are men to make any defence, and trust to your soldiers. Some counsellors of the country you shall need to have with you; the potentates of that province trust not till you have tried them, yet haply you must use them, but let them come imbrued before you greatly allow them.

And since it is martially that you must proceed, and considering your experience and judgment, I cease to treat any more of that, lest, as I writ in the beginning of my letter, I might pour more folly out of myself, than put wisdom into you; only this, that you spare for no cost to get spies; knaves will be bought for money, and for helping of you to such, I know none so apt men as Thomas Masterson, Robert Pipno, and Robert Harpole, all which I found honest, serviceable, and faithful; all which I do recommend unto your good Lordship's favour.

Methinks it is now out of season to make any treatise or discourse of a general reformation, for that were like as if a man, seeing his house on fire, would set down and draw a plot for a new, before he would put his helping hand to quench the old. Neither yet do I know what course you shall be directed, or of yourself are inclined to hold; for if your course be either by direction or inclination to temporise, then must you proceed in different manner from that course which you must hold if you aspire to a perfect reformation of that accursed country. Here will come in question whether provincial councils and forces be to be maintained, or not; and as these courses be different, so must you use difference of action, counsellors, and ministers; and herein, whensoever you will make me privy, you shall have the best advice that I shall be able to give you; protesting that if Philip Sidney were in your place, who most earnestly and often hath spoken and written to do this loving office, he should have no more of me, than I willingly write to you from time to time. But it will be best that you oppose me questions, I will answer them as well I can.

And now, my good Lord and beloved companion, I will cease to write of matter, and to treat a little of men; the most sufficient, most faithful kind that I found there, were, the Baron of Upper Offery, Sir Lucas Dillon, and Sir Nicholas Malbie; these for principal men both for counsel and action, and who ever most diligently and faithfully discharged that which I committed to them, and trust they be men of great sufficiency. Make much of this bringer, for he may and I am sure will stand your Lordship in stead; I have always found him a just sound friend. If he be alive, there is an honest gentleman called Thomas le Strange, he was sometimes henchman to Kings, and at the last servant to me, and now to the Queen, planted there by me; if it please you to call him to you at times and give him good countenance, he will well inform you of that tract of the country where he dwelleth. I recommend to your Lordship also Launcelot Alford the surveyor; all these I have found sound and fast friends to me. I had almost forgotten my nearest and dearest friend and kinsman, and knight of mine own making, nephew and godson, Sir Henry Harrington: I beseech your Lordship bestow on him your favourable and loving countenance; you shall find in him nobility of mind, and that he is not void of good counsel through experience. It is not for lack of love that I place not aright your marshal there, Sir Nicholas Bagnall, whom I have ever found a faithful constant friend, and serviceable and most fast and assured to that family wherewith I am matched, and with which your Lordship is allied; his son, my god-son and knight, I recommend unto your Lordship: I desire your Lordship to give your good countenance to my old cousin James Wingfield, I trust he will deserve it; and now last, though not least in likeing, the bishop of Meith, whom I ever found a good counsellor for the state, a good countryman for the commonwealth, a good housekeeper, and always my fast and sound friend: these that I have thus written of, I pray you let them know that I have not forgotten them to your Lordship.

I might write of many other, but I will write evil of none, yet evil have I found of

whom you must use, for haply God d them to be scourges for my sins, they may be good and fruitful in- ts to further your service; (which if d) use them thereafter, and like them ne less for any thing done to me; benefit would have bound, I should bend fast where I found loose.

I find your Lordship liketh this, I pply you with more; and now de- u to commend me to the newcomes land, viz. my cousin John Cheke, without challenge be it spoken, by Chester and saw me not, albeit ried there days enough; and to my ally John Zouche, whom I thank for g to me to this town, and to my go- and dear friend Mr. Edward Den- nto all which I wish from my heart d and happiness.

y Lord, I had forgotten three kinsmen me, Sir Edward Moore, Owen , and Thomas Moore; one of them my man and now the Queen's, the my Lord of Warwick's and now a , the third my man still: I pray Lordship let them know I forget them the best worthy of captains I left be- me was Humphry Mackworth, he a boy of mine own breeding, I pray Lordship favour him the rather sake. I know I shall have many that in respect of me will desire grace hands, and according to the good- of the cause I beseech you to extend me unto them: I would that they for I have written might know that I not forgotten them, and that you keep this letter secret, lest others named might take occasion to deem ves of me condemned.

. Lord, I did omit to write this letter , only for the shaking of my hand, such as with difficulty I write mine name, but also for that my letters writ- are, to any reader, yea almost to myself, ble, and so I pray you accept it, though down by the pen of my man, yet deli- d by the tongue of myself: finally I mend myself, my son Phillip (who is here,) and the friendship and service both, to your good Lordship, whom shall find your fast and sound friends. m Denbigh, the 17th of September, c. Your Lordship's ancient ally, lov- companion, and faithful friend.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord,

THERE is a debt due unto me by Oreilie, for the recovering whereof I have put Launcelot Alford in trust; but for that men of his sort, who are not commonly to be dealt withal by ordinary authority, become slow payers of their debts except they be very earnestly solicited, I pray your Lordship therefore (if need be) to assist Alford by your countenance and commission, the rather to quicken him to procure me payment. My good Lord, I had almost forgotten by reason of the diversity of other matter, to recommend unto you amongst other of my friends, Sir Henry Cowley, a knight of mine own making, who, whilst he was young, and the ability and strength of his body served, was valliant, fortunate, and a good servant, and having by my appointment the charge of the King's county, kept the country well ordered and in good obedience: he is as good a borderer as ever I found any there. I left him at my coming thence a counsellor, and tried him for his experience and judgment, very sufficient for the room he was called unto: he was a sound and fast friend to me, and so I doubt not but your Lordship shall find when you have occasion to employ him: and once more, my Lord, I pray you to be good to Thomas Masterson; he is one of the ancientest followers I had there, and one that hath been of the longest acquaintance with me; you shall find him valiant, of great experience, and a very good borderer, and fit to be used when you shall have any occasion to try his service: finally, my Lord, take this for my last precept, make not many ministers for the laying out of your money, and to deal with your purser: what loss I sustained that way, no man can better inform your lordship than this bearer, who knew my estate, and by what means and degrees I took the most harm.

LETTER L.

Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert Sidney, who was the first Earl of Leicester of that name.

My dear brother,

FOR the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability you

you will find it, if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to N. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expence must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin), and hold up your heart in courage and virtue; truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Saville, I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man; and there may if you list pass good exercises betwixt you and Mr. Nevell, there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large; you may read him, and gather out of many words some matter. This I think in haste, a story is either to be considered as a story or a treatise, which, besides that addeth many things for profit and ornament; as a story, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof; in that kind your method must be to have *seriem temporum* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Languet, and such other will help you to. Then to consider by that

as you not yourself, Xenophon to follow Thucidides, so doth Thucidides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon; so generally do the Romans stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of a war, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, *e re nata*, which are to be marked, but marked with the no[illegible] torical remembrances; a poet, in [illegible] forth the effects, the motions, the [illegible] ings of the people, which though [illegible] putation one might say were true, [illegible] will mark them well, shall find th[illegible] of a poetical vein, and in that [illegible] gallantly to be marked, for though [illegible] chance they were not so, yet it is [illegible] they might be so. The last point [illegible] tends to teach profit, is of a dis[illegible] which name I give to whoever speak[illegible] *simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus e[illegible] stantiis facti*; and that is it which [illegible] me, and many others, rather note [illegible] with our pen than with our mind, b[illegible] we leave all these discourses to the co[illegible] trust of our memory, because the[illegible] not tied to the tenour of a question, a[illegible] losophers use sometimes places; the c[illegible] in telling his opinion and reasons in [illegible] gion; sometimes the lawyer, in the[illegible] the causes and benefits of laws; some[illegible] a natural philosopher, in setting do[illegible] causes of any strange thing which th[illegible] binds him to speak of; but most com[illegible] a moral philosopher, either in the [illegible] part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, [illegible] the natures of passions, or in the p[illegible] when he doth (as often he doth) [illegible] sententiously with matters of estate. [illegible] sometimes he gives precepts of war, [illegible] offensive and defensive; and so lastly, [illegible] professing any art, as his matter leads [illegible] he deals with all arts, which because it [illegible] rieth the life of a lively example, [illegible] wonderful what light it gives to the [illegible] themselves, so as the great civilians [illegible] themselves with the discourses of the [illegible] rians; so do soldiers, and even phi[illegible] phers, and astronomers; but that I [illegible] herein is this, that when you read any [illegible] thing, you straight bring it to his [illegible] not only of what art, but by your log[illegible] subdivisions, to the next member and [illegible] cel of the art. And so as in a table, [illegible] witty words, of which Tacitus is [illegible] sentences of which Livy, or similit[illegible] whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up [illegible] the right place of his storehouse, as co[illegible] military, or more specially defen[illegible] military, or more particularly, defen[illegible] by fortification, and so lay it up. [illegible] likewise in politic matters, and such [illegible] little table you may easily make, wh[illegible] with I would have you ever join [illegible] the historical part, which is only [illegible] example of some stratagem, or [illegible] counsel, or such like. This write I to [illegible]

haste, of method without method, more leisure and study (if I do some book that satisfies) I will to write more largely of it unto Mr. Savell will with ease help you in such a table of remembrance to and for your sake I perceive he much, and if ever I be able I will it of him; one only thing, as it into my mind, let me remember that you consider wherein the history teacheth, and that to note, as Dion in the searching the secrets of go-; Tacitus, in the pithy opening of wickedness, and so of the My time, exceedingly short, will to write no more leisurely; Ste-an tell you who stands with me I am writing. Now (dear brother) delight likewise in the mathematicals, well in excellent in them. I think understand the sphere; if you do, I for any more astronomy in you. music, and geometry, I would wish been in, so as both in matter of and measure you might have a and active judgment; I would you the mechanical instruments, where-Dutch excel. I write this to you as for myself have given over the the world, but wish to you as if not more, than to myself. So speak and write Latin, not barba-I never require great study in Ci-cum, the chief abuse of Oxford, *verba jactantur, res ipsas negligunt.* ful books I will send, with God's February, at which time you shall your money: and for 200l. a year, yourself, if the estates of England you shall not fail of it, use it to best profit. My Lord of Leicester you 40l. as I understand by Stephen, considereth he will continue that stipend at the least, then that is above com-; in any case write largely ond dili-to him, for in truth I have good that he means to be every way good and; the odd 30l. shall come with or else my father and I will jarel. sweet brother, take a delight to keep increase your music, you will not be-what a want I find of it in my me-y times. At horsemanship when occasion it, read Crison Claudio, and that is called La Gloria de l' Ca-, that you may join the tho-contemplation of it with the exer-and so shall you profit more in a than others in a year, and mark the bitting, saddling and curing of horses. I would by the way your Worship would learn a better hand, you write worse than I, and I write evil enough. Once again have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion; remember *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus.* Now, Sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how idle we look on our neighbours fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world he hath been, and rich he hath returned. Portugal we say is lost, and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again commend me to Mr. Nevell, Mr. Savell, and honest Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed tick and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use as well the blow as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exercises your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study, or confer diligently, and so you shall come home to my comfort and credit. Lord how I have babbled, once again farewell dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother. At Leicester House this 18th of October 1580.

LETTER LI.

Robert, first Earl of Leicester, to his father, Sir Henry Sidney.

My duty most humbly remembered to your Lordship:

THOUGH I have no great matter to write to you of, yet having the opportunity by a gentleman, the bearer hereof, I thought it my part not to let him go into England without writing to your Lordship. Yesterday I came hither, where I mean to stay a good part of this winter, and if I may, will learn to ride. My brother, in his last letter, put it my choice, whether I would go next year into France or into Italy; I have chosen Italy, because it is not so far from hence, and afterwards into France; and so will do, if your Lordship shall think it good, aud will give me leave. My brother,

ther, likewise, in his letter to Harry White, wrote that if there were any good wars I should go to them, but as yet I have heard of none; but besides that the setting out will not stand me in a little, if I go any thing like to them; what for horse and armour, and my charges before I can come where they are. But before any such wars will be, I hope to hear further from your Lordship. As touching my journey from Nurenbergh hither; first we came to Ingolstadt, then to Augsboug, Munchen, and Reguelbourg; lastly hither. After Christmas we think to go towards Vienna, and there to remain till it be your Lordship's or my brother's will, I should go farther; and in the mean time see so much of Hungary as I may; and Cracow, if the King of Poland come thither. And so being forced by the haste of the messenger to make an end I take my leave; most humbly beseeching your Lordship of your daily blessing. From Prague, the 1st of November 1480. Your Lordship's most humble and obedient son during life.

LETTER LII.

Sir Philip Sidney to Queen Elizabeth, anno 1580, persuading her not to marry with the Duke of Anjou.

Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious Sovereign,

TO seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of fault with reasons for it, might better shew I knew I did amiss, than any way diminish the attempt, especially in your judgment; who being able to discern lively into the nature of the thing done, it were folly to hope, by laying on better colours, to make it more acceptable. Therefore carrying no other olive branch of intercession, than the laying of myself at your feet, no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love; I will in simple and direct terms (as hoping they shall only come to your merciful eyes) set down the overflowing of my mind in this most important matter, importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety; and, as I know, the joys of my life. And because my words (I confess shallow, but coming from the deep well-spring of most loyal affection) have delivered to your most gracious ear, what is the general sum of my travelling thoughts therein; I will now but only declare, what be the reasons that make me think that the marriage with Monsieur will be unprofitable unto you; then answer the objection of those [illegible] might procure so violent a refuge.

The good or evil that will come must be considered, either accord[illegible] your estate or person. To your [illegible] can be added to the being a [illegible] born, and accordingly respected [illegible] But, as they say the Irishmen are [illegible] call over them that die, They are [illegible] they are fair, what needed they to [illegible] cruelly? not unfitly of you, endowed [illegible] felicity above all others, a man might ask, What makes you in such a [illegible] change course; to so healthful a [illegible] apply so unsavoury a medicine: [illegible] recompense so hazardous an adve[illegible] indeed, were it but the altering of a [illegible] maintained, and well approved trade [illegible] as in bodies natural, every sudden [illegible] is full of peril; so in this body [illegible] whereof you are the only head, it [illegible] much the more dangerous, as there [illegible] more humours to receive a hurtful im[illegible] sion. But hazards are then most to be [illegible] garded, when the nature of the pati[illegible] fitly composed to occasion them.

The patient I account your realm; [illegible] agent Monsieur, and his design; for [illegible] ther outward accidents do much p[illegible] against a true inward strength; nor [illegible] inward weakness lightly subvert itself, [illegible] out being thrust at by some outward [illegible]

Your inward force (for as for your [illegible] sures indeed, the sinews of your [illegible] your Majesty doth best and only [illegible] consisteth in your subjects, generally [illegible] pert in warlike defence; and as they [illegible] divided now into mighty factions (and [illegible] tions bound in the never dying [illegible] religion). The one of them, to whom [illegible] happy government hath granted the [illegible] exercise of the eternal truth; with [illegible] by the continuance of time, by the [illegible] titude of them; by the principal [illegible] and strength they hold; and lastly, [illegible] your dealings both at home and [illegible] against the adverse party; your state [illegible] entrapped, as it were impossible for [illegible] without excessive trouble, to pull you [illegible] out of the party so long maintained. [illegible] such a course once taken in hand, is [illegible] much unlike a ship in a tempest, which [illegible] dangerously soever it may be beaten [illegible] waves, yet is there no safety or [illegible] without it: these, therefore, as their [illegible] live by your happy government, so [illegible] they your chief, if not your sole [illegible] these, howsoever the necessity of [illegible] life makes them lack, yet can they [illegible]

better conditions than presently
: these, how their hearts will
d, if not aliened, when they shall
ake a husband, a Frenchman and
, in whom (howsoever fine wits
d further dealings or painted ex-
he very common people well know
at he is the son of a Jezebel of our
at his brother made oblation of his
ker's marriage, the easier to make
es of our brethren in belief: that he
, contrary to his promise, and all
iness, having his liberty and prin-
ate by the Hugonots means, did
acharists, and utterly spoil them with
d sword. This, I say, even at first
gives occasion to all, truly religious,
or such a master, and consequently
inish much of the hopeful love they
ong held to you.

e other faction, most rightly indeed
alled a faction, is the Papists; men,
spirits are full of anguish, some be-
elted by others, whom they account-
nable; some having their ambition
d, because they are not in the way of
cement; some in prison and disgrace;
whose best friends are banished prac-
many thinking you are an usurper;
thinking also you had disannulled
ght, because of the Pope's excom-
cation; all burthened with the weight
ir conscience; men of great numbers,
at riches (because the affairs of state
not lain on them), of united minds
l men that deem themselves oppressed
ly are); with these, I would wil-
join all discontented persons, such
at and disgrace keep lower than they
let their hearts; such as have resolv-
at to look for at your hands; such as
said, *Quibus opus est bello civili*, and
f his mind, *malo in acie, quam in foro*
. These be men so much the more to
ected, because as they do embrace all
; so are they commonly of the
and wakefullest sort, and that know
advantage of the world most. This
e rank of people, how their minds
stood, the northern rebellion, and
e other practices, have well taught
; which, if it be said, it did not pre-
that is true indeed; for if they had
iled, it were too late now to delibe-
But, at this present, they want no-
g so much as a head, who, in effect,
s not but to receive their instructions;
they may do mischief only with his
ntenance. Let the Singiniam in Henry
Fourth's time, Perkin Warbeck in your
mother's; but of all the most lively
and proper, is that of Lewis the French King's son in Henry the Third's time; who having at all no shew of title, yet did he cause the nobility, and more, to swear direct fealty and vassalage; and they delivered the strongest holds unto him. I say, let these be sufficient to prove, that occasion gives minds and scope to stranger things than ever would have been imagined. If then the affectionate side have their affections weakened, and the discontented have a gap to utter their discontent, I think it will seem an ill preparative for the patient (I mean your estate) to a great sickness.

Now the agent party, which is Monsieur: whether he be not apt to work on the disadvantage of your estate, he is to be judged by his will and power; his will to be as full of light ambition as is possible; besides the French disposition, and his own education; his inconstant temper against his brother; his trusting himself into the Low Country matters: his sometimes seeking the king of Spain's daughter; sometimes your Majesty; are evident testimonies of his being carried away with every wind of hope; taught to love greatness any way gotten; and having for the motioners and ministers of the mind, only such young men, as have shewed they think evil contentment a ground of any rebellion, who have seen no common wealth but in faction; and divers of which have defiled their hands in odious murders: with such fancies and favourites, what is to be hoped for? or that he will contain himself within the limits of your conditions; since, in truth, it were strange that he that cannot be contented to be the second person in France, and heir apparent, should be content to come to be a second person, where he should pretend no way to sovereignty. His power, I imagine, is not to be despised, since he is come into a country, where the way of evil doing will be presented unto him; where there needs nothing but a head to draw together all the ill-affected members: himself a prince of great revenues, of the most popular nation in the world, full of soldiery, and such as are used to serve without pay, so as they may have shew of spoil; and, without question, shall have his brother ready to help him, as well for old revenge, as to divert him from troubling France, and to deliver his own country from evil humours. Neither is King Philip's marriage here any example; since then it was between two of one religion, so that only he in England, stood only

upon her strength, and had abroad King Henry of France ready to impeach any enterprise he should make for his greatness that way. And yet what events time would have brought forth of that marriage, your most blessed reign hath made vain all such considerations. But things holding in present state, I think I may easily conclude, that your country, as well by long peace, and fruits of peace, as by the poison of division, wherewith the faithful shall by this means be wounded, and the contrary enabled, made fit to receive hurt; and Monsieur being every way likely to use the occasions to hurt, there can almost happen no worldly thing of more imminent danger to your estate royal. And as to your person, in the scale of your happiness, what good there may come by it, to balance with the loss of so honourable a constancy; truly yet I perceive not. I will not shew so much malice, as to object the universal doubt, the race's unfaithfulness; neither will I lay to his charge the ague-like manner of proceedings, sometimes hot and sometimes cold, in the time of pursuit; which always rightly is most fervent: and I will temper my speeches from any other unreverend disgracings of him in particular (though they might be never so true); this only will I say, that if he do come hither, he must live in far less reputation than his mind will well brook, having no other royalty to countenance himself with; or else you must deliver him the keys of your kingdom, and live at his discretion; or, lastly, he must be separate himself, with more dishonour, and further disuniting of heart, than ever before. Often have I heard you, with protestation, say, no private pleasure, nor self-affection, could lead you to it; but if it be both unprofitable for your kingdom, and unpleasant to you, certainly it were a dear purchase of repentance; nothing can it add unto you, but the bliss of children, which, I confess, were a most unspeakable comfort; but yet no more appertaining unto him than to any other, to whom the height of all good haps were allotted to be your husband; and therefore I may assuredly affirm, that what good soever can follow marriage, is no more his than any body's; but the evils and dangers are peculiarly annexed to his person and condition. For, as for the enriching of your country with treasure, which either he hath not, or hath otherwise bestowed it; or the staying of your servants minds with new expectations and liberality, which is more dangerous than fruitful; or the easing of your jesty of cares, which is as much as as the easing of you to be the Q Sovereign: I think every one this way to be full of hurt, or void Now resteth to consider, what be tives of this sudden change, as I you in most sweet words deliver; standing alone, in respect of foreign ings; and in them, from whom have respect, doubt of contempt. standing alone, with good foreight vernment, both in peace and war fence, is the honourablest thing be to a well-established monarchy; buildings being ever most strongest which lean to none other, but remain their own foundation.

So yet in the particulars of your at present, I will not altogether deny a true Massinissa were fit to counsel the enterprise of mighty Carthage: how this general truth can be applied Monsieur, in truth I perceive not. wisest, that have given best rules surest leagues are made, have said, must be between such as either, desire of a third thing, or as fear, doth knit their minds together Desire is counted the weaker bond, that bound so many Princes to the Land. It united that invincible Henry V. and that good Duke of Burgundy; the one desiring to win the crown France from the Dauphin, the other firing to revenge his father's murder the Dauphin; which both tended to That coupled Lewis XII. and Ferdinand of Spain to the conquest of Naples. fear, there are innumerable causes Monsieur's desires, and yours, how shall meet in public matters, I think oracle can tell; for as the geometrians say, that parallels, because they run divers lines, can never join: so truly, having in the beginning contrary principles, to bring forth one doctrine, must some miracle. He of the Romish ligion; and if he be a man, must have that manlike property, to desire all men be of his mind: you the and defender of the contrary, and the sun that dazzleth their eyes: he Fr and desiring to make France great Majesty English, and desiring nothing than that France should not grow he, both by his own fancy and his governors, embracing all ambitious having Alexander's image in his but, perhaps, evil painted; your Ma

excellent virtue, taught what you hope, and by no less wisdom, what y hope; with a council renowned l Christendom for their well-tem- minds, having set the utmost of mbition in your favour, and the of their souls in your safety.

r hath as little shew of outward rance, as reason, to match you to- r; for in this estate he is in, whom l he fear? his brother? alas! his er is afraid since the King of Navarre lep into his place. Neither can his er be the safer by his fall, but he be the greater by his brother's; to, whether you will be an accessa- ou are to determine. The King of l certainly cannot make war upon but it must be upon all the crown of e, which is no likelihood he will do: may Monsieur (as he hath done) to enlarge the bounds of France upon state; which likewise, whether it be for you to be a countenance to, any way, may be seen: so that if nei- desire nor fear be such in him, as are nd any public fastness, it may be said, the only fortress of this your mar- e, is of his private affection; a thing incident to the person laying it up in knots.

he other objection, of contempt in the ects: I assure your Majesty, if I had rd it proceed out of your mouth, ch of all other I do most clearly reve- te, it would as soon (considering the fections of body and mind have set all n's eyes by the height of your estate) e come to the possibility of my imagi- ion, if one should have told me on the trary side, that the greatest princess of world should envy the state of some r deformed pilgrim. What is there, ter within you or without you, that possibly fall into the danger of con- pt, to whom fortunes are tied by so g descent of your royal ancestors? But minds rejoice with the experience of r inward virtues, and our eyes are de- ted with the sight of you. But because r own eyes cannot see yourself, neither there be in the world any example fit blaze you by, I beseech you vouchsafe weigh the grounds thereof. The natu- l causes are, length of government, and certainty of succession: the effects, as u term them, appear by cherishing e abominable speeches, which some ilish minds have uttered. The longer a prince reigneth, it is certain the more he is esteemed; there is no man ever was weary of well-being. And good increased to good, maketh the same good both greater and stronger; for it useth men to know no other cares, when either men are born in the time, and so never saw other; or have spent much of their flourishing time, and so have no joy to seek other; in evil Princes, abuse growing upon abuse, according to the nature of evil, with the increase of time, ruins itself. But in so rare a government, where neighbours fires give us light to see our quietness, where nothing wants that true administration of justice brings forth; certainly the length of time rather breeds a mind to think there is no other life but in it, than that there is any tediousness in so fruitful a government. Examples of good Princes do ever confirm this, who the longer they lived, the deeper they sunk into their subjects hearts. Neither will I trouble you with examples, being so many and manifest. Look into your own estate, how willingly they grant, and how dutifully they pay such subsidies, as you demand of them: how they are no less troublesome to your Majesty in certain requests, than they were in the beginning of your reign; and your Majesty shall find you have a people more than ever devoted to you.

As for the uncertainty of succession, although for mine own part I have cast the utmost anchor of my hope; yet for England's sake I would not say any thing against such determination; but that uncertain good should bring a contempt to a certain good, I think it is beyond all reach of reason, nay because if there were no other cause (as there are infinite) common reason and profit would teach us to hold that jewel dear, the loss of which would bring us to we know not what; which likewise is to be said of your Majesty's speech of the rising sun; a speech first used by Sylla to Pompey, in Rome, as then a popular city, where indeed men were to rise and fall according to the flourish and breath of a many-headed confusion. But in so lineal a monarchy, wherever the infants suck the love of their rightful Prince, who would leave the beams of so fair a sun, for the dreadful expectation of a divided company of stars? Virtue and justice are the only bonds of people's love; and as for that point, many Princes have lost their crowns, whose own children were manifest

fest successors; and some that had their own children used as instruments of their ruin: not that I deny the bliss of children, but only to shew religion and equity to be of themselves sufficient stays. Neither is the love born in the Queen your sister's days, any contradiction hereunto; for she was the oppressor of that religion which lived in many men's hearts, and whereof you were known to be the favourer; by her loss was the most excellent Prince in the world to succeed; by your loss, all blindness light upon him that sees not our misery. Lastly, and most properly for this purpose, she had made an odious marriage with a stranger (which is now in question whether your Majesty shall do or no); so that if your subjects do at this time look for any afterchance, it is but as the pilot doth to the ship boat, if his ship should perish; driven by extremity to the one, but as long as he can with his life, tending the other. And this I say, not only for the lively parts that be in you; but even for their own sakes, for they must needs see what tempests threaten them.

The last proof in this contempt should be, the venomous matter, certain men imposthumed with wickedness should utter against you. Certainly not to be evil spoken of, neither Christ's holiness, nor Cæsar's might, could ever prevent or warrant; there being for that no other rule than so to do, as that they may not justly say evil of you; which whether your Majesty have not done, I leave it in you, to the sincereness of your own conscience, and wisdom of your judgment in the world, to your most manifest fruits and fame throughout Europe. Augustus was told, that men spake of him much hurt: It is no matter, said he, so long as they cannot do much hurt. And lastly Charles V. to one that told him, *Les Hollandois parlent mal*; *maiz ilz patient bien*, answered he. I might make a scholar-like reckoning of many such examples; it sufficeth that these great Princes knew well enough upon what way they flew, and cared little for the barking of a few curs: and truly in the behalf of your subjects, I durst with my blood answer it, that there was never monarch held in more precious reckoning of her people; and before God how can it be otherwise? For mine own part, when I hear some lost wretch hath defiled such a name with his mouth, I consider the right name of blasphemy, whose unbridled soul doth delight to [illegible] that, which is accounted generally high and holy. No, no, most [illegible] lady, do not raze out the impres[illegible] have made in such a multitude of [illegible] and let not the scum of such vile [illegible] bear any witness against your subje[illegible] votions: which to proceed one poi[illegible] ther, if it were otherwise, could [illegible] helped, but rather nourished, and in[illegible] began by this. The only means of [illegible] ing contempt, are love and fear; lo[illegible] you have by divers means sent in[illegible] depth of their souls; so if any thing [illegible] stain so true a form, it must be the [illegible] ming yourself, not in your own lik[illegible] but in new colours unto them; their [illegible] by him cannot be increased, witho[illegible] appearance of French forces, the ma[illegible] death of your estate; but well m[illegible] against him bear that face, which (a[illegible] tragic Seneca saith) *Metus in au[illegible] redit*, as because both in will and p[illegible] he is like enough to do harm. Since [illegible] it is dangerous for your state, as well [illegible] cause by inward weakness (princip[illegible] caused by division) it is fit to re[illegible] harm; since to your person it can be [illegible] way comfortable, you not desiring [illegible] riage; and neither to person nor estate [illegible] is to bring any more good than any b[illegible] but more evil he may, since the c[illegible] that should drive you to this, are e[illegible] fears of that which cannot happen, or [illegible] this means cannot be prevented: I do [illegible] most humble heart say unto your Ma[illegible] (having assayed this dangerous help) [illegible] your standing alone, you must take it [illegible] a singular honour God hath done you [illegible] be indeed the only protector of [illegible] church; and yet in worldly respects [illegible] kingdom very sufficient so to do, if [illegible] make that religion, upon which you [illegible] to carry the only strength, and have [illegible] broad those that still maintain the [illegible] course; who as long as they may be [illegible] from utter falling, your Majesty is [illegible] enough from your mightiest enem[illegible] As for this man, as long as he is [illegible] Monsieur in might, and a Papist in p[illegible] fession, he neither can, nor will, gre[illegible] shield you; and if he get once to be Ki[illegible] his defence will be like Ajax's shie[illegible] which rather weighed them down, th[illegible] defended those that bare it. Ag[illegible] contempt, if there be any, which I [illegible] never believe, let your excellent vir[illegible] of piety, justice, and liberality, daily [illegible] it be possible, more and more shine. I [illegible]

articular actions be found out be easy as I think to be done) h you may gratify all the hearts people: let those in whom you st, and to whom you have com- trust, in your weighty affairs, be in the eyes of your subjects: doing as you do, you shall be as the example of Princes, the or- of this age, and the most ex- trunk of your progenitors, and the mirror of your posterity. Your y's faithful, humble, and obedient

LETTER LIII.

Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

AY you, for my sake, you will not e yourself an instrument to cross fin Fowke's [Grevill] title in any construction of his letters patents. turn to other bodies good, and to urn willingly were a foolish dis- y. I pray you, as you make ac- of me, let me be sure you will deal according to my request, and so e you to God. At Bainard's Castle, th of April, 1581. Your loving

LETTER LIV.

Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

Molineux,

AY thee write to me diligently. I d you came down yourself. Solicit d Treasurer, and Mr. Vice Cham- for my being of the council. I train bring in my cousin Coningsby ere possible: you shall do me much e to labour it. Farewel, even , for so I wish you. From Here- the 23d of July, 1582. Your lov- ind.

LETTER LV.

Sidney (afterwards Earl of Leicester) to Edmund Molineux.

Good Mr. Molineux.

AY you set down in writing the sons why her Majesty should erect office I sue for. You must do it in terms, for it is to be shewed to her sty. I pray you let me hear quickly you, for the Queen will be spoken ry shortly about it. Farewel. Court, Sunday, 1582. Yours assuredly.

LETTER LVI.

Sir Philip Sidney to William Lord Burleigh.

Right honourable, my singular good Lord,

I HAVE from my childhood been much bound to your Lordship, which as the means of my fortune keeps me from ability to requite, so gives it me daily cause to make the bond greater, by seeking and using your favour towards me.

The Queen, at my Lord of Warwick's request, hath been moved to join me in his office of ordnance; and, as I learn, her Majesty yields gracious hearing unto it. My suit is, your Lordship will favour and further it; which I truly affirm unto your Lordship, I much more desire, for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable experience, than for any other commodity, which I think is but small, that can arise of it.

I conclude your Lordship's trouble with this, that I have no reason to be thus bold with your Lordship, but the presuming of your honourable goodwill towards me, which I cannot deserve, but I can and will greatly esteem. I humbly take my leave, and pray for your long and prosperous life. At Court, this 27th of January, 1582. Your Lordship's most humble at commandment.

LETTER LVII.

Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Edward Stafford.

Sir,

THE cause of my sending at this time this bearer, Mr. Burnam will tell you. Only let me salute you in the kindest manner that one near friend can do another.

I would gladly know how you and your noble lady do, and what you do in this absence of the Kings.

We are here all *solito*. Methinks you should do well to begin betimes to demand something of her Majesty as might be found fit for you. And let folks chafe as well when you ask, as when you do not. Her Majesty seems affected to deal in the Low Country matters, but I think nothing will come of it. We are half persuaded to enter into the journey of Sir Humphry Gilbert very eagerly; whereunto your Mr. Hackluit hath served for a very good trumpet.

I can write no more, but that I pray for your long and happy life. And so I

 commit

commit you both to the giver of it. At Court, this 21st of July, 1584. Yours assuredly.

LETTER LVIII.

Thomas Lord Buchurst, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

My very good Lord,

WITH great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your Lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her Majesty, and the whole realm besides, do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his Prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your Lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her Majesty seemeth resolute to call home your Lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, her Majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your Lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your Lordship, I rest your Lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3d of November, 1586. Your Lordship's most assured to command.

LETTER LIX.

Sir Thomas Sidney to his Lady.

Sweet Heart,

BY Captain Brown, Davy, and Pa[illegible] I have received four letters from [illegible] I am glad to hear that you and all [illegible] children are well; and for your [illegible] over, I desire it as much as you, and [illegible] not have let you have been so long [illegible] me, but in respect of your own unfit[illegible] come over, and the hope I had to [illegible] gotten ere this into England. But [illegible] I well perceive the practice of [illegible] which like not my company at the [illegible] and I trust, if all things fall out [illegible] that they shall have done me no [illegible] it. Touching your coming over, [illegible] ward the middle of May I will [illegible] Captain Goring and Captain Br[illegible] and a couple of men of war from [illegible] if you do not desire rather to come [illegible] in one of the Queen's ships; and th[illegible] your own credit is sufficient with [illegible] Lord Admiral; and for the bring[illegible] over of your children, I am still of [illegible] first opinion, that I think it very unfit [illegible] bring the three bigger ones; I k[illegible] your delight in them makes you [illegible] care what is best for them; and [illegible] than you will part with them, you [illegible] not hear of any place where to [illegible] them behind you. Otherwise, you k[illegible] well enough who hath been desirous [illegible] have them, and where they should be [illegible] well looked unto as they can be in [illegible] own house, and more to their good, [illegible] less to my charges: I mean for the [illegible] with my Lady of Huntingdon and [illegible] Lady of Warwick, with whom also [illegible] told me you were willing to leave th[illegible] They are not so young now, but that [illegible] may well be from their mother. Ma[illegible] is almost ten, and Kate almost eight; [illegible] though I cannot find fault hitherto [illegible] with their bringing up, yet I know [illegible] every day more and more it will be [illegible] for them to be out of their father's ho[illegible] For here they cannot learn what th[illegible] may do in other places; and yet, per[illegible] haps, take such humours which may [illegible] hurtful for them hereafter. But you [illegible] not want persuaders not to let them [illegible] go from you, who think they shall lo[illegible] some of their own interest if they were [illegible] not about the children. But there is no[illegible] any thing that makes me speak so much [illegible] as the experience I have of the danger[illegible] outness

of the air here, especially for children, who have been accustomed to good airs; and truly if you bring them over, if any thing happen to any of them, you shall hereafter have your will more in it. For my, I would fain have him with Sir James Morison, both in respect of himself and for other reasons also, which when I see you, I will tell you. For I know there shall be care had of him there, such as I would wish. And in the mean time I pray you disuse him from wait with his maid. For it is not good for him, and I will have him taken from her. I know that these things are nothing belonging to you; but you must remember I have part in them as well as you, and therefore must have care of them. I think also, that a better and more careful mother there is not, than you are; and indeed, I do not fear any thing so much as your too much fondness. But being so many as now God hath sent you, you may well spare the bigger, and keep them which be younger; especially being where I am, you may the better want their company. But let me speak of this presently, and you shall receive answer before you can come over. Nothing Studley, though I think he knows what belongs to a housekeeper's place, yet since you are to take care of the house, and that you are so fit for him, I will refer it unto you; an upholsterer were far fitter, though cost more wages, for in work, which otherwise must be paid for, the wages should be gotten up again. Francis hath been my servant so long, and my father's sake I may not cast him off now in his years: if he have offended you, he will ask you forgiveness, and you shall forget the offence unto me. A chamber for him I will have him have for himself in the house: but it is not my meaning he should keep any family there. All other things I will write to you in another letter. And so sweet heart farewel. At Nonsuch, the 20th of April, 1597. Your loving husband.

LETTER LX.

Sir Henry Hobart, Knight and Baronet, Lord Chief Justice, to Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My very good Lord,

I HAVE received your Lordship's letter, wherein I find all that could be expected; for I find an entire loving father in your sorrow: I find a true Christian in your patience: and I find a noble disposition, in that it pleaseth you to acknowledge the love which was repaid

* This Sir Henry Hobart was great grandson of Sir James Hobart, Attorney General, and of the Privy Council to King Henry the Seventh, who is celebrated by Camden, and other historians, for his piety, charity, and public benefactions. Sir Henry was knighted by King James on his accession to the throne, made his Attorney General, and created a Baronet on the first erection of that dignity *anno* 1611, being the ninth in order of precedency. Also, the same year, was constituted Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in which office he died, 26th December, 1 Car. I. 1625, and was buried under a fair monument in the middle isle on the north side in Christ Church, Norwich. Since his death were published reports of several law cases, which are yet esteemed among the professors of the law, and bears this title, "The Reports of that reverend and learned Judge, "the right honourable Sir Henry Hobart, Knight "and Baronet, Lord Chief Justice of his Majes-"ty's Court of Common Pleas, and Chancellor to "both their Highnesses, Henry and Charles, "Prince of Wales, &c." He married on the 22d of April, 1590, Dorothy, daughter to Sir Robert Bell of Beaupree-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, Knight, by whom he had issue sixteen children, the nativities whereof he recorded in a Bible, bought by my ingenious friend, and valuable antiquary, Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, F. R. S. who informed me that Henry his eldest son was born at Norwich 28th April, 1591, and that his twelfth, and youngest son, named also Henry, was born 17th November, 1619. His eldest surviving son, John, was born at Norwich the 19th of April, 1593, was knighted with his father, and was seated at Blickling, in the county of Norfolk, a manor his father had purchased of the noble family of Bullens, and had built there a stately house. He married the Lady Philipa, daughter of Robert Sidney, the first Earl of Leicester, and is the lady whose death occasioned this letter of the Lord Chief Justice Hobart to her father. She was born 18th August, 1594, and died in the twenty-seventh year of her age, leaving a son, who died young, and a daughter, Dorothy, married first to Sir John Hele, Knight, and secondly to William Lord Crofts, who had no issue by her. And the said Sir John dying without issue male, was succeeded by his nephew and heir, John Hobart, son and heir of Sir Miles Hobart, the second surviving son of the Lord Chief Justice Hobart. From which John the present Lord Hobart is lineally descended, who is captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners to our most gracious sovereign King George. COLLINS.

to that Christian soul in a full measure, not only by her husband, but by us, and all that belong unto us; whereof I would your Lordship were an eye witness, to see the many unfeigned mourners, of my wife, children, kinsmen, allies, and friends, which though they do increase and daily revive the grief, yet I must confess it is a kind of contentment, when we see others join in that affection that we like and hold dear. But for my son, I must say true, his sorrow keeps no bounds, and when it will end I know not, and yet I cannot find in my heart to blame it. There are two things, that may much allay our sorrows: we have cause to joy that she died in the favour of God and men; for she lived most virtuous, and was in her devotions with zeal to her last breath: and she lived as long as was possible, for it appears, by that last act of her opening (which was guided by Dr. Harvey) that she had been preserved hitherto by art and care, and now all would not serve, and so she was overcome. For the two motherless children, there lies a charge upon me (for I will not quit myself from my part) to see to them, which I will not neglect. And for your Lordship, I pray you let me find no change of affection on your part, and your Lordship shall be assured that I will ever continue your Lordship's poor friend to do you service.

LETTER LXI.

Dorothy Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband.

My dearest heart,

MY Lord of Holland sent me this letter of my Lord Treasurer's to him, and I wonder much that I have heard nothing since, having desired Mr. Hawkins, in a letter, since he was here, to solicit the business very diligently, and to send one of purpose to let me know when any thing was concluded, which I fear he has not yet had occasion to do. When Brown will be dispatched, I know not, for I heard nothing of him since he went; and they say the council comes not to Hampton Court, but that the King will meet them every Saturday at Windsor. Sir John Temple, who is inquisitive in all affairs, and much your servant, told me, that in the court it was rumoured that either you had commandment to make new demands, or some restrictions, which you had not before. He hears also, that the King is well inclin[illegible] the French business. My Lord of [illegible] land is very jealous in it, and [illegible] besides, which makes me fear that [illegible] will be great oppositions in what [illegible] sire to effect: but, howsoever, [illegible] your labours and good intentions [illegible] well accepted by God, and your [illegible] Emott was lately here with me, [illegible] cerning some business of yours, in [illegible] I gave him the best advice I could, [illegible] the particulars you will receive from [illegible] It is a month since I expected my [illegible] company; but my Lord Deputy [illegible] thereabouts, and till he be gone, I [illegible] not look for her. My brother I [illegible] not yet seen, being full of the King's [illegible] siness, as he pretends; neither [illegible] perceived any inclination to him, to [illegible] me from the solitariness I suffer in [illegible] place; for though I expressed a wi[illegible] ness to go to him, were I accomm[illegible] for a journey, yet have I received [illegible] manner of invitation, which I take [illegible] tle unkindly; but it shall not much [illegible] me: for I thank God, and you, [illegible] dearest heart, that the obligations [illegible] I have received from my friends [illegible] been very small, and I hope my [illegible] ties of their favours will not be incr[illegible] But of this coldness in my brother I [illegible] take no notice, or very little, and [illegible] tent myself the best I can, with this [illegible] life, without envying their gre[illegible] their plenty, or their jollity. The [illegible] cipal trouble I suffer, next to the [illegible] of your company, is the apprehens[illegible] have, of your being crost in what y[illegible] sire to accomplish. But my best [illegible] most earnest prayers shall be often [illegible] sented for you, and with your own, [illegible] I believe are better than mine, I [illegible] those blessings shall be obtained [illegible] will make us happy; and at this [illegible] my only dear, no more shall be s[illegible] you, by your, &c.

Penshurst, 10th November, 1636.

Yesterday we had here a very s[illegible] fast, which is appointed to continue [illegible] Wednesday till it shall please God [illegible] move this plague from us. All your [illegible] are well, and so was Robin a week [illegible] To Algernon I do send a blessing, [illegible] I hear much commended by all that c[illegible] from you; and Nic. who spake [illegible] very few, said he had a huge deal of [illegible] and much sweetness of nature.

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LETTER LXII.

ntess of Leicester, to her husband Robert Earl of Leicester.

dearest heart,

X letters come now so rarely to , as I suffer more in your absence did; for when I received almost week those dear testimonies of ell being, and your kindness to did ease much those discomforts our absence doth bring. This is st letter that I send by London; e last week my brother's being orced me to omit writing. He on Monday, and left us again on day, in which time we were so con- ly together, as I could not make spatch. I perceive no alteration n, neither do I find him much en- in friendship with any of the great Cottington, I perceive, is in decli- with him, and so will he be with more, except his power be greater most believe it is. Of my brother uired, what he had heard concern- ou; he told me, nothing to your dice; but that it was said, Seignior Ke had persuaded you to be more able to France than is well thought ere; and that you were more earnest ngage the King in a war than the here do think fit. But I hope your eedings are unblamable, and that r master, who understands them best, find them such as shall give him per- satisfaction. I long extremely to hear t you think will be the conclusion of r labour; for the world among us rm confidently that the King will not engaged in any war, and that the ctor shall return into Holland with a sion of 12,000l. a year; but perhaps ny things are unknown to those that I verse with, and therefore credit my telligence no farther than you find there cause. My sister is yet here, and so she tends to be till the latter end of Christ- s; but I cannot brag much of her kind- ss to me, for it is very little, and certainly ays here for other considerations than my ompany. My brother was very earnest persuading me to come to London, hich I have promised to do in the lat- r end of February, though I know not ow to accommodate myself handsomely or that place; but my special want is a cademan usher, which I am unwilling to take. If Daniel behave himself well with you, which I beseech you to let me know; for if he be not worth keeping, I would inquire after another, and so free myself from him; but if he be good, I will suffer much rather than take a new one, and I will do any thing rather than wish him from you, if he does your service. It would joy me much to receive some hope of that Lord's addresses to Doll, which once you writ of to me; for, next to what concerns you, I confess she is considered by me above any thing of this world; but you shall have the first place, or rather the whole possession of her heart, who is most faithfully your own.

Penshurst, 19 Dec. 1639.

Give Algernon a blessing, and offer my service to Mr. Croft. Your companion Watt (Montague) is expected here every day.

LETTER LXIII.

The Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband.

My dearest heart,

MY brother Northumberland writ me word, that your letters gave little hope that our propositions would be received in France; and all that I hear doth extremely discourage me from expecting a good conclusion in those affairs; but if you part, please your master. I hope we shall not suffer for, howsoever the business doth prosper between the Kings. I believe this employment may prove advantageous to you in a great proportion, which I confess is the principal thing I consider; and I do not believe that you have such enemies in the court as you conceive, for I have made curious inquisitions, and cannot hear that any thing hath been said to your prejudice but what proceeded from the old secretary. If the great man be less kind to you than he was, assuredly it is because you have entertained so great an intelligence with Holland, which now is not to be diminished; for then it will be thought, that your addresses to him were only in consideration of the money business which you desired he should solicit. Many think this great man hath much kindness to your companion (Scudamore), and that he doth resent the complaints you made of him; but I hope you

are still reasonable well with him, and that you will be better when you meet; for the other, which you think doth not love you, I hear he speaks very seldom with the King; and though my Lord Goring said that he had done you ill offices, yet he could tell no particular, neither could I ever receive the knowledge of any, though I have sought with diligence.

I forgot to tell you the last week, that my Lord of Essex's son was dead, and now I think that it will be no news. My Lord Spencer also hath done the King the courtesy to leave him a good ward; and if you desire news for your little Watt (Montague), you may tell him that his father is drunk every meal, and that his brother Mandevil is enriched by Sir Nathaniel Rich, who is dead, and hath given all his fortune to him.

You tell me that I do not care for news, but I desire much more than you do afford me; for it is very long since you told me any thing of your opinion concerning the success of your business, which I long extremely to hear; and any thing else that belongs to you I covet with an excessive greediness. Wherefore, my dearest, be a little more liberal in those informations, and be assured, that your pains are bestowed for her satisfaction, who would not refuse to give her life for your service, so infinitely are you beloved by your, &c.

Penshurst, 28th December, 1636.

My sister is yet here, and all your children are well.

LETTER LXIV.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

FOR my exceptions to your silence, I humbly ask your pardon; for since I have received three letters from you, the one by Mr. Augier, who I have not yet seen, but he writ to me with much civility; and, I hear, that he speaks of you with all the honour, estimation, and affection, that can be; which shall make him as welcome to me, as either of my brothers. Two letters more I have had since his arrival, but that which was first written came last to my hands, for my Lord of Holland sent it to me yesterday; and the other, which was dated the 27th January, was received by me the 4th February. They all brought [illegible] tentment to me as nothing but [illegible] own person can give me a joy [illegible] it; and though you reproach me [illegible] ing, yet I hope the consideration of [illegible] shall free me from any further punis[illegible] than that gentle rebuke which you [illegible] already given me. By the two [illegible] here inclosed, you will find a [illegible] from what I have heretofore decl[illegible] you; and besides the good success [illegible] is now expected of your negociat[illegible] find there is a general applaud of [illegible] proceedings, which is no small delig[illegible] me, and, I hope, will be a great [illegible] couragement to you: for though I [illegible] ceive your labours to be very great, [illegible] I trust the conclusion will be very [illegible] and then all the pains will be re[illegible] bered with pleasure and advantage to [illegible] I hope you apprehend more an alter[illegible] in the Archbishop of Canterbury [illegible] there is cause, for I could never hear [illegible] any thing he said to your preju[illegible] though I have been inquisitive enou[illegible] but that he favours Scudamore there [illegible] question; and if it be nothing but [illegible] has happened between you, I believe [illegible] will easily pass away. No ill offices [illegible] be done by Cottington, for they are [illegible] such a distance as they seldom speak [illegible] to the other: and, besides, I could [illegible] find that the suspected party expressed [illegible] thing of malice to you, but when he [illegible] tiplied the money that had been paid [illegible] Leicester, which might be a mistake. [illegible] am glad you find the Deputy of Ire[illegible] kind to Leicester, for certainly he [illegible] do great courtesies, and so has he [illegible] haved himself lately, as he is extr[illegible] great with Canterbury, Cottington, Co[illegible] and Windebank. I have no more cause [illegible] fear ill offices from —— than formerly [illegible] for it is no new conceit that —— [illegible] not affectionate to me or mine; but if [illegible] party deceive me, I shall be glad, and [illegible] any thing I know we are on the [illegible] terms you left us. I hope the 300l. [illegible] commanded shall be returned to you [illegible] the time appointed; and when more is [illegible] ceived, it shall be disposed of according [illegible] your directions.

The present also for the Queen [illegible] France I will be very careful to pro[illegible] vide; but it cannot be handsome for [illegible] proportion of money which you do men[illegible] tion; for those bone laces, if they [illegible] good, are dear, and I will send of the [illegible] best, for the honour of the nation, [illegible]

n credit. You persuade my going London, and there I shall play the ill wife, which I perceive you are con- to suffer, rather than I should remain solitariness; and yet my intention to remove till the beginning of the month, except Mr. Augier's going carry me up sooner. All the chil- I will leave here, according to your e, and if you can spare Daniel, I de- hat you will send him to me for the of my being at London. Mr. Seladine s in with your letter, whom I am en- d to entertain a little; besides, it is r time, or else I should bestow one of this paper in making love to you; ince I may with modesty express it, I say, that if it be love to think on you ing and waking, to discourse of no- with pleasure but what concerns you, ith myself every hour with you, and ray for you with as much devotion as ny own soul; then certainly it may be that I am in love; and this is all that shall at this time hear from your, &c.

enhurst, 7th Feb. 1636.

iss my boy Algernon for me, who sent a very pretty French letter.

LETTER LXV.

From the same, to the same.

y dearest heart,

ESTERDAY I received Mr. Ruvigry's visit, and your letter. This morning, on my waking, I was saluted h more of your most welcome lines, ich I expected the last night with some patience. For, besides the most de- d news of your good health, and the ved expressions of your affection, I infinitely desirous to receive from you e assurance of a happy success in those irs that you have negociated with so ch pains. But, however the French ave themselves, I hope you will acquit self so as the King shall find cause value your service, and not to blame it. hat has made people think you more inable to France than you ought to , I do not know; but certainly that has en the exception that the King has had you; which opinion I hope is now re- ved, and then it will be easy to keep self from the like suspicion. I think —'s interest with the King is more n is generally known, and I believe ll be more than it is; for with that ty you are very well, as I hear by several persons. Watt Montague has supped twice here within this week, and speaks of you with much estimation. It is not good losing the offices which he may do, and therefore I pray continue a civility to him. This week St. George's feast has been solemnized; my Lord of Danby, who I have not yet seen, performed his part, though he be very weak, and I fear will not last long, for they say he is deeply in a consumption. My Lord Lovelace I hear will be in town this week, and I think shall be presented first to my brother Northumberland, and then to us; his estate, my Lord Danby says, is 6000l. a year, and he now enters on 3500l.; the rest his mother has, who they say is rich, and loves him very much. His person, I am told, is not to be disliked, nor he wants not wit; but has kept extreme ill company, and will sometimes drink to distemper himself. This is a foul fault, and would keep me from thinking on him at all, did I not hope, that good advice, and good conversation, would bring him from any such delight; for his brothers-in-law, who are the best persons that he keeps with, do draw him to that vice, being extremely addicted to it themselves. When I know more concerning him, you shall be further informed. I know you persuade me to leave this town, only in consideration of the danger, and therefore I do not intend to remove, till the King and Queen go from hence; because I apprehend that it is possible for me to do you some service here.

I have received 100l. from the Low Countries, which I think must be employed in paying interest money. 200l. I have recived from Hen. Crickendall, which is reserved only for the payment of workmen, having already begun to finish the upper rooms; the men do not work in the house, and can bring no danger to us.

I do not conceive it to be at all dangerous for you to let the King know that you have spent much above his allowance, and that you cannot subsist without some addition; for I believe he will not think it reasonable that your fortune should be ruined in his service: and I think you may represent your condition so to him, as he shall find cause to grant you a supply. In my opinion, you had best direct this request only to himself; but I shall submit to any way that you think better. Madam Croft is come hither, and I saw her yesterday. Sir William is extremely careful in what concerns Poll, and very

kind to us all. My Lady Berkshire carries my sister now from all creatures, which is no trouble to me. And since I have nothing to say that merits another sheet of paper, I will in this give you a farewel, with more affection than can be declared by so ill expressor as is your, &c.

Leicester House, 20th April, 1637.

LETTER LXVI.

From the same to the same,

My dearest heart,

MY civility to this bearer doth not so much persuade me to write, as the desires I have at all times to perform that which may bring me to your memory. And though I have nothing to say, which I can deliver without apprehensions of giving you trouble, yet can I not be silent when any occasion is offered. By Mr. Cavendish I thought to have sent my present for the Queen, but it is not yet ready, and therefore I must attend another opportunity, for I will have it in as good order as I can. My Lord of Danby is much better than he was, and this day I am going to see him. My Lord Lovelace is at this instant here, and would fain made an excuse for his absence, which I have received with such an answer as he may understand to be a little check: what will come after it, shall be delivered to you the next week; and at this time I beseech you to receive a full assurance of her faithful affection, who is, with all sincerity, intirely yours.

Leicester House, 12th May, 1637.

LETTER LXVII.

From the same to the same,

My dearest heart,

THE apprehension of your going to Hamburgh brought me much trouble, till I was told that it would be absolutely left to your choice; and offered to you rather as a compliment, than pressed on you as a necessity. Wherefore in that particular, I am now reasonable well satisfied; yet will I not desist from the performance of all that may defend you from that journey: for I am more adverse to it than you can be; though I am confident, that if the King have any such intention, it is with a belief that it will please you, and not discontent you; for I think he is very well disposed to you. I am sorry you cannot keep yourself from being troubled with your companion's folly, which I think is very little considered here, for I seldom hear him named; and when he is, with contempt. All my present for the Queen of France is provided, which I have had with great care and some trouble; the pence I cannot yet directly tell you; but I think it will be about 120l. for the laces are extremely dear. I intend to send it by Monsieur Ruvigny, for most the things are of new fashion; and if I should keep them, they would be less acceptable; for what is new now, is quickly grow common, such things being sent over almost every week. Now concerning Doll, of whom I can neither what I desire, nor what I thought I had have done; for I find Lord Lovelace uncertain and so idle, so much addicted mean company, and so easily drawn to bauchery, as it is now my study how break off with him in such a manner as may be said that we refused him: since last Sunday we have not seen him though he be every day very near. Many particulars I could tell you of wildness; but the knowledge of them would be of no use to you, since he likely to be a stranger to us; for though estate is good, his person pretty enough and his wit much more than ordinary, I dare I not venture to give Doll to him. As concerning my Lord of Devonshire, I say as little to please you; for though mother and sister made fair shews of good intentions to us, yet in the end find them, just as I expected, full of deceit and juggling. The sister is gone from this town, but the young Lord still here, who never visited us but once and yet all the town spoke of a marriage which I think came upon my Lord Holland's divulging his confidence that would be so; and he conceives that I had much reason to believe what he said. My dear heart, let not these crossing dents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her; and however, let us submit to his will, and his benefits are far beyond our deserts, and punishments much less than we have reason to expect. The last Sunday, being the court to wait on the Queen, the Lady of Holland came formally in, and whispered with her Majesty, who presently called me, and, with a cheerful countenance, said, that all was concluded in France, and that you had sent one to give that advertisement. Which news I received

with much joy, and went home an expectation of hearing it con- by a letter of yours; but, upon en- I found that Holland had made this upon a letter which came to Secre- Cooke, wherein there was no such as he had told the Queen. He such foolish discourses to the King that you write to him, as I think you better say nothing to him of those intents which I believe sometimes to you by false informations. And gh you have cause of dislike, I do not it advantageous of you to be ever ig exceptions; and Holland is so glad et any thing to talk on to the King, as multiplies the least information that he ives: so as in my opinion you had not write any thing to him which you ld not have him discourse of. And, at present, I can say no more, but that I more yours than can be imagined, and e impatient to see you than can be ressed; which I hope will persuade to bestow thoughts of kindness on r, &c.

Leicester House, 18th May, 1637.

LETTER LXVIII.

Lady Dorothy Sidney (afterwards Countess of Sunderland) to her father Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

AD not my intentions been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which great cold produced; and since that, the expectation of Rochell's coming her, I would not have been thus slow presenting your Lordship with my t humble thanks for the many fine ngs that you have bestowed on me. d though they will be my greatest or- ments, which is of much consideration persons no wiser than I am; they ld not give me any contentment, but I understand they are expressions of r Lordship's favour, a blessing that, ove all others in this world, I do with t passion desire: and my ambition is at whatsoever your Lordship doth pro- nd to be in the perfectest good child on the earth, you may find accomplished me, that will ever be your Lordship's st affectionate, most humble, and ex- ly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

LETTER LXIX.

Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester. Most of it in cypher, and decyphered.

My dearest heart,

THE King's condition is much improved of late; his force increaseth daily, which increaseth the insolency of the Papists. How much I am unsatisfied with the proceedings here, I have at large expressed in several letters. Neither is there wanting, daily, handsome occasion to retire, were it not for grinning honour. For let occasion be never so handsome, unless a man were resolved to fight on the Parliament side, which, for my part, I had rather be hanged, it will be said without doubt, that a man is afraid to fight. If there could be an expedient found, to salve the punctilio of honour, I would not continue here an hour. The discontent that I, and many other honest men, receive daily, is beyond expression. People are much divided; the King is of late very much averse to peace, by the persuasions of ——— and ———. It is likewise conceived, that the King has taken a resolution not to do any thing in that way before the Queen comes; for people advising the King to agree with the Parliament, was the occasion of the Queen's return. Till that time no advice will be received; nevertheless, the honest men will take all occasions to procure an accommodation; which the King, when he sent those messages, did heartily desire, and would still make offers in that way, but for ——— and ——— and the expectation of the Queen, and the fear of the Papists, who threaten people of ———: I fear the Papists threats have a much greater influence upon the King than upon ———. What the King's intentions are, to those that I converse with, are altogether unknown; some say he will hazard a battle very quickly; others say he thinks of wintering; which as it is suspected, so if it were generally believed, Sunderland and many others would make no scruple to retire; for I think it is far from gallant, either to starve with the King, or to do worse, as to avoid fighting. It is said the King goes on Friday towards Chester, for a day or two, leaving his forces here; which are, 6000 foot, 1500 dragoons, and above 2000 horse. There are 4000 foot more raised, they say 2000 by my Lord Strange, 1000 by

Sir

Sir Thomas Salisbury, and 1200 by Sir Edward Stradling; all which will be here within a very few days. This is a lightning before death. I am yours, &c.

Shrewsbury, the 21st Sept. 1642.

LETTER LXX.

From the same to the same, decyphered.

My dearest heart,

I HAVE received your letter of the 10th of this instant, but have had none else a good while, though you mentioned two others in this. Since we have been upon our march, I have had neither time nor opportunity to write, but I sent Alibone yesterday to Althorpe, with a short letter to you, and a long one to my lady; for which trouble I beseech you to make my excuse: above one more than this, I believe I shall not have time to write, and opportunity to send, before we come to London; which, by the grace of God, will be as soon as so great an army can march so many miles. For not only ———, but most men believe, that the King's army will make its way, though Lord Essex's army is five times as many as we are. If the King, or rather ——— prevail, we are in sad condition, for they will be insupportable to all, but most to us who have opposed them, so that if the King prevails by force, I must not live at home, which is grievous to me, but more to you; but if ———, I apprehend I shall not be suffered to live in England: and yet I cannot fancy any way to avoid both; for the King is so awed by ———, that he dares not propose peace, or accept: I fear though by his last message he is engaged. But if that be offered by the Parliament, I and others will speak their opinion, though by that, concerning the treaty, were threatened by ———, who caused ——— to be commanded by the King, upon his allegiance, to return against his will, he being too powerful for ———, and by whom England is now likely to be governed.

———

———

———

——— that if ———

———

———

——— taken notice of it, ever since the Duke's going away: my Lord Southampton, who presents to you his service has lain in the bedchamber: for all the King never speaks to ———, ———, I had an hour's discourse with the King, the treaty, which I would be glad knew, but it is too long with cyphers unfit without, else we have had no merce since we came from Nottingh I thank you for your care to supply with money; I should be sorry not you till I wanted it, for yesterday I six score pounds for a horse of my Clumsey's, who kisses your hands. may appear an argument that I shall the sooner, but if I had been in danger that, I would have ventured my body a worse horse. If I durst write this of all things, you should have but by this constraint, I fear I have too much nonsense; for I can truly my writing in characters, as a great of this kingdom said of his speaking, he never knew what he meant to before he spake, nor what he said, after had spoken. Pray let my Lady Leicest know, that to write news, without or a cypher, is inconvenient; ill compliment I dare not, having heard her so often claim against good ones, so that out of respect I forbear writing often to her. hear that Leicester has refused to shew instructions to the Parliament without King's leave, which resolution I hope will not alter, lest it should be prejudic to him; for the King is in so good condition at this time, that if the Parliament would restore all his right, unless the Parliament will deliver up to a legal trial those persons named in his long ——— and some others, he will not hearken peace. I hope Northumberland is in danger, for besides the relation to him you, I have been so obliged to him, that very often think of him. The Parliament's confidence which you spake of your letter is put on, for really they are in ill condition, and it is impossible but they must know it. I never saw the King look better, he is very cheerful, and by the bawdy discourse I thought I had been in the drawing room. Money comes in beyond expectation, the foot are reasonably well paid; the horse have not been paid, but live upon the country. The King is very good of himself, and would be so still, were it not for evil counsellors; for he gives very strict order, that as little spoil be made as is possible. To morrow we march to Birmingham*, and so on the road

* October 14th, 1642, the King marched to Birmingham.

...on, from whence by the grace of ... I will come to Penshurst, where I ... to see you past all your pains. I wrote ... to desire you to invite all my ... to you, for I doubt London will be ... a very ill place. I am yours, and ... Lady Carlisle's humble servant. You ... have not spared my pains, but unless ... have received a letter that I writ to ... from ———, you will not well ... stand the inclosed; pray keep it to ... self, for I send it to you, to have your ... on, whether it be ridiculous or no. ... yours.

LETTER LXXI.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

THE King's sudden resolution of going ... before Gloucester, hath extremely ... pointed me; for when I went from ... Bristol, on Monday morning, he was re... ...d to come hither this day, and to that ... purpose sent his troop before. Upon this, ... and two or three gentlemen agreed to ... at his Majesty here this day, and to ... the Bath in our way, which we did ... accordingly; by which means, we missed ... Majesty, being gone this morning to... ...ds Gloucester; and to-morrow morn... ...ing we will be before it, where I intend to ... at upon him. The King's going to ... Gloucester is in the opinion of most very ... advised. I find the Queen is unsatisfied ... with it; so is all the people of quality. I ... not able to give you any account upon ... what grounds the King took this resolu... ...tion; it may be you will think, that I am ... raving of my pains, but really, had I any ... more to say, I would set it down. You ... will receive two other letters from me by ... this messenger, one of which I wrote be... ...fore my going hence, the other at Bristol; ... but are of so old a date that I should do ... a great service to burn them; but be... ...cause you often reproach me for failing in ... kind of kindness, I will send them, ... hoping that you will receive them kindly, ... according to the intention of him that ... wrote them, who is most passionately yours. ... Aug. 9th, at sunset, 1643.

I do most humbly kiss my Lady Lei... ...cester's hands.

LETTER LXXII.

From the same to the same.

My dearest heart,

JUST as I was coming out of the trenches, on Wednesday, I received your letter of the 20th of this instant, which gave me so much satisfaction, that it put all the inconveniencies of this siege out of my thoughts. At that instant, if I had followed my own inclinations, I had returned an answer to yours; writing to you and hearing from you, being the most pleasant entertainment that I am capable of in any place; but especially here, where, but when I am in the trenches (which place is seldom without my company), I am more solitary than ever I was in my life; this country being very full of little private cottages, in one of which I am quartered, where my Lord Falkland did me the honour, last night, to sup: Mr. Chillingworth * is now here with me, in Sir Nicholas Selwin's place, who has been this week at Oxford; our little engineer comes not hither so much out of kindness to me as for his own conveniency, my quarter being three or four miles nearer the leaguer than my Lord of Devonshire's, with whom he stayed till he was commanded to make ready his engines with all possible speed. It is not to be imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean to himself) he executes this command; for my part, I think it not unwisely done of him to change his profession, and I think you would have been of my mind if you had heard him dispute last night with my Lord Falkland in favour of Socinianism; wherein he was by his Lordship so often confounded, that really it appears he has much more reason for his engine than for his opinion: I put off my writing till last night, out of hopes that something here would have happened worthy your knowledge, more than what I wrote to you the day before; and you see what good company made me defer it last night, at which time I was newly come from our leaguer, whither I thought to have gone this morning; but I have got such an angry pimple, or rather a kind of a small bile, in such a place, that as I cannot ride without pain, so I cannot with modesty make a more particular description. ——— find that we had only an alarm, which

* A famous Divine.

they

they gave to hinder our working, not daring to sally any more, being so well beaten the last time; the night before they offered to make a sally, forty or fifty of them being without their sally port, but we instantly beat them back. Our gallery will be finished within this day or two, and then we shall soon dispatch our mine, and them with it. Many of the soldiers are confident that we shall have the town within this four days, which I extremely long for, not that I am weary of the siege; for really, though we suffer many inconveniencies, yet I am not ill pleased at this variety, so directly opposite to one another, as the being in the trenches with so much good company, together with the noise and tintamarre of guns and drums, the horrid spectacles, and hideous cries, of dead and hurt men, is to the solitariness of my quarter; together with all the marks of peace, which often bring into my thoughts (notwithstanding your mother's opinion of me) how infinitely more happy I should esteem myself, quietly to enjoy your company at Althrope, than to be troubled with the noises, and engaged in the factions of the court, which I shall ever endeavour to avoid; should that be compassed, nothing on my part shall be omitted, he being, as he tells me, now contriving how to lay the business so with—— and Lord Jermin, who professeth much kindness——

——————————————

——————————————

——————————— that it may in probability, take ——————

——————————————

——————————— notwithstanding

——————————————

——————————————

——————— I thought it would not be amiss to acquaint you with this, because it may interrupt your friend ——— his business; for it appears so foul a business to my friend ———, that he told me he would endeavour to do them both all the service he could, by keeping it off; but if that cannot be done; and that it is necessary for ——— to be engaged (which if it is possible he will avoid) in justice he must be very severe to that person who is very kind to him (pardon this outrageous parenthesis); but that I would be glad to know what resolution we shall take upon it, that I might order my own private business accordingly. I shall endeavour to provide you better lodgings at Oxford, and will be careful to fur[illegible] them according to your desire; which forbear yet to do, because it is not [illegible] certain that we shall not take in Cov[illegible] and Northampton in our way to Lond[illegible] I have writ two or three letters to y[illegible] since that which Alibone brought you, [illegible] one of which I took notice of Holle[illegible] by which I am more disobliged than [illegible] any thing that was in his power to do. Sunderland was not at all concerned in [illegible] for himself; for his principal design was so to order that business that Lady Sunderland might have had it after him, who should he die now, would be destitute of [illegible] good house. I am able to give you [illegible] account of the Earls of Bedford, Clar[illegible] and Holland; nothing being resolved concerning them when I came from Oxford, more than that they should be very well used, but without doubt they will ere long be better received than they ought to expect. When we were at Bristol, Sir William was there, but I hear that he is now lately gone to Hereford, for which I envy him, and all others, that can go to their own houses; but I hope ere long you will let me have your company, and Popet's, the thought of which is to me most pleasant, and passionately desired by your[illegible]

Aug. 25th, from before Gloucester.

Since I wrote this, I hear the King goes to-morrow to Oxford, from whence he will return on Monday, whither I cannot ride without pain, and therefore intend not to wait upon him. Sir William Killigrew is your servant, to whom the King has given the reversion of Pendennis Castle, after Arundell, who is threescore and ten; with which he is extremely pleased, it being the thing in the world he most desired.

LETTER LXXIII.

The same to the same, four days before the fight of Newberry, where he was slain.

SINCE I wrote to you last from Sulbey, we had some hopes one day to fight with my Lord of Essex's army, we receiving certain intelligence of his being in a field convenient enough, called Ripple-Field, towards which we advanced with all possible speed; upon which he retired with the body of his army to Tewkesbury, where, by the advantage of the bridge, he was able to make good his quarter, with five hundred men, against twenty thousand

and. So that though we were at so a distance, as we could have been him in two hours: his quarter being rong, it was resolved on Thursday, we seeing for the present he would ight with us, we should endeavour to him to it by cutting off his pro- ns; for which purpose, the best way for the body of our army to go back veiholme, and for our horse to distress upon which I, and many others, lved to come for a few days hither, e being no probability of fighting y suddenly, where we arrived late on ursday night. As soon as I came, I at to your father's, where I found Ali- e, with whose face I was better pleased n with any of the ladies here. This pression is so much a bolder thing than arging my Lord Essex, that should this ter miscarry, and come to the know- lge of our dames, I should, by having y eyes scratched out, be cleared from ming away from the army for fear: here if I had stayed, it is odds I should t have lost more than one. Last night ery good news came to court, that we, esterday morning, fell upon a horse quar- er of the enemies, and cut off a regiment, nd that my Lord of Newcastle hath killed, nd taken prisoners, two whole regiments f horse and foot that issued out of Hull; which place he hath great hopes to take ere long. By the same messenger, last night, the King sent the Queen word that he would come hither on Monday or Tues- day; upon one of which days, if he alter his resolutions, I shall not fail to return to the army. I am afraid our sitting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing, if we had a month's more time, which we lost there, for we never were in a more pros- perous condition; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, especially betwixt ——— and ———, by which we receive prejudice, I never saw ——— use any body with more neglect than ———, and we say he is not used much better by the Queen. Mrs. Jermyn met my Lord Jermyn (who, notwithstanding your in- telligence, is but a Baron) with whom I came, at Woodstoke, with a coach, who told me she would write to you, which I hope she hath done; for since I came here, I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle; so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of this place. Before I go hence, I hope some body will come from you, howsoever I shall have a letter here for you. I have taken the best care I can about my œconomical affairs; I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, every body thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet * for me, and tell her I would have writ to her, but that, upon mature deliberation, I found it to be uncivil to return an an- swer to a lady, in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I cannot, by walking about my chamber, call any thing more to mind to set down here, and really I have made you no small compliment in writing thus much; for I have so great a cold, that I do nothing but sneeze, and mine eyes do nothing but water, all the while I am in this posture of hanging down my head. I beseech you to present his service to my lady, who is most passionately and per- fectly yours.

Oxford, September the 16th, 1643.

My humble service to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

LETTER LXXIV.

Robert Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept. 1643.

My dear Doll,

I KNOW it is to no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my in- tention: for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so ten- der and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution; and where- in, though he knew your sufferings, he

* She was his daughter, and was afterwards Marchioness of Halifax.

could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that besides the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he look upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident, neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself, and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much, as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again; but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present pa[illegible] which possesseth you; and you m[illegible] that our Saviour himself did weep for [illegible] death of one he loved; that is tru[illegible] we must not adventure too far after his [illegible] ample in that, no more than a child [illegible] run into a river, because he saw a m[illegible] wade through; for neither his sorrow, n[illegible] any other passion, could make him fe[illegible] it is not so with us: he was pleased to [illegible] our infirmities, but he hath not impa[illegible] to us his power to limit or restrain the[illegible] for if we let our passions loose, they [illegible] grow headstrong, and deprive us of [illegible] power which we must reserve to ourselv[illegible] that we may recover the government wh[illegible] our reason and our religion ought to be [illegible] above them. I doubt not, but your e[illegible] are full of tears, and not the emptier [illegible] those they shed. God comfort you, a[illegible] let us join in prayer to him, that he will [illegible] pleased to give his grace to you, to yo[illegible] mother, and to myself, that all of us m[illegible] resign and submit ourselves entirely a[illegible] cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing sh[illegible] be able to make us unhappy in this li[illegible] nor to hinder us from being happy in th[illegible] which is eternal. Which that you m[illegible] enjoy at the end of your days, whose nu[illegible] ber I wish as great as of any mortal cre[illegible] ture; and that through them all you m[illegible] find such comforts as are best and most n[illegible] cessary for you; it is, and shall ever b[illegible] the constant prayer of your father th[illegible] loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

LETTER LXXV.

Robert Earl of Leicester to the Queen, [illegible] Oxford, desiring to know why he was dismissed from the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Madam,

SUFFER yourself, I beseech you, to receive from a person, happy heretofore in your Majesty's good opinion, this humble petition: that whereas the King hath conferred a great honour upon me, which now he hath taken from me, after a long and expenceful attendance for my dispatch; and after his Majesty had divers times signified, not only to me, but to my Lord Percy also, his intention to send me into Ireland; since which, I cannot imagine what I have done, to alter his Majesty's just and gracious purpose towards me.

And whereas it hath pleased the King to tell me lately, that he had both acquainted your Majesty at the first, with his intention

en to give me that employment, ere, that he would deprive me of it; ly conceive it to be very likely, e King hath also told your Majesty ase that moved him to it; for, I me, that upon a servant of his, and recommended to his favour by your ty, he would not put such a disgrace ut telling your Majesty the reason he did it; but, as I could never flatter f with any conceit that I had deserv- at honour, so I cannot accuse myself er of having deserved to be dispossessed in a manner so extraordinary, and so al to the King, to punish without ng the causes of his displeasure.

all humility, therefore, I beseech your esty to let me know my fault, which I confident I shall acknowledge, as soon may see it; for though it be too late er such satisfaction as, being graciously ered, might have prevented the mis- ne which is fallen upon me; yet I may ent the testimonies of my sorrow for ing given any just cause of offence to er of your Majesties.

seek not to recover my office, Madam, your good opinion; or to obtain your ion, if my fault be but of error; and t I may either have the happiness to fy your Majesties that I have not nded, and so justify my first innocence, gain repentance, which I may call a ond innocence. I must confess, this is great importunity; but, I presume, your esty will forgive it, if you please to sider how much I am concerned in that ich brings instant destruction to my for- e, present dishonour to myself, and the me, for ever, to my poor family; for I ght have passed away unregarded and remembered. But now, having been ed to an eminent place, and dispossessed it otherwise than I think any of my decessors in that place have been, the al time being not expired, no offence ged, nor any recompence assigned; I ll be transmitted to the knowledge of owing times, with a mark of distrust, ich I cannot but think an infamy, full grief to myself, and of prejudice to my ntery.

For these reasons, I humbly beseech your Majesty to make my offence to ap- ear, that I may undeceive myself, and see it was but a false integrity which I e boasted and presumed upon, that ers may know that which yet they can t suspect; and that I may no longer ker myself under the vain protection of a pretended affection to the King and your Majesty's service, nor under the excuse of ignorance or infirmity: but let me bear the whole burden of disloyalty and ingratitude, which admits no protection nor excuse. And I humbly promise your Majesty, that if either of those crimes be proved against me, I never will be so impudent as to importune you for my pardon. But if I be no otherwise guilty, than as misinformation, or misfortune, many times makes men in this world; then I beg leave to think still, that I have been a faithful subject and servant to the King. And though I renounce all other worldly contentments, whilst the miseries of these times endure, wherein the King, your Majesty, and the whole kingdom suffer so much that it would be a shame for any private man to be happy, and a sin to think himself so; yet there is one happiness that I may justify; therefore I aspire unto it, and humbly desire it of your Majesty, that you will be pleased to think of me as of your Majesty's most faithful and most obedient creature.

9th December, 1643.

LETTER LXXVI.

Algernon Earl of Northumberland to Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

I THOUGHT it not seasonable to be over hasty in adventuring to trouble your Lordship with that which is of so little importance, as the expressing my sorrow for the death of my dear sister; but, indeed, I bear a very great share with your Lordship in this loss, as I shall do in every accident that comes unwelcomely to you. For my own particular, I account the loss equal, almost, to any that could befal me; and it would be much increased, if it should remove me further from your Lordship's kindness and favour. Though that tie, which was the occasion of bringing us first together, be dissolved, my hope and desire is, that the friendship which followed may still continue between us; and if a true respect and value of your Lordship can merit any thing, I shall not miss of the satisfaction I aim at, in being owned by your Lordship for your, &c.

August 29, 1659.

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LETTER LXXVII.

The Earl of Leicester to Algernon Earl of Northumberland.

My Lord,

IN the greatest sorrow that I have ever suffered, your Lordship hath given me the greatest consolation that I could receive from any body in this world; for having lost that which I loved best, your Lordship secureth me from losing that which I loved next, that is, your favour; to which having no right or claim by any worthiness in myself, but only by that alliance of which my most dear wife was the mediation, I might justly fear the loss of that also, if your Lordship's charity towards me did not prevent it. And now I will presume to tell your Lordship, that though you have lost an excellent sister, who by her affection and reverence towards you highly deserved of you; yet such was her death, that your Lordship hath reason to rejoice at her departure. And if I were Christian good enough to conceive the happiness of the other life, and that I could have loved her enough, it might have been to me a pleasure to see her die, as she died: but being unable to repair my own loss, with the consideration of her advantage, I must ever grieve for the one, until I may be partaker of the other: and as I shall ever whilst I live pay to her memory all affection and respects, so for her sake that loved you so dearly, and was so beloved of your Lordship, and for the high estimation which I have always had of your Lordship, I beseech you to let me remain in your favour, and to be assured of my being your Lordship's faithfullest humble servant.

Penshurst, 31st August, 1659.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Robert Earl of Leicester to Algernon Earl of Northumberland.

My Lord,

OF the few persons that I consider in this world, your Lordship hath my greatest estimation. And of the fewer things that I value in this life, your favour is placed by me in the most high degree: I am very tender of both, and do passionately desire the conservation of the one for the good of many, and the continuation of the other for my own particular great contentment.

Your Lordship I hope will [illegible] pardon this trouble, which is caused by my impatience to inquire and [illegible] of your health: and to receive from [illegible] if you please, some testimony of [illegible] maining in your remembrance and [illegible] which in the time of my seeming [illegible] rity, and of my being best pleased [illegible] the world, was held by me equal to [illegible] other contentment: and now, at the [illegible] of my sad and solitary life, shall be [illegible] to any other conclusion that can be [illegible] to your Lordship's, &c.

Penshurst, 26th September, 1659.

LETTER LXXIX.

Algernon Sidney to his father, Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

THE passage of letters from Eng[illegible] hither is so uncertain, that I did [illegible] until within these very few days, hear [illegible] sad news of my mother's death. I [illegible] then with the King of Sweden at Nyco[illegible] in Falster. This is the first opportunity [illegible] have had, of sending to condole with [illegible] Lordship, a loss that is so great to [illegible] self and your family: of which my [illegible] was not so much diminished, in being [illegible] pared by her long, languishing, and [illegible] tainly incurable sickness, as increased [illegible] the last words and actions of her life. [illegible] confess, persons in such tempers are [illegible] fit to die, but they are also most wan[illegible] here; and we, that for a while are left [illegible] the world, are most apt, and perhaps [illegible] reason, to regret most the loss of those [illegible] most want. It may be, light and hum[illegible] passions are most suitably employed up[illegible] human and worldly things, wherein [illegible] have some sensible concernment: thoughts [illegible] absolutely abstracted from ourselves, [illegible] most suitable unto that steadiness of mi[illegible] that is much spoken of, little sought, [illegible] never found, than that which is [illegible] amongst men. It were a small comp[illegible] ment for me to offer your Lordship [illegible] leave the employment in which I am, if [illegible] may in any thing be able to ease yo[illegible] Lordship's solitude. If I could propo[illegible] that to myself, I would cheerfully leave [illegible] condition of much more pleasure and a[illegible] vantage than I can with reason hope for.

LET

LETTER LXXX.

ncis Bacon, to Sir George Villiers, upon ding his patent for Viscount Villiers d.

r,

VE sent you now your patent of cre-on of Lord Bletchly of Bletchly, and iscount Villiers. Bletchly is your and I liked the sound of the name than Whaddon; but the name will d, for you will be called Viscount s. I have put them in a patent, the manner of the patent for Earls, baronies are joined; but the chief was, because I would avoid double es, which had not been fit; never-the ceremony of robing and other-nust be double.

d now, because I am in the country, send you some of my country fruits, with me are good meditations; when I am in the city, are choked business.

fter that the King shall have watered new dignities with the bounty of the which he intends you, and that some things concerning your means, which ow likewise in intention, shall be set-upon you; I do not see, but you may your private fortunes established; therefore it is now time that you d refer your actions to the good of Sovereign and your country. It is ife of an ox or beast always to eat, never exercise; but men are born ially Christian men) not to cram in fortunes, but to exercise their vir-; and yet the other hath not been the orthy, and (thanks be to God) some-the unlucky humour of great persons r times. Neither will your fortune e further off; for assure yourself that ne is of a woman's nature, and will er follow by slighting than by too much ing. And in this dedication of your-to the public, I recommend unto you cipally that which, I think, was never e since I was born; and which, because not done, hath bred almost a wilder-and solitude in the King's service; ch is, that you countenance, and en-age, and advance, able men, in all ks, degrees, and professions. For in time of the Cecils, the father and the able men were by design and of pur-e suppressed; and though of late choice ith been, both in church and common-ch, yet money, and turn-serving, and cunning canvasses, and importunity, prevail too much. And, in places of moment, rather make able and honest men yours, than advance those that are otherwise, because they are yours. As for cunning and corrupt men, you must (I know) sometimes use them; but keep them at a distance; and let it appear rather, that you make use of them, than that they lead you. Above all, depend wholly (next unto God) upon the King, and be ruled (as hitherto you have been) by his instructions; for that is best for yourself. For the King's care and thoughts for you are according to the thoughts of a great King; whereas your thoughts concerning yourself are, and ought to be, according to the thoughts of a modest man. But let me not weary you; the sum is, that you think goodness the best part of greatness; and that you remember whence your rising comes, and make return accordingly. God keep you.

August 12, 1616.

LETTER LXXXI.

Sir Francis Bacon to Sir Edward Coke.

Mr. Attorney,

I THOUGHT best once for all to let you know in plainness what I find of you, and what you shall find of me. I am one that know both mine own wants and other men's, and it may be perchance that mine may mend when others stand at a stay. And surely I may not in public place endure to be wronged, without repelling the same to my best advantage to right myself. You are great, and therefore have the more enviers, which would be glad to have you paid at another's cost. Since the time I missed the solicitor's place, the rather I think by your means, I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as attorney and solicitor; but either to serve with another upon your remove, or to step into some other course. So as I am more free than ever I was from any occasion of unworthy conforming myself to you, more than general good manners, or your particular good usage, shall provoke; and if you had not been short-sighted in your own fortune (as I think) you might have had more use of me; but that tide is past. I write not this to shew any friends what a brave letter I have writ to Mr. Attorney; I have none of those humours: but that I have written is to a good end, that is, to the more decent carriage of my master's service, and to our particular better understanding one another. This letter, if it

shall be answered by you in deed, and not in word, I suppose it will not be worse for us both; else it is but a few lines lost, which for a much smaller matter I would adventure. So this being to yourself, I for my part rest your, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the same, when Lord Chief Justice in disgrace.

My very good Lord,

THOUGH it be true, that who considereth the wind and the rain, shall neither sow nor reap, Eccles. ix. 15. yet there is a season for every action. And so there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence; there is a time when the words of a poor simple man may profit; and that poor man in the preacher which delivered the city by his wisdom, found, that without this opportunity, the power both of wisdom and eloquence lose but their labour, and cannot charm the deaf adder. God therefore, before his Son that bringeth mercy, sent his servant the trumpeter of repentance, to level a very high hill, to prepare the way before him, making it smooth and straight. And as it is in spiritual things, where Christ never comes before his way-maker hath laid even the heart with sorrow and repentance; since self-conceited and proud persons think themselves too good and too wise to learn of their inferior, and therefore need not the physician: so in the rules of earthly wisdom, it is not possible for nature to attain any mediocrity of perfection, before she be humbled by knowing herself and her own ignorance. Not only knowledge, but also every other gift (which we call the gift of fortune) have power to pull up earthly.—Afflictions only level these molehills of pride, plow the heart, and make it fit for wisdom to sow her seed, and for grace to bring forth her increase. Happy is that man therefore, both in regard of heavenly and earthly wisdom, that is thus wounded, to be cured; thus broken, to be made straight; thus made acquainted with his own imperfections, that he may be perfected.

Supposing this to be the time of your affliction, that which I have propounded to myself is, by taking this seasonable advantage, like a true friend (though far unworthy to be counted so) to shew you your true shape in a glass, and that not in a false one to flatter you, nor yet in one that should make you seem worse than you are, and so offend you; but in one, [illegible] by the reflection of your own words [illegible] actions, from whose light proceeds [illegible] voice of the people, which is often [illegible] unfitly called the voice of God. But [illegible] in (since I purposed a truth) I must [illegible] liberty to be plain, a liberty at this [illegible] know not whether or no I may use it [illegible] I am sure at other times I could not: [illegible] of this resolve yourself, it proceedeth [illegible] love, and a true desire to do you good [illegible] that you, knowing the general opinion [illegible] may not altogether neglect or contemn [illegible] but mend what you find amiss in your [illegible] and retain what your judgment shall [illegible] prove; for to this end shall truth be [illegible] livered as naked as if yourself were to [illegible] anatomized by the hand of opinion. [illegible] men can see their own profit; that part [illegible] the wallet hangs before. A true friend [illegible] (whose worthy office I would perform, [illegible] I fear both yourself and all great men [illegible] such, being themselves true friends to [illegible] or none) is first to shew the other, [illegible] which is from your eyes.

First therefore behold your errors. [illegible] discourse you delight to speak too much [illegible] not to hear other men; this some say [illegible] comes a pleader, not a judge. For by [illegible] sometimes your affections are intangled [illegible] with a love of your own arguments, [illegible] they be the weaker; and rejecting of those [illegible] which, when your affections were [illegible] your own judgment would allow for the best. Thus while you speak in your [illegible] element, the law, no man ordinarily equals you; but when you wander (as you [illegible] delight to do), you then wander indeed [illegible] and give never such satisfaction as the [illegible] rious time requires. This is not caused [illegible] any natural defect, but first for want [illegible] election, when you, having a large [illegible] fruitful mind, should not so much [illegible] what to speak, as to find what to [illegible] unspoken. Rich soils are often [illegible] weeded.

Secondly, you cloy your auditory, [illegible] you would be observed. Speech must [illegible] ther be sweet or short.

Thirdly, you converse with books, [illegible] men, and books specially human, and [illegible] no excellent choice with men, who are [illegible] best books: for a man of action and [illegible] ployment you seldom converse with, [illegible] then but with your underlings; not [illegible] but as a schoolmaster with his scholars [illegible] ever to teach, never to learn. But if [illegible] times you would in your familiar discourse [illegible] hear others, and make election of [illegible] know what they speak, you should [illegible]

of these tales you tell to be but or-
, and many other things which you
to repeat, and serve in for novel-
to be but stale. As in your plead-
you were wont to insult over misery,
to inveigh bitterly at the persons
bred you many enemies whose poi-
yet swelleth, and the effects now ap-
, so are you still wont to be a little
in this point, to praise or dispraise
slight grounds, and that sometimes
, so that your reproofs or commen-
are for the most part neglected and
; when the censure of a judge
(slow but sure) should be a brand
guilty, and a crown to the virtuous.
a man in public, without re-
the person's dignity, or your own.
disgraceth your gravity more than it
the opinion of your wit; and
all actions which we see you do di-
with a touch of vain-glory, having
to the true end. You make
to lean too much to your opinion,
you shew yourself to be a legal
striking with that weapon where
since you are able to turn the
way. For thus the wise master
gives warning to young students,
should be wary, lest while they
instructed by your integrity and
, they should be deceived with
, armed with authority. Your
love of the world is too much
having the living of 10,000l.
few or none. The hand that
so much, can it give so little?
you shew no bowels of compassion,
thought all too little for yourself;
God had given you all that you
you think wealth to be his gift, I
you get well, for I know sure
only to that end you should
more, and never be satisfied,
much you could gather, to ac-
at the great and general audit.
We desire you to amend this, and
poor tenants in Norfolk find some
where nothing of your estate is
towards their relief, but all brought
, to the impoverishing of your
.

In your last, which might have been
piece of service to the state, af-
to follow that old rule which
justice leaden heels and iron hands,
too many delays, till the delin-
hands were loosed, and yours
In that work you seemed another
here the humour of Marcellus
would have done better. What needed you have sought more evidences than enough? while you pretended the finding out of more (missing your aim) you discredited what you had found. This best judgments think, though you never used such speeches as are fathered upon you, yet you might well have done it, and but rightly: for this crime was second to none but the powder-plot; that would have blown up all at one blow; a merciful cruelty; this would have done the same by degrees; a lingering, but a sure way: one might by one be called out, till all opposers had been removed. Besides, that other plot was scandalous to Rome, making Popery odious in the sight of the whole world: this has been scandalous to the truth of the whole gospel; and since the first nullity to this instant, when justice hath her hands bound, the devil could not have invented a more mischievous practice to our state and church, than this hath been, is, and is like to be. God avert the evil.

But herein you committed another fault, that you were too open in your proceedings, and so taught them whereby to defend themselves; so you gave them time to undermine justice, and to work upon all advantages both of affections and honour, and opportunity, and breach of friendship, which they have so well followed, sparing neither pains nor cost, that it almost seemeth an offence in you to have done so much indeed, than that you have done no more. You stopt the confessions and accusations of some, who perhaps had they been suffered, would have spoken enough to have removed some stumbling-blocks out of your way; and that you did not this in the favour of any one, but of I know not what present unadvised humours, supposing enough behind to discover all, which fell not out so. Howsoever, as the apostle saith in another case, you went not rightly to the truth, and therefore, though you were to be commended for what you did, yet you were to be reprehended for many circumstances in the doing; and doubtless God hath an eye in this cross to your negligence, and the briers are left to be pricks in your sides and thorns in your eyes.

But that which we commend you for, are those excellent parts of nature, and knowledge in the law, which you are indued withal; but these are only good in their good use. Wherefore we thank you heartily for standing stoutly in the com-

monwealth's behalf, hoping it proceedeth not from a disposition to oppose greatness (as your enemies say), but to do justice, and deliver truth indifferently, without respect of persons; and in this we pray for your prosperity, and are sorry that your good actions should not always succeed happily. But in the carriage of this, you were faulty; for you took it in hand in an evil time, both in respect of the present business which it interrupted, and in regard of his present sickness whom it concerned: whereby you disunited your strength, and made a gap for the enemies to pass out at, and to return and assault you.

But now, since the case so standeth, we desire you to give way to power, and so to fight, that you be not utterly broken, but reserved entirely to serve the commonwealth again, and do what good you can, since you cannot do all the good you would. And since you are fallen upon this rock, cast out the goods to save the bottom; stop the leaks, and make towards land; learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous Mammon. Those Spaniards in Mexico who were chased of the Indians, tell us what to do with our goods in our extremities; they being to pass over a river in their flight, as many as cast away their gold swam over safe; but some more covetous, keeping their gold, were either drowned with it, or overtaken and slain by the savages. You have received, now learn to give. The beaver learns us this lesson, who being hunted for his stones, bites them off: you cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got. Think how much of that you never spake for: how much, by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir to hasten the wasting of much of the rest, perhaps of all; for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many hasty gatherers. You have enough to spare, being well laid to turn the tide, and fetch all things again. But if you escape (I suppose it worthy of an if), since you know the old use, that none called in question must go away uncensured, yet consider, that accusations make wounds and leave scars; and though you see your tail behind your back, yourself free, and the the covert before; yet remember there are stands. Trust not to reconciled enemies, but think the peace is but to secure you for further advantage. Expect a second and a third encounter; the main b the wings are yet unbroken; they charge you at an instant, or Death b them. Walk therefore circumspectly; if at length, by means of our good m vours and yours, you recover the fr that you have lost; give God the glo action not in words only; and rem us with sense of your past misfortune, w estate hath, doth, and may hereafter b the power of your breath. There great mercy in dispatch. Delays are tures wherewith we are by degrees out of our estates. Do not you (if you restored) as some others do, fly from service of virtue to serve the time, they repented their goodness, or re not to make a second hazard in God's ho But rather let this cross make you zea in God's cause, sensible in ours, and m sensible in all, which express thus. have been a great enemy to Papists you love God, be so still, but more fi than heretofore: for much of your was heretofore wasted in words. Ca remembrance that they were the pe that prophesied of that cross of yours before it happened; they saw the coming, being the principal contriver furtherers of the plot; the men that the coals, heated the iron, and made things ready; they owe you a good and will if they can, pay it you. see their hearts by their deeds: prove your faith so too. The best good you can do, is to do the best you against them, that is, to see the law verely, justly, and diligently exec And now we beseech you, my Lord sensible both of the stroke, and hand striketh. Learn of David to leave Sh and call upon God; he hath some g work to do, and he prepareth you fo he would neither have you faint, no bear this cross with a stoical resolu There is a Christian mediocrity worth your greatness. I must be plain, pe rash. Had some notes which you taken at sermons been written in heart to practise, this work had been long ago without the envy of your mies: but when we will not mind cause God (if we belong to him) takes u hand; and because he seeth that we unbridled stomachs, therefore he sends ward crosses, which, while they cause mourn, do comfort us; being assured timonies of his love that sends them. humble ourselves therefore before Go the part of a Christian; but for the

ır enemies, the counſel of the poet ; *Tunc cede malis, ſed contra audentior*

e laſt part of this counſel you forget, one need be aſhamed to make uſe of it ſo being armed againſt caſualties, ay ſtand firm againſt the aſſaults on ght hand and on the left. For this ain; the mind that is moſt prone to it up with proſperity, is moſt weak, pt to be dejected with the leaſt puff verſity. Indeed ſhe is ſtrong enough ke an able man ſtagger, ſtriking ter- ows; but true Chriſtian wiſdom is armour of proof againſt all aſſaults, eacheth us in all eſtates to be content. hough ſhe cauſe our trueſt friends to re themſelves our enemies, though ive heart then to the moſt cowardly ike us, though an hours continuance tervail an age of proſperity, though all in our diſh all that ever we have ; yet hath ſhe no power to hurt the ble and wiſe, but only to break ſuch o much proſperity hath made ſtiff in own thoughts, but weak indeed, and l for renewing, when the wiſe rather er from thence profit and wiſdom by xample of David, who ſaid, Before I chaſtiſed I went wrong. Now then, hat knoweth the right way, will look er to his footing. Cardan ſaith, hat weeping, faſting, and ſighing, re the chief purgers of griefs." Indeed rally they help to aſſuage ſorrow; but l in this caſe is the only and beſt phy- an. The means he hath ordained are, advice of friends, the amendment of ſelves; for amendment is both phy- an and cure. For friends, although r Lordſhip be ſcant, yet I hope you not altogether deſtitute; if you be, do look on good books, they are true nds, that will neither flatter nor diſ- ble; be you but true to yourſelf, ap- ing what they teach unto the party ved, and you ſhall need no other com- t nor counſel. To them, and to God's y Spirit directing you in the reading of m, I commend your Lordſhip, beſeech- him to ſend you a good iſſue out of e troubles, and from henceforth to k a reformation in all that is amiſs, and eſolute perſeverance, proceeding, and ch in all that is good, and that for glory, the bettering of yourſelf, this rch and common-wealth, whoſe faith- ſervant whilſt you remain, I remain a ſiful ſervant to you.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham: with Queen Elizabeth's ſpeech to her army at Tilbury Fort.

I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the Earl of Leiceſter at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble maſter the Earl of Eſſex, I learned ſomewhat fit to be imparted to your Grace.

The Queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treaſurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leiceſter delivered unto me to publiſh to the army in my next ſermon. The ſum of it was this:

Don Pedro being aſked, what was the intent of their coming, ſtoutly anſwered the Lords, What, but to ſubdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, ſaid the Lords: and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? He anſwered, We meant to ſend them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to Hell. Yea, but ſaid the Lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great ſtore in their ſhips.) What? ſaid he; we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have aſſiſted my maſter's rebels, and done ſuch diſhonours to our Catholic King and people. Yea, but what would you have done, ſaid they, with their young children? They, ſaid he, which were above ſeven years old, ſhould have gone the way their fathers went; the reſt ſhould have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witneſs, I received of thoſe great Lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the ſquadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leiceſter, Eſſex, and Norris then Lord Marſhal, and divers other great Lords. Where ſhe made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure, I was commanded to redeliver to all the army together, to keep a public faſt. Her words were theſe:

"My loving people, we have been "persuaded by some that are careful of "our safety, to take heed how we com- "mit ourself to armed multitudes for fear "of treachery: but I assure you, I do "not desire to live to distrust my faithful "and loving people. Let tyrants fear; "I have always so behaved myself, that "under God I have placed my chiefest "strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts "and good-will of my subjects. And "therefore I am come amongst you as "you see, at this time, not for my re- "creation and disport, but being resolved "in the midst and heat of the battle to "live or die amongst you all, to lay down "for my God, and for my kingdom, and "for my people, my honour and my blood, "even in the dust. I know I have the bo- "dy but of a weak and feeble woman, but "I have the heart and stomach of a King, "and of a king of England too; and think "foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any "Prince of Europe, should dare to invade "the borders of my realm; to which, "rather than any dishonour shall grow by "me, I myself will take up arms, I my- "self will be your general, judge, and re- "warder of every one of your virtues in "the field. I know already for your for- "wardness, you have deserved rewards "and crowns; and we do assure you in the "word of a Prince, they shall be duly "paid you. In the mean time my Lieu- "tenant General shall be in my stead, than "whom never Prince commanded a more "noble or worthy subject: not doubting "but by your obedience to my general, "by your concord in the camp, and your "valour in the field, we shall shortly have "a famous victory over those enemies of "my God, of my kingdoms, and of my "people."

This I thought would delight your Grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Lord Bacon to James I.

It may please your most excellent majesty,

I DO many times with gladness, and for a remedy of my other labours, revolve in my mind the great happiness which God (of his singular goodness) hath accumulated upon your majesty every way; and how complete the same would be, if the state of your means were once rectified and ordered; your people military and diligent, fit for war, used to peace; your c enlightened with good preachers, as heaven with stars; your judges learned and learning from you, just, and just your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, not oppressors of the people, no overshadowers the crown; your council full of tribunes care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply royal mandates to the nature of their veral counties, but ready to obey; servants in awe of your wisdom, in love of your goodness; the fields growing every day, by the improvement and recovery grounds, from the desart to the garden the city grown from wood to brick; sea-walls or *pomerium* of your island veyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world east, west, north, and south; the times giving you peace, and yet offering you portunities of action abroad; and, last your excellent royal issue entailing the blessings and favours of God to descend all posterity. It resteth, therefore, God having done so great things for Majesty, and you for others, you would so much for yourself as to go through (according to your good beginnings) with rectifying and settling of your estate means, which only is wanting. *Hoc defuit unum.* I therefore, whom only and duty to your majesty, and your line, hath made a financier, do intend present unto your majesty a perfect book your estate, like a perspective glass, to your estate near to your sight; beseeching your majesty to conceive, that if I have not attained to do that that I would do this which is not proper for me, nor in element, I shall make your majesty amends in some other thing in which I am better bred. God ever preserve, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

Sir Walter Raleigh to James I.

IT is one part of the office of a just worthy prince to hear the complaints his vassals; especially such as are in great misery. I know not amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, but your majesty hath been persuaded that was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary

; and I took as great comfort to be- your majesty, and always learning good, and bettering my knowledge ring your majesty's discourse. I do humbly beseech your sovereign ma- not to believe any of those in my icular, who, under pretence of offences ings, do easily work their particular ge. I trust no man, under the colour sing examples, should persuade your sty to leave the word *merciful* out of r style; for it will be no less profit to r majesty, and become your greatness n the word *invincible*. It is true, that ws of England are no less jealous of kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's ; for notwithstanding she was cleared having company with Clodius, yet for g suspected he condemned her. For self, I protest before Almighty God, I speak it to my master and sovereign, t I never invented treason against him; d yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum, quibus non possum evadere*, unless by your sty's gracious compassion I be sustain- Our law therefore, most merciful ce, knowing her own cruelty, and owing that she is wont to compound eason out of presumptions and circum- ces, doth give this charitable advice to e king her supreme, *Non jetum sapiens esse & misericors*, &c. *Cum tutius sit reddere ium misericordiæ quam judicii*. I do, refore, on the knees of my heart beseech r majesty, from your own sweet and mfortable disposition, to remember that have served your majesty twenty years, r which your majesty hath yet given me o reward; and it is fitter I should be in- ebted unto my sovereign lord, than the ing to his poor vassal. Save me there- fore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your ma- jesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of Kings.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Car.

Sir,

AFTER many losses and many years sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his Majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His Majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his Majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a King that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, Sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first buildings upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions; neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) which have interest therein: and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.

May it please your highness,

THE following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and

honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince: let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have the force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Chuse therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, Sir, your highness's most faithful servant.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Lord Bacon to James I. after his Disgrace.

To the King.

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

IN the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that, since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can anywise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second

table, and yet all against God; so the servants of kings there are offenses immediate against the sovereign, though all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort is added this circumstance, that as offences were not against your majesty, more than as all faults are; so my fall is not your majesty's act, otherwise than all acts of justice are yours. This I note to insinuate with your majesty, as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and kind you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, there is in your majesty's own princely breast, a great deal of serenity and kindness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Rather, my most gracious sovereign, do I make mention of my former services, as claim to your princely graces and mercy, though the privilege of calamity be rather that form of petition. I know I should they been much more, they had but my bounden duty; nay, I must confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and superadded by your majesty's benefits, which I heaped upon me. Your majesty was the first master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were called the painfullest of all your services; and then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; whether was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, I may hold them. All this I do most humbly acknowledge, and do herewith protestate, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that in time, your majesty's goodness, that can give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid upon mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrarywise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart;—and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfall.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half * old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu deseris, perimus.*

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened; so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are, creator-like, active, not destructive; you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that savoured of an hard heart; as, on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor to blot that name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

* Therefore this was wrote near the middle of the year 1622.

Unto

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will, in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do further presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin; for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies; not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter, after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majesty's poor ancient servant and beadsman.

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Lord Baltimore to Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

My Lord,

WERE not my occasions such as necessarily keep me here at this time, I would not send letters, but fly to you myself with all the speed I could, to ease my own grief, and to take part of your, which I know is exceeding great, for the loss of so noble a lady, so virtuous and loving a wife. There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been a long time myself a man of sorrow. But all things, my lord, in this world pass away, *statutum est*, wife, children, honour, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us; God please to call for them back again, that we may not esteem any thing our own, or set our hearts upon any thing but him alone, who only remains for ever. I beseech his almighty goodness to grant, that your lordship may, for his sake, bear this great cross with meekness and patience, whose only son, our dear Lord and Saviour, bore a greater for you; and to consider that these humiliations, though they be very bitter, yet are they sovereign medicines ministered unto us by our heavenly physician to cure the sicknesses of our souls, if the fault be not ours. Good my lord, bear with this excess of zeal in a friend, whose great affection to you transports him to dwell longer upon this melancholy theme than is needful to your lordship, whose own wisdom, assisted with God's grace, I hope, suggests unto you these and better resolutions than I can offer unto your remembrance. All I have to say more is but this, that I humbly and heartily pray you so to dispose of yourself and your affairs (the rites being done to that noble creature) as to be able to remove, as soon as conveniently you may, from those parts where so many things represent themselves unto you, as to make your wound bleed afresh; and let us have you here, where the gracious welcome of your master, the conversation of your friends, and variety of business may divert your thoughts the sooner from sad objects; the continuance whereof will but endanger your health, on which depends the welfare of your children, the comfort of your friends, and many other good things, for which I hope God will reserve you, to whose divine favour

I humbly recommend you, and remain your lordship's most affectionate faithful servant.

Lodging in Lincoln's-Fields, Oct. 11, 1631.

LETTER XC.

Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland, to the Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer to King C.

May it please your lordship,

Since I had the honour to serve his majesty, calumny and misreport have been [illegible], which, for the most part, passed over in silence and disdain; if they dare attempt your lordship to prejudice, then I confess they touch me nearly, considering that if I commit any lewd crime here, where I have received and to whom I profess to much, I shall even acknowledge myself incapable of longer of trust or friendship amongst [illegible].

Pardon me, therefore, I beseech your lordship, if I be as far from digesting this wrong, as I shall be ever found innocent in the guilt.

I understand some shameless person or other hath insinuated with your lordship, as if I went about to be treasurer, and [illegible] for a ground of that opinion my forwardness in his majesty's service. This I [illegible] cursorily and slightly in a letter from my cousin Wandesford; but with me it [illegible], stings, strikes deeper than to pass [illegible] so easily from me. Lord! with what shadows would they have overcast my negligence, with what darkness have [illegible] the least commission, that can [illegible] this conclusion out of those premises?

I will not deny, it is a full truth indeed, that there inhabits with me an infinite zeal and vigilance to serve my master, the most accepted way I can devise; nor shall any private ease or profit cool or lessen it, or any endeavour from abroad make me understand it as a fault to do so: yet, my lord, I do not greedily serve to repair a broken fortune, much less out of any ambitious desires, which (if any ever in me) were long agone laid to rest upon my receiving this place from his majesty, through the means of my friends, I confess (being then altogether a stranger to the king in service and person), and of them your lordship the very principal.

No, no, my lord, they are those sovereign and great duties I owe his majesty and your lordship, which thus provoke me beyond my own nature, rather to leave those cooler shades, wherein I took choicest pleasure, and thus put myself with you into the heat of the day, than poorly and meanly to start aside from my obligations, convinced in myself of the most wretched ingratitude in the whole world.

God knows how little delight I take in the outwards of this life, how infinitely ill satisfied I am with myself, to find daily those calm and quiet retirements, wherein to contemplate some things more divine and sacred than this world can afford us, at every moment interrupted thorough the importunity of the affairs I have already. To heaven and earth I protest it, it grieves my very soul, and that it is nothing but love (if I may be admitted a word of so near a distance, and of so little courtship) to the persons of his majesty and yourself, that could make me take up this yoke and follow; no other affection or passion could effect it.

So, my lord, once for all, let me find belief with you: if I obtain it not from you with the greatest serenenes possible (pardon me for saying so), you do that friendship and confidence, which ought to pass between men of honour, infinite wrong, and render yourself the most inexcusable man towards me that lives.

Let shame and confusion then cover me, if I do not abhor the intolerable anxiety I well understand to wait inseparably upon that staff, if I should not take a serpent as soon into my bosom, and, if I once find so mean a thought of me can enter into your heart, as that to compass whatever I could take most delight in, I should go about beguilefully to supplant any ordinary man (how much more then impotently to catch at such a staff and from my lord treasurer), if I leave not the court instantly, betake myself to my private fortune, reposedly seek my contentment and quiet within my own doors, and follow the dictamen of my own reason and conscience, more according to nature and liberty, than in those gyves which now pinch and hang upon me.

Thus you see how easily you may be rid of me when you list, and in good faith with a thousand thanks; yet be pleased not to judge, this proceeds out of any wayward weary humour in me neither; for my endeavours are as vigorous and as cheerful to serve the crown and you, as ever they were, nor shall you ever find them to faint or flaskuer. I am none of those soft-tempered spirits: but I cannot endure to be mistaken, or suffer my purer

and

and more intire affections to be soiled, or in the least degree prejudiced, with the lothsome and odious attributes of covetousness and ambitious falsehood. Do me but right in this, judge my watches to issue (as in faith they do) from those clearer cisterns. I lay my hand under your foot, I despise danger, I laugh at labour. Command me in all difficulties, in all confidence, in all readiness, your Lordship's ever most faithful friend, and most humble servant.

York, this 21st of October, 1632.

LETTER XCI.

Lord Wentworth to Sir William Saville.

My dear Nephew,

IT shall be much contentment unto me, when the power or means I have may communicate any thing which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleased God to take from you your mother, I hold myself more bound to preserve a care for you, being sorry that my remoteness renders me of less use unto you now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwise I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my custom to put myself into counsels uncalled, and having been a minister in the troublesome settlement of your estate, methought it might have stood well enough with civility and discretion to have let me been acquainted with the course of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London last; being so made a stranger to that end, the effecting and accomplishing whereof I had so painfully endeavoured for so many years together. Surely neither I nor mine should have been a penny better by it; for I must tell you, for all the service I have done you, and your house, I never had the worth of a great forth of your purse, or the purse of your mother, and, which is more, never will; for I trust, by God's blessing, to leave my child an estate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthensome to any.

And indeed, if I did not conceive this neglect was rather the good-will of Cookson than any formal direction of your own, I should resolve to perform my own duty towards the nearness of that blood which runs in our veins, without ever desiring to intermeddle at all in your counsels for the government of yourself and fortune; but indeed your years shew me, you were in all discretion to be merely passive in the tion, and no doubt having my Lord[illegible] er's advice therein, all is well and [illegible] disposed and executed.

Admit me then in consideration [illegible] membrance of your noble father, and [illegible] I may say to my own heart I have [illegible] trayed the trust he was pleased to repo[illegible] me, to deliver you my opinion, how [illegible] are futurely to dispose yourself and [illegible] which, as it shall come from me with the candour in the world, so doth it with all the indifferency possible; desi[illegible] God Almighty that you may not [illegible] one word of advice of mine, where [illegible] is a better for you to govern yourself [illegible]

Being then upon that period of life, [illegible] as you set forth now at first, you will in likelihood continue so to the end, be it [illegible] take the paths of virtue or the contr[illegible] you cannot consider yourself, and [illegible] and debate your actions with your fri[illegible] too much; and till such time as experi[illegible] hath ripened your judgment, it shall great wisdom and advantage to di[illegible] yourself, and to fortify your youth by [illegible] counsel of your more aged friends, bef[illegible] you undertake any thing of consequen[illegible] It was the course that I governed myse[illegible] by after my father's death, with great a[illegible] vantage to myself and affairs: and yet [illegible] breeding abroad hath shewn me more [illegible] the world than yours hath done, and I ha[illegible] natural reason like other men, only I co[illegible] fess I did in all things distrust myself wherein you shall do, as I said, extreme[illegible] well if you do so too.

I conceive you should lay aside [illegible] thoughts of going up to London these fo[illegible] or five years; live in your own house; or[illegible] der and understand your own estate; in[illegible] form and employ yourself in the affairs [illegible] the country; carry yourself respectively and kindly towards your neighbours; de[illegible] sire the company of such as are well governed and discreet amongst them, and make them as much as you can your friends; in country business keeping yourself from all faction; and at the first be not too positive, or take too much upon you, till you fully understand the course of proceedings; for, have but a little patience, and the command and government of that part of the country will infallibly fall into your hands, with honour to yourself, and contentment to others; whereas if you catch at it too soon, it will be but a means to publish your want of understanding and modesty, and that you shall grow cheap and

contempt before them that shall see undertake that, where you are not able side yourself in your own way.

Sure to moderate your expence, so may be without foolish waste or mean ness; take your own accompts, and accustome yourself to examine how your prospers, where it suffers, or where to be improved; otherwise there will an easiness and neglect gather upon as it may be you will never patiently bear the labour of it whilst you live; and as much as in you lies, cast from you which tends most to the preservation your fortune of any other thing; for I persuaded few men that understood expence ever wasted: and few that not, ever well-governed their estate.

Considering that your houses, in my opinion, are not suitable to your quality, yet your plate and furniture, I conceive your expence ought to be reduced to two thirds of your estate, the rest saved to be accommodating of you in that kind: these things provided, you may, if you see cause, enlarge yourself the more.

In these, and all things else, you shall do well to consult Mr. Greenwood, who hath seen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly most faithful to you. If you use him not most respectively, you shall extreme ungrateful with him, and ill for yourself. He was the man your father loved and trusted above all men, and did as faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend; taking excessive pains in settling your estate with all possible cheerfulness, without charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may safely pour your secrets into him, which by that time you have conversed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greatest and noblest treasure this world can make any man owner of; and I protest to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess.

In any case, think not of putting yourself into court before you be thirty years of age at least; till your judgment be so ripened, as that you may be able to discover and put aside such trains as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes, by a company of flesh-flies, that ever buz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have seen many men of great estates come young thither and spend all, but did I never see a good estate prosper amongst them that put itself forward before the master had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I having observed that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremediless, be their wits or providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted: and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will; but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishment and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, *you shall do well to take his accompts* orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman I ever knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self; and that jeering, jesting, demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured, that if that ever possess you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the state; drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you, as in yourself; and therefore abhor all company that might intice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture too much money, at gaming; it is a great vanity that possesseth some men, and in most is occasioned by a greedy mind of winning, which is a pursuit not becoming a generous noble heart, which will not brook such starving considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things in the paths of goodness and virtue, and so persevere

perſevere therein, that you may thence take out thoſe rules, which being learnt, may (when it comes to your turn) as well grace and enable you to lead and govern others, as (whilſt you are learning of them) it will become you to follow and obey others; and thus ſhall you poſſeſs your youth in modeſty, and your elder years in wiſdom.

God Almighty proſper and bleſs you, in your perſon, in your lady, in your children, and in your eſtate, wherein no friend you have ſhall take more contentment than your moſt affectionate uncle and moſt faithful friend.

Dublin Caſtle, this 29th of December, 1633.

LETTER XCII.

Lord Wentworth to Archbiſhop Laud.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

I AM gotten hither to a poor houſe I have, having been this laſt week almoſt feaſted to death at York. In truth, for any thing I can find, they were not ill pleaſed to ſee me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongſt my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to that which I both profeſs and owe to the perſon of his ſacred Majeſty. Lord! with what quietneſs in myſelf could I live here in compariſon of that noiſe and labour I met with elſewhere; and I proteſt put up more crowns in my purſe at the year's end to. But we'll let that paſs. For I am not like to enjoy that bleſſed condition upon earth. And therefore my reſolution is ſet, to endure and ſtruggle with it ſo long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the ſilent grave, where both all theſe (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myſelf in) and myſelf are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I perſuade myſelf *exuto lepido* I am able to let them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your Grace's moſt humbly to be commanded.

Gawthorp, this 17th of Aug. 1636.

LETTER XCIII.

Charles I. to Lord Wentworth.

Wentworth,

CERTAINLY I ſhould be much to blame not to admit ſo good a ſervant as you are to ſpeak with me, ſince I deny it to none that there is not a juſt exception againſt; yet I muſt freely tell you, that the cauſe of this deſire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than diſcourage enemies; for, if they can once [illegible] you apprehend the dark ſetting of [illegible] when I ſay no, they will make [illegible] to care for any thing in a ſhort [illegible] for your fears. And, believe it, the [illegible] of my favours that ſtop malicious [illegible] are neither places nor titles, but the [illegible] welcome I give to accuſers, and the [illegible] ling ear I give to my ſervants; [illegible] not to diſparage thoſe favours ([illegible] flies moſt at the faireſt mark), but [illegible] their uſe; to wit; not to quell envy, [illegible] to reward ſervice; it being truly ſo, [illegible] the maſter without the ſervant's impo[illegible] ty does it; otherwiſe men judge it [illegible] to proceed from the ſervant's wit, the [illegible] maſter's favour. I will end with a [illegible] that may ſerve for a ſtateſman, a cour[illegible] or a lover: never make a defence or a[illegible] logy before you be accuſed. And [illegible] reſt your aſſured friend.

Lindhurſt, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my Lord Marſhal, as you have [illegible] me, ſo I warrant you.

LETTER XCIV.

Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford.

Strafford,

THE misfortune that is fallen upon [illegible] by the ſtrange miſtaking and conjec[illegible] ture of theſe times being ſuch, that I [illegible] lay by the thought of employing you [illegible] after in my affairs; yet I cannot [illegible] myſelf in honour or conſcience, with[illegible] aſſuring you (now in the midſt of [illegible] troubles) that, upon the word of a King you ſhall not ſuffer in life, honour, or for[illegible] tune. This is but juſtice, and therefore [illegible] very mean reward from a maſter to ſo faith[illegible] ful and able a ſervant as you have [illegible] yourſelf to be; yet it is as much as I [illegible] ceive the preſent times will permit, though none ſhall hinder me from being your [illegible] ſtant faithful friend.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

LETTER XCV.

Earl of Strafford to his Son.

My deareſt Will,

THESE are the laſt lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wiſh there were a greater leiſure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will ſupply all things by his grace, and guide and proteſt you in all your ways: to whoſe infinite goodneſs I be-

eath you; and therefore be not aged, but serve him, and trust in he will preserve and prosper you things.

sure you give all respect to my wife, ath ever had a great love unto you, erefore will be well becoming you. be awanting in your love and care r sisters, but let them ever be most nto you; for this will give others to esteem and respect you for it, and ty that you owe them in the me- of your excellent mother and myself; fore your care and affection to them be the very same that you are to of yourself; and the like regard must have to your youngest sister; for in- you owe it her also, both for her fa- ind mother's sake.

eet Will, be careful to take the ad- of those friends which are by me de- to advise you for your education. e God diligently morning and even- and recommend yourself unto him, e him before your eyes in all your . With patience hear the instructions those friends I leave with you, and dili- follow their counsel; for, till you e by time to have experience in the ld, it will be far more safe to trust to judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but ther those seeds of virtue and knowledge ich may be of use to yourself, and com- to your friends, for the rest of your k. And that this may be the better ef- ed, attend thereunto with patience, and are to correct and refrain yourself from ger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, t with cheerfulness and good courage go the race you have to run in all sobriety d truth. Be sure, with an hallowed care, have respect to all the commandments God, and give not yourself to neglect em in the least things, lest by degrees u come to forget them in the greatest; the heart of man is deceitful above all ings. And in all your duties and devo- ons towards God, rather perform them yfully than pensively; for God loves a heerful giver. For your religion, let it e directed according to that which shall e taught by those which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, ra- ther than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singu- lar in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father.

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen. Amen.

LETTER CXVI.

James Earl of Derby, to Commissary General Ireton, in answer to the summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man.

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the

the manifest candour of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and, I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper, and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject.

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

LETTER XCVII.

Charles II. to the Duke of York.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE received yours without a date, in which you mention, that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your King and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits' college, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared, will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dear [illegible] which were, to be constant to your [illegible] and never to be shaken in it; [illegible] do not observe, this shall be the [illegible] you will ever hear from, dear [illegible] your most affectionate brother.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

LETTER XCVIII.

Oliver Cromwell to his Son H. Cromwell.

Son,

I HAVE seen your letter written [illegible] Secretary Thurloe, and do [illegible] that you are very apprehensive [illegible] riage of some persons with you [illegible] yourself and the public affairs. I believe there may be some particular [illegible] who are not very well pleased [illegible] present condition of things, [illegible] apt to shew their discontent [illegible] opportunity: but this should not [illegible] great impressions on you. Time [illegible] tience may work them to a better [illegible] spirit, and bring them to see that [illegible] the present seems to be hid from [illegible] especially if they shall see your [illegible] and love towards them, whilst [illegible] found in other ways towards you; [illegible] earnestly desire you to study and [illegible] all that lies in you, whereof both you [illegible] I too shall have the comfort, whatever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more [illegible] have long endeavoured it, and shall [illegible] wanting to send you some further [illegible] to the council, as soon as men [illegible] found out who are fit for that trust. I [illegible] also thinking of sending over to you [illegible] person, who may command the [illegible] Ireland, which I believe stands in [illegible] need of one, and am of your opinion [illegible] Trevor and colonel Mervin are very [illegible] gerous persons, and may be [illegible] heads of a new rebellion; and therefore would have you move the council, [illegible] they be secured in some very safe [illegible] and the further out of their own [illegible] the better. I commend you to the [illegible] and rest your affectionate father.

21 Nov. 1655.

LETTER XCIX.

Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell.

Dear Brother,

YOUR kind letters do so much [illegible] my heart towards you, that I [illegible] tell how to express in writing the [illegible] affection and value I have of you [illegible]

think none that knows you but you may claim it from. I must confess this a great fault in the omitting of to you and your dear wife so long but I suppose you cannot be ignorant the reason, which truly has been because, which is this business of my and Mr. Rich. Truly I can it, for these three months I think and myself in particular, have the greatest confusion and trouble or family can be in: the Lord in it, and settle us, and what he would have us to be. I you heard of the breaking off the ard, according to your desire in letter, as well as I can, I shall a full account of it, which is this. quarter of a year's admissions, my and my Lord Warwick began to the estate, and it seems my not offer that that my father ex- I need not name particulars, for I you may have had it from better if I may say the truth, I think so much estate as some private that my father discovered to none sister Frances and his own family, a dislike to the young person, had from some reports of his be- vicious man, given to play, and things; which office was done that had a mind to break off the ly sister, hearing these things, to know the truth of it, and find all the reports to be false raised of him; and to tell you they were so much engaged in before this, that she could not breaking it off; so that my sister me and all the friends she had, were very few, to speak in her to my father; which we did, but be heard to any purpose; only father promised, that if he were to the report, the estate should it off, which she was satisfied but after this there was a second and my Lord Warwick desired my what it was he demanded to his utmost he would satisfy my father upon this made new which my Lord Warwick has much as he can; but it seems hundred pounds a year in my hands, which he has power to there are some people that per- Highness, that it would be dis- for him to conclude of it with- hundred pounds a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death, and my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not as bad himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father, it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would shew, that he was made a fool on by my Lord Rich; which the truth is, how it should be, I cannot understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far engaged as the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution when she did it. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do; and all I think ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing, which I must say truly, she was put upon by the * * * * of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble, and believe me, that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother, your affectionate sister and servant.

June 23, 1656.

LETTER C.

Henry Cromwell to Lord Faulconberg.

My Lord, Sept. 8, 1658.

ALTHOUGH the last letters brought a very sad memento of mortality, yet I was not well enough prepared to receive yours by this post, without (it may be) too much consternation. I know the highest griefs arising from my natural affection to my dear father ought so far to give way, as to let me remember my present station; but I see more of this kind than I am able to practise; and truly when I recollect myself, and consider the desperate distractions which so nearly threaten us, I am quite lost in the way to the remedy. For I may truly tell your Lordship, that either through the design or unfaithfulness of my friends, or through their ignorance and incompetency for a work of that nature, I have never been acquainted with the inside either of things or persons, but fobbed off with intelligence about as much differing from Mabbot, as he from a Diurnall; so that I can contribute little to prevent our danger, more than by my prayers, and keeping the army and people under my charge in a good frame. I wish yours may be so kept in England. Methinks some begin their meetings very early. It may be they intend to give the law; but if they do not keep to what is honest, they may meet

with disappointments. I do heartily thank your Lordship for your freedom and confidence in me. I am sure I cannot plead merit, but shall be glad to cherish that sympathy, or whatever else it is that makes me yours. I hope I shall be always just to your Lordship. Some late letters do a little revive us, and give hopes of his Highness's recovery; yet my trouble is exceeding great. I remain, &c.

LETTER CI.

Lord Broghill to Secretary Thurloe.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I did on Monday last trouble you with a letter, yet having now also received the honour of another from you of the seventh instant, I could not but pay you my humble and hearty acknowledgments for it, and that in such a deep affliction as that you are under, and that load of business you support, you can yet oblige with your letters a person so unworthy of them, and so insignificant as I am. Your last is so express a picture of sorrow, that none could draw it so well that did not feel it. I know our late loss wounds deeply both the public and yourself, and yourself more upon the public account than your own. But I think sorrow for friends is more tolerable while they are dying than after they are dead. David's servants reasoned as ill, as he himself did well; they concluded, if his grief were such when the child was but in danger of death, what would it be when he knew it was dead? He took and considered the thing another way; whilst there was life, that is, whilst the will of God was not declared, he thought it a duty to endeavour to move the mercy of God by his prayers and sorrow; but when God's pleasure was declared, he knew it was a duty cheerfully to yield unto it. I know, in the cause of grief now before us, I am the unfittest of any to offer comfort, which I need as much as any; and I know it is as unfit to offer to present it you, who, as you need it most of any, so you are ablest to afford it others above any: however, this one consideration of David's actings I could not but lay before you, it having proved an effectual consolation to me in the death of one I but too much loved. But I hope your sorrow for what is past does not drown your care for what is to come; nay, I am confident of it; for you that can in your sorrow and business mind me, makes me know your grief hinders us not from enjoying the accustomed effects of your care to the public, while what we pay the dead does not obstruct what we owe the living, such [illegible] is a debt, and not a fault.

In this nation his Highness has [illegible] proclaimed in most of the considerable places already, and in others he is [illegible] a-proclaiming, and indeed with [illegible] monstrations of love to his person, and hope of happiness under his government.

I heartily join in all the good you [illegible] him, and hope with you he will be [illegible] if his friends stick to him; amongst those I know you will; and I know [illegible] promises with me are not kept, if you [illegible] not reckoned by him in the first rank, which I have presumed to mind him in [illegible] letter I took the confidence to write [illegible] him this week.

But I fear, while I thus trouble you, [illegible] give the honour of your letters a very [illegible] proportionate return; and therefore I [illegible] only now subscribe myself, what I am [illegible] the bottom of my heart, dear Sir, your most humble, most faithful, and most [illegible] ed affectionate servant.

Ballymallo, the 17th of Sept. 16[illegible].

LETTER CII.

Henry Cromwell to Richard Cromwell, Protector.

Sept. 28, 1[illegible]

May it please your Highness,

I RECEIVED a letter from your Highness by Mr. Underwood, who, according to your commands, hath given me a particular account of the sickness and death of his late Highness, my dear father, which was such an amazing stroke that it did deeply affect the heart of every man, much more may it do those of a nearer relation. And indeed, for my own part, I am so affected at it, that I know not what to say or write upon this so sad and grievous occasion. I know it is our duties upon all accounts to give submission to the will of God, and to be awakened by his mighty noise from the Lord to look into our hearts and ways, and to put our mouths in the dust, acknowledging our own vileness and sinfulness before him; that if possible, we may thereby yet obtain mercy from him for ourselves and these poor nations. As this stroke was very stupendous, so the happy news of his late Highness leaving us so hopeful a foundation for our future peace, in appointing your Highness his successor, coming along with it, did not a little allay the other. For [illegible]

central, say I was relieved by it, upon the public consideration, upon the account of the goodness our poor family, who hath pre- from the contempt of our enemy. a late account to Mr. Secretary what passed about the proclaim- Highness here, which, I may say was with as great joy and tion, as I believe in the best places in England. I doubt not give your Highness as good an ac- of the places in Ireland, the proclamations are returned. give some account of the speedy of the army, whose obedience Highness may justly require at my Now, that the God and Father of Father and mine, and your High- predecessor, would support you, and down a double portion of the which was so eminently upon enable you to walk in his steps, worthily for his name, cause, and continually preserve you in so and shall be the fervent and daily your, &c.

LETTER CIII.

Cromwell to Richard Cromwell Protector.

May it please your Highness,

INclosed a letter to Secretary Thurloe, the 11th instant, to be communi- to your Highness; judging it not able in so great and fresh a grief myself to your Highness, with- it to the discretion of somebody place to chuse the fittest opportu- And in confidence of your High- gravity to that, to which I refer, I further humbly to acquaint your that on Monday morning I an address (a copy whereof is en- to be sent throughout the whole which is already signed by divers ; and when it is perfected I to send it to remain in your High- hands, as a witness against the trea- and falsehood of any officer of this that may hereafter in the least man- from his due obedience; so that and do assure your Highness of the and active subjection of this army Highness's government, and shall to answer it with my life if you otherwise. By my abovesaid letter your Highness may perceive that and also, that I used what diligence and industry I could, according to my bounden duty, to make your Highness's entrance easy, and your government established. Since this I received an express from your Highness by Mr. Underwood, in which your Highness is graciously pleased to do me the great honour, as to offer me the charge which I underwent in his late Highness my late father's life-time, for which I return my most humble and hearty thanks; but must humbly beg that I may deal faithfully, plainly, and freely with your Highness touching this particular. Since his late Highness was pleased to place me in this station, I have met with nothing but toil and disquiet of body and mind, and have thereby so exceedingly impaired my health, that is not possible for me to undergo the like any longer. His late Highness was indeed pleased to favour me, and bear me out as much as he well could; but was beset with so many who made it their business to increase my burthen, that he was wrought upon to put Mr. Goodwin disgracefully out of the council, only for being faithful to me; I say, only for that, because I wrote many letters to know the cause, but could hear none. They prevailed with him to model the council, so that the major part were men of a professed spirit of contradiction to whatsoever, I would have, and took counsel together how to lay wait for me without a cause. They so far prevailed, that if any officer could revile and clamour against me, he was received and preferred there; and they undertook to reduce the army by such rules as would render me odious, and were preposterous and absurd here, though proper for an army in England; and were so far from asking my opinion (though I was a little concerned), that when I obtruded it, I could get no reply of reasons, but magisterial rules which I must obey. Why should I enumerate, when I consider how little time your Highness hath to spare? In short, my life was made a burthen; and had I not owed a natural and filial obedience, as well as a full subjection to his late Highness, I could not willingly have undergone it. I humbly beg your Highness's pardon for what I am about to say: I may not, unless your Highness commands me against my will, and condemns me to my grave, any longer undergo the charge I did in your father's life-time. I am not able to live always in the fire; the great God, in whose presence I speak this, he knows my heart. I do not this out of

any froward humour, neither am I so vain as to design being courted; I am willing, nay desirous, to spend my small talent, whatsoever it is, in your Highness's service, so my task may be no more than I am able to perform. But I can hardly submit to a combination of pragmatical men, who, as they will endeavour to impose on your Highness, as they did upon his late Highness, so I may justly fear they will think it the nearest way to their ends, to misrepresent me to your Highness, whose good esteem and affection I value above any thing in this world, and which I will not hazard at any rate. 'Tis hard to express my mind by writing, unless I should swell a letter to a volume; and besides, I have much to say, which is not fit to be written. I know no expedient in the case but this (which I do not offer without due consideration of the safety of the army in my absence), that your Highness would give me leave to attend you in person for some short time, where I doubt not but by conference I shall give your Highness abundant testimony of my dutiful obedience to your Highness, and of my readiness and hearty desire to serve you, and of the ways and means which might capacitate me thereunto. For to say truth, it were a treasonable folly for me to undertake a service, which I beforehand knew I have not strength either of body or understanding to manage to your Highness's advantage. Besides, I desire to be instructed from your Highness's own mouth by what principles I should steer, lest I should ignorantly do any thing which might justly displease; and indeed I do not dissemble, if I say change of air and some recess is necessary for my health, which is the more dear to me, because I seldom enjoy it twenty-four hours together. Thus I do faithfully spread my cause at your Highness's feet: if your Highness think not fit to hearken unto my petition, I shall keep the army in due obedience, and deliver it to whomsoever your Highness shall commit the charge thereof, and be truly thankful for that protection which you allow to the meanest of your Highness's subjects, and publicly profess entire love and tender affection to you, as my brother; allegiance and perfect subjection and obedience to your Highness, as my rightful and undoubted supreme magistrate; and continually pray to God for your long life, and prosperous and happy reign, &c.

LETTER CIV.

John Barwick to Charles II.

I AM too short-sighted to write of affairs, and yet, having this opp nity, I think it my duty to give you jestly some account of what I conceiv present condition of affairs are. Ab week before Cromwell's death, he his son Richard generalissimo of al forces both by sea and land; but it not till the very day before he died, he nominated him his successor, and so slightly, that some doubt whether did it at all. It was justly expected b men, that a matter of such weight h not be done without a formal instru under hand and seal before the co &c. but those that speak the highest of say, it was only verbal, before Th and one of the commissioners of the seal; and those that duly ponder the clamation, will have cause to think penner of it did not believe so much. though hitherto things pass with smoothness in the former channel, yet is some under-hand muttering already this point of his succession, which them dread the very name of a parlia and yet they are upon the very poi being forced to call one for want of mo Their debts are great, and no other way of raising any competent sum. W ther this be the cause, or his so tu parting with the generalship of Engl at least to Fleetwood, or both, of yo Cromwell's melancholy, I know not; sure it is, most men say he is sick; and those, that are likest to know the dis say, it is chiefly to give way to his co cil to do what they please, which fo them like well enough. There was confusion at Whitehall the night be Cromwell's death, though closely con ed. Some of the grandees, distrusting place, removed their trunks out of house. At least six hours before his de the fifth monarchy men sent out their e saries post into most parts of England, b ing notice how desperate his condition They speak their minds freely alre and have something a-brewing in all li lihood. They have pitched upon Lam for their general, and Harrison is con with the next command under him. E since old Cromwell had his eye upon crown, he hath courted Lambert very m One office he had was restored, with co arrears, and his estate was promised to doubled from 3000l. *per annum* to six;

y carry fair with him, and have m mourning against the funeral. ss of money makes them fall short first design of the funeral pageant; first they proposed to themselves eral of king James for their pattern, ended to go beyond it; but second s are wiser. If a parliament come, h-monarchy men will cut them out oth in the house and field. They Fleetwood will be no bitter enemy; ve out as if they had Monk's army n their side, though not his person. have not learned the * * * * of ing, there may be some cause of lest they get * * * * the saddle, de us all; yet some of them say your ty will need no other sword but their o make way to your throne, in case dath in earnest; for the weaker party espouse your Majesty's case, and that your own terms, rather than yield to ther. I wish they may be true pro- And I humbly crave leave to add, some persons here of good repute for m and fidelity to your Majesty think will be more feasible, if your own party t too forward to engage on either side; seeing your Majesty having now no le force on foot, will make them more e, and consequently the more likely quarrel among themselves. I beseech Majesty pardon this boldness. I was t cut out for a statesman. If there be thing in it of moment, your Majesty's em may make use of it; if nothing, I e your clemency will pardon it. That would direct your Majesty's counsels, tect your person, and prosper your de- s, is a part of the daily prayer of your ty's obscure, but most loyal and faith- servant.

The great stormy Monday, Cromwell on a revelation they say) told his phy- ns, he should now live to perfect the k. At his death, he had no sin that lled him, but only his want of faith. faith, I presume, he meant (as the di- es of that party do) a full assurance of mion of sins, and eternal salvation; then it was no wonder he wanted it.

LETTER CV.

Henry Cromwell to Fleetwood.

Dear Brother,

RECEIVED the account you give of the petition of your officers, for which give you thanks, and especially for your nce, that I should not believe any thing concerning you, till I had heard you. Truly it was seasonable advice; for I am told strange things: and pray give me leave to expostulate with you. How came these 2 or 300 officers together? If they came of their own heads, the being absent from their charge without licence would have flown in their face, when they petitioned for a due observance of martial discipline. If they were called together, were they not also taught what to say and do? If they were called, was it with his Highness's privity? If they met without leave in so great a number, were they told their error? I shall not meddle with the matter of their petition, though some things in it do unhandsomely reflect, not only upon his present, but his late Highness. I wish with all my heart, you were commander in chief of all the forces in the three nations; but I had rather have it done by his Highness's especial grace and mere motion, than put upon you in a tumultuary unsoldiery way. But, dear brother, I must tell you (and I cannot do it without tears), I hear that dirt was thrown upon his late Highness at that great meeting. They were exhorted to stand up for that good old cause, which had long lain asleep, &c. I thought my dear father had pursued it to the last. He died like a servant of God, and prayed for those that desired to trample upon his dust, for they were also God's people. O dear brother! let us not render evil for good; let us not make his memory stink, before he is under ground: let us remember his last legacy, and even for his sake render his successor considerable, and not make him vile, a thing of nought, and a bye-word. O! whither do these things tend! Surely God hath a controversy with us. What a hurly-burly is there made! A 100 independent ministers called together! A council, as you call it, of 2 or 300 officers of a judgment! Remember what has always befallen imposing spirits. Will not the loins of an imposing Independent or Anabaptist be as heavy as the loins of an imposing Prelate or Presbyter? And is it a dangerous error, that dominion is founded in grace when it is held by the church of Rome, and a sound principle when it is held by the Fifth Monarchy? Dear brother, let us not fall into the sins of other men, lest we partake of their plagues. Let it be so carried, that all the people of God, though under different forms, yea even those whom you ount without, may enjoy their birth righ and civil liberty, and that no one party may

tread upon the neck of another. It doth not become the magistrate to descend into parties; but can the things you do tend to this end? Can those things be done, and the world not think his Highness a knave, or a fool, or oppressed with mutinous spirits? O dear brother, my spirit is sorely oppressed with the consideration of the miserable state of the innocent people of these three poor nations! What have these sheep done, that their blood should be the price of our lust and ambition? Let me beg of you to remember, how his late Highness loved you, how he honoured you with the highest trust in the world by leaving the sword in your hand, which must defend or destroy us; and his declaring his Highness his successor shews, that he left it there to preserve him and his reputation. O brother, use it to curb extravagant spirits and busy bodies; but let not the nations be governed by it. Let us take heed of arbitrary power. Let us be governed by the known laws of the land, and let all things be kept in their proper channels; and let the army be so governed, that the world may never hear of them, unless there be occasion to fight. And truly, brother, you must pardon me, if I say, God and man may require this duty at your hand, and lay all miscarriages in the army, in point of discipline, at your door. You see I deal freely and plainly with you, as becomes your friend, and a good subject. And the great God, in whose presence I speak this, he knows, that I do it not to reproach you, but out of my tender affection and faithfulness to you; and you rest assured, that you shall always find me your true friend, and loving brother.

October 20, 1658.

LETTER CVI.

Henry Cromwell to Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

May it please your Lordship,

WHEN the declaration was framing, I did abhor to be so unreasonable as to seek any particular provision for myself in it. But when I saw myself secured with the multitude, and when his Majesty by his special letters and promises declared, that though I had indeed escaped in the crowd, yet that he had a particular mercy for me; and when I saw he could not be prevailed upon to unsettle others, who perhaps (abating my name) were greater offenders, I did then presume to insist upon that his mercy, nor could I believe (with some) that my so doing was dishonourable unto his Majesty. And your Lordship being above making an interest by treading upon the fallen, or by being [illegible] things that came to pass by God's [illegible] providence) have most nobly and [illegible]tianly patronized me in it, even to [illegible] and for this in a few words I give [illegible] Lordship my eternal thanks and [illegible]

I might, perhaps, have better expressed these my sentiments some other way; I have presumed to do it thus be[illegible] that there may remain a testimony of [illegible] famy upon me, if ever I abuse the [illegible]ble mercy I have found, either by [illegible] disloyalty to his Majesty, or ingratitude to your Lordship. And I wish your Lordship would add one favour more, [illegible] to assure his most excellent Majesty, [illegible] his royal Highness (how hard or [illegible] soever it be to believe me), that [illegible] with their royal persons, family, or [illegible] more prosperity and establishment, [illegible] doth, may it please your Lordship, [illegible] Lordship's most obedient, most [illegible] and most obliged servant.

April 9th, 1662.

LETTER CVII.

Earl of L——— to the Hon. Algernon Sidney.

DISUSE of writing has made it [illegible] to me, age makes it hard, and [illegible] weakness of sight and hand makes it [illegible] impossible. This may excuse me to [illegible] body, and particularly to you, who [illegible] not invited me much unto it, but rather have given me cause to think that [illegible] were willing to save me the labour [illegible] writing, and yourself the trouble of reading my letters: for, after you had left [illegible] sick, solitary, and sad at Penshurst, [illegible] that you had resolved to undertake the employment wherein you have lately been, you neither came to give me a farewell, nor did so much as send one to me, [illegible] only writ a wrangling letter or two concerning money, and Hoskins, and Sir Robert Honywood's horse: and though both before and after your going out of England, you writ to divers other persons, the first letter that I received from you was dated, as I remember, the 13th of September; the second in November, wherein you take notice of your mother's death; and if there were one more, that was all, until Mr. Sterry came, who made such haste from Penshurst, that coming very late at night, he would not stay to dine the next day, nor to give me time [illegible]

It is true, that since the change of here, and of your condition there, letters have been more frequent; and not thought my silence better both ou and myself, I would have written than once or twice unto you; but h for some reasons I did forbear, I not to desire others to write unto and with their own, to convey the advice that my little intelligence and judgment could afford; particularly to expect new authorities nor orders ence, nor to stay in any of the places our negociation; not to come into nd, much less to expect a ship to be for you, or to think that an account or would be expected of you here, s it were of matters very different your transactions there: that it would best for you presently to divest yourself the character of a public minister; to miss all your train, and to retire into e safe place, not very near, nor very from England, that you might hear m your friends sometimes. And for this dvised Hamburgh, where I hear you are, your man Powel, or by them that have ceived letters from you, with presents of ne and fish, which I do not reproach r envy.

Your last letter to me had no date of me or place; but by another at the same me to Sir John Temple, of the 28th of ly, as I remember, sent by Mr. Misden, I guess that mine was of the same te. By those that I have had, I perceive that you have been misadvertised; r though I met with no effects nor marks displeasure, yet I find no such tokens or ns of favour, as may give me either ower or credit for those undertakings and good offices, which perhaps you expect of me.

And now I am again upon the point of retiring to my poor habitation, having for myself no other design than to pass the small remainder of my days innocently and quietly; and, if it please God, to be gathered in peace to my fathers. And concerning you, what to resolve in myself, or what to advise you, truly I know not; for you must give me leave to remember, of how little weight my opinions and counsels have been with you, and how unkindly and unfriendly you have rejected those exhortations and admonitions, which in much affection and kindness I have given you upon many occasions, and in almost every thing, from the highest to the lowest, that has concerned you; and this you may think sufficient to discourage me from putting my advices into the like danger; yet somewhat I will say: and first, I think it unfit, and (perhaps) as yet unsafe for you to come into England; for I believe Powel hath told you that he heard, when he was here, that you were likely to be excepted out of the general act of pardon and oblivion: and though I know not what you have done or said here or there, yet I have several ways heard, that there is as ill an opinion of you as of any, even of those that condemned the late King: and when I thought there was no other exception to you, than your being of the other party, I spoke to the general in your behalf; who told me, that very ill offices had been done you, but he would assist you as much as justly he could; and I intended then also to speak to somebody else; you may guess whom I mean: but since that, I have heard such things of you, that in the doubtfulness only of their being true, no man will open his mouth for you. I will tell you some passages, and you shall do well to clear yourself of them. It is said, that the University of Copenhagen brought their Album unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did *scribere in albo* these words:

> Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
> Ense petit placida cum libertate quietem;

and put your name to it. This cannot chuse but be publicly known, if it be true. It is said also, that a minister, who hath married a Lady Laurence here of Chelsea, but now dwelling at Copenhagen, being there in company with you, said, I think you were none of the late King's judges, nor guilty of his death, meaning our King. Guilty! said you; Do you call that guilt? Why, 'twas the justest and bravest action that ever was done in England, or any where else: with other words to the same effect. It is said also, that you having heard of a design to seize upon you, or to cause you to be taken prisoner, you took notice of it to the King of Denmark himself, and said, I hear there is a design to seize upon me: but who is it that hath that design? *Est-ce nostre bandit*, By which you are understood to mean the King.

Besides this it is reported, that you have been heard to say many scornful and contemptuous things of the King's person and family; which, unless you can justify yourself, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten: for, such personal offences make deeper impressions

impressions than public actions either of war or treaty. Here is a resident, as he calls himself, of the King of Denmark, whose name (as I hear) is Pedcombe; he hath visited me, and offered his readiness to give you any assistance in his power or credit with the Ambassador, Mr. Alfield, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his first audience. I have not seen Mr. Pedcombe since; but within a few days I will put him in mind of his profession of friendship to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir Robert Honeywood is also come hither; and, as I hear, the King is graciously pleased to admit him to his presence, which will be somewhat the better for you, because then the exceptions against your employment and negociation, wherein you were colleague, will be removed; and you will have no more to answer for, than your own particular behaviour. I believe Sir Robert Honeywood will be industrious enough to procure satisfaction to the merchants in the business of money, wherein he will have the assistance of Sir John Temple; to whom I refer you for that and some other things.

I have little to say to your complaints of your sister Strayford's unequal returns to your affection and kindness, but that I am sorry for it, and that you are well enough served, for bestowing so much of your care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiser hereafter. She and her husband have not yet paid the thousand pounds, whereof you are to have your part by my gift; for so I think you are to understand it, though your mother desired it; and if for the payment thereof, your being in England, or in some place not far off, be necessary, as some pretend, for the sealing of some writings, I think that, and other reasons, sufficient to persuade you to stay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your friends, and they from you. I am wholly against your going into Italy as yet, till more may be known of your condition; which, for the present, is hard; and I confess that I do not yet see any more than this, that either you must live in exile, or very privately here; and (perhaps) not safely; for though the bill of indemnity be lately passed, yet if there be any particular and great displeasure against you, as I fear there is, you may feel the effects thereof from the higher powers, and receive affronts from the inferior: therefore you were best to stay at Hamburgh; which, for a [illegible] situation, is a good place, and [illegible] I will help you as much as I can [illegible] vering and informing you of [illegible] cerns you; though, as I began, so I [illegible] end, with telling you, that writing [illegible] grown troublesome to your affection[illegible]

London, Aug. 30, 1660.

LETTER CVIII.

The Hon. Algernoon Sidney to a friend.

Sir,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; [illegible] theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my [illegible] to theirs; but when I alone am interested and they only advise me to come over [illegible] soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment [illegible] choice. I confess we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, [illegible] I have a particular love to mine; [illegible] hope I have given some testimony of it. [illegible] think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood; but when that country of mine, which [illegible] to be esteemed a paradise, is now like [illegible] be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed [illegible] manner of profaneness, looseness, [illegible] and lewdness set up in its height; in [illegible] of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty which we hoped God, by our hands would have introduced; the best of [illegible] nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, [illegible] people enslaved, all things vendible, [illegible] no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world, sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and deface

[illegible]ish is past, by endeavouring to [illegible] the future. I have ever had [illegible] that when God should cast [illegible] a condition, as that I cannot [illegible] life, but by doing an indecent [illegible] the time is come where[illegible] should resign it. And when I cannot [illegible] my own country, but by such means [illegible] than dying in it, I think he [illegible] ought to keep myself out of it. [illegible] themselves with making [illegible] glorious, who think a people may [illegible] sacrificed for the interest and plea[illegible] one man, and a few of his follow[illegible] them rejoice in their subtilty, who, [illegible] the former powers, have [illegible] the favour of this, not only pre[illegible], but advanced themselves in these [illegible] changes. Nevertheless (per[illegible] they may find the King's glory is [illegible], his plenty the people's mi[illegible] that the gaining of an office, or [illegible] money, is a poor reward for de[illegible] a nation, which if it were pre[illegible] liberty and virtue, would truly [illegible] most glorious in the world! and [illegible] may find they have, with much [illegible] purchased their own shame and mi[illegible] a dear price paid for that which is [illegible] worth keeping, nor the life that is ac[illegible] with it: the honour of English [illegible] has ever been in making the [illegible] glorious and happy, not in selling [illegible] the interest of it, to satisfy [illegible] of one man. Miserable nation! [illegible], from so great a height of glory, is [illegible] into the most despicable condition [illegible] world, of having all its good de[illegible] upon the breath and will of the [illegible] persons in it! cheated and sold by [illegible] they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal [illegible] in guilt to that of Judas! In all [illegible] ages, parliaments have been the [illegible] of our liberty, the sure defenders [illegible] oppressed: they, who formerly [illegible] bridle Kings, and keep the balance [illegible] between them and the people, are [illegible] become the instruments of all our op[illegible], and a sword in his hand to de[illegible]: they themselves led by a few in[illegible] persons, who are willing to buy [illegible] themselves by the misery of the [illegible] nation, and the blood of the most [illegible] and eminent persons in it. De[illegible] bribes, worse than the oaths now [illegible] in this mercenary court! I mean [illegible] neither my life nor liberty to any [illegible] means; when the innocence of my [illegible] will not protect me, I will stay [illegible] till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg, cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the King shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies: the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased, the imprisonment of those three men, and turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions, not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewel. My thoughts as to King and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

LET-

LETTER CIX.

Sir William Temple to Sir William Coventry.

Sir,

I AM to acknowledge both the honour and obligation I received by yours of November the 9th; the last of which seems so great in that light you give it, and by those circumstances I now see attend it, that had it come from any other hands I should have wished a thousand times never to have received it: for, there are very few I desire much to be obliged to; having always thought that a sort of debt which ought as duly to be paid as that of money, with more interest, and much greater difficulty of casting up. But knowing that all generous persons are apt to favour and esteem their own, rather such whom they oblige, than such as serve them; I am extremely glad to have my name enter into the knowledge of his Royal Highness, by his bounty and favour in the grant of those passports, rather than any other way I could have taken; and beg of you, that with my humble thanks, his Royal Highness may know I enter into his service with this advance of wages, which it shall be always my endeavour, as it is my duty, to deserve. I owe, and should say a great deal to yourself upon this occasion, but that with my thanks for the thing itself, I am to join my complaints for the manner of it: I mean, that you should trouble yourself to reason me out of any custom or action you would have me leave off, or say any thing upon such a subject, besides, that you wish it had been otherwise; which, I desire you to believe, shall in far greater matters be from your hand persuasion and command enough to me. My presumptions may be great with my friends, but they are the easiliest checked of any man's alive; which is all I shall say upon this occasion as to the future; and for the past, I will only assure you that I should not in the least have offered at what I did, had it not been at the earnest instance of the Prince of Munster's resident here; and I am to make it my business abroad, to enter as far as I can into the secrets, and for that end, into the affections of such ministers as I have to deal with; and as some men are to be gained directly by their heart, so are others by their hands: but another fault were easier to be borne than a long excuse; I will not add to it by our news, since, of all I write, I am sure you know as much as you please: only, in general, our bishop loses not courage nor strength upon great preparations of enemies, or disappointment of friends. The Dutch seem to be plagued by their own God, and to be unhappy in their own element, the sea, having done them in the last storms extravagant harms; some letters from Amsterdam say to the value of thirty, others, of sixty millions; their case may grow harder yet, if the frosts do so for the Munster side. Our court here is passionate towards the league between the two crowns; as I am in the desire of growing in your friendship and favour, and deserving it by any testimonies I can give of my being, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Brussels, Dec. 15, S. N. 1665.

LETTER CX.

Sir William Temple to Dame Anne Cary.

Madam,

I KNOW not whether the shame of having been so long in your debt, be greater than that of paying it so ill at last, but I am sure 'tis much harder to be excused, and therefore shall not attempt it, but leave it to Father Placid's oratory, though having failed in the substantial part of your business, I have little reason to hope he will succeed better in the ceremonial part of mine. The truth is, there is so great a difference in common sound between, It is done, and, It will be done, that I was unwilling to acknowledge the honour of having received your Ladyship's commands, before I had compassed that of observing them, which the Marquis here hath so often assured me would suddenly fall to my share, that I thought we had both equal reason, his Excellency to do it, and I to believe it. This right I must yet do him, that I never pressed him in this concern of your Ladyship's but he told me all my arguments were needless, for the thing should be done; and how to force a man that yields, I never understood; but yet I much doubt that till the result be given upon the grofs of this affair, which is and has been sometime under view, your part in particular will hardly be thought ripe for either his justice or favour, which will be rather the style it must run in, if it be a desire of exemption from a general rule given in the case: whatever person (after the father's return) shall be appointed to observe the course of this affair, and pursue the lady's pretensions here, will be sure of all the

assistance I can at any time give him; though I think it would prove a more public service to find a some way of dissolving your society, and by that means dispersing much worth about the world, than, by keeping you together, confine it to a place, and suffer it to shine so much less, and go out so much sooner, than otherwise would. The ill effects of your retreat appear too much in the ill success of your affairs; for I cannot think any thing else, that your Ladyship would solicit, but, I presume, nothing in this lower world worthy either that, or so much as desire or care, which are words that never at your gates, to disturb that perfect peace and indifferency which I will believe dwelt there; and by your happiness decide the long dispute, whether the greater be in wanting nothing, or possessing much.

I cannot but tell you it was unkindly done to refresh the memory of your brother Da Cary's loss, which was not a more general one to mankind, than it was particular to me: but if I can succeed in your Ladyship's service, as well as I had the honour once to do in his friendship, I shall think I have lived to good purpose here; and for hereafter, shall leave it to Almighty God, with a submission as abandoned as you can exercise in the low common concernments of this worthless life, which I can hardly imagine was intended us for so great a misery as it is here commonly made, or to betray so large a part of the world to so much greater hereafter as is commonly believed. However, I am obliged to your Ladyship for your prayers, which I am sure are well intended me, and shall return you mine, that no ill thoughts of my faith may possess your Ladyship with an ill one of my works too; which I am sure cannot fail of being very meritorious, if ever I reach the intentions I have of expressing myself upon all occasions, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Brussels, Feb. 16th, S. N. 1666.

LETTER CXI.

Sir William Temple to Sir Philip Warwick.

Sir,

THOUGH it be more easy and more usual to beg favours than to acknowledge them; yet I find you are resolved to force me upon the last, without ever giving me time or occasion for the other. How much I am obliged to you in my last dispatch, I am told enough by Mr. Godolphin, but more by my own heart, which will never suffer me to believe, that a person to whom I have been so long, and am so much a servant, should be any other than kind to me; for that is my way of judging my absent friends, and serves like a watch in my pocket, to measure the time, though I see no sun. The very name of time puts me in mind, that yours is not to be spent idly, and that you are more pleased to oblige your friends than to receive their thanks; and therefore I will only say, that mine are very sensible and very hearty, and that no man is with more reason and with more sincerenes than I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant.

Brussels, March 12, N. S. 1666.

LETTER CXII.

Sir William Temple to Lord Lisle.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED lately the honour of one from your Lordship, which after all complaints of slowness and dulness, had enough to bear it out, though it had been much better addressed, but needed nothing, where it was, besides yours. In my present station, I want no letters of business or news, which makes those that bring me marks of my friends remembrance, or touches at their present thoughts and entertainments, taste much better, than any thing can do that is common fare.

I agree very much with your Lordship, in being little satisfied, by the wits excuse, of employing none upon relations, as they do in France; and doubt much, it is the same temper and course of thoughts among us, that makes us neither act things worth relating, nor relate things worth the reading. Whilst making some of the company laugh, and others ridiculous, is the game in vogue, I fear we shall hardly succeed at any other, and am sorry our courtiers should content themselves with such victories as those. I would have been glad to have seen Mr. Cowley, before he died, celebrate Captain Douglas's death, who stood and burnt in one of our ships at Chatham when his soldiers left him, because it should never be said, a Douglas quitted his post without order; whether it be wise in men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in states to honour them; and if they can, to turn the vein of wits, to raise up the esteem of some qualities above their real value, rather than bring every thing to burlesque, which if it be allowed

allowed at all, ſhould be ſo only to wiſe men in their cloſets, and not to wits, in their common mirth and company. But I leave them to be reformed by great men's examples and humours, and know very well, it is folly for a private man to touch them, which does but bring them like waſps about one's ears. However, I cannot but bewail the tranſitorineſs of their fame, as well as other men's, when I hear Mr. Waller is turned to burleſque among them while he is alive, which never happened to old poets till many ages after their death; and though I never knew him enough to adore him, as many have done, and eaſily believe he may be, as your Lordſhip ſays, enough out of faſhion, yet I am apt to think ſome of the old cut-work bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought, as any of our new points; and at leaſt, that all the wit he and his company ſpent in heightening love and friendſhip, was better employed, than what is laid out ſo prodigally, by the modern wits, in the mockery of all ſorts of religion and government.

I know not how your Lordſhip's letter has engaged me in this kind of diſcourſes; but I know very well you will adviſe me after it, to keep my reſidence here as long as I can; foretelling me what ſucceſs I am like to have among our courtiers if I come over. The beſt on't is, my heart is ſet ſo much upon my little corner at Sheen, that while I keep that, no other diſappointments will be very ſenſible to me; and becauſe my wife tells me ſhe is ſo bold, as to enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there, I am contriving here this ſummer, how a ſucceſſion of cherries, may be compaſſed from May to Michaelmas, and how the riches of Sheen vines may be improved, by half a dozen ſorts which are not yet known there, and which I think much beyond any that are. I ſhould be very glad to come and plant them myſelf this next ſeaſon, but know not yet how thoſe thoughts will hit; though I deſign to ſtay but a month in England, yet they are here very unwilling I ſhould ſtir, as all people in adverſity are jealous of being forſaken; and his Majeſty is not willing to give them any diſcouragement, whether he gives them any aſſiſtance or no. But if they end the campaign with any good fortune, they will be better humoured in that as well as all other points; and it ſeems not a very unlikely thing, the French having done nothing in ſix months paſt but harraſs their army, and being before Liſle engaged in a ſiege, which may very well break the courſe of their fortune; they have not yet made the leaſt advance upon any of their out-works, but have been betten off with much loſs in all their aſſaults; and if that King's deſigns be to bring his nobility as low as he has done his people, he is in a good way, and may very well leave moſt of the brave among them in their trenches there.

I had not need write often at this length, nor make your Lordſhip any new profeſſions of my being, my Lord, your, &c.

Bruſſels, Auguſt —, 1667.

LETTER CXIII.

Lord Liſle to Sir William Temple.

Sir,

SINCE I had your laſt letter, I have made you no acknowledgment of it: a retirement is in ſeveral reſpects like the night of one's life, in the obſcurity and darkneſs, and in the ſleepineſs and doſedneſs; which I mention to put you in mind that I am only by my poſture of life apt to be failing towards you.

What is of court or aſſemblies near us is at my Lord Croſt's. Sir Thomas Ingram this ſummer hath made no noiſe at all. Old Lady Devonſhire keeps up her ſeats ſtill; and that hath been of late Mr. Waller's chief theatre: the aſſembly of wits at Mr. Comptroller's will ſcarce let him in; and poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies alſo: he is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleaſed with thoſe that ſeem willing to hear him; and from that obligation exceedingly praiſes the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendiſh: if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in moſt companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was: he ſeems to have few extravagancies, beſides that of telling ſtories of himſelf, which he is always inclined to: ſome of his acquaintance ſay, that extreme vanity was a cauſe of his madneſs, as well as it is an effect.

All perſons of note hereabouts are going to their winter-quarters at London. The burning of the city begins to be talked of as a ſtory like that of the burning of Troy. At Sheen we are like to be bare; Lady Luddal ſeems uncertain in her ſtay: and we hear that when Sir James Sheen and his lady were ready to come from Ireland, great cramps took my Lady in her limbs: and Sir James's ſervants doubt whether we ſhall ſee him this winter.

I deſire,

esire, Sir, your leave to kiss my Lady
ie's hands, and my Lady Giffard's
, by your letter. My daughter and
e in dispute, which of us two should
this time to Brussels; and because I
adged to have more leisure, it fell to
and my Lady Temple is to have the
from her.

With, you, Sir, all good successes in
business, and am your very affec-
ate servant.

eptember 26, 1667.

LETTER CXIV.

Sir William Temple to Charles II.

May it please your Majesty,

my last passage hither, I had the ho-
our of trying your Majesty's yacht in
a storm as I never felt before, and a
ater no man in her pretended ever to
e seen. The fortune of your Majesty's
irs helped us to the discovery of a pilot
at a distance from the coasts, that
ought us happily in, without which we
d passed such another night at sea as I
ould not care to do for any thing your
ajesty could give me, besides your fa-
ur, and the occasions of serving you: if
e had miscarried, your Majesty had lost
honest diligent captain, and sixteen poor
amen, so beaten out with wet and toil,
at the compassion I had then for them, I
ave still about me, and assure your Ma-
ty, that five or six more will be ne-
ssary for your yacht, if you use her to
ch passages as this: but for the rest, I
elieve there is not such a boat in the
orld. She returns with a long, but final
and happy account of my business, to my
Lord Arlington, and with the Count de
Dona, who will be better company than a
long ill letter, and deserves your Majesty's
welcome by his other qualities, as well as
his particular devotions for your Majesty's
person and service.

I cannot end this letter, without congratulating with your Majesty, upon the success of your resolution, which occasioned my journey hither; and which is generally applauded here, as the wisest and happiest both for your kingdoms and your neighbours, and the most honourable to your Majesty's person, that ever was taken upon any occasion by any Prince. And the strange success of it hath been answerable to the rest of your Majesty's fortunes, and so amazing, that the expressions made of it here every hour are altogether extraordinary, not to say extravagant.

God in Heaven continue your Majesty's good health, and good councils, and good fortunes, and then I shall have nothing more to wish, but that you may pardon the faults, and accept of the humble and hearty devotions of, Sir, your Majesty's most loyal and most obedient subject and servant.

Hague, Jan. 29, N. S. 1668.

LETTER CXV.

Sir William Temple to Lord Arlington.

My Lord,

I AM sorry his Majesty should meet with any thing he did not look for at the opening of this session of parliament; but confess I do not see why his Majesty should not only consent, but encourage any inquiries or disquisitions they desire to make into the miscarriages of the late war, as well as he has done already in the matter of accounts: for, if it be not necessary, it is a King's ease and happiness to content his people, I doubt, as men will never part willingly with their monies, unless they be well persuaded it will be employed directly to those ends for which they gave it; so they will never be satisfied with a government, unless they see men are chosen into offices and employments by being fit for them; continued, for discharging them well; rewarded, for extraordinary merit; and punished for remarkable faults. Besides, in these cases, his Majesty discharges the hardship and severity of all punishments upon the Parliament, and commits no force upon the gentleness of his own nature, while his subjects see, that no tenderness of their Prince, nor corruption of ministers, can preserve them long from paying what they owe to any forfeits of their duty. Nor indeed can any Prince do justice to those that serve him well, wtihout punishing those that serve him ill; since that is to make their conditions equal whose deserts are different. I should not say this to any person but your Lordship, to whom I know part of that justice is due. But to say truth, the progress and end of the last war went so much to my heart, and I have heard so much lately from Monsieur de Witt, concerning the carriage of it on our side, especially what fell under his eye while he was abroad in the fleet, that I cannot but think the Parliament may be excused for their warmth in this pursuit. But your Lordship can best discern by the course of debates, whether this proceeds from a

steady

ſteady intention upon a general good, or from ſome accidental diſtempers, from which the greateſt and beſt aſſemblies of men are not always free, eſpecially when they have continued long together.

I beg your Lordſhip's pardon for my liberty in theſe diſcourſes, to which you were pleaſed to encourage me, by hearing me ſo obligingly thoſe few minutes I was allowed for ſuch talk or thoughts at my laſt being with you, and from the ſenſe you then expreſſed of the abſolute neceſſity there was for his Majeſty to fall into a perfect intelligence with his Parliament, eſpecially being engaged into an appearance of action abroad by the force of this preſent conjuncture. I am ever, &c.

Bruſſels, March 2, N. S. 1668.

LETTER CXVI.

Sir William Temple to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED ſome days ſince the honour of one from your Lordſhip of the 9th paſt, and though I owe all the acknowledgments that can be upon it, yet I will not ſo much wrong your Lordſhip's time or my own ſincereneſs, as to enlarge them with much ceremony. It will be enough to ſay, that nothing can be more obliging than your favour to me, both in the degree and manner of it, ariſing ſo freely from your Lordſhip's bounty and generouſneſs, as well as expreſſed in a way ſo frank and ſo hearty as that of your laſt letter; and on the other ſide, that no man can reſent it more, though they may much better deſerve it; and that your Lordſhip can never reckon more truly or more juſtly upon any perſon's eſteem and ſervices, than upon mine, which I humbly beg your Lordſhip to believe. I doubt you will be troubled with my wife's attendances, having told her your Lordſhip had given her that liberty; if ſhe ever pretends your favour and countenance further than in receiving what the King has made my due upon this employment while I have it, or what his Majeſty ſhall from his own motion aſſign me, upon any new commiſſion, I diſclaim her beforehand, and declare ſhe goes not upon my errand; for I ſhall never think that too little which his Majeſty thinks enough: for the reſt, I will be confident, neither your Lordſhip nor my Lord Arlington intend I ſhould ruin myſelf by my employments, or that I ſhould at my charge bear out a character, which of itſelf, is enough to turn round a head that has all its life, till theſe laſt three years been uſed to ſhade and ſilence. In caſe the occaſion ſhould break, and my journey to Aix ſhould yet fail, I aſk nothing of his Majeſty, though putting myſelf in a posture to comply with any ſudden neceſſity of it has already forced me to entail very conſiderable expences; but in caſe I muſt go, I beg your Lordſhip, for my children, to conſider how hard it will be for me to perform ſuch a journey on my own credit. Whatever it be that his Majeſty thinks fit to aſſign me upon ſuch an occaſion, if he pleaſes to order Alderman Backwell to furniſh me with a letter of credit for ſo much, let it be what it will, I will live according to what this and my own little revenue will reach, and not ſpare any little preſents I have received in his Majeſty's ſervice, where my honour requires it: all I deſire is, that I not to be forced into debts, which, to ſay the truth, I have ever abhorred, and would by my good will eat dry cruſts, and lie upon the floor, rather than do it upon any other conſideration than of his Majeſty's immediate commands, and I hope those of his juſtice, and my friends favour will prevent.

I beg your Lordſhip's pardon for troubling you with this ſtrange freedom about my own concernments, which you have pleaſed to encourage me to, and may at any time check me in it, with the leaſt diſcountenance, which I doubt I have already deſerved. But I will not increaſe or lengthen my faults by excuſes, nor trouble your Lordſhip, by repeating any thing of what my Lord Arlington receives from me at large, upon the courſe of public affairs here; which though ſeeming to change often, in others eyes, appears to me conſtant in the French deſign of a war; which I believe nothing can alter, but the viſible marks of force and ſteadineſs in their neighbours to oppoſe them.

I beg your Lordſhip's belief, that as I am with very great reaſon, ſo I am with very great paſſion too, my Lord, your, &c.

Bruſſels, April 3, 1668.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

Sir William Temple to the Earl of Northumberland.

My Lord,

The same post which brought me the honour of a late letter from your Lordship, I received, from other hands, news of my Lord of Northumberland's having left you to the succession of his honours and fortunes: which gives me occasion of acknowledging your Lordship's favour and memory; and at the same time of condoling with you upon the loss of a father, whose great virtues and qualities must needs have made many interests with you in this affliction. But the help which is given your Lordship by so many of your servants, and friends, upon this occasion, will serve to your own part in it: and that after what can be offered up to decency, and to the memory of so great and excellent person, this will find your Lordship rather taken up with the imitation of his virtues than the bewailing of his loss: the one is but what he owed to nature and to age, and to the course of long infirmities; and the other is what will be expected from your Lordship all your life, to your birth, your family, and yourself. You indeed can ever so much depend upon so few paces, as will now, upon those your Lordship shall make at your first setting out: since all men will be presaging from the course of your journey; as they will have indeed influence upon the success as well as the direction of it. For my own part, I expect a great increase of your Lordship's personal honour upon this occasion: and that having been so excellent a son of a family, you will shew yourself the same in being now a father of it; since nothing makes men fit to command, like having learnt to obey; and the same good sense and good disposition make men succeed well in all the several offices of life. Those I know will secure your Lordship's safety in entering upon a scene, where you will find many examples to avoid, and few to imitate: for I have not seen none so generally corrupted as, at this time, by a common pride and affectation of despising and laughing at the use of order, and virtue, and conformity to laws; which, after all, are those that most conduce to the happiness of a public state, and the ease of a private life.

But your Lordship will, I hope, make a great example, instead of needing other than those of your own family, to which so much honour, order, and dignity, have been very peculiar; as well as the consequences of them in the general applause and the particular esteem of all those who have had the honour to know and observe it; among whom there is none more desirous to express that inclination by his services, nor that has more of it at heart than, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and most humble servant.

Hague, June 17, N. S. 1670.

LETTER CXVIII.

Earl of Clarendon to the Duke of York, on the Duchess's turning Catholic.

I HAVE not presumed in any manner to approach your royal presence, since I have been marked with the brand of banishment; and I would still with the same forbear this presumption, if I did not believe myself bound by all the obligations of duty to make this address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the presumption and impudence of the times, in raising false and scandalous reproaches upon innocent and worthy persons of all qualities and degrees, to give credit to those bold whispers which have been too long scattered abroad concerning your wife's being shaken in her religion; but when those whispers break out into noise, and public persons begin to report that the Duchess is become a Roman Catholic; when I heard that many worthy persons of unquestionable devotion to your Royal Highness are not without some fear and apprehension of it, and many reflections are made from thence, to the prejudice of your royal person, and even of the King's Majesty, I hope it may not misbecome me, at what distance soever, to cast myself at your feet, and beseech you to look on this matter in time, and to apply some antidote to expel the poison of it.

It is not possible your Royal Highness can be without zeal and entire devotion for that church, for the purity and preservation whereof your blessed father made himself a sacrifice, and to the restoration whereof you have contributed so much yourself, and which highly deserves the King's protection, and yours, since there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people, while due reverence is made to the church.

Your

Your wife is generally believed to have so perfect a duty and entire resignation to the will of your Royal Highness, that any defection in her from her religion, will be for want of circumspection in you, and not using your authority, or to your connivance. I need not tell the ill consequence that such a mutation would be attended with, in reference to your Royal Highness, and even to the King himself, whose greatest security (under God) is in the affection and duty of his Protestant subjects. Your Royal Highness knows how far I have always been from wishing that the Roman Catholics should be prosecuted with severity; but I less wish it should ever be in their power to be able to prosecute those who differ from them, since we well know how little moderation they would or could use.

And if this which people so much talk of (I hope without ground) should fall out, it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman Catholics in general, than modest men can wish; since after such a breach, any jealousy of their presumption would seem reasonable. I have written to the Duchess with the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father. I do most humbly beseech your Royal Highness, by your authority, to rescue her from bringing a mischief upon you, and herself, that can never be repaired; and to think it worthy your wisdom to remove, and dispel those reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence than contempt; and hope you do believe, that no severity I have, or can undergo, shall, in any degree, lessen or diminish my most profound duty to his Majesty and your Royal Highness; but that I do with all imaginable obedience submit to your good pleasure in all things.

God preserve your Royal Highness, and keep me in your favour. Sir, your Royal Highness's most humble and obedient servant.

LETTER CXIX.

Earl of Clarendon to the Duchess of York, on the same occasion.

YOU have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no distance of a place that is between us, in respect of our residence, or the greater distance in respect of the high condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me; so when I receive an credible advertisement of what reflects upon you, in point of honour, conscience or discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such advice to you as to my understanding seems reasonable; and which I must in hope will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many months since, upon those reproaches which I told you were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that spirit of the times that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, that the same report increases, of late, very much, and I myself saw, the last week a letter from Paris, from a person who said the English ambassador assured him the day before, that the Duchess was become a Roman Catholic; and, which makes greater impressions upon me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction, with the observation of a great change in your course of life, and that constant exercise of that devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration that you used to have for the Church of England; the church in which you was baptized, and the church the best constituted, and the most free from errors of any Christian church this day in the world; and that some persons, by their insinuations have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the Church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves.

It is not yet in my power to believe, that your wit and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than with melancholy reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in; which discredits all religion, and which, with equal licence, breaks into the professions of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches, and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of any church.

I pre-

I presume you do not entangle yourself the particular controversies between Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein: and therefore it must be one fallacious argument of antiquity and universality, confidently urged by men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any doubts and scruples in you; and if you will with equal temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own ears, and shutting your own eyes. There are but two persons in the world who have greater authority with you than I can pretend to; and am sure they both suffer more in this behalf, and would suffer much more if there were ground for it, than I can do: and truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any man that endeavours to pervert you in your religion. And therefore, I beseech you let me have so much credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any doubts or scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an impression upon you.

The common argument, that there is no salvation out of the church, and that the Church of Rome is that only true church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many churches in which salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many, even in the Apostles time; otherwise they would never have directed their Epistles to so many several churches in which there were different opinions received, and very different doctrines taught. There is indeed but one faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith, is in a state of salvation. If the Apostles preached true doctrine, the reception and retention of many errors does not destroy the essence of a church; if it did, the Church of Rome would be in as ill, if not in a worse condition, than most other Christian churches; because its errors are of a greater magnitude, and more destructive to religion. Let not the canting discourses of the universality and extent of the church, which has as little truth as the rest, prevail over you: they who will imitate the greatest part of the world, must turn Heathens; for it is generally believed, that above one half of the world is possessed by them, and that the Mahometans possess above one half of the remainder. There is as little question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by Christians, one part of four is not of the communion of the Church of Rome; and God knows in that very communion there is as great discord in opinion, and in matters of as great moment, as is between the other Christians.

I hear you do in public discourses dislike some things in the Church of England, as the marriage of the clergy, which is a point which no Roman Catholic will pretend to be of the essence of religion, and is in use in many places which are of the communion of the Church of Rome; as in Bohemia, and those parts of the Greek Church which submit to the Roman: and all men know, that in the late Council of Trent, the sacraments of both kinds, and liberty of the clergy to marry, were very passionately pressed both by the Emperor and King of France for their dominions; and it was afterwards granted to Germany, though under such conditions as made it ineffectual; which, however, shews that it was not, nor ever can be looked upon as a matter of religion. Christianity was many hundred years old before such a restraint was ever heard of in the church; and when it was endeavoured, it met with great opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the inconveniencies which result from thence, will, upon a just disquisition, be found superior to those which attend the liberty which the Christian religion permits. Those arguments which are not strong enough to draw persons from the Roman communion, into that of the Church of England, when custom and education, and a long stupid resignation of all their faculties to their teachers, usually shuts out all reason to the contrary; may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptized, and bred, and instructed in the grounds and principles of that religion; which are, in truth, not only founded upon the clear authority of the Scriptures, but upon the consent of antiquity, and the practice of the primitive church: and men who look into antiquity, know well by what corruption and violence, and with what constant and

continual opposition, those opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the world, and how warrantably the authority of the Bishop of Rome, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail; which has no more pretence of authority and power in England, than the Bishop of Paris, or Toledo, can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being matter of Catholic religion, that the Pope has so much, and no more, to do in France or Spain, or any other Catholic dominion, than the crown and laws, and constitutions of several kingdoms give him leave; which makes him so little (if at all) considered in France, and so much in Spain, and therefore the English Catholics, which attribute so much to him, make themselves very unwarrantably of another religion than the Catholic Church professes: and without doubt those who desert the Church of England, of which they are members, and become thereby disobedient to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of their country, and therein renounce their subjection to the state, as well as to the church (which are grievous sins), had need of a better excuse, than the meeting with some doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest evidence, that their salvation is desperate in that communion, cannot serve their turn: and they who imagine they have such an evidence, ought rather to suspect that their understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the church, which is replenished with all learning and piety requisite, can betray them to perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will over-rule those ordinary doubts and objections which may be infused into you), that if you change your religion, you renounce all obedience and affection to your father, who loves you so tenderly, that such an odious mutation would break his heart; you condemn your father and your mother (whose incomparable virtues, and piety, and devotion, have placed her in heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the church and state, to both which you owe reverence and subjection, to be, in your judgement, Antichristian: you bring irreparable dishonour, scandal, and prejudice, to the Duke your husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable duty; and who, I presume, is much more precious to you than your own life; and all possible ruin to your children, of whose compan[illegible] conversation you must look to be [illegible] for God forbid, that after such an [illegible] you should have any power in the [illegible] tion of your children. You have [illegible] enemies, whom you would here [illegible] dantly gratify, and some friends [illegible] you will thereby (at least as far as [illegible] lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict [illegible] others, who have deserved well of [illegible]

I know you are not inclined to [illegible] part of this mischief, and therefore [illegible] these considerations as all those par[illegible] would be infallible consequences of [illegible] a conclusion. It is to me the saddest [illegible] cumstance of my banishment, that I [illegible] not be admitted, in such a season as [illegible] to confer with you, when I am con[illegible] I would satisfy you in all doubts, [illegible] make it appear to you, that there [illegible] many absurdities in the Roman reli[illegible] inconsistent with your judgment and [illegible] derstanding; and many impieties [illegible] sistent with your conscience; so that [illegible] fore you can submit to the obligation [illegible] faith, you must divest yourself of [illegible] natural reason and common sense, [illegible] captivate the dictates of your conscience [illegible] to the impositions of an authority [illegible] has not any pretence to oblige or [illegible] you. If you will not with freedom [illegible] municate the doubts which occur to [illegible] to those near you, of whose learning [illegible] piety you have had such experience, [illegible] me conjure you to impart them to [illegible] and to expect my answer before you [illegible] fer them to prevail over you. God [illegible] you and yours.

LETTER CXX.

The Duchess's Answer.

WHEREAS I have been ever from [illegible] infancy bred up in the English [illegible] testant religion, and have had very [illegible] persons to instruct me in the grou[illegible] thereof, and I doubt not but I [illegible] posed to the censure of an infinite [illegible] ber of persons, who are astonished at [illegible] quitting it, to embrace the religion of [illegible] Roman Catholics (for which I have [illegible] protested a great aversion); and there[illegible] I have thought fit to give some satisfa[illegible] tion to my friends, by declaring unto [illegible] the reasons upon which I have been [illegible] to do it; without engaging myself [illegible] long and unprofitable disputes touch[illegible] the matter.

I protest therefore, before God, [illegible]

ny coming into England, no person, man or woman, hath at any time sought me to alter my religion, or held any discourses to me upon that ject. It hath been only a particular from God, who hath been gracously pleased to hear the prayers I daily ke unto him, both in France and Flanders whilst I was there, that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true church fore I died, in case I was not in the ; and it was the devotion I observed the Catholics there, which induced me make that prayer; although my own ion during all that time was very . I did, notwithstanding, all the I was in those countries, believe I in the true religion; neither had I t scruple of it until November last, time reading Dr. Heylin's History the Reformation, which had been recommended to me, I was so far ing the satisfaction I expected, found nothing but sacrileges; and over the reasons therein set down, used the separation of the Church England from that of Rome, I read there, which to me were great im- The first was, That Henry VIII. off the pope's authority, because would not permit him to quit his wife marry another.

The second, That during the minority Edward VI. his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was principal in that alteration, did greatly himself with the goods of the which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, That Elizabeth, not being rightful heir the crown, could not keep it, but by making a church which would never allowed of such injustice. I could be persuaded the Holy Ghost would have made use of such motives as were to change religion, and was that the bishops, if they had no intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII. which was grounded upon such unreasonable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I to make some reflections upon the of doctrine wherein we differed the Catholics: and to that purpose recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly understand it, I found, notwithstanding, several points which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were, the real presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally, with two of the most learned bishops of England; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the Church of England had retained several things it altered: as for example, confession, which without doubt is of divine institution. They told me also, that prayer for the dead had been in use in the primative church, during the first centuries; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publicly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the Catholic religion, he should not have left it; but now being a member of that church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precautions necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that he would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the king's chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in; neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain Catholic who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words, "This is "my body;" and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with his institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this to justify the change I have made of my religion; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this, by any worldly interests or motives; neither can the truth of this, my protestation, be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my friends and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world, to enjoy advantages of my present being here, assure you I found it no difficulty at all resolve the contrary, for which I rend thanks to God who is the author of goodness.

My only prayer to him is, that poor Catholics of this kingdom may be prosecuted upon my account, and beseech God to grant me patience in afflictions, and that what tribulations ever his goodness has appointed for I may so go through with them, and I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for eternity.

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

ELEGANT EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN LETTERS.

SECTION II.

MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE CONTINUED.

LETTER I.

Mr James Howel, Esq; to Sir J. S. at Leeds Castle.

Sir, Westmin. 25 July, 1625.

There is a quaint difference the ancients put betwixt a letter and an oration, that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as periods, parentheses, similies, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourish; but a letter or epistle should be more contracted and closely couched; a hundred commonly make a letter more handsomely drawn; indeed we should write as we speak: and that's a true familiar letter, which expresseth one's mind, as if he were conversing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be more faithful of the two: the *lingua sæpe peccat*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and faulter in her extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaveth things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they treat of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy: there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apothegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them,

them, what was said of the Echo, "That she is a mere sound and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer: and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat; and those to Richlieu, so puffed with prophane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, with others besides, which he sends as urinals up and down the world to look into his water for discovery of the crazy condition of his body; I forbore him further. So I am your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER II.

From the same to his Father, upon his first going beyond Sea.

Sir, Broad-street, London, 1st March, 1618.

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all: and what danger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck, or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore: and at my return to England, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great negligence.

The latter end of this week I am to a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing to accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous. In this opinion I shall ever be your dutiful son.

LETTER III.

From the same to Dr. Francis Mansell, the Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

Sir, London, 20th March, 1618.

BEING to take leave of England, and to launch out into the world abroad to breathe foreign air awhile, I thought very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother Oxford: otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up; you for a forgetful friend; she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together; you with the best of my most candid affections; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which, besides the little I have, you know, of school language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omer's excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters: I promise you that yours shall receive

ve the best entertainment I can make , for I love you dearly, dearly well, value your friendship at a very high So with apprecation of as much hap- s to you at home, as I shall desire to mpany me abroad, I rest ever your d to serve you.

LETTER IV.

r James Howel, Esq; to Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, April 10, 1619.

Mr dear Dan,

HAVE made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my , that happiness itself would be but a rd of infelicity without it: it is as needful to me, as fire and water, as the very I take in, and breathe out; it is to not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*; therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. ur first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; r no sooner was I matriculated to her, t I was adopted to you; I became her , and your friend, at one time: you now I followed you then to London, here our love received confirmation in e Temple, and elsewhere. We are now ar asunder, for no less than a sea severs , and that no narrow one, but the German ocean: distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over: I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Bower, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court: let Jack Foldervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

LETTER V.

From the same to Mr. Richard Altham, at his chamber in Grays-Inn.

Dear Sir, Hague, 30th May, 1619.

THOUGH you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the imagination; and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired object it fixes upon: it is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Plowden: I heard it often said, that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law: for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practice. This (I think) made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, like him that, when he could not catch the hare, said, A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go: it is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it: for if the mathematics, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of Plowden to dastardize or cow your spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy: which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the Baron your excellent father was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer: and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to

that study and profession; and you know as well as I, that logicians who went under the name of Sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while; I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to Sir James Altham, and to my good Lady your mother, with the rest to whom it is due in Bishopsgate-street, and elsewhere: so I am yours in the best degree of friendship.

LETTER VI.

From the same to Dr. Tho. Prichard at Oxford, from Rouen.

6th August, 1619.

I HAVE now taken firm footing in France; and though France be one of the chiefest climates of compliment, yet I can use none towards you, but tell you in plain downright language, that in the list of those friends I left behind me in England, you are one of the prime rank, one whose name I have marked with the whitest stone: if you have gained such a place amongst the choicest friends of mine, I hope you will put me somewhere amongst yours, though I but fetch up the rear, being contented to be the *infima species*, the lowest in the predicament of your friends.

I shall sojourn a good while in this city of Rouen, therefore I pray make me happy with the comfort of your letters, which I shall expect with a longing impatience: I pray send me ample advertisement of your welfare, and of the rest of your friends, as well upon the banks of Isis, as amongst the British mountains. I pray present my service to Sir Eubule Theolal, and send me word with what pace Jesus College new walls go up. I will borrow my conclusion to you at this time of my countryman Owen:

Uno non possum quantum te diligo versu
Dicere, si satis est distichon, ecce duos.

I cannot in one verse my love declare;
If two will serve the turn, lo here they are.

Whereunto I will add this firname Anagram, yours whole.

LETTER VII.

From the same to his Father, from Rouen.

Sir, 7th Sept. 1619.

YOURS of the third of August came safe to hand in an inclosed from my brother; you may easy conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a kind of comfort it raised my spirits, in regard it was the first I received from you since crossed the seas: I humbly thank you for the blessing you sent along without it.

I am now upon the fair continent of France, one of nature's choicest masterpieces; one of Ceres's chiefest barns of corn; one of Bacchus's prime wine-cellars, and of Neptune's best salt-pits; a complete self-sufficient country, where there is rather a superfluity than defect of any thing either for necessity or pleasure, did the policy of the country correspond with the bounty of nature, in the equal distribution of the wealth amongst the inhabitants; but I think there is not upon the earth a richer country and poorer people. It is true England hath a good repute abroad for her fertility, yet be our harvests never so kindly, and our crops never so plentiful, we have every year commonly some grain from thence, or from Dantzick, and other places, imported by the merchant: besides, there be many more heaths, commons, bleak barren hills, and waste grounds in England, by many degrees, than I find here; and I am sorry our country of Wales should give more instances hereof than any other part.

This province of Normandy, once an appendix of the crown of England, though it want wine, yet it yields the King as much demesnes as any one of the rest; the lower Norman hath cider for his common drink; and I visibly observed that they are more plump and replete in their bodies, and of a clearer complexion, than those that drink altogether wine. In this great city of Rouen there be many monuments of the English nation yet extant. In the outside of the highest steeple of the great church, there is the word GOD engraved in huge golden characters, every one almost as long as myself, to make them the more visible. In this steeple hangs also the greatest bell of Christendom, called d'Amboise, for it weighs near upon forty thousand pound weight. There is also here St. Oen, the greatest sanctuary of the city, founded by one of our compatriots, as the name imports: this province is also subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but whether the Conqueror translated that law to England from hence, or whether he sent it over from England hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvellous quick trade driven in this town, because of the great navigable river Sequena (the Seine) that runs hence

to Paris, whereon there stands a bridge that ebbs and flows, that nd falls with the river, it being of boats, whereon coach and carts ss over as well as men: besides, he nearest mercantile city that stands t Paris and the sea.

last to you was from the Low Coun- where I was in motion to and fro four months; but I fear it miscar- in regard you make no mention of it rs.

gin more and more to have a sense sweetness and advantage of foreign ; I pray when you come to London, l a time to visit Sir Robert, and ac- ledge his great favours to me, and a continuance thereof, according as 'll endeavour to deserve them. So my due and daily prayers for your , and a speedy successful issue of all law businesses, I humbly crave your ng, and rest your dutiful son.

LETTER VIII.

James Howel, Esq; to Captain Francis Bacon, from Paris.

r, Paris, 30th March, 1620.

ECEIVED two of yours in Rouen, ith the bills of exchange there in- d; and according to your directions at you those things which you wrote for. am now newly come to Paris, this e magazin of men, the epitome of this e populous kingdom, and rendezvous all foreigners. The structures here are ferently fair, though the streets gene- y foul all the four seasons of the year; ich I impute first to the position of the , being built upon an isle (the Isle of ce, made so by the branching and ser- tine course of the river of Seine), and ing some of her suburbs seated high, filth runs down the channel, and set- s in many places within the body of the , which lies upon a flat; as also for a d of coaches, carts, and horses of all s that go to and fro perpetually, so t sometimes one shall meet with a stop f a mile long of those coaches, carts, d horses, that can move neither forward backward, by reason of some sudden counter of others coming a cross-way; that often-times it will be an hour or o before they can disentangle. In such top the Great Henry was so fatally slain Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass, that s town (for Paris is a town, a city, and a university) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such black unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the crot (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that it may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country: this may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great mole-hill of ants: yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about, and meet oftner than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean, until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth, and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first: but being pulleyed up with the open air, it receives a crusty kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect free-stone; and before it is sent up from the pit, they can reduce it to any form: of this stone, the Louvre, the King's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last King made it so big; that, lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the King might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort; for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what state-news France affords; in the interim, and always, I am your humble servant.

LET-

LETTER IX.

From the same to Richard Altham, Esq; from Paris.

Dear Sir, Paris, 1st of May, 1620.

LOVE is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the elixir of love; they are the best fuel of affection, and cast a sweeter odour than any frankincense can do; such an odour, such an aromatic perfume, your late leter brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty flowers of eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every line; I mean those sweet expressions of love and wit, which in every period were intermingled with so much art, that they seemed to contend fot mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite strains and raptures of love, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the diastole and systole of a heart truly affected; certainly your heart did dictate every syllable you writ, and guided your hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured up in my breast, and answered in like proportion to the full: mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect as love can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad: I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while: I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous* or night rogues, who drew upon us; and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalier du Guet, an officer who goes up and down the streets all night a horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us; but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passes, but some robbing or murder is committed in this town; so that it is not safe to go late any where, specially about the Pont-Neuf, the New-bridge, though Henry the Great himself lies centinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth; an improper posture methinks to a King on horseback. Not long since, one of the Secretaries of State (whereof there are always [illegible] having been invited to the suburbs of [illegible] Germain's to supper, left order with [illegible] his lacqueys to bring him his horse [illegible] nine; it so happened that a mischance [illegible] fel the horse, which lamed him as he [illegible] a-watering to the Seine, insomuch that [illegible] secretary was put to beat the heof him [illegible] and foot it home; but as he was pa[illegible] the Pont-Neuf with his lacquey carr[illegible] a torch before him, he might over-hear [illegible] noise of clashing of swords, and fighting [illegible] and looking under the torch, and perc[illegible] ing they were but two, he bad his lacq[illegible] go on; they had not made many pa[illegible] but two armed men, with their pi[illegible] cocked and swords drawn, made pa[illegible] towards them, whereof one had a paper [illegible] his hand, which he said he had casu[illegible] took up in the street, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they desired the secretary to read [illegible] with a great deal of compliment: the Secretary took out his spectacles and fell [illegible] reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was, That it should be known [illegible] all men, that whosoever did pass over the bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak his hat. The secretary starting at this one of the comrades told him, that he thought that paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en cuerpa*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he gives good words to the watch. There is a gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the King intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The favourite Luines strengthened himself more and more in his minister-ship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult: which made a Lord of this land say, That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrate a circle, to find out the philosopher's stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.

I have sent you by Vacandary, the post, the French beaver and tweeses you wrote for: beaver hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the King.

Farewell, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses, and continue to love yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

James Howel, Esq; to Sir James Crofts, from Paris.

Paris 12th May 1620.

Sir,

AM to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of emportation at St. Maloes, I must be forced to convey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyrenee hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this Letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts as St. Germains, where he met with a French gentleman, who amongst other curiosities which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot; and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of these two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I judge it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollanders), was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry IV. fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance), he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, "The King of France with forty thousand men;" and upon a sudden he put his army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come to him to be a partaker in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile, to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay-jesuit (who had a whole twelve month watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the King at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel, he doubled his thrust; the King with a ruthful voice cried out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood issued out at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The Queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of France the day before in great triumph; but a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch, her sorrow; for according to St. Lewis's law, she was made Queen-regent of France, during the king's minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days; but he escaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder, and in the place where the act was done it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump, to stanch the blood; whereat he gave a doleful shriek; then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture he scarce shewed any sense of pain; but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arm, to stanch the flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, That he thought to have done God good service, to take away that King which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry II. running at tilt with M. Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye: Henry III. not long after was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly, as he was coming from his close-stool, and so dispatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended the King by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never

Never was king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France; and there is scarce a market-town but hath him erected in the market-place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry VIII. and by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion: he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no re-"ligion, but an opinion:" and the Cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication; the Cardinal was long about the work, and when the King asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, That he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it. It happened that one day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the King asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? "Sir, "it is because I want some choice stones." —"No, no," said the King, looking upon the Cardinal, "it is because thou want-"est manuscripts from Rome." Another time the old Duke of Main, who used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed-chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck, in a posture to make the King merry, it happened the King was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close-stool, and clapped it on his bald sconce, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to "have taken the crown off my head, and "wear it on your own; but this of my "tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100,000 franks a year pension from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the Count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for [illegible] jesty, which he would do heart[illegible] answer being brought to the King, [illegible] plied, "Will my cousin, the C[illegible] "Soissons, do nothing else but pr[illegible] "me? tell him that prayer wi[illegible] "is not available; therefore I [illegible] "my cousin fast also from his pe[illegible] "100,000 *per annum*."

He was once troubled with a fit of gout; and the Spanish ambassador co[illegible] then to visit him, and saying he wa[illegible] to see his Majesty so lame; he [illegible] "As lame as I am, if there were o[illegible] "your master the King of Spain [illegible] "no sooner have his foot in the [illegible] "but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the [illegible] of this sprightful prince; I co[illegible] many more instances, but then I sh[illegible] ceed the bounds of a letter. When I [illegible] in Spain, you shall hear further fro[illegible] and if you can think on any thing wh[illegible] I may serve you, believe it, Sir, tha[illegible] employment from you shall be welcom[illegible] your much obliged servant.

LETTER XI.

From James Howell, Esq; to his Br[illegible] Dr. Howell.

Brother, Paris, 8th Sep[illegible]

BEING to-morrow to part with [illegible] and begin my journey for Spa[illegible] thought it not amiss to send you th[illegible] regard I know not when I shall have o[illegible] portunity to write to you again.

This kingdom, since the young [illegible] hath taken the sceptre into his own h[illegible] doth flourish very much with quietness [illegible] commerce; nor is there any motion [illegible] the least tintamar of trouble in any [illegible] of the country, which is rare in Fran[illegible] 'Tis true the queen-mother is discontent[illegible] since she left her regency, being confine[illegible] and I know not what it may come to [illegible] time, for she hath a strong party; and [illegible] murdering of her Marquis of Ancre w[illegible] yet bleed, as some fear.

I was lately in society of a gentle[illegible] who was a spectator of that tragedy; a[illegible] he was pleased to relate to me the particu[illegible] lars of it, which was thus: When Hen[illegible] IV. was slain, the Queen Dowager to[illegible] the reigns of the government into her hand[illegible] during the young King's minority; a[illegible] amongst others whom she advanced, Signi[illegible] Conchino, a Florentine, and her foste[illegible] brother, was one: her countenance co[illegible] to shine so strongly upon him that he be[illegible]

greatly confident and favourite, in-
[illegible] he made him Marquis of An-
[illegible] twelve Mareschals of France,
[illegible] of Normandy, and conferred
[illegible] other honours and offices of trust
[illegible]; and who but he? The Princes
[illegible] could not endure the domineer-
[illegible] stranger, therefore they leagued
[illegible] to suppress him by arms: the
[illegible] regent, having intelligence hereof,
[illegible] the Prince of Condé, and clap-
[illegible] up in the Bastile; the Duke of
[illegible] thereupon to Peronne in Picardy,
[illegible] great men put themselves in an
[illegible] to stand upon their guard.
[illegible] King being told that the Mar-
[illegible] Ancre was the ground of this dis-
[illegible], commanded M. de Vitry,
[illegible] of his guards, to arrest him, and
[illegible] resistance to kill him: this bu-
[illegible] carried very closely till the next
[illegible], that the said Marquis was com-
[illegible] the Louvre with a ruffling train of
[illegible] after him; and passing over the
[illegible] bridge at the court-gate, Vitry stood
[illegible] with the King's guard about him;
[illegible] the Marquis entered, he told him
[illegible] had a commission from the King to
[illegible] him, therefore he demanded his
[illegible] The Marquis hereupon put his hand
[illegible] sword, some thought to yield it
[illegible] others to make opposition; in the
[illegible] Vitry discharged a pistol at him,
[illegible] dispatched him. The King, being
[illegible] in his gallery, asked what noise that
[illegible] low; one smilingly answered, "No-
[illegible] Sir, but that the Mareschal of
[illegible] is slain."—"Who slew him?"
"The Captain of your guard."—"Why?"
"Because he would have drawn his sword
"at your Majesty's royal commission."
Then the King replied, "Vitry hath done
"well, and I will maintain the act."
Presently the Queen-mother had all her
guard taken from her, except six men and
[illegible] women, and so she was banished
[illegible], and commanded to retire to Blois:
Ancre's body was buried that night in a
[illegible]-yard by the court; but the next
morning the lacqueys and pages (who are
[illegible] unhappy here than the apprentices in
London) broke open his grave, tore his
coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet,
and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so
dragged him up and down the guttars of
Paris, which are none of the sweetest;
[illegible] then sliced off his ears, and nailed
them upon the gates of the city; the rest
of his body they carried to the New
[illegible], and hung him, his heels upwards
and head downwards, upon a new gibbet,
that had been set up a little before to punish
them who should speak ill of the present
government; and it was his chance to have
the maidenhead of it himself. His wife
was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned,
and beheaded for a witch some few days
after, upon a surmise that she had enchant-
ed the Queen to dote so upon her husband;
and they say the young King's picture was
found in her closet in virgin-wax, with one
leg melted away. A little after a process
was formed against the Marquis (her hus-
band), and so he was condemned after
death. This was a right act of a French
popular fury, which, like an angry tor-
rent, is irresistible; nor can any banks,
boundaries, or dikes, stop the impetuous
rage of it. How the young King will
prosper after so high and unexampled act
of violence, by beginning his reign, and
embruing the walls of his own court with
blood in that manner, there are divers cen-
sures.

When I am settled in Spain you shall hear from me; in the interim, I pray let your prayers accompany me in this long journey; and when you write to Wales, I pray acquaint our friends with my welfare. So I pray God bless us both, and send us a happy interview. Your loving brother.

LETTER XII.

From the same to Mr. Thomas Porter, after Captain Porter, from Barcelona.

Barcelona, 10th Nov. 1620.

My dear Tom,

I HAD no sooner set foot upon this soil, and breathed Spanish air, but my thoughts presently reflected upon you: of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here; you were the prime object of my speculation; methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force, that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working; it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding; it quickeneth the fancy, and leads

leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate with them all: I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time that my memory is fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was, that I remembered I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so exactly well. I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country, and the good instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valencia to Alicant, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape gallies, and passing through the *churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were: every one excused himself; one saying, That he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for; "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I "am justly put in here; for I wanted "money, and so took a purse hard by "Tarragone, to keep me from starving." The Duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what "do you do amongst so many honest in-"nocent men! get you gone out of their "company:" so he was freed, and the rest remained still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to Signior Camillo, and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you; and when you go aboard the Ship behind the Exchange, think upon yours.

LETTER XIII.

From James Howell, Esq; to Dr. Francis Mansel, from Valentia.

Sir, Valentia, 1st March, 1620.

THOUGH it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere; though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and our pomegranates; your hops, and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength: those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those that irradiate only, and gild your suckle fields, do scorch and parch chinky gaping soil, and so put too wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a temperature of heat and cold, and the rest of elementary qualities, that one pass (and suffer little) all the year without either shade in summer, or in winter.

I am now in Valentia, one of the blest cities in all Spain, situate in a *vega* or valley, above sixty miles compass; here are the strongest silks, the fresh wines, the excellentest almonds, the oils, and beautifullest females of all Spain; for the prime courtesans in Madrid elsewhere are had hence. The very beast animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands where disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; among others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

LETTER XIV.

From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's Inn.

Alicant, 27th March, 1621.

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000l. by letters of credit from Master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousand pounds

more, he is so well known in the n of Valentia. This barillia is a kind of vegetable, and it grows no upon the surface of the earth in that on, as here. The Venetians have e, and it is a commodity whereby itime town doth partly subsist; for ingredient that goes to the making best Castile soap. It grows thus: round thick earthy shrub that bears like barberries, betwixt blue and it lies close to the ground, and t is ripe they dig it up by the roots, it together in cocks, where they to dry many days like hay; then ake a pit of a fathom deep in the and with an instrument like one of ongs, they take the tuffs and put fire m, and when the flame comes to the s, they melt and dissolve into an azure , and fall down into the pit till it be then they dam it up, and some days they open it, and find this barillia turned to a blue stone, so hard that it ce malleable; it is sold at one hun- crowns a tun, but I had it for less. e is also a spurious flower called ga- that grows here, but the glass that is e of that is not so resplendent and r. I have been here now these three ths, and most of my food hath been es and bread, with other roots, which e made me so fat, that I think if you me you would hardly know me, such nature this deep sanguine Alicant grape es. I have not received a syllable from since I was in Antwerp, which trans- ms me to wonder, and engenders odd ughts of jealousy in me, that as my dy grows fatter, your love grows lanker wards me. I pray take off these scruples, d let me hear from you, else it will make chism in friendship, which I hold to be a ry holy league, and no less than a piacle infringe it; in which opinion I rest your ciant friend.

LETTER XV.

From the same to his Brother Dr. Howell, from on shipboard before Venice.

Brother, 5th May, 1621.

If this letter fail either in point of orthography or style, you must impute the first to the tumbling posture my body was in at the writing hereof, being a shipboard; the second, the muddiness of my brain, which like lees in a narrow vessel, hath been shaken at sea in divers tempests near upon forty days, I mean natural days, which include the nights also, and are composed of twenty-four hours, by which number the Italian computes his time, and tells the clock; for at the writing hereof I heard one from Malamocco strike twenty-one hours. When I shall have saluted yonder virgin city that stands before me, and hath tantalised me now this se'nnight, I hope to cheer my spirits, and settle my pericranium again.

In this voyage we passed through, at least touched, all those seas which Horace and other poets sing of so often, as the Ionian, the Ægean, the Icarian, the Tyrrhene, with others; and now we are in the Adrian sea, in the mouth whereof Venice stands, like a gold ring in a bear's muzzle. We passed also by Ætna, by the Infames Scopulos, Acroceraunia, and through Scylla and Charybdis, about which the ancient poets, both Greek and Latin, keep such a coil; but they are nothing so horrid or dangerous as they make them to be; they are two white keen pointed rocks that lie under water diametrically opposed, and like two dragons defying one another; and there are pilots that in small shallops are ready to steer all ships that pass. This amongst divers others may serve for an instance that the old poets used to heighten and hoise up things by their airy fancies above the reality of truth. Ætna was very furious when we passed by, as she useth to be sometimes more than other, especially when the wind is southward, for then she is more subject to belching out flakes of fire (as stutterers use to stammer more when the wind is in that hole): some of the sparkles fell aboard us; but they would make us believe in Syracusa, now Messina, that Ætna in times past hath eructated such huge gobbets of fire, that the sparks of them have burnt houses in Malta, above fifty miles off, transported thither by a direct strong wind. We passed hard by Corinth, now Ragusa; but I was not so happy as to touch there, for you know

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

I conversed with many Greeks, but found none that could understand, much less practically speak any of the old dialects of the pristine Greek; it is so adulterated by the vulgar, as a bed of flowers by weeds, nor is there any people, either in the island or on the continent, that speaks it conversably: yet there are in the Morea seven parishes called Zacones, where the original Greek is not much degenerated, but they confound divers letters

of

of the alphabet with one sound; for, in point of pronunciation, there is no difference betwixt upsilon, iota, and eta.

The last I received from you was in Latin, whereof I sent you an answer from Spain in the same language, though in a coarser dialect. I shall be a guest to Venice a good while, therefore I desire a frequency of correspondence between us by letters, for there will be conveniency every week of receiving and sending. When you write to Wales, I pray send advice that I am come safe to Italy, though not landed there yet. So my dear brother, I pray God bless us both, and all our friends, and reserve me to see you again with comfort, and you me, who am your loving brother.

LETTER XVI.

From James Howell, Esq; to Richard Altham, Esq.

Dear Sir, Venice, 1st July, 1621.

I WAS plunged in a deep fit of melancholy, Saturn had cast his black influence over all my intellectuals, methought I felt my heart as a lump of dough, and heavy as lead within my breast; when a letter of yours of the third of this month was brought me, which presently begot new spirits within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another man. I have read of a Duke of Milan and others who were poisoned by reading of a letter; but yours produced contrary effects in me, it became an antidote, or rather a most sovereign cordial to me, more operative than bezoar, of more virtue than potable gold, or the elixir of amber, for it wrought a sudden cure upon me: that fluent and rare mixture of love and wit which I found up and down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial: they were as so many choice flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent, that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly over-clouded my brain: such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your person here awhile; did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn-Walks for St. Mark's Place for a time. Farewel, dear child of virtue, and mi[illegible] muses; and love still yours.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to his much honoured [illegible] John North, Knight.

Noble Sir, Venice, 15th [illegible]

THE first office of gratitude i[illegible] a good turn civilly, then to re[illegible] memory, and acknowledge it; th[illegible] endeavour a requital; for this last [illegible] is in vain for me to attempt it; e[illegible] towards you, who have laden me w[illegible] a variety of courtesies and [illegible] vours, that my poor stock comes [illegible] of any retaliation; but for the o[illegible] reception and retention, as I am [illegible] scious to have been wanting in the [illegible] so I shall never fail in the second, b[illegible] both these are within the compa[illegible] power; for if you could pry into m[illegible] mory, you should discover there [illegible] magazine of your favours you have [illegible] pleased to do me, present and absent, [illegible] stored up and conservated to preserve [illegible] from mouldering away in oblivion; [illegible] courtesies should be no perishable [illegible] modity. Should I attempt any other [illegible] quital, I should extenuate your [illegible] and derogate from the worth of them; [illegible] if to this of the memory I can contri[illegible] any other act of body or mind, to e[illegible] my acknowledgments towards you, [illegible] may be well assured that I shall be [illegible] ready to court any occasion, whereby [illegible] world may know how much I am [illegible] thankful servitor.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to Robert Brown, Esq; [illegible] Middle Temple, from Venice.

Robin, Venice, 12th Augu[illegible]

I HAVE now enough of the maiden city, and this week am to go further in Italy: for though I have been a good [illegible] in Venice, yet I cannot say I have [illegible] hitherto upon the continent of Italy; [illegible] this city is nought else but a knot of [illegible] in the Adriatic sea, joined in one bo[illegible] bridges, and a good way distant from [illegible] firm land. I have lighted upon very [illegible] company, your cousin Brown, and Ma[illegible] Web; and we all take the road of Lo[illegible] bardy, but we made an order among our[illegible] selves, that our discourse be always in [illegible] language of the country, under penalty [illegible] a forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. Randal Symus made us a [illegible] fe[illegible]

[illegible], where in a cup of the richest [illegible] we had your health, and I could not [illegible] either the wine or the remembrance [illegible] sweeter; for it was naturally a [illegible] aromatic wine, which left a fra-[illegible] perfuming kind of farewel behind [illegible] have sent you a runlet of it in the [illegible] on, and if it come safe and unprick-[illegible] pray below some bottles upon the [illegible] (you know) with my humble service. [illegible] you write next to Mr. Symns, I [illegible] acknowledge the good hospitality and [illegible] ordinary civilities I received from [illegible] Before I conclude, I will acquaint [illegible] a common saying that is used of [illegible] city of Venice:

[illegible] Venezia, chi non te vede non te pregia,
[illegible] te vede troppo te disprezza.

[illegible] and rhymed thus (though I know [illegible] need no translation, you understand so [illegible] of the Italian):

[illegible] Venice, none thee unseen can prize:
[illegible] too much will thee despise.

[illegible] will conclude with that famous hexastic [illegible] Sannazaro made of this great city, [illegible] pleaseth me much better:

[illegible] Hadriatis Venetam Neptunus in undis
[illegible], & tot ponere jura mari;
[illegible] Jupiter, arcem
[illegible] Martis ait,
[illegible] Tuum, urbem aspice utramque,
[illegible], dixit, hanc possuisse Deos.

[illegible] Neptune saw in Adrian surges stand
[illegible] and give the sea laws of command:
[illegible] Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
[illegible] Mars' proud walls: this were for to extol
[illegible] beyond the main; both towns behold;
[illegible] man thou'lt say, Venice the Gods did [illegible]

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark [illegible] zecchins for every one of these [illegible], which amounts to about 300l. It [illegible] be long before the city of London [illegible] do the like; witness that cold re-[illegible] or rather those cold drops of water [illegible] were cast upon my countryman [illegible] Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware [illegible] through her streets, the most ser-[illegible] and wholesomest benefit that ever [illegible] received.

The parcel of Italian books that you [illegible] for, you shall receive from Mr. Leat, [illegible] please God to send the ship to safe [illegible]; and I take it as a favour, that you [illegible] me in any thing that may conduce [illegible] your contentment, because I am your [illegible] servitor.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's-Inn, from Naples.

Honoured Father, 8th Oct. 1621.

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford: my mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if among the rest of my friends in England, I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, specially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples: and though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of differing temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, Sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up and down, have the clearest understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, among other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women; and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance, and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet: and the reason is obvious; for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two nations must needs copulate and mix; insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Among other resemblances one was in their prosody, and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations,

and enforcing of consonant words or syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance. As for example, in Welsh, *Tewgris, todyrris ty'r derryn, gwillt*, &c. so have I seen divers old rhymes in Italian running so; *Donne, O danno, che felo affronto affronta: in selva salvo a me: Piu caro cuore*, &c.

Being lately in Rome, among other pasquils, I met with one that was against the Scots; though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion; so that I think if King James saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king; and as the passages were a-reading before him he often said, that if there was no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it: at last being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears;

this pleased his Majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my "faul, so thou shalt for me: thou art a "bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, Master Moor Fortune, and my service to Sir Charles Williams: and according to that relation which was betwixt us at Oxford, I rest your constant son to serve you.

LETTER XX.

From James Howell, Esq; to Sir Eubule Thelall, Knight, and Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

Sir, London, Idibus, Mar. 1621.

I SEND you most due and humble thanks, that notwithstanding I have played the truant, and been absent so long from Oxford, you have been pleased lately to make choice of me to be fellow of your new foundation in Jesus' College, whereof I was once a member. As the quality of my fortunes, and course of life run now, I cannot make present use of this your great favour, or promotion rather; yet I do highly value it, and humbly accept of it, and intend by your permission to reserve and lay it by, as a good warm garment against rough weather, if any fall on me. With this my expression of thankfulness, I do congratulate the great honour you have purchased both by your own beneficence, and by your painful endeavour besides, to perfect that national college, which [illegible] after is like to be a monument of [illegible] fame, as well as a seminary of lea[illegible] and will perpetuate your memory [illegible] posterity.

God Almighty prosper and perfect [illegible] undertakings, and provide for you in [illegible] ven those rewards which such public [illegible] of piety use to be crowned withal; it is [illegible] apprecation of your truly devoted serv[illegible]

LETTER XXI.

From the same to Dan. Caldwall, Esq; [illegible] the Lord Savage's house in Long Mel[illegible]

My dear Dan. 20th May, [illegible]

THOUGH, considering my former c[illegible] dition of life, I may now be call[illegible] countryman, yet you cannot call m[illegible] rustic (as you would imply in your lett[illegible] as long as I live in so civil and noble family, as long as I lodge in so virtu[illegible] and regular a house as any I believe in [illegible] land, both for economical government [illegible] the choice company; for I never saw [illegible] such a dainty race of children in all [illegible] life together; I never saw yet such an [illegible] derly and punctual attendance of serv[illegible] nor a great house so neatly kept; here [illegible] shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage, [illegible] cause any nastiness within the body of [illegible] house. The kitchen and gutters and oth[illegible] offices of noise and drudgery are at [illegible] fag-end; there is a back gate for the beg[illegible] gars and the meaner sort of swains to com[illegible] in at; the stables butt upon the par[illegible] which, for a cheerful rising ground, [illegible] groves and browsings for the deer, [illegible] rivulets of water, may compare with an[illegible] for its highness in the whole land; it is op[illegible] posite to the front of the great hous[illegible] whence from the gallery one may see mu[illegible] of the game when they are a hunting. Now for the gardening and costly choic[illegible] flowers, for ponds, for stately large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choic[illegible] fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England: here you have your bon christian pear and bergamot in perfection, you[illegible] muscadel grapes in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the King; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long Melford, though it be not great, yet it is so well compacted, and contrived with such dainty conveniences every way, that if you saw the land-scape of it, you would be mightily taken with

it, and it would serve for a choice em to build and contrive a house by. u come this summer to your manor of in Essex, you will not be far off e; if your occasions will permit, it be worth your coming hither, though only to see him, who would think it a journey to go from St. David's Head Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were e occasion: if you would know who same is, it is yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

From the same to R. Altham, Esq. from St. Osith.

Sir, 20th Dec. 1622.

IFE itself is not so dear to me as your friendship, nor virtue in her best co- rs as precious as your love, which was y so lively pourtrayed unto me in rs of the 5th of this present. Me- rks your letter was like a piece of tissue hly embroidered with rare flowers up d down, with curious representations d landscapes: albeit I have as much f as you of this kind (I mean matter of e), yet I want such a loom to work it on; I cannot draw it to such a curious o; therefore you must be content with mely ware from me, for you must not pect from us country-folks such ur- nities and quaint invention, that you, ho are daily conversant with the wits of e court, and of the inns of court, abound hal.

Touching your intention to travel be- ond the seas the next spring, and the in- mation you make how happy you would e in my company; I let you know that am glad of the one, and much thank you r the other, and will think upon it, but cannot resolve yet upon any thing. I m now here at the Earl Rivers, a noble d great knowing Lord, who hath seen ch of the world abroad; my Lady rage, his daughter, is also here with ters of her children. I hope this Hilary em to be merry in London, and among es to re-enjoy your conversation prin- ally, for I esteem the society of no upon earth more than yours; till en I bid you farewel, and as the season tes me, I wish you a merry Christmas, ing yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same to his Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry, upon his Marriage.

Sir, 20th May, 1622.

YOU have had a good while the interest of a friend in me, but you have me now in a straighter tie, for I am your brother by your late marriage, which hath turned friendship into an alliance; you have in your arms one of my dearest sisters, who I hope, nay I know will make a good wife. I heartily congratulate this marriage, and pray that a blessing may descend upon it from that place where all marriages are made, which is from heaven, the fountain of all felicity; to this prayer I think it no profaneness to add the saying of the lyric poet Horace, in whom I know you delight much; and I send it you as a kind of epithalamium, and wish it may be verified in you both:

Fœlices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thus Englished:

That couple's more than trebly blest,
Which nuptial bonds do so combine,
That no distaste can them untwine,
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, my dear brother, I must rejoice for this alliance, and wish you may increase and multiply to your heart's content. Your affectionate brother.

LETTER XXIV.

From James Howell, Esq; to Dr. Thomas Prichard, at Worcester House.

Sir, Paris, 3d Aug. 1621.

FRIENDSHIP is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain: you know this as well as I, therefore I pray let our friendship, let our love, that nationality of British love, that virtuous tie of academic love, be still strengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more vigour. I am now in Paris, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of religion to be punctual in this kind of payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a domestic member to that most noble family of the Worcesters, and I hold it to be a very good foundation for

future preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them, as I know they will be happy in you. France is now barren of news, only there was a shrewd brush lately betwixt the young king and his mother, who, having the Duke of Epernon and others for her champions, met him in open field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the worst: such was the rare dutifulness of the King, that he forgave her upon his knees, and pardoned all her accomplices; and now there is an universal peace in this country, which it is thought will not last long, for there is a war intended against them of the reformed religion; for this King, though he be slow in speech, yet he is active in spirit, and loves motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young gentleman, my old acquaintance, who is full of excellent parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding the Baron his father gave him, both in the university and in the inns of court; so that for the time I envy no man's happiness. So with my hearty commends, and much endeared love unto you, I rest yours.

LETTER XXV.

From the same to the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers), at Florence.

Sir, Lond. 24th March, 1622.

MY love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and farther too if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the Alps and Appenine to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted of the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while; you must now think upon home, as (one said) good men think upon heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours I understand will be three years: in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue, and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful to receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation which your Prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the seat of policy, the theatre of virtue: but those Italy give milk to virtue with one dug, and often suffers vice to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug; for there is an ill-favoured saying, that *Inglese Italionato è diavolo incarnato*; an Englishman Italianate, is a devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good-will of the latter unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome, you may happily see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to virtue, the other to honour; and there was no way to enter into the last, but through the first. Noble Sir, I wish you good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstances of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My Lord, your grandfather was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: by the next shipping to Leghorn, among other things he intends to send you a whole brawn in collar. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr. Bold. For English news, I know this packet come freighted to you, therefore I forbear, at this time, to send any. Farewel, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same to Dr. Prichard.

Sir, London, 6th Jan. 1625.

SINCE I was beholden to you for your many favours in Oxford, I have not heard from you (*ne gry quidem*); I pray let wonted correspondence be now revived and receive new vigour between us.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor

that he scarce left money to bury , which, though he had a great wit, argue no great wisdom; it being one the essential properties of a wise man, provide for the main chance. I have d, that it had been the fortunes of all es, commonly to die beggars; but for orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the e fate befel him that attended Demosnes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), whom the two first fell by corruption. e fairest diamond may have a flaw in but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out an excess of generosity, which appeared, in divers other passages, so once when e King had sent him a stag, he sent up r the under-keeper, and having drunk King's health to him in a great silver it bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to King James o: long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief Justices of the King's Bench; so hereafter they shall be only Keepers of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposeable; but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

I was lately at Gray's Inn with Sir Eubule, and he desired me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale* κεφαλή μοι περιφερεστάτη. Yours affectionately.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same to his well-beloved Cousin Mr. T. V.

Cousin, London. 5th Feb. 1625.

YOU have a great work in hand, for you write to me that you are upon a treaty of marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth, or comfortable to you; for of all civil actions that are incident to man there is not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be overhasty herein, nor to take the ball before the bound. You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the tongue useth to tie so hard a knot that the teeth can never untie, no not Alexander's sword can cut asunder, amongst us Christians. If you are resolved to marry, chuse where you love, and resolve to love your choice; let love rather than lucre be your guide in this election; though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part, I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: the one is the pilot, the other but the ballast of the ship, which should carry us to the harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another guess wife than Socrates had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going through the portal, threw a chamber-pot of stale urine upon his head; whereat the philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, "I "thought after so much thunder we should "have rain." And as I wish you may not light upon such a Xantippe (as the wisest men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent lawyers, C. B.), so I pray that God may deliver you from a wife of such a generation, that Strowd our cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the preacher) he had on Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his roast, and his wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner, as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and among other revilings, telling him often, "That the devil, the devil would fetch "him," at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, "I prithee good wife, "hold thyself content; for I know the "devil will do me no hurt, for I have "married his kinswoman." If you light upon such a wife (a wife that hath more bone than flesh), I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had, to suffer the grey mare some-

times to be the better horse. I remember a French proverb:

La maison est miserable & méchante,
Où la poule plus haut que le coq chante.

That house doth every day more wretched grow,
Where the hen louder than the cock doth crow.

Yet we have another English proverb almost counter to this, "That it is better "to marry a shrew than a sheep;" for though silence be the dumb orator of beauty, and the best ornament of a woman, yet a phlegmatic dull wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, Cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a business: I know you need no counsel of mine herein: you are discreet enough of yourself; nor, I presume, do you want advice of parents, which by all means must go along with you. So wishing you all conjugal joy, and an happy confarreation, I rest your affectionate cousin.

LETTER XXVIII.

From James Howell, Esq; to Richard Altham, Esq.

Sir, 27th Feb. 1625.

THE echo wants but a face, and the looking-glass a voice, to make them both living creatures, and to become the same bodies they represent; the one by repercussion of sound, the other by reflection of sight. Your most ingenious letters to me from time to time, do far more lively represent you, than either echo or crystal can do; I mean, they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward man; they clearly set forth the notions of your mind, and the motions of your soul, with the strength of your imagination: for as I know your exterior person by your lineaments, so I know you as well inwardly by your lines, and by those lively expressions you give of yourself; insomuch that I believe if the inferior man within you were so visible as the outward (as once Plato wished, that virtue might be seen with the corporeal eyes), you would draw all the world after you; or if your well-born thoughts, and the words of your letters, were echoed in any place, where they might rebound and be made audible, they are composed of such sweet and charming strains of ingenuity and eloquence, that all the nymphs of the woods and the valleys, the Dryades, yea the graces and muses, would pitch their pavilions there; nay, Apollo himself would dwell longer in that place with rays, and make them reverberate more strongly than either Pindus, or Parnassus, or Rhodes, whence he never removes his eye, as as he is above this hemisphere. I c my letters to you, which I send by correspondence, come far short of virtue; yet are they the true idea mind, and that real and inbred affe bear you. One should never teach ter or lacquey to lie, I observe that but besides my letters, I wish there a crystal-casement in my breast, which you might behold the motions of heart.

——*Utinamq; oculos in pectore posset* then should you clearly see, without deception of sight, how truly I am, how entirely yours.

And to answer you in the same strain verse you sent me:

First, shall the heavens bright lamp forget to shine,
The stars shall from the azur'd sky decline,
First, shall the Orient with the West shake hands,
The centre of the world shall cease to stand:
First, wolves shall league with lambs, the doves fly,
The lawyer and physician fees deny,
The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her sand,
My mistress' locks, with mine, shall first turn grey;
First, heaven shall lie below, and hell above,
E'er I inconstant to my Altham prove.

LETTER XXIX.

From the same to the Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of Winchester.

Excellent Lady, Lond. 15th Mar. 1626.

I MAY say of your grace, as it was said once of a rare Italian Princess, that you are the greatest tyrant in the world, because you make all those that see you your slaves, much more them that know you, I mean those that are acquainted with your inward disposition, and with the faculties of your soul, as well as the phisnomy of your face; for virtue took as much pains to adorn the one, as nature did to perfect the other. I have had the happiness to know both, when your Grace took pleasure to learn Spanish: at which time, when my betters far had offered their service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He that hath as much experience of you as I have had, will confess, that the handmaid of God Almighty was never so prodigal of her gifts to any, or laboured more to frame an exact model of female perfection: nor was Dame Nature only busied in this work, but all the graces did consult and co-operate with her; and they wasted so much

of their treasure to enrich this one that it may be a good reason why ny lame and defective fragments of n-kind are daily thrust into the world. return you here inclosed the sonnet Grace pleased to send me lately, ren- into Spanish, and fitted for the same had in English, both for cadence and r of feet. With it I send my most le thanks, that your Grace would d to command me in any thing, that t conduce to your contentment and ce; for there is nothing I desire with ter ambition (and herein I have all world my rival) than to be accounted, lam, your Grace's most humble and ly servitor.

LETTER XXX.

From the same to Mr. R. Sc. at York.

Lond. 19th July,
Sir, the 1st of the Dogdays, 1626.

SENT you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered; I sent another of the ti like a second arrow, to find out the r, but I know not what's become of ber: I send this to find out the other w; and if this fail, there shall go no ore out of my quiver. If you forget e, I have cause to complain, and more you remember me: to forget, may pro- ed from the frailty of memory; not to rver me when you mind me, is pure ct, and no less than a piacle. So I t yours easily to be recovered.

Infirmbrevis, brevis est mea littera, eeger,
Ne corrigas, corrigisse stylum.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to Mr. Richard Leat.

York, 9th July, 1627.

SIGNOR mio, It is now a great while, methinks, since any act of friendship, or other interchangeable offices of love, have passed between us, either by letters, or other accustomed ways of correspon- dence; and as I will not accuse, so I go about to clear myself in this point: Is long silence be termed therefore a ction rather than neglect on both sides. A bow that lies a while unbent, and a d that remains fallow for a time, grow er the worse, but afterwards the one s forth an arrow more strongly, the er yields a better crop, being reculti- ated: let this be also verified in us, let our friendship grow more fruitful after this pause, let it be more active for the future: you see I begin and shoot the first shaft. I send you herewith a couple of red deer pies, the one Sir Arthur Ingram gave me, the other my Lord President's cook; I could not tell where to bestow them better. In your next let me know which is the best seasoned; I pray let the Sydonian merchant J. Buckhurst be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well soaked. If you please to send me a barrel or two of oysters which we want here, I promise you they shall be well eaten with a cup of the best claret, and the best sherry (to which wine this town is altogether addicted) shall not be wanting.

I understand the Lord Weston is Lord Treasurer; we may say now, that we have treasurers of all tenses, for there are four living, to wit, the Lords Manchester, Middlesex, Marlborough, and the newly chosen. I hear also that the good old man (the last) hath retired to his lodgings in Lincoln's-Inn, and so reduced himself to his first principles; which makes me think that he cannot bear up long, now that the staff is taken from him. I pray in your next send me the Venetian Gazetta. So with my kind respects to your father, I rest yours.

LETTER XXXII.

From James Howell, Esq; to the Worshipful Mr. Alderman of the Town of Richmond, and the rest of the worthy Members of that ancient Corporation.

Sir, Lond. 24th Mar. 1627.

I RECEIVED a public instrument from you lately, subscribed by yourself and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your burgesses for this now approaching parliament; I could have wished that you had not put by Master Wadesford, and other worthy gentlemen that stood so earnestly for it, who, being your neighbours, had better means and more abilities to serve you. Yet since you have cast these high respects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the trust, and to answer your expectation accordingly: and as I account this election an honour to me, so I esteem it a greater advantage, that so worthy and well-experienced a Knight as Sir Talbot Bows, is to be my colleague and fellow-burgess; I shall steer by his compass, and follow his directions in any thing that may concern the welfare of your town, and the precincts thereof, either for redress of any grievance, or by proposing some new

thing that may conduce to the further benefit and advantage thereof; and this I take to be the true duty of a parliamentary burgess, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of Sir Talbot what's fitting to be done, and I shall apply myself accordingly to join with him to serve you with my best abilities. So I rest your most assured and ready friend to do you service.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland; from Stamford.

Madam, Stamford, 5th Aug. 1628.

I LAY yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the Post-master came to my bed's-head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain: my faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochel was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke going out, Colonel Fryer stept before him, and stopped him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me," (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reclining against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Dutchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared that the reason which moved him to the act, was no grudge of his own, that he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into a pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchmen had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed he was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas: so being carried up to the tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Capt. Charles Price went post presently to the King five miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a-whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Dutchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your Ladyship's most dutiful servant.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same to his Cousin Mr. St. John, at Christ Church College in Oxford.

Cousin, London, 25th Oct. 1627.

THOUGH you want no incitements to go on in that fair road of virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble father's company,

distinct to me, that any thing which [illegible] from me would take with you very [illegible]. I hear so well of your proceedings, [illegible] I should rather commend than en[illegible]age you. I know you were removed [illegible] Oxford in full maturity, you were a [illegible]derator, a good poet, and a good lin[illegible] for your time; I would not have that [illegible]light upon you, which useth to befal [illegible] who from golden students, become [illegible] bachelors, and leaden masters: I am [illegible] entertaining such thought of you, [illegible] logic with her *quiddities*, and *quæ, la*, [illegible], can any way unpolish your hu[illegible] studies. As logic is clubbisted and [illegible], so she is terrible at first sight; she [illegible] like a gorgon's head to a young student, [illegible] after a twelvemonth's constancy and [illegible], this gorgon's head will prove a [illegible] bugbear; when you have devoured [illegible] gorgon, you find philosophy far more [illegible] and pleasing to your palate. In [illegible] the soul with knowledge, the un[illegible] requireth the same consecutive [illegible] nature useth in nourishing the [illegible]. To the nutrition of the body, there [illegible] two essential conditions required, as[illegible] and retention; then there follows [illegible], πέψις and πόρωσις concoction [illegible] agglutination, or adhesion: so in feed[illegible] your soul with science, you must first [illegible] and suck in the matter into your [illegible] perception, then must the memory re[illegible] and keep it in; afterwards by dispu[illegible], discourse, and meditation, it must [illegible] concocted; then must it be agglu[illegible], and converted to nutriment. All [illegible] may be reduced to these two heads, [illegible], & *uti fæliciter*, which are [illegible] the happiest properties in a student. [illegible] another act required to good con[illegible], called the act of expulsion, which [illegible] of all that is unsound and noxious; [illegible] there must be an expulsive vir[illegible] shun all that is erroneous; and there [illegible] science but is full of such stuff, which [illegible] direction of tutor, and choice of good [illegible], must be excerned. Do not con[illegible] yourself with multiplicity of authors, [illegible] enough upon any science, provided [illegible] be plenary and orthodox; philosophy [illegible] be your substantial food, poetry [illegible] banqueting-stuff; philosophy hath [illegible] reality in it than any knowledge; [illegible] philosopher can fathom the deep, mea[illegible] mountains, reach the stars with a staff, [illegible] heaven with a girdle.

But among these studies, you must not [illegible] the *unum necessarium*; on Sundays [illegible] holidays, let divinity be the sole object of your speculation, in comparison whereof all other knowledge is but cobweb learning; *præ quâ quisquiliæ cætera.*

When you can make truce with study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous hour or other to write to me, for I much covet your good, because I am your affectionate cousin.

LETTER XXXV.

From James Howell, Esq; to Sir Sackvil Trevor, Knight.

Noble Uncle, Lond. 26th Octob. 1625.

I SEND you my humble thanks for the curious sea-chest of glasses you pleased to bestow on me, which I shall be very chary to keep as a monument of your love. I congratulate also the great honour you have got lately by taking away the spirit of France, I mean by taking the third great vessel of her sea-trinity, her Holy Spirit, which had been built in the mouth of the Texel for the service of her King. Without complimenting with you, it was one of the best exploits that was performed since these wars began; and besides the renown you have purchased, I hope your reward will be accordingly from his Majesty, whom I remember you so happily preserved from drowning, in all probability, at St. Andreas road in Spain. Though Princes guerdons come slow, yet they come sure: and it is oftentimes the method of God Almighty himself, to be long both in his rewards and punishments.

As you have bereft the French of their *Saint Esprit*, their Holy Spirit, so there is news that the Hollanders have taken from Spain all her saints; I mean *Todos los Santos*, which is one of the chiefest staples of sugar in Brazil. No more, but that I wish you all health, honour, and heart's desire. Your much obliged nephew and servitor.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to Captain Tho. B. from York.

Noble Captain, 1st August, 1628.

YOURS of the 1st of March was delivered me by Sir Richard Scott, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all church duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I confess in an unusual monitory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well, I love both your person

person and parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous act in your life: nor is this love of mine conferred upon you *gratis*, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me that you take me for a true friend. Now I am of the number of those that had rather commend the virtue of an enemy, than sooth the vices of a friend; for your own particular, if your parts of virtue and your infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the other: yet give me leave to tell you, that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favoured custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much; it is a humour of swearing in all your discourses; and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetched oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of rhetoric to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more: and you use this in cold blood when you are not provoked, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking accident, or extreme ill fortune at play, will let fall oaths and deep protestations: but to belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole vollies of oaths and curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a King, that being crossed in his game, would among his oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion; I heard of another King (Henry IV. of France) that in his highest distemper would swear by *ventre de St. Gris*, by the belly of St. Gris; I heard of an Italian, that having been much accustomed to blasphemy, was weaned from it by a pretty wile; for having been one night at play, and lost all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven, and defy God, he threw himself upon a bed hard by, and there fell asleep: the other gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the candles, and made semblance to play on still; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awakened: he hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that judgment had deservedly fallen down on him for his blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: a ghostly father was sent for, who undertook to do penance acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again, or blaspheme, which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while: so he became a perfect convert. I could wish this letter may produce the same effect in you. There is a strong text, that the curse of heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the swearer; and you have more fearful examples of miraculous judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

There is a little town in Languedoc, France, that hath a multitude of the pictures of the Virgin Mary up and down, but she is made to carry Christ in her right arm, contrary to the ordinary custom, and the reason they told me was this, that two gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and broken many blasphemies, he gave a deep oath that that whore upon the wall, meaning the picture of the Blessed Virgin, was the cause of his ill luck; hereupon the child removed imperceptibly from the left arm to the right, and the man fell stark dead ever after: thus went the tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady Scudamore's news from Utopia, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately more than any where else; though a German in his highest puff of passions swears a hundred thousand sacraments, the Italian by the whore of God, the French by his dearest, the Spaniard by his flesh, the Welshman by his sweat, the Irishman by his five wounds, though the Scot commonly bids the devil hale his soul; yet for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful name which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble, that holy name wherein the whole hierarchy of heaven doth triumph, that blessed name wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light disposition, it is no habit, I hope; let me therefore conjure you, by that power of friendship, by that holy league of love which is between us, that you would suppress it before it come to that; for I must tell you, that those who

fed in their hearts to love you for other things, do disrespect you for they hate your company, and give ...e to whatever you say, it being one ...punishments of a swearer, as well a liar, not to be believed when he ...truth.

...se me that I am so free with you; I write proceeds from the clear cur... of a pure affection; and I shall heartily ...ook, and take it for an argument of ...if you tell me of my weaknesses, ...are (God wot) too too many; for ...dy is but a cargazon of corrupt hu..., and being not able to overcome ...l at once, I do endeavour to do it ...gree: like Sertorius's soldier, who ...e could not cut off the horse-tail ...his sword at one blow, fell to pull out ...hairs one by one. And touching this ...ular humour from which I dissuade ...it hath raged me too often by contin...ies; but I thank God for it, I find it ...ated and purged. Now the only ...I used was a precedent fast, and re...to the holy sacrament the next day, ...pose to implore pardon for what had ...d, and power for the future to quell ...exorbitant motions, those ravings ...feverish fits of the soul, in regard ...are no infirmities more dangerous; ...at the same instant they have being, ...become impieties. And the greatest ...om of amendment I find in me is, ...se whenever I hear the holy name of ...blasphemed by any other, it makes ...heart to tremble within my breast. ...r is a penitential rule, "That if sins ...sent do not please thee, sins past will ...hurt thee." All other sins have ...object, either pleasure or profit, or ...and satisfaction to body or mind; ...this hath none at all: therefore fye ..., my dear Captain, try whether you ...make a conquest of yourself, in sub...this execrable custom. Alexander ...the world, Cæsar his enemies, ...monsters; but he that overcomes ...is the true valiant Captain.

...your friends here are well, Tom ...excepted, who I fear hath not ...ave among us. So I rest your true ...

LETTER XXXVII.

...James Howel, Esq; to Sir J. S. Knight.

S., London, 25th May, 1628.

...write to me lately for a footman, and ...think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the North. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master: he is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for a trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have peace both with France and Spain; so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good Lady, and at my return from the North, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am your much obliged servitor.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same to his Father.

Sir, London, 30th Sept. 1629.

OUR two younger brothers, which you sent hither, are disposed of; my brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. Hawes, a mercer in Cheapside, and he took much pains in it; and I had placed my brother Ned with Mr. Barrington, a silk-man in the same street; but afterwards, for some inconveniences, I removed him to one Mr. Smith, at the Flower-de-luce, in Lombard-street, a mercer also. Their masters, both of them, are very well to pass, and of good repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one trade; because when they are out of their time, they may join stocks together: so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed as any two youths in London, but you must not use to send them

them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother Ned apprentice in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, Thomas Howell: I asked the clerk about him; and he told me, that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII.'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a batchelor, he gave that hall to the company of drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk, that one of the sons of Thomas Howel came now thither to be bound; he answered, that if he be a right Howel, he may have when he is free three hundred pounds to help to set up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be hereafter we will make use of this. He told me also, that any maid that can prove her father to be a true Howel, may come and demand fifty pounds towards her portion of the said Hall. I am to go post towards York to-morrow, to my charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the next term: so with my love to my brother Howel, and my sister his wife, I rest your dutiful son.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to his Brother Dr. Howel, at Jesus College in Oxon.

Brother, London, 20th June, 1628.

I HAVE sent you here inclosed, warrants for four brace of bucks and a stag; the last Sir Arthur Manwaring procured of the King for you, towards the keeping of your act. I have sent you also a warrant for a brace of bucks out of Waddon Chace; besides, you shall receive by this carrier a great wicker hamper, with two joles of sturgeon, six barrels of pickled oysters, three barrels of Bologna olives, with some other Spanish commodities.

My Lord President of the North hath lately made me patron of a living hard by Henly, called Hambledon; it is worth 500l. a year *communibus annis*; and the now incumbent, Dr. Pilkinton, is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent: my Lord by legal instrument hath transmitted the next advowson to me for satisfaction of some arrearages. Dr. Domlaw and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you; therefore I pray think of it: a sum of money must be but you shall be at no trouble for if you only will secure it (and defer more who I know will do it for you), it shall appear to you that you have it on far better terms than any other, as finely situated as any rectory can for it is about the midway betwixt ford and London; it lies upon Thames, and the glebe-land house is large and fair, and not dilapidated that considering all things, it is as goo some bishoprics. I know his Majest gracious to you, and you may well pect some preferment that way; but livings as these are not to be had ev where. I thank you for inviting me your act; I will be with you the week, God willing, and hope to find father there. So with my kind lort Dr. Mansel, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Mado and Mr. Napier at All-Souls, I rest y loving brother.

LETTER XL.

From the same to his Father, Mr. B Jonson.

Father Ben. Westminster, 27th June, 1

NULLUM fit magnum ingenium mixtura dementiæ, there's no gr wit without some mixture of madne so saith the philosopher: nor was he fool who answered, *nec parvum fuit m tura stultitiæ*, nor small wit without so allay of foolishness. Touching the fir it is verified in you, for I find that y have been oftentimes mad: you were m when you writ your Fox, and mad when you writ your Alchymist; you w mad when you writ Catiline, and st mad when you writ Sejanus; but wh you writ your Epigrams, and the Ma netic Lady, you were not so mad: in much that I perceive there be degrees madness in you. Excuse me that I am free with you. The madness I mean that divine fury, that heating and heigh ening spirit which Ovid speaks of,

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:

That true enthusiasm which transpo and elevates the souls of poets above th middle region of vulgar conceptions, a makes them soar up to heaven to tou the stars with their laurelled heads, t walk in the zodiac with Apollo himself and command Mercury upon their errand

I cannot yet light upon Dr. Davies' , Wel

Grammar: before Christmas I am ed one. So desiring you to look hereafter to your charcoal-fire and y, which I am glad to be one that ed it from burning, this being the time that Vulcan hath threatened may be because you have spoken his wife, and been too busy with ns. I rest your son, and contiguous pour.

LETTER XLI.

James Howel, Esq. to Sir Arthur Ingram, in York.

London, 25th July, 1629.

AVE sent you herewith a hamper of elons, the best I could find in any of ill-field gardens, and with them my humble service and thanks for all urs, and lately for inviting me to new noble house at Temple New- when I return to Yorkshire. To I may answer you, as my Lord Coke answered by a Norfolk countryman had a suit depending in the King's ch against some neighbours touching ver that used to annoy him, and Sir ard Coke asking how he called the r; he answered, "My Lord, I need ot call her, for she is forward enough o come of herself." So I may say, t you need not call me to any house of urs, for I am forward enough to come thout calling.

My Lord President is still indisposed at n Napier's; yet he writ to me lately, at he hopes to be at the next sitting in ork. So with a tender of my most umble service to my noble good Lady, rest your most obliged servant.

LETTER XLII.

From the same to R. S. Esq.

Sir, Westminster, 3d Aug. 1629.

AM one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the ngers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, ose birdlimed kindnesses, which Pliny eaks of; nor would I receive money in dirty clout, if possibly I could be with- t it: therefore I return you the cour- sy by the same hand that brought it; it ight have pleasured me at first, but the xpectation of it hath prejudiced me, and ow perhaps you may have more need of than your humble servitor.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to Dr. H. W.

Sir, Westminster, 20th Oct. 1629.

IT is a rule in friendship, "When dis- "trust enters in at the fore-gate, love "goes out at the postern:" it is as true a rule, that ἡ ἀπορία τῆς ἐπιστήμης ἀρχή, Dubitation is the beginning of all knowledge. I confess this is true in the first election and co-optation of a friend, to come to the true knowledge of him by queries and doubts; but when there is a perfect contract made, confirmed by experience, and a long tract of time, distrust then is mere poison to friendship: therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your friend, but your servant.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Westminster, 25th Sept. 1629.

THEY say in Italy, that "Deeds are "men, and words are but women." I have had your word often to give me a visit: I pray turn your female promises to masculine performances, else I shall think you have lost your being; for you know it is a rule in law, *Idem est non esse & non apparere.* Your faithful servitor.

LETTER XLV.

From the same to D. C. Esq; at his house in Essex.

My dear D. York, 5th July, 1629.

I THANK you for your last society in London, but I am sorry to have found Jack T. in that pickle, and that he had so far transgressed the Fannian law, which allows a chirping cup to satiate, not to surfeit, to mirth, not to madness; and upon some extraordinary occasion of rencounters, to give nature a fillip, but not a knock as Jack did. I am afraid he hath taken such a habit of it, that nothing but death will mend him; and I find that he is posting thither apace by this course. I have read of a King of Navarre (Charles le Mauvais) who perished in strong waters; and of a Duke of Clarence that was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, but Jack T. I fear, will die in a butt of Canary. Howsoever, commend me to him, and desire him to have a care of the main chance. So I rest yours.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

From the same to his Cousin J. P. at Mr. Courandus's.

Cousin, Westm. 20th Sept. 1629.

A LETTER of yours was lately delivered me; I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wondered what language it might be in which it was written. At first I thought it was Hebrew, or some other dialect, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left, to read it, but could make nothing of it: then I thought it might be the Chinese language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. Greek I perceived it was not, nor Latin or English; so I gave it for mere gibberish, and your characters to be rather hieroglyphics than letters. The best is, you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery bills, who, as the clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the clients should have room enough to walk between them without jostling one another: yet this wideness had been excusable, if your lines had been straight; but they were full of odd kind of undulations and windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner; I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more gibberish or hieroglyphics from you, but legible letters, that I may acquaint your friends accordingly of your good proceedings. So I rest your very loving cousin.

LETTER XLVII.

From the same to his Father.

Sir, London, 3d Dec. 1630.

SIR Thomas Wentworth hath been a good while Lord President of York, and since is sworn Privy Counsellor, and made Baron and Viscount: the Duke of Buckingham himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time: he was made Viscount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the afternoon at Whitehall. My Lord Powis (who affects him not so much) being told that the Heralds had fetched his pedigree from the Blood-royal, viz. from John of Gaunt, said, "D[illegible] "if ever he come to be King of E[illegible] "I will turn rebel." When I went [illegible] give him joy, he pleased to give [illegible] disposing of the next attorney's pla[illegible] falls void in York, which is valued a[illegible] I have no reason to leave my Lord of [illegible] derland, for I hope he will be noble [illegible] me. The perquisites of my place, [illegible] the King's fee away, came far [illegible] what he promised me at my first co[illegible] him, in regard of his non-residence [illegible] York; therefore I hope he will co[illegible] some other way. This languishing fe[illegible] still hangs on him, and I fear will ma[illegible] end of him. There's none can tell w[illegible] make of it, but he voided lately a [illegible] worm at Wickham: but I fear there [illegible] imposthume growing in him, for he tol[illegible] a passage, how many years ago my L[illegible] Willoughby and he, with so many of [illegible] servants (*de gaieté de cœur*) played a [illegible] at foot-ball against such a number of co[illegible] trymen, where my Lord of Sunde[illegible] being busy about the ball, got a bruis[illegible] the breast; which put him in a swoon [illegible] the present, but did not trouble him [illegible] three months after, when being at Be[illegible] Castle (his brother-in-law's house) a qua[illegible] took him on a sudden, which made him [illegible] tire to his bedchamber. My Lord of R[illegible] land following him, put a pipe full of [illegible] bacco in his mouth: he being not acc[illegible] tomed to tobacco, taking the smoke dow[illegible] wards, fell a casting and vomiting up div[illegible] little imposthumated bladders of conge[illegible] ed blood; which saved his life then, a[illegible] brought him to have a better conceit [illegible] tobacco ever after: and I fear there [illegible] some of that clodded blood still in his bo[illegible]

Because Mr. Haws of Cheapside is late[illegible] dead, I have removed my brother Gri[illegible] to the Hen and Chickens in Paternoster row, to Mr. Taylor's, as genteel a shop [illegible] any in the city; but I gave a piece of pla[illegible] of twenty nobles price to his wife. I wi[illegible] the Yorkshire horse may be fit for you [illegible] turn: he was accounted the best saddle [illegible] gelding about York, when I bought him [illegible] Captain Philips, the Muster-master; and when he carried me first to London, there was twenty pounds offered for him by my Lady Carlisle. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers, I rest your dutiful son.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

James Howel, Esq. to Lord Viscount Rocksavage,

Lord, Westminster, 22d March, 1630.

E say, "The Italian loves no favour but what's future." Though I conversed much with that nation, yet nothing infected with their humour in point; for I love favours past as the remembrance of them joys my heart, and makes it melt within me. my thoughts reflect upon your Lord- I have many of these fits of joy within by the pleasing speculation of so many noble favours and respects which I daily study to improve and merit. My l, your Lordship's most humble and servitor.

LETTER XLIX.

to the same to the noble Lady, the Lady Cot.

Madam, Westminster, 2d June, 1630.

OU spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the ser hereof will fit your Ladyship's turn. can marinate fish, make gellies; he is skilled for a piquant sauce, and the haut; besides, Madam, he is passing good an olla. He will tell your Ladyship, the reverend matron the olla podrida the intellectuals and senses. Mutton, and bacon, are to her, as the will, understanding, and memory, are to the Cabbage, turnips, artichoaks, potatoes, and dates, are her five senses, and the common-sense. She must have crow to keep life in her, and some birds make her light: by all means she must adorned with chains of sausages. He is good at larding of meat after the of France. Madam, you may make of him, and if your Ladyship find saucy or wasteful, you may return whence you had him. So I rest, Madam, your Ladyship's humble servitor.

LETTER L.

From the same to Mr. E. D.

Sir, Westminster, 5th June, 1630.

write to me, that T. B. intends to money for such a place: if he it will be verified in him, that and his money are soon parted;" he will be never able to execute it. I heard of a late Secretary of State, that could not read the next morning his own hand-writing; and I have read of Caligula's horse, that was made Consul. Therefore I pray tell him from me (for I wish him well), that if he thinks he is fit for that office, he looks upon himself through a false glass: a trotting horse is fit for a coach, but not for a lady's saddle; and an ambler is proper for a lady's saddle, but not for a coach. If Tom undertakes this place, he will be as an ambler in a coach, or a trotter under a lady's saddle. When I come to town I will put him upon a far fitter and more feasible business for him: and so commend me to him, for I am his and your true friend.

LETTER LI.

From the same to the Right Rev. Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of St. David's.

My Lord, Westminster, 1st May, 1632.

YOUR late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate: but the conclusion of your Lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief: for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neighbours, and his candour in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you: when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me; for I am your Lordship's most true and humble servitor.

LET-

LETTER LII.

From the same to his honoured Friend, Mistress C. at her house in Essex.

London, 5th March.

THERE was no sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceived upon the death of my dear friend your husband. The last office I could do him was to put him in his grave; and I am sorry to have met others there (who had better means to come in a coach with six horses than I) in so mean equipage, to perform the last act of respect to so worthy a friend. I have sent you herewith an elegy, which my melancholy muse hath breathed out upon his hearse. I shall be very careful about the tomb you intend him, and will think upon an epitaph. I pray present my respects to Mrs. Anne Mayne. So wishing you all comfort and contentment, I rest yours, most ready to be commanded.

LETTER LIII.

From the same to Sir Ed. B. Knight.

Sir, London, 25th July, 1635.

I RECEIVED yours this Maundy-Thursday: and whereas among other passages, and high endearments of love, you desire to know what method I observe in the exercise of my devotions, I thank you for your request, which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary respect to me, and I will deal with you herein as one should do with his confessor.

It is true, though there be rules and rubrics in our Liturgy sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model or formulary of his own, specially for his private cubicular devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean Saturday evening, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth in Venice, for being delivered from a very great danger. This year I use some extraordinary acts of devotion, to usher in the ensuing Sunday, in hymns, and various prayers of my own penning, before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than upon other days, to prepare myself for the sactifying of it; nor do I use barber, taylor, shoe-maker, or any other mechanic, that morning: and whatsoever diversions or lets may hinder me the week before, I ver miss, but in case of sickness, to re to God's holy house that day, wh come before prayers begin, to make self fitter for the work by some previ meditations, and to take the whole serv along with me; nor do I love to mix speech with any in the interim, about or worldly negociations, in God's h house. I prostrate myself in the humb and decentest way of genuflection I c imagine; nor do I believe there can be excess of exterior humility in that pla therefore I do not like those squatting seemly bold postures upon one's tail, muffling the face in the hat, or thrusting in some hole, or covering it with one hand; but with bended knee, and in op confident-face, I fix my eyes on the e part of the church, and heaven. I endea vour to apply every tittle of the service my own conscience and occasions; and believe the want of this, with the huddli up and careless reading of some minister with the commonness of it, is the great cause that many do undervalue and take surfeit of our public service.

For the reading and singing Psalm whereas most of them are either petitio or eucharistical ejaculations, I listen to the more attentively, and make them my own When I stand at the Creed, I think upo the custom they have in Poland, and elsewhere, for gentlemen to draw their swor all the while, intimating thereby that the will defend it with their lives and blood And for the Decalogue, whereas others c to rise, and sit, I ever kneel at it in th humblest and tremblingest posture of all to crave remission for the breaches past of any of God's holy commandments (espe cially the week before), and future grac to observe them.

I love a holy devout sermon, that fo checks, and then cheers the conscience that begins with the Law, and ends wit the Gospel; but I never prejudicate o censure any preacher, taking him as find him.

And now that we are not only admitted but ancient Christians, I believe the mo acceptable sacrifice we can send up to hea ven is prayer and praise; and that ser mons are not so essential as either of the to the true practice of devotion. The re of the holy sabbath I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the Cinque-Ports are open, I have a particu-

ayer of thanks, that I am reprieved beginning of that week; and every llowing I knock thrice at heaven's- in the morning, in the evening, and ht; besides prayers at meals, and ther occasional ejaculations, as upon ting on of a clean shirt, washing my , and at lighting of candles; which, se they are sudden, I do in the third .

esday morning I rise winter and sum- s soon as I awake, and send up a particular sacrifice for some reasons; s I am disposed, or have business, I -bed again.

pon Wednesday night I always fast, perform also some extraordinary acts evotion, as also upon Friday night; Saturday morning, as soon as my s are unlocked, I get up. And in the ner-time, I am oftentimes abroad in private field, to attend the sun-rising: s I pray thrice every day, so I fast e every week; at least I eat but one l upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sa- ays, in regard I am jealous with my- to have more infirmities to answer for others.

efore I go to-bed, I make a scrutiny t peccant humours have reigned in me day; and so I reconcile myself to my ator, and strike a tally in the exche- r of heaven for my *quietus est*, ere I se my eyes, and leave no burden upon conscience.

Before I presume to take the holy sacra- ent, I use some extraordinary acts of hu- liation to prepare myself some days fore, and by doing some deeds of cha- y; and commonly I compose some new ayers.

I use not to rush rashly into prayer with- t a trembling precedent meditation; d if any odd thoughts intervene, and ow upon me, I check myself, and recom- ence; and this is incident to long pray- s, which are more subject to man's weak- ss and the devil's malice.

By these steps I strive to climb up to eaven, and my soul prompts me I shall go thither; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my yes that way, specially in a starlight ight: and if my mind be overcast with ny odd clouds of melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious fabric, which I hope shall be my country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me pre- sently, which make me scorn the world, and the pleasures thereof, considering the vanity of the one, and the inanity of the other.

Thus my soul still moves eastward, as all the heavenly bodies do; but I must tell you, that as those bodies are overmastered, and snatched away to the west, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general motion of the tenth sphere, so by those epidemical infirmities which are incident to man, I am often snatched away a clean contrary course, yet my soul persists still in her own proper motion. I am often at variance and angry with myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity), when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this body of mine, though a lump of clay, to be a temple of his holy spirit, my affections should turn it often to a brothel-house, my passions to a bedlam, and my excesses to an hospital.

Being of a lay profession, I humbly conform to the constitutions of the church, and my spiritual superiors; and I hold this obedience to be an acceptable sacrifice to God.

Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, but not a detestation; I rather pity than hate Turk or Infidel, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscriptions differ: if I hate any, it is those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our church; so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire, by way of correspondence, that you would tell me what way you take in your journey to heaven: for if my breast lie so open to you, it is not fitting yours should be shut up to me; therefore I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your convenience.

So I wish you your heart's desire here, and heaven hereafter, because I am yours in no vulgar way of friendship.

LETTER LIV.

From the same, to Thomas Young, Esq.

Sir, Fleet, 23d April, 1645.

I RECEIVED yours of the fifth of March, and it was as welcome to me as flowers in May, which are now coming on apace. You seem to marvel I do not marry all this while, considering that I am past the meridian of my age, and that to your knowledge there have been overtures made

me of parties above my degree. Truly, in this point, I will deal with you as one should do with his confessor. Had I been disposed to have married for wealth without affection, or for affection without wealth, I had been in bonds before now; but I did never cast my eyes upon any yet, that I thought I was born for, where both these concurred. It is the custom of some (and it is a common custom) to chuse wives by the weight, that is, by their wealth. Others fall in love with light wives, I do not mean venerean lightness, but in reference to portion. The late Earl of Salisbury gives a caveat for this, "That beauty without a "dowry (without that *unguentum indicum*) "is as a gilded shell without a kernel;" therefore he warns his son to be sure to have something with his wife, and his reason is, "because nothing can be bought "in the market without money." Indeed, it is very fitting that he or she should have wherewith to support both, according to their quality, at least to keep the wolf from the door, otherwise it were a mere madness to marry; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a wife, and marrieth only for money, discovereth a poor sordid disposition. There is nothing that my nature disdains more than to be a slave to silver or gold; for though they both carry the King's face, yet they shall never reign over me: and I would I were free from all other infirmities as I am from this. I am none of those mammonists who adore white and red earth, and make their princes picture their idol that way: such may be said to be under a perpetual eclipse, for the earth stands always betwixt them and the fair face of heaven. Yet my genius prompts me, that I was born under a planet, not to die in a lazaretto. At my nativity my ascendant was that hot constellation of Cancer about the dog-days, as my Ephemerides tells me: Mars was then predominant. Of all the elements, fire sways most in me: I have many aspiring and airy odd thoughts swell often in me, according to the quality of the ground whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge hill situated south-east; so that the house I came from (besides my father and mother's coat) must needs be illustrious, being more obvious to the sunbeams than ordinary. I have, upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a madman, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow, to deal withal, I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three; therefore who would cast herself away upon such a one? Be I came tumbling out into the world a cadet, a true cosmopolite; not bo land, lease, house, or office: it is tr have purchased since a small spot of gr upon Parnassus, which I hold in fee of Muses; and I have endeavoured to nure it as well as I could, though I sess it hath yielded me little fruit hith And what woman would be so mad a take that only for her jointure?

But to come to the point of wiving would have you know, that I have, th never married, divers children alre some French, some Latin, one Italian, many English; and though they be poor brats of the brain, yet are they l timate, and Apollo himself vouchsafed co-operate in their production. I h exposed them to the wide world, to their fortunes; and some (out of com ment) would make me believe they long-lived.

But to come at last to your kind of w ing, I acknowledge that marriage is honourable condition; nor dare I th otherwise without profaneness, for it is epithet the holy text gives it. There it was a wild speech of the philosopher say, that "if our conversation could "without women, angels would come do "and dwell among us;" and a wil speech it was of the cynic, when passing a tree where a maid had made her away, wished "that all trees might be such fruit."

But I wonder why you write to me wiving, when you know I have much a to maintain myself, as I told you befor yet, notwithstanding that the better p of my days are already threaded upon th string of time, I will not despair but I m have a wife at last that may perhaps e able me to build hospitals: for altho nine long lustres of years have now pas over my head, and some winters more (f all my life, considering the few sunshine have had, may be called nothing but wi ters), yet, I thank God for it, I find symptom of decay, either in body, fe or intellectuals. But, writing thus extr vagantly, methinks I hear you say, th this letter shews I begin to dote, and gro idle; therefore I will display myself further to you at this time.

To tell you the naked truth, my de Tom, the highest pitch of my aim is, th by some condition or other I may be en abled at last (though I be put to sow, th time that others use to reap) to quit score wi

the world, but never to cancel that ns obligation wherein I am indissobound to live and die your true confriend.

LETTER LV.

James Howel, Esq; to Master Thomas Adams.

Westminster, 25th August, 1633.

AY stir nimbly in the business you parted to me last, and let it not lan-; you know how much it concerns credit, and the conveniency of a who deserves so well of you: I fear will meet with divers obstacles in the which if you cannot remove, you overcome. A lukewarm irresolute did never any thing well; every ght entangles him; therefore you must e the point of your design with heat, set all wheels a-going. It is a true e of a generous nature, being once rked in a business, to hoise up, and d every sail, main, mizen, sprit, and sail; by that means he will sooner ar-at his port. If the winds be so cross, that there be such a fate in the thing, it can take no effect, yet you shall wherewith to satisfy an honest mind, you left nothing unattempted to com-it; for in the conduct of human affairs, a rule, That a good conscience hath ys within doors enough to reward it-though the success fall not out accord-to the merit of the endeavour.

was, according to your desire, to visit late new-married couple more than e; and to tell you true, I never saw a disparity between two that were e one flesh in all my life: he handsome wardly, but of odd conditions; she ex-ntly qualified, but hard-favoured: so the one may be compared to a cloth hine doublet, cut upon a coarse canvas; other to a buckram petticoat, lined with n. I think Clotho had her finger smut-in snuffing the candle, when she began pin the thread of her life, and Lachesis wed in twisting it up; but Aglaia, the rest of the Graces, were in a good mour, when they formed her inner-parts. blind man is fittest to hear her sing; would take delight to see her dance if sked; and it would please you to dis-rse with her in the dark, for there she is company, if your imagination can for-r to run upon her face. When you rry, I wish you such an inside of a wife; from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you, and your faithful friend to serve you.

LETTER LVI.

From the same to Mr. B. J.

Westminster, 5d July, 1635.

THE fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a goose-quill, sometimes; no, not the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet, and the bone crack. Your quill hath proved so to Mr. Jones; but the pen wherewith you have so gashed him, it seems, was made rather of a porcupine, than a goose-quill, it is so keen and firm. You know,

Anser, apis, vitulus, populos & regna gubernant.

The goose, the bee, and the calf (meaning wax, parchment, and the pen), rule the world; but, of the three, the pen is the most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrannize in that manner you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in it, or that your ink was too thick with gall, else it would not have so bespattered and shaken the reputation of a Royal Architect; for reputation, you know, is like a fair structure, long time a rearing, but quickly ruined. If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the Satire; for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court by it; and, as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a judgment in poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleased therewith. Dispense with this freedom of your respectful S. and servitor.

LETTER LVII.

From the same to D. C. Esq.

Sir, Westminster, 15th August, 1636.

IN my last I writ to you that C. Mor. was dead (I meant in a moral sense). He is now alive again, for he hath abjured that club which was used to knock him in the head so often, and drown him commonly once a day. I discover divers symptoms of regeneration in him; for he rails bitterly against Bacchus, and swears there's a devil in every berry of his grape; therefore he resolves hereafter, though he may dabble a little sometimes, he will be never drowned again. You know Kit hath

a poetic fancy, and no unhappy one, as you find by his compofition; you know alfo, that poets have large fouls, they have fociable free generous fpirits, and there are few who ufe to drink of Helicon's waters, but they love to mingle it with fome of Lyæus liquor, to heighten their fpirits. There is no creature that is kneaded of clay, but hath his frailties, extravagancies, and excefles, fome way or other; for you muft not think that man can be better out of Paradife than he was within it: *nemo fine crimine*. He that cenfures the good fellow commonly makes no confcience of gluttony and gormandizing at home; and I believe more men do dig their graves with their teeth than with the tankard. They who tax others of vanity and pride have commonly that fordid vice of covetoufnefs attends them; and he who traduceth others of being a fervant to ladies doth bafer things. We are no angels upon earth, but we are tranfported with fome infirmity or other; and it will be fo while thefe frail flexible humours reign within us: while we have fluices of warm blood running through our veins, there muft be oft-times fome irregular motions in us.

This, as I conceive, is the black-bean which the Turks Alcoran fpeaks of; when they feign, that Mahomet being afleep among the mountains of the moon, two angels defcended, and ripping his breaft, they took his heart and wafhed it in fnow, and after pulled out a black bean, which which was the portion of the devil; and fo replaced the heart.

In your next, you fhall do well to congratulate his refurrection, or regeneration, or rather emergency from that courfe he was plunged in formerly; you know it as well as I; and truly I believe he will grow newer and newer every day. We find that a ftumble makes one take firmer footing; and the bafe fuds which vice ufeth to leave behind it makes virtue afterwards far more guilful: no knowledge is like that of contraries. Kit hath now overcome himfelf; therefore I think he will be too hard for the devil hereafter. I pray hold on your refolution to be here the next term, that we may tattle a little of Tom Thumb, mine hoft of Andover, or fome fuch matters. So I am your moft affectionate fervitor.

LETTER LVIII.

From James Howel, Efq; to G. G. Eq.

Sir,

I HAVE more thanks to give you [illegible] can be folded up in this narrow [illegible] though it were all writ in the cl[illegible] of ftenography, for the rich and [illegible] account you pleafe to give me of the [illegible]nowned city wherein you now fojourn [illegible] find you have moft judiciouffy [illegible] all matters, both civil and clerical, [illegible]ally the latter, by obferving the [illegible] and penances of the Fryer, the [illegible] power of the Jefuit, the pomp of the [illegible] late and Cardinal. Had it not been [illegible] the two firft, I believe the two [illegible] that fee, had been at a low ebb [illegible] time; for the learning, the prudential [illegible] knowledge, and auftcrity of the [illegible] the venerable opinion the people have [illegible] the abftemious and rigid condition of [illegible] other, efpecially of the Mendicants, [illegible] to make fome compenfation for the [illegible] and magnificence of the two laft: [illegible] they are more beholden to the Pro[illegible] than they are aware of; for unlefs he [illegible] rifen up about the latter end of the [illegible] century of years, which made them [illegible] circumfpect and wary of their [illegible] and actions, to what an intolerable [illegible] excefs that Court had come to by this [illegible] you may eafily conjecture. But out of [illegible] fmall reading I have obferved, that [illegible] ever fince Gregory the Great, hath [illegible] wherein fome or other hath not [illegible] and murmured at the pontifical [illegible] that Court: yet, for my part, I have [illegible] always fo charitable, as to think that [illegible] Religion of Rome and the Court of [illegible] were different things. The [illegible] that happened betwixt Leo the X[illegible] Francis the 1ft. of France is very [illegible]able; who being met both at Bolo[illegible] King feemed to give a light touch [illegible] Pope's pomp, faying, "It was not [illegible] "be fo in former times."—"It may [illegible] faid Leo, "but it was then when [illegible] "kept fheep (as we read in the Old [illegible] "tament)."—"No," the King [illegible] "I fpeak of times under the Gof[illegible] Then rejoined the Pope, "It was [illegible] "when Kings did vifit hofpitals;" [illegible]ing by thofe words at St. Lewis, who [illegible] oft to do fo. It is memorable what [illegible] corded in the Life of Robert Gro[illegible] Bifhop of Lincoln, who lived in the [illegible] of one of the Leo's, that he feared [illegible]

[illegible] would overthrow Leo as over-[illegible] Lucifer.

[illegible] news hence, I know none of your [illegible] but are as well as you left them, [illegible] *London*. You are fresh and very [illegible] their memory, and mentioned [illegible] thousand good wishes and bene-[illegible]. Among others, you have a large [illegible] in the memory of my Lady Eliza-[illegible]; and I do not think all Rome [illegible] you a fairer lodging. I pray [illegible] of your carriage under that [illegible]; it is a searching (inquisitive) [illegible] have two eyes and two ears, but [illegible] tongue. You know my meaning. [illegible] you must imprison (as nature [illegible] already done with a double fence of [illegible] and lips), or else she may imprison [illegible] according to our countryman Mr. [illegible]'s advice, when he was in the [illegible]:

[illegible] lingua, vel tibi lingua dabit.

Have a care of your health; take heed [illegible] the syrens, of excess in fruit, and be [illegible] mingle your wine well with water. [illegible] more now, but that in the large cata-[illegible] of friends you have left behind here, [illegible] none who is more mindful of you [illegible] your most affectionate and faithful [illegible].

LETTER LIX.

From the same to Dr. T. P.

Sir, Westminster, 6th Sept. 1640.

I HAD yours of the 10th current, where-[illegible] you writ me tidings of our friend [illegible] D. and what his desires tend to. In [illegible] opinion they are somewhat extravagant. [illegible] have read of one, that loving honey [illegible] than ordinary, seemed to complain [illegible] Nature, that she made not a bee as [illegible] as a bull, that we might have it in [illegible] plenty: another, who was much [illegible] to fruit, wished the pears and plumbs [illegible] as big as pumpions. These were but [illegible] vulgar wishes; for if a bee were as [illegible] a bull, it must have a sting propor-[illegible]; and what mischief do you think [illegible] things will do, when we can hardly [illegible] the sting of that small infected ani-[illegible], as now it is? And if pears and [illegible] were as big as pumpions, it were [illegible] walking in an orchard about the [illegible] equinoctial, at which time they [illegible] in their full maturity, for fear of be-[illegible] knocked in the head. Nature, the [illegible] of God Almighty, doth nothing [illegible] with good advice, if we make re-searches into the true reason of things: you know what answer the fox gave the ape, when he would have borrowed part of his tail to cover his posteriors.

The wishes you wrote that T. D. lately made, were almost as extravagant in civil matters, as the aforementioned were in natural; for if he were partaker of them, they would draw more inconveniences upon him than benefit, being nothing sortable either to his disposition or breeding, and for other reasons besides, which I will reserve till my coming up; and I pray let him know so much from me, with my commendations. So I rest yours in the perfectest degree of friendship.

LETTER LX.

From the same to Mr. T. W.

Sir, Westminster, 28th Feb. 1634.

I AM heartily glad you have prevailed so far with my lady your mother, as to have leave to travel awhile; and now that you are bound for France and Italy, let me give you this caution, to take heed of a speedy friend in the first, and of a slow enemy in the second. The courtesies of an Italian, if you make him jealous of you, are dangerous, and so are his compliments: he will tell you that he kisseth your hand a thousand times over, when he wisheth them both cut off.

The French are a free and debonaire accostable people, both men and women. Among the one, at first entrance, one may have acquaintance, and at the first acquaintance one may have entrance; for the other, whereas the old rule was, that there could be no true friendship without commestation of a bushel of salt, one may have enough there before he eat a spoonful with them. I like that friendship which by soft gentle pauses steals upon the affection, and grows mellow with time, by reciprocal offices and trials of love: that friendship is like to last long, and never to shrink in the wetting.

So hoping to enjoy you before you go, and to give you a friendly foy, I rest your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXI.

From the same to Sir Thomas Hawk, Knight.

Sir, Westminster, 5th April, 1636.

I WAS invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J. where you were deeply remembered; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome:

welcome: one thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben. had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the Lady (not very young) who having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon, she took a mouthful of claret, and spouted into the poop of the hollow bird; such an accident happened in this entertainment, you know —— *Proprio laus sordet in ore*; be a man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's praise stink, if he makes his own mouth the conduit-pipe of it. But for my part I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of B. now that time hath snowed upon his pericranium. You know Ovid, and (your) Horace were subject to this humour, the first bursting out into

Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

The other into

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

As also Cicero, while he forced himself into this hexameter: *O fortunatam natam, me consule Romam!* There is another reason that excuseth B. which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his body, why not that of the brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble extraction? I preserve your manuscripts safe for you till you return to London; what news the times afford, this bearer will impart to you. So I am, Sir, your very humble and most faithful servitor.

LETTER LXII.

From James Howell, Esq; to his Cousin Mr. J. P. at Gravesend.

Cousin, Westminster, 3d Aug. 1634.

GOD send you a good passage to Holland, and the world to your mind when you are there. Now, that you intend to trail a pike, and make profession of arms, let me give you this caveat, that nothing must be more precious to you than your reputation. As I know you have a spirit not to receive wrong, so you must be careful not to offer any, for the one is as base as the other; your pulse will be quick felt, and trial made what metal you made of after your coming. If you but once handsomely off, you are ever after; for you will be free from baffles and affronts, "He that hath "got the fame of an early riser, "sleep till noon." Therefore be wonderous wary of your first comportment, get once a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards, for it is like the Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, patched it may be. To this purpose take along with you this fable: It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame, were to travel together (as you are going now) they consulted, that if they lost one another how they might be retrieved and met again: Fire said, "Where you see smoke "there you shall find me:" Water said, "Where you see marsh and moorish "ground, there you shall find me:" Fame said, "Take heed how you lose "me, for if you do, you will run a great "hazard never to meet me again, there "is no retrieving of me."

It imports you also to conform yourself to your commanders, and so you may more confidently demand obedience, when you come to command yourself, as I doubt not but you may do in a small time. The Hogen Mogen are very exact in their polemical government, their pay is small, though small, "four shillings a-week is "ing too little a hire," as one said, "to "kill men." At your return I hope you will give a better account of your doings than he, who being asked what exploits he had done in the Low Countries, answered, that he had cut off a Spaniard's legs: reply being made, that that was no great matter, it had been something if he had cut off his head; "O," said he, "you must consider his head was off before." Excuse me that I take my leave of you so pleasantly, but I know you will take any thing in good part from him that is so much your truly affectionate cousin.

LETTER LXIII.

From the same to his Nephew J. P. at St John's in Oxford.

Nephew, Westminster, 1st Aug. 1635.

I HAD from you lately two letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so: there was as much difference between them, as betwixt a Scotch pedlar's pack in Poland, and the magazine

an English merchant in Naples; the being usually full of tiffaty, silks, and the other of calicoes, thread, ribbons and such poldavy ware. I perceive have good commodities to vend, if take the pains: your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find you have stored up so much already: you are in the best mart in the world to prove them; which I hope you daily and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you will find a good market to expose them, for your own and the public benefit good. I have sent you the philosophy-books you wrote to me for; any thing you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a clerk as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the room to swallow of them as much as served for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste to pay word, whereas I had not been so forward to peruse them, had they been my own books, which I knew were always at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it out of the lamp; I pray let your next be so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle.

LETTER LXIV.

From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Digby.

Madam, Westminster, 5th August.

IT is no improper comparison that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam, without vanity be it spoken, such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the parts of my heart, especially through the pericardicle where the most illustrious blood lies: so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast; nor can this perfume stay there, but as all things naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain, and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies; for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your Ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment: but, Madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor.

LETTER LXV.

From the same to Sir Edw. Sa. Knight.

Sir Edward, Fleet, 26th March, 1643.

I HAD a shrewd disease hung lately upon me, proceeding, as the physicians told me, from this long reclused life, and close restraint, which had much wasted my spirits and brought me low; when the crisis was past, I began to grow doubtful that I had but a short time to breathe in this elementary world; my fever still increasing, and finding my soul weary of this muddy mansion, and methought, more weary of this prison of flesh, than this flesh was of this prison of the Fleet. Therefore after some gentle slumbers, and unusual dreams, about the dawnings of the day I had a lucid interval, and I fell thinking how to put my little house in order, and to make my last will. Hereupon my thoughts ran upon Grunnius Sophista's last testament, who having nothing else to dispose of but his body, he bequeathed all the parts thereof in legacies, as his skin to the tanners, his bones to the dice-makers, his guts to the musicians, his fingers to the scriveners, his tongue to his fellow-sophisters (which were the lawyers of those times), and so forth. As he thus dissected his body, so I thought to divide my mind into legacies, having, as you know, little of the outward pelf and gifts of fortune to dispose of; for never any was less beholden to that blind baggage. In the highest degree of theorical contemplation, I made an entire sacrifice of my soul to her Maker, who by infusing created her, and by creating infused

fused her to actuate this small bulk of flesh, with an unshaken confidence of the redemption of both in my Saviour, and consequently of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other. My thoughts then reflected upon divers of my noble friends, and I fell to proportion to them what legacies I held most proper. I thought to bequeath to my Lord of Cherbery, and Sir K. Digby, that little philosophy, and knowledge I have in the mathematics; my historical observations, and critical researches I made into antiquity, I thought to bequeath unto Dr. Usher, Lord Primate of Ireland; my observations abroad, and inspection into foreign states, I thought to leave to my Lord G. D.; my poetry, such as it is, to Mistress A. K.; who I know is a great minion of the muses; school-languages I thought to bequeath unto my dear mother the university of Oxford; my Spanish to Sir Lewis Dives, and Master Endimion Porter; for though they are great masters of that language, yet it may stead them something when they read *la picara Justina*; my Italian to the worthy company of Turkey and Levantine merchants, from divers of whom I have received many noble favours; my French to my most honoured Lady, the Lady Core, and it may help her something to understand Rabelais; the little smattering I have in the Dutch, British, and my English, I did not esteem worth the bequeathing: my love I had bequeathed to be diffused among all my dear friends, especially those that have stuck unto me in this my long affliction; my best natural affections betwixt the Lord B. of Br. my brother Howell, and my three dear sisters, to be transferred by them to my cousins their children. This little sackful of bones I thought to bequeath to Westminster Abbey, to be interred in the cloyster within the south-side of the garden, close to the wall, where I would have desired Sir H. F. (my dear friend) to have inlaid a small piece of black marble, and cause this motto to have been insculped on it, *Hucusque peregrinus, hic domi*; or this, which I would have left to his choice, *Hucusque erraticus, hic fixus*; and instead of strewing my grave with flowers, I would have desired him to have grafted thereon some little tree of what sort he pleased, that might have taken root downward to my dust, because I have been always naturally affected to woods and groves, and those kind of vegetables; insomuch, that there were any such thing as a Pythagorean metempsychosis, I think my soul would transmigrate into some tree, when she bids this body farewel.

By these extravagances and odd chimeras of my brain, you may well perceive that I was not well, but distempered especially in my intellectuals; according to the Spanish proverb, *Siempre delirar con la calentura*; "Fevers have always their fits of dotage." Among those whom I had bequeathed my dearest love you were one to whom I had intended a large portion; and that love which I would have left you then in legacy, I send you now in this letter; for it hath pleased God to reprieve me for a longer time to creep upon this earth, and to see better days, I hope, when this black dismal cloud is dispelled; but come foul or fair weather, I shall be, as formerly, your most constant faithful servitor.

LETTER LXVI.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. E. Counsellor at the Middle Temple.

Sir, Fleet, 1st Feb. 1645.

I HAD yours this morning, and I thank you for the news you send me, that divers of my fellow-sufferers are enlarged out of Lambeth, Winchester, London and Ely-house: whereunto I may answer you as the Cheapside porter did one that related court news to him, how such one was made Lord Treasurer, another Chancellor of the Exchequer, another was made an Earl, another sworn Privy Counsellor: "Ay," said he, "yet I am but a porter still." So I may say, I am but a prisoner still, notwithstanding the releasement of so many. Mistake me not, as if I repined hereby at any one's liberty; for I could heartily wish that I were the unique martyr in this kind, that I were the figure of one with never a cypher after it, as God wot there are too many: I could wish that as I am the least in value, I were the last in number. A day may come that a favourable wind may blow, that I may launch also out of this Fleet. In the mean time, and always after, I am your true and constant servitor.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

rom the same to Mr. R. B. of Ipswich.

Gentle Sir, Fleet, 15th Aug. 1646.

'ALUE at a high rate the sundry respects you have been pleased to shew ; for as you obliged me before by your ts, so you have much endeared yourself me since by your late letter of the 11th ment. Believe it, Sir, the least scruple of ar love is not lost (because I perceive it ceeds from the pure motions of virtue,) t returned to you in the same full proportn. But what you please to ascribe to me point of merit, I dare not own; you look pon me through the wrong end of the rospective, or rather through a multiplyg glass, which makes the object appear ar bigger than it is in real dimensions; ich glasses as anatomists use in the dissecion of bodies, which can make a flea look ike a cow, or a fly as big as a vulture.

I presume you are constant in your desire o travel; if you intend it at all, you cano do it in a better time, there being little comfort, God wot, to breathe English air, s matters are carried. I shall be glad to ead you in any thing that may tend to our advantage: for to tell you truly, I ake much contentment in this inchoation of friendship, to improve and perfect which I shall lie centinel to apprehend all occasions.

If you meet Master R. Brownrig in the country, I pray present my very kind respects to him; for I profess myself to be both his and your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXVIII.

From the same to the Right Honourable the Lord of Cherberry.

My Lord, Fleet, 13th July 1645.

GOD send you joy of your new habitation, for I understand your Lordship is removed from the King's-street to the Queen's. It may be, with this enlargement of dwelling, your Lordship may need a recruit of servants. The bearer hereof hath a desire to devote himself to your Lordship's service; and I find that he hath a concurrence of such parts that may make him capable of it: he is well studied in men and books, versed in business of all sorts, and writes a very fair hand; he is well extracted, and hath divers good friends that are dwellers in the town, who will be responsible for him. Moreover, besides this letter of mine, your Lordship will find that he carrieth one in his countenance; for an honest ingenuous look is a good letter of recommendation of itself. If your Lordship hath not present occasion to employ him, he may be about you awhile like a spare watch, which your Lordship may wind up at pleasure. So my aim being to do your Lordship service, as much as him a pleasure, by this recommendation, I rest your Lordship's most humble servant.

LETTER LXIX.

From the same to Master J. H. at St. John's College in Cambridge.

Master Hall, Fleet, 3d Dec.

YOURS of the 13th of this instant came safely, though slowly, to hand; for I had it not till the 20th of the same, and the next day your essays were brought me. I entertained both with much respect; for I found therein many choice and ripe notions, which I hope proceed from a pregnancy rather than præcocity of spirit in you.

I perceive you have entered the suburbs of Sparta already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the town itself; I know you have wherewith to adorn her; nay, you may in time gain Athens herself, with all the knowledge she was ever mistress of, if you go on in your career with constancy. I find you have a genius for the most solid and severest sort of studies; therefore when you have passed through the briars of logic, I could wish you to go strongly on in the fair fields of philosophy and the mathematics, which are true academical studies, and they will afford rich matter of application for your inventive spirit to work upon. By all means understand Aristotle in his own language, for it is the language of learning. Touching poetry, history, and other human studies, they may serve you for your recreation, but let them not by any means allure your affections from the first. I shall delight sometimes to hear of your proceeding; for I profess a great deal of good will to you, which makes me rest your respectful friend to serve you,

LETTER LXX.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. E. O. Counsellor, at Gray's Inn.

Sir, Fleet, 3d August.

THE sad tidings of my dear friend Dr. Pritchard's death, sunk deep into me; and the more I ruminate upon it, the more I resent it: but when I contemplate the order, and those adamantine laws which nature puts into such strict execution throughout this elementary world; when I consider that up and down this frail globe of earth, we are but strangers and sojourners at best, being designed for an infinitely better country; when I think that our egress out of this life is as natural to us as our ingress (all which he knew as much as any), these thoughts in a checking way turn my melancholy to a counter passion; they beget another spirit within me. You know that in the disposition of all sublunary things, "Nature is God's handmaid, fate "his commissioner, time his instrument, "and death his executioner." By the first we have generation; by the second successes, good or bad; and the two last bring us to our end: time with his vast scythe mows down all things, and death sweeps away those mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious scholar, as any that I have known born under our meridian; he was both solid and acute; nor do I remember to have seen soundness and quaintness, with such sweet strains of morality, concur so in any. I should think that he fell sick of the times, but that I knew him to be so good a divine and philosopher, and to have studied the theory of this world so much, that nothing could take impression of him to hurt himself; therefore I am content to believe, that his glass ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which shall make me the more your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXXI.

From the same to J. W. Esq. in Gray's Inn.

Gentle Sir, Fleet, 3d Jan. 1644.

I VALUE at a high rate the fair respects you shew me, by the late ingenious expressions of your letter; but the merit you ascribe to me in the superlative, might have very well served in the positive, and it is well if I deserve in that degree. You wrote that you have singular contentment and profit in the perusal some things of mine: I am heartily glad they afforded any entertainment to a gentleman of so choice a judgment as yourself.

I have a foolish working brain of my own, in labour still with something; and can hardly keep it from superfetation, though oft-times it produce a mouse in lieu of a mountain. I must confess my best productions are but homely and ill-favoured; yet in regard, they appear handsome in your eyes, I shall like them the better. So I am, Sir, your most obliged to serve you.

LETTER LXII.

From the same to Mr. Th. H.

Sir, Fleet, 7th Nov. 1644.

THOUGH the time abound with fears more than ever (the more is our misery), yet I hope you will not suffer them to creep into our friendship; though I apprehend some fears thereof by your long silence and cessation of literal correspondence. You know there is a peculiar religion attends friendship; there is, according to the etymology of the word, a religation and solemn tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a schism, or a pitch, which is more. There belong to this religion of friendship, certain due rites and decent ceremonies, as visits, messages, and missives. Though I am content to believe that you are firm in the fundamentals, yet I find, under favour, that you have lately fallen short of performing those external offices, as if the ceremonial law were quite abrogated with you in all things. Friendship also allows of merits, and works of supererogation sometimes, to make her capable of eternity. You know that pairs which were taken up into heaven, and placed among the brightest stars for their rare constancy and fidelity one to the other; you know also they are put among the fixed stars, not the erratics, to shew there must be no inconstancy in love. Navigators steer their course by them, and they are the best friends in working seas, dark nights, and distresses of weather: whence may be inferred, that true friends should shine clearest in adversity, in cloudy and doubtful times. On my part this ancient friendship is still pure, orthodox, and uncorrupted; and though I have not the opportunity (as you have) to perform all the rites thereof in regard of this recluse life, yet I shall never err in the essentials;

pity: I am still yours κτήσει (in possession), though I cannot be χρήσει (in [illegible] for *in statu quo nunc*, I am grown [illegible] good for nothing, yet in point [illegible] I am as much as ever your [illegible] servitor.

LETTER LXXIII.

From the same to Dr. D. Featly.

Sir, Fleet, 2d Aug. 1644.

RECEIVED your answer to that fu[illegible] pamphlet, with your desire of [illegible] touching it. Truly, Sir, I [illegible] you, that never poor cur was [illegible] in a blanket, as you have tossed [illegible] coxcombe in the sheet you [illegible] to send me: for, whereas, a fillip [illegible] have felled him, you have knocked [illegible] down with a kind of Herculean [illegible] *rejource*. These times (more [illegible] pity) labour with the same disease [illegible] France did during the league, as a [illegible] author hath it, *Prurigo scripturien[illegible] [illegible] fabies temporum*; "The itch[illegible] of scribblers was the scab of the [illegible]" it is just so now, that any trio[illegible] pasquiller, every *tressis agaso*, any [illegible] rascal, is licensed to throw [illegible] in the faces of sovereign princes in [illegible] printed language. But I hope the [illegible] will mend, and your man also, if he [illegible] any grace, you have so well corrected [illegible]. So I rest yours to serve and reve[illegible] you.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the same to his honoured friend Sir S. C.

Sir, Holborn, 17th March, 1639.

I WAS upon point of going abroad to [illegible] a solitary walk, when yours of the [illegible] current came to hand. The high [illegible] and choice abstracted notions I found therein, seemed to highten my spirits, and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation: add thereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me; for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck, or the least wrinkle, appeared in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over, that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue in the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven, and the other go beyond it: therefore sure that philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have plucked out both his eyes, because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the universe, and what vast proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it; for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, tho' they appear to us but us spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth, take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point, and a thing of no dimension at all, being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think, that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth, than for us to blow up a small squib, or rather one small grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me, which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I: and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold, that the least of those small insected ephemerans should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it. I fell to think that the same proportion which those animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself? Doubtless, it is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it: in my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein; but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little further I spied a young boisterous bull breaking over a hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture; which made me think, that if that fierce strong animal, with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master.— Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables, is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs, and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think

what advantage those innocent animals had of man, who as soon as nature cast them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, I fell to consider further, what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be troublesome and beholden to nature, nor to be subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer lived. Then I spied a great stone, and sitting a-while upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone, was in a happier condition in some respects, than either of those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before; in regard that that stone, which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots, or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards, to increase growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the bird, extremely, and repine at his happiness, that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations, they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor.

LETTER LXXV.

From James Howel, Esq; to Master Serjeant D. at Lincoln's-Inn.

Sir, Westminster, 13th June, 1632.

I UNDERSTAND with a deep sense of sorrow of the indisposition of your son: I fear he hath too much mind for his body, and that superabounds with fancy, which brings him to these fits of distemper, proceeding from the black humour of melancholy: moreover, I have observed that he is too much given to his study and self-society, especially to converse with dead men, I mean books: you know any [illegible] in excess is naught. Now, Sir, were [illegible] worthy to give you advice, I could wish [illegible] were well married, and it may w[illegible] from that bookish and thoughtful humour [illegible] women were created for the comfort [illegible] men, and I have known that to some [illegible] have proved the best helleborum against melancholy. As this course may beget [illegible] spirits in him, so it must needs add also [illegible] your comfort. I am thus bold with you, because I love the gentleman dearly [illegible] and honour you, as being your [illegible] obliged servant.

LETTER LXXVI.

From the same to Master G. Stere.

Sir, Westminster, 30th No[illegible]

I HEARTILY rejoice with the rest of your friends, that you are safely returned from your travels, especially that you have made so good returns of the time of your travel, being, as I understand, come home freighted with observations and languages. Your father tells me, that he finds you are so wedded to the Italian and French, that you utterly neglect the Latin tongue; that is not well. I know you are so discreet in the course and method of your studies, that you will make the daughters to wait upon their mother, and have still your old friend. To truck the Latin for any other vulgar language, is but an ill barter; it is as bad as that which Glaucus made with Diomedes, when he parted with his golden arms for brazen ones. The proceed of this exchange will come far short of any gentleman's expectation, though haply it may prove advantageous to a merchant, to whom common languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a day's discourse with you, if not two; how you escaped the claws of the Inquisition, whereunto I understand you were like to fall; and of other traverses of your peregrination. Farewel my precious Stone, and believe it, the least grain of those high respects you please to profess unto me is not lost, but answered with so many carrats. So I rest your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the same to J. W, of Gray's-Inn, Esq.

Sir, Fleet, 1st April, 1645.

I WAS yours before in a high degree of affection, but now I am much more yours, since I perused that parcel of choice epistles

[illegible] you sent me; they discover in you [illegible]ing and a candid clear soul: for [illegible] letters are the keys of the mind, [illegible] open all the boxes of one's breast, all [illegible]s of the brain, and truly set forth [illegible]ward man; nor can the pencil so [illegible] represent the face, as the pen can do [illegible] fancy. I much thank you that you [illegible]'d please to impart them to your most [illegible]ful servitor.

LETTER LXXVIII.

[illegible] the same to Sir Thomas Luke, Knight.

Sir, Westminster, 1st May, 1629.

HAD you traversed all the world over, especially those large continents and [illegible]an countries which you have so ex[illegible] surveyed, and whence you have [illegible]ght over with you such useful observ[illegible]ons and languages, you could not have [illegible]ted upon a choicer piece of woman[illegible]d for your wife; the earth could not [illegible] afforded a lady, that by her discre[illegible]n and sweetness could better quadrate [illegible]th your dispositions. As I heartily congratulate your happiness in this particular, so I would desire you to know, that I did no ill offices towards the advancement of the work, upon occasion of some discourse with my Lord George of Rutland not long before at Hambledon.

My thoughts are now puzzled about my voyage to the Baltic Sea, upon the King's service, otherwise I would have venatured upon an Epithalamium: for there is matter rich enough to work upon: and now that you have made an end of wooing, I could wish you had made an end of wrangling, I mean of lawing, especially with your mother, who hath such resolution where she once takes. Law is not only a pick-purse, but a purgatory; you know the saying they have in France, "*Les plaideurs sont les oiseaux, le palais le "champ, les juges les rets, les avocats les rats, "les procureurs les souris de l'etat:*" "The "poor clients are the birds, Westminster-"Hall the field, the judge the net, the "lawyers the rats, the attornies the mice "of the common-wealth." I believe this saying was spoken by an angry client; for my part, I like his resolution who said, "He would never use lawyer nor physician "but upon urgent necessity." I will conclude with this rhyme,

Pauvre plaideur,
J'ai grand pitie de ta douleur.

Your most affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXXIX.

From the same to Mr. R. K.

Dear Sir, Westm. 15th Aug. 1630.

YOU and I are upon a journey, though bound for several places, I for Hamburgh, you for your last home, as I understand by Dr. Baskerville, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectical disease will not suffer you to be long among us. I know by some experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble soul within you, that will not be daunted by those natural apprehensions which death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar spirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now, though it be to some (φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself, God give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose.

And now, my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless blis, where you shall have knowledge, as well as all things else, commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real causes, and perfect truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below: yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of your, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

From the same to Sir R. Gr. Knight and Baronet.

Noble Sir, Fleet, 30th April, 1646.

I HAD yours upon Maundy-Thursday late; and the reason that suspended my answer till now was, that the season engaged me to sequester my thoughts from my wonted negociations, to contemplate the great work of man's redemption, so great, that were it cast in counterbalance with his creation, it would out-poise it: for I summoned all my intellectuals to meditate

ditate upon those passions, upon those pangs, upon that despicable and most dolorous death, upon that cross whereon my Saviour suffered, which was the first Christian altar that ever was; and I doubt that he will never have benefit of the sacrifice, who hates the harmless remembrance of the altar whereon it was offered. I applied my memory to fasten upon it, my understanding to comprehend it, my will to embrace it. From these three faculties, methought I found, by the mediation of the fancy, some beams of love gently gliding down from the head to the heart, and inflaming all my affections. If the human soul had far more powers than the philosophers afford her, if she had as many faculties within the head as there be hairs without, the speculation of this mystery would find work enough for them all. Truly the more I screw up my spirits to reach it, the more I am swallowed in a gulf of admiration, and of a thousand imperfect notions; which makes me ever and anon to quarrel with my soul that she cannot lay hold on her Saviour, much more my heart, that my purest affections cannot hug him as much as I would.

They have a custom beyond the seas (and I could wish it were the worst custom they had), that during the Passion-week, divers of their greatest princes and ladies will betake themselves to some convent or reclused house, to wean themselves from all worldly incumbrances, and converse only with heaven, with performance of some kind of penances all the week long. A worthy gentleman that came lately from Italy, told me that the Count of Byron, now Mareschal of France, having been long persecuted by Cardinal Richelieu, put himself so into a monastery, and the next day news was brought him of the Cardinal's death; which I believe made him spend the rest of the week with the more devotion in that way. France brags that our Saviour had his face turned towards her when he was upon the cross; there is more cause to think that it was towards this island, in regard the rays of Christianity first reverberated upon her, her King being Christian 400 years before him of France (as all historians concur), notwithstanding that he arrogates to himself the title of the first son of the church.

Let this serve for part of my apology. The day following my Saviour being in the grave, I had no list to look much abroad, but continued my retiredness: there was another reason also why, because I intended to take the holy sacrament the Sunday ensuing; which is an act of the greatest consolation and consequence that possibly a Christian can be capable of: it imports him so much, that he is made or marred by it; it tends to his damnation or salvation, to help him up to heaven, or tumble him down headlong to hell. Therefore it behoves a man to prepare and recollect himself; to wean now his thoughts from the chair a-tiring of the world before-hand. This time took up a good part of that day to provide myself a wedding-garment, that I might be a fit guest at so precious a banquet, so precious that manna and angels food are but coarse viands in comparison of it.

I hope that this excuse will be of such validity, that it may procure my pardon for not corresponding with you this last week. I am now as freely as formerly your most ready and humble servitor.

LETTER LXXXI.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. R. Heard.

Sir, Fleet, 14th Feb. 16[illegible].

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From "him whom I trust, God defend me; for "from him whom I trust not, I will de-"fend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad; which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his; nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, "he can hold nothing:" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "That he who discovers his "secrets to another, sells him his liberty, "and become his slave:" well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*,

[illegible] to raze him out of the catalogue [illegible] friends (though I cannot of my ac[illegible], where your name is inserted [illegible] golden characters. I will endea[illegible] to lose the memory of him, and that [illegible] may never run more upon the [illegible] of his face, which you know he [illegible] cause to brag of; I hate such bla[illegible]

[illegible] Erebi——

[illegible] thought good to give you this little [illegible] advice, because the times are tick[illegible] committing secrets to any, though [illegible] your most affectionate friend to [illegible]

LETTER LXXXII.

[illegible] to Sir K. D. at Rome.

Sir, Fleet, 3d March, 1646.

THOUGH you know well that in the [illegible] carriage and course of my rambling [illegible] I had occasion to be, as the Dutch[illegible] [illegible], a landloper, and to see much of [illegible] world abroad, yet methinks I have [illegible] more since I have been immured [illegible] martyred betwixt these walls than ever [illegible] before; for I have travelled the Isle [illegible] I mean this little world, which I [illegible] about me and within me so [illegible] years: for as the wisest of Pagan [illegible] said, that the greatest learn[illegible] was the knowledge of one's self, to be [illegible] own geometrician; if one do so, he [illegible] not gad abroad to see fashions, he [illegible] find enough at home, he shall hourly [illegible] with new fancies, new humours, new [illegible] within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is [illegible] of the paths that leads a man to pa[illegible]se: it is true, that it is a dirty and [illegible]gerous one, for it is thick set with ex[illegible]agant desires, irregular affections and [illegible]cupiscences, which are but odd com[illegible], and oftentimes do lie in ambush to [illegible] our throats: there are also some me[illegible]ly companions in the way, which [illegible] our thoughts, but they turn many [illegible] to be good fellows, and the best com[illegible]; which makes me, that among these [illegible] consolate walls I am never less alone [illegible] when I am alone; I am oft times sole, [illegible] seldom solitary. Some there are, who [illegible] over-pestered with these companions, [illegible] have too much mind for their bodies; [illegible] I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook [illegible] with England) many strange things [illegible] here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but for my part, I wonder not any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual; there is no success good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other; nor are there are any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past; for the great wheel of fortune upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution: which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church-windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry: if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the Pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our King is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his corronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council-table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expence of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Diety of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense

recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still most faithful humble servitor.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From James Howel, Esq; to Sir K. D. at his house in St. Martin's Lane.

Sir, Holborn, 3d Jan. 1641.

THAT poem which you pleased to approve of so highly in manuscript, is now manumitted, and made free denizen of the world: it hath gone from my study to the stall, from the pen to the press, and I send one of the maiden copies herewith to attend you. It was your judgment, which all the world holds to be sound and sterling, induced me hereunto; therefore, if there be any, you are to bear your part in the blame. Your most entirely devoted servitor.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same, to the Right Hon. Edward Earl of Dorset (Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c.) at Knowles.

My Lord, Fleet, 20th Jan. 1646.

HAVING so advantageous a hand as Doctor S. Turner, I am bold to send your Lordship a new tract of French philosophy, called L'Usage de Passions, which is cried up to be a choice piece. It is a moral discourse of the right use of the passions, the conduct whereof, as it is the principal employment of virtue, so the conquest of them is the difficultest part of valour: to know one's self is much, but to conquer one's self is more. We need not pick quarrels and seek enemies without doors, we have too many inmates at home to exercise our prowess upon; and there is no man, let him have his humours never so well balanced, and in subjection to him, but like Muscovia wives, they will oftentimes insult, unless they be checked: yet we should make them our servants, not our slaves. Touching the occurrences of the times, since the King was snatched away from the parliament; the army, they say, use him with more civility and freedom; but for the main work of restoring him, he is yet, as one may say, but tantalised, being brought often within the sight of London, and so off again. There are hopes that something will be done to his advantage speedily; because the gregarian soldiers and gross of the army is well affected to him, though some of the chiefest commanders be still averse. Your most obedient and most faithful servitor.

LETTER LXXXV.

From the same, to Mr. En. P. at Paris.

Sir, Fleet, 20th Feb. 1646.

SINCE we are both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence, from time to time, the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtile air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demicastor for beavers: but I know you have so discerning a judgment, that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this literal correspondence, I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my answers to you. Let our letters be as echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the continent have clearer echoes there, witness that in the Thuilleries, especially that at Charenton bridge, which quavers, and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a-going so: you know a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes; but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle, are now dangling there. Boots and shoes are so long snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use: the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where; and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately,

than ever were in this island since the ation.

I have no more to communicate to you his time, and this is too much unless it re better. God Almighty send us pa-ce, you in your banishment, me in captivity, and give us heaven for our country, where desires turn to fruition, ubts to certitudes, and dark thoughts to ar contemplations. Truly, my dear n Antonio, as the times are, I take le contentment to live among the ele-nts, and (were it my Maker's pleasure) could willingly, had I quit scores with e world, make my last account with na-re, and return this small skinful of es to my common mother. If I nce to do so before you, I love you so tirely well that my spirit shall visit you, bring you some tidings from the other orld; and if you precede me, I shall ex-ct the like from you, which you may do ithout affrighting me, for I know your irit will be a *bonus genius*. So desiring know what is become of my manu-rip, I kiss your hands, and rest most ffionately your most faithful servitor.

LETTER LXXXVI.

rom the same, to Mr. T. W. at P. Castle.

Fleet, this St. Thomas's Day.

My precious Tom,

HE is the happy man who can square his mind to his means, and fit his ncy to his fortune: he who hath a com-etency to live in the port of a gentle-an, and as he is free from being a Head-onstable, so he cares not for being a ustice of Peace or Sheriff; he who is efore-hand with the world, and when e comes to London, can whet his knife the counter-gate, and needs not trudge ither to a lawyer's study, or scrivener's op. to pay, fee, or squeeze wax. It is onceit chiefly that gives contentment; nd he is happy who thinks himself so in ny condition, though he has not enough o keep the wolf from the door. Opinion s that great lady which sways the world; nd, according to the impression she makes n the mind, renders one contented or dis-ontented. Now touching opinion, so arious are the intellectuals of human reatures, that one can hardly find out wo who jump pat in one: witness that monster in Scotland in James the IVth's eign, with two heads, one opposite to the other; and having but one bulk of body throughout, these two heads would often fall into altercations *pro* and *con* one with the other, and seldom were they of one opinion, but they would knock one against the other in eager disputes; which shews that the judgment is seated in the animal parts, not in the vital which are lodged in the heart.

We are still in a turbulent sea of distractions; nor, as far as I see, is there yet any sight of shore. Mr. T. M. hath had a great loss at sea lately, which I fear will light heavily upon him: when I consider his case, I may say, "That as the "philosopher made a question whether "the mariner be to be ranked among "the number of the living or dead (be-"ing but four inches distant from drown-"ing, only the thickness of a plank), so "it is a doubt whether the merchant ad-"venturer be to be numbered betwixt "the rich or the poor, his estate being in "the mercy of that devouring element, "the sea, which hath so good a stomach "that he seldom casts up what he hath "once swallowed." This city hath bred of late years men of monstrous strange opinions, that, as all other rich places besides, she may be compared to a fat cheese which is most subject to ingender maggots. God amend all, and me first, who am yours most faithfully to serve you.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the same, to Mr. William Blois.

Fleet, 20th March, 1647.

My worthy esteemed Nephew,

I RECEIVED those rich nuptial favours you appointed me for bands and hat, which I wear with very much contentment and respect, most heartily wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden days according to the colour and substance of your bridal ribband; that those days may be perfumed with delight and pleasure, as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake. May such benedictions attend you both, as the epithalamiums of Stella in Statius, and Julia in Catullus, speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a lady whom I have wooed above these five years, but I have found her coy and dainty hitherto; yet I am now like to get her good-will in part, I mean the Lady Liberty.

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him that I did not think Suffolk waters had such a Lethean quality in them, as to cause such an amnestia in him of his friends here upon the Thames, among whom for reality and seriousness, I may match among the foremost; but I impute it to some new task that his muse might haply impose upon him, which hath ingrossed all his speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So praying that a thousand blessings may attend this consanguinity, I rest, my dear nephew, yours affectionately to love and serve you.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From James Howel, Esq; to Henry Hopkins, Esq;

Sir, Fleet, 1st January, 1646.

TO usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume, which the Spaniard calls the Holy Herb, in regard of the various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco; I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gathered near his gold mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff: if moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), it is good for many things; it helps digestion taken a-while after meat, it makes one void rheum, break wind, and keeps the body open: a leaf or two being steeped over-night in a little white-wine, is a vomit that never fails in its operation: it is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men; for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toiled with the pen, and stupified with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually overset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is, against all contagious airs, for it over-masters all other smells, as King James, they say, found true, when being once a hunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pig-stye for shelter, where he caused a pipe-full to be taken on purpose: it cannot endure a spider, or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers it frees him. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke, to the ashes, it is well known that the medicinal virtues thereof are very many; but they are so common, that I will spare the [illegible] ferting of them here: but if one [illegible] try a petty conclusion, how much [illegible] there is in a pound of tobacco, the [illegible] will tell him; for let a pound be [illegible] weighed, and the ashes kept charily [illegible] weighed afterwards, what wants [illegible] pound weight in the ashes, cannot be [illegible] nied to have been smoke, which [illegible] rated into air. I have been told that Walter Raleigh won a wager of Q[illegible] Elizabeth upon this nicety.

The Spaniards and Irish take it [illegible] powder or smutchin, and it mightily freshes the brain, and I believe there [illegible] much taken this way in Ireland, as [illegible] is in pipes in England; one shall [illegible] monly see the serving-maid upon the [illegible] ing-block, and the swain upon the plo[illegible] share, when they are tired with la[illegible] take out their boxes of smutchin [illegible] draw it into their nostrils with a q[illegible] and it will beget new spirits in them [illegible] a fresh vigour to fall to their work ag[illegible] In Barbary and other parts of Afric[illegible] is wonderful what a small pill of tob[illegible] will do; for those who use to ride [illegible] through the sandy desarts, where t[illegible] meet not with any thing that's potable [illegible] edible, sometimes three days to[illegible] they use to carry small balls or pills [illegible] tobacco, which being put under t[illegible] tongue, it affords them a perpetual m[illegible] sture, and takes off the edge of the a[illegible] tite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure [illegible] the virtues of this modern herb, you m[illegible] read Dr. Thorus's Pætologia, an ac[illegible] rate piece couched in a strenuous h[illegible] verse, full of matter, and continuing [illegible] strength from first to last; insomuch th[illegible] for the bigness it may be compared [illegible] any piece of antiquity, and, in my o[illegible] nion, is beyond Βωτρακομυομαχία, Γαλεωμυομαχία.

So I conclude these rambling noti[illegible] presuming you will accept this small [illegible] gument of my great respects to you. [illegible] you want paper to light your pipe, t[illegible] letter may serve your turn; and if it [illegible] true, what the poets frequently sing, t[illegible] affection is fire, you shall need no o[illegible] than the clear flames of the donor's lo[illegible] to make ignition, which is comprehend[illegible] in this distich:

Ignis Amor si sit, Tobaccum accendere nostrum
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor.

So I wish you, as to myself, a m[illegible] happ[illegible]

[illegible] new year; may the beginning be [illegible], the middle better, and the end best of all. Your most faithful and truly affectionate servitor.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the same, to the Right Hon. my Lord of D.

My Lord,

THE subject of this letter may peradventure seem a paradox to some, but [illegible] I know, to your Lordship, when you [illegible] pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much [illegible] up and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts, though never so mean and [illegible]: every man strains his fortunes [illegible] his children at school; the cobler [illegible] it till midnight, the porter will [illegible] burdens till his bones crack again, [illegible] yeoman will pinch both back and [illegible] to give his son learning; and I find [illegible] ambition reigns no where so much [illegible] this island. But under favour, this [illegible] Learning is taken in a narrower sense among us than among other nations; we [illegible] to restrain it only to the book; [illegible] indeed, any artisan whatsoever [illegible] know the secret and mystery of his [illegible] may be called a learned man. A good mason, a good shoe-maker, that can [illegible] St. Crispin's lance handsomely, a [illegible] seeman, a good shipwright, &c. [illegible] all called learned men; and indeed [illegible] fallest sort of learned men; for without the two first we might go barefoot, and [illegible] abroad as beasts, having no other canopy [illegible] the wild air; and without the two last we might starve for bread, have no commerce with other nations, or ever be able [illegible] upon a continent. These, with [illegible] like dexterous artisans, may be termed [illegible] men, and the more behoveful for [illegible] of a country, than those pedants that stand poring all day in a [illegible] upon a moth-eaten author, and [illegible] only with dead men. The Chinese [illegible] are the next neighbours to the rising [illegible] side of the hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholesome [illegible] of policy, "That the son is always [illegible] the father's trade:" and it is all the [illegible] he aims at: which makes them [illegible] artisans; for besides the dexterousness and propensity of the child, being [illegible] lineally from so many of the same [illegible], the father is more careful to instruct [illegible] and to discover to him all the mystery thereof. This general custom or law keeps their heads from running at random after book-learning, and other vocations. I have read a tale of Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, that being come to this greatness, he had a brother who was a husbandman, and expected great matters from him in point of preferment; but the Bishop told him, that if he wanted money to mend his plough or his cart, or to buy tacklings for his horses, with other things belonging to his husbandry, he should not want what was fitting; but "wished him to aim no "higher; for a husbandman he found him, "and a husbandman he would leave him."

The extravagant humour of our country is not to be altogether commended, that all men should aspire to book-learning. There is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of state, than a mere scholar, than only a self-pleasing student; he is *Tellurís inutile pondus.*

The Goths forbore to destroy the libraries of the Greeks and Italians, because books should keep them still soft, simple, or too cautious in warlike affairs. Archimedes, though an excellent engineer, when Syracuse was lost, was found at his book in his study, intoxicated with speculations. Who would not have thought another great learned philosopher to be a fool or frantic, when being in a bath he leaped out naked among the people, and cried, "I have found it! I have found it!" having hit then upon an extraordinary conclusion in geometry? There is a famous tale of Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, and of Bonadventure, the Seraphical Doctor, of whom Alexander Hales (our countryman and his master) reports, that it appeared not in him whether Adam had sinned. Both these great clerks being invited to dinner by the French King, of purpose to observe their humours, and being brought to the room where the table was laid, the first fell a-eating of bread as hard as he could drive; at last, breaking out of a brown study, he cried out, "*Conclusum est contra Manichæos.*" The other fell a-gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he liked her, he answered, "Oh, Sir, if an earthly Queen be "so beautiful, what shall we think of the "Queen of Heaven?" The latter was the better courtier of the two. Hence we may infer, that your mere book men, your deep clerks, whom we call the only learned men, are not always the civilest or the best moral men; nor is too great a number of them convenient for any state, leading a

soft sedentary life, especially those who feed their own fancies only upon the public stock. Therefore it were to be wished that there reigned not among the people of this land such a general itching after book-learning, and I believe so many free-schools do rather hurt than good. Nor did the art of printing much avail the Christian commonwealth, but may be said to be well near as fatal as gunpowder, which came up in the same age; for, under correction, to this may be partly ascribed that spiritual pride, that variety of dogmatists which swarm among us. Add hereunto, that the excessive number of those who converse only with books, and whose profession consists in them, is such, that one cannot live for another, according to the dignity of the calling: a physician cannot live for the physicians, a lawyer (civil and common) cannot live for lawyers, nor a divine for divines. Moreover, the multitudes that profess these three best vocations, especially the last, make them of far less esteem. There is an odd opinion among us, that he who is a contemplative man, a man who weds himself to his study, and swallows many books, must needs be a profound scholar, and a great learned man, though in reality he be such a dolt, that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any useful application of it in common discourse: what he draws in lieth upon dead lees, and never grows fit to be broached. Besides, he may want judgment in the choice of his authors, and knows not how to turn his hand either in weighing or winnowing the soundest opinions. There are divers who are cried up for great clerks, who want discretion. Others, though they wade deep into the causes and knowledge of things, yet they are subject to screw up their wits, and soar so high, that they lose themselves in their own speculations; for thinking to transcend the ordinary pitch of reason, they come to involve the common principles of philosophy in a mist: instead of illustrating things, they render them more obscure; instead of a plainer and shorter way to the palace of knowledge, they lead us through briery odd uncouth paths, and so fall into the fallacy called *notum per ignotius*. Some have the hap to be termed learned men, though they have gathered up but the scraps of knowledge here and there, though they be but smatterers, and mere sciolists, scarce knowing the *hetics* of things; yet, like empty casks, if they can make a sound, and have a gift to vent with confidence what they have sucked in, they are accounted great scholars. Among all book-learned men, except the divine, to whom all learned men should be lackeys, the philosopher who hath waded through all the mathematics, who hath dived into the secrets of the elementary world, and conversetb also with celestial bodies, may be termed a learned man. The critical historian and antiquary may be called also a learned man, who hath conversed with our forefathers, and observed the carriage and contingencies of matters past, whence he draws instances and cautions for the benefit of the times he lives in. The civilian may be called likewise a learned man, if the revolving of huge volumes may entitle one so: but touching the authors of the common law, which is peculiar only to this meridian, they "may be all carried in a wheel-barrow," as my countryman Dr. Gwyn told Judge Finch. The physician must needs be a learned man, for he knows himself inward and outward, being well versed in autology, in that lesson *Nosce teipsum*; and as Adrian VI. said, he is very necessary to a populous country, for "were it not for "the physician, men would live so long "and grow so thick, that one could not "live for the other; and he makes the "earth cover all his faults."

But what Dr. Gwyn said of the common law books, and Pope Adrian of the physician, was spoken, I conceive, in merriment: for my part, I honour those two worthy professions in a high degree. Lastly, a polyglot, or good linguist, may be also termed a useful learned man, especially if versed in school-languages.

My Lord, I know none of this age more capable to sit in the chair, and censure what is true learning, and what not, than yourself: therefore in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same error as Phormio did in discoursing of war before Hannibal. No more now, but that I am, my Lord, your most humble and obedient servant.

LETTER XC.

From James Howel, Esq; to the Right Hon. the Lady E. D.

Madam, Fleet, 20th Aug. 1647.

THOSE rays of goodness which are diffusely scattered in others, are all concentred in you; which, were they divided into equal portions, were enough to complete a whole jury of ladies. This draws you

on a mixture of love and envy, or rather an admiration, from all who know you, especially from me, and that in so high a degree, that if you would suffer yourself to be adorned, you should quickly find me religious in that kind. However, I am bold to send your Ladyship this, as a kind of homage, or heriot, or tribute, or what you please to term it, in regard I am a true vassal to your virtues. And if you please to lay any of your commands upon me, your will shall be a law to me, which I will observe with as much allegiance as any branch of *Magna Charta*; they shall be as binding to me as Lycurgus's laws were to the Spartans; and to this I subscribe, &c.

LETTER XCI.

From the same, to R. B. Esq; at Grundesburgh.

Sir, Fleet, 26th July, 1646.

WHEN I over-looked the list of my choicest friends to insert your name, I paused a while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral file, and put you in the front thereof, where make account you are placed. If any thing upon earth partakes of angelic happiness (in civil actions), it is friendship; it perfumes the thoughts with such sweet ideas, and the heart with such melting passions. Such are the effects of yours to me, which makes me please myself much in the speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well returned to your own family; and touching the wheelwright you write of, who from a cart came to be a captain, it made me think of the perpetual rotations of Fortune, which you know antiquity seated upon a wheel in a restless, though not violent, volubility: and truly it was never more verified than now, that those spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up apace to the top of the wheel. I hope there will be no cause to apply to them the old verse I learned at school,

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Providence, who can not only check the rollings of this petty wheel, and strike a nail into it that it shall not stir, but stay also when he pleaseth the motions of those vast spheres of heaven, where the stars are always stirring, as likewise the whirlings of the *primum mobile* itself, which the astronomers say draws all the world after it in a rapid revolution. That Divine Providence vouchsafe to check the motion of that malevolent planet which hath so long lowred upon poor England, and send us better days. So saluting you with no vulgar respects, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to serve you.

LETTER XCII.

From the same, to John Wroth, Esq; at Petherton-Park.

Sir, 29th Aug. 1649.

I HAD two of yours lately, one in Italian, the other in French (which were answered in the same dialect), and as I read them with singular delight, so I must tell you, they struck an admiration into me, that in so short a revolution of time you should come to be so great a master of those languages both for the pen and parly. I have known divers, and those of pregnant and ripe capacities, who had spent more oil and time in those countries, yet could they not arrive to that double perfection which you have; for if they got one, they were commonly defective in the other. Therefore I may say, that you have not *Spartam nactus*, which was but a petty republic, *sed Italiam & Galliam nactus es, has orna*; you have got all Italy and France: adorn these.

Nor is it language that you have only brought home with you; but I find that you have studied the men and the manners of those nations you have conversed withal. Neither have you courted only all their fair cities, castles, houses of pleasure, and other places of curiosity, but you have pried into the very mysteries of their government, as I find by those choice manuscripts and observations you have brought with you. In all these things you have been so curious, as if the soul of your great uncle, who was employed Ambassador in the Imperial Court, and who held correspondence with the greatest men of Christendom in their own language, had transmigrated into you.

The freshest news here is, that those heart-burnings and fires of civil commotions which you have left behind you in France, covered over with thin ashes for the time, are broken out again; and I believe they will be never quite extinguished till there be a peace or truce with Spain, for till then there is no hope of abatement of taxes. And it is feared the Spanish will out-weary the French at last in fighting; for the earth herself, I mean

his mines of Mexico and Peru, afford him a constant and yearly treasure to support his armies; whereas the French King digs his treasure out of the bowels and vital spirits of his own subjects.

I pray let me hear from you by the next opportunity, for I shall hold my time well employed to correspond with a gentleman of such choice and gallant parts; in which desires I rest your most affectionate and faithful servant.

LETTER XCIII.

From James Howel, Esq; to Sir K. D. at Paris.

Sir, Fleet, 5th May 1647.

NOW that you are returned, and fixed a while in France, an old servant of yours takes leave to kiss your hands, and salute you in an intense degree of heat and height of passion. It is well you shook hands with this unfortunate Isle when you did, and got your liberty by such a royal mediation as the Queen's Regents; for had you stayed, you would have taken but little comfort in your life, in regard that ever since there have been the fearfullest distractions here that ever happened upon any part of the earth: a belluine kind of immanity never ranged so among men, insomuch that the whole country might have taken its appellation from the smallest part thereof, and be called the Isle of Dogs; for all humanity, common honesty, and that manfuetude, with other moral civilities, which should distinguish the rational creature from other animals, have been lost here a good while. Nay, besides this cynical, there is a kind of wolfish humour hath seized upon most of this people, a true lycanthropy, they so worry and seek to devour one another; so that the wild Arab, and fiercest Tartar, may be called civil men in comparison of us: therefore he is the happiest who is the furthest off from this woful island. The King is straitened of that liberty he formerly had in the Isle of Wight, and as far as I can see may make up the number of Nebuchadnezzar's years before he be restored: the Parliament persists in their first propositions, and will go nothing less. This is all I have to send at this time, only I will adjoin the true respects of your most faithful humble servitor,

LETTER XCIV.

From the same, to Mr. Thomas Mott, at York.

Sir, Fleet, 1647.

I HAVE often partaken of that pleasure which letters use to carry along with them; but I do not remember to have found a greater proportion of delight than yours afford me. Your last of the fourth current came to safe land, wherein methought each line, each word, each syllable breathed out the passion of a clear and candid soul, of a virtuous and gentle spirit. Truly, Sir, as I might perceive, by your ingenuous and pathetical expressions therein, that you were transported with the heat of true affection towards me in the writing, so was I in the reading, which wrought upon me with such an energy, that a kind of extasy possessed me for the time. I pray, Sir, go on in this correspondence, and you shall find that your lines will not be ill bestowed upon me, for I love and respect you dearly well: nor is this love grounded upon vulgar principles, but upon those extraordinary parts of virtue and worth which I have discovered in you; and such a love is the most permanent, as you shall find in your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER XCV.

From the same, to Mr. W. B.

Sir, May 30.

YOUR last lines to me were as delightful as the season, they were as sweet as flowers in May, nay, they were far more fragrant than those of fading vegetables; they did cast a greater suavity than the Arabian spices use to do in the Grand Cairo, where, when the wind is southward, they say the air is as sweet as a perfumed Spanish glove. The air of this city is not so, specially in the heart of the city, in and about Paul's church, where horse dung is a yard deep, insomuch that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable, by drawing a great river through it, which was accounted one of his twelve labours. But it was a bitter taunt of the Italian, who passing by Paul's church, and and seeing it full of horses, "Now I perceive (said he) that in England men "and

:nd beasts serve God alike." No more :, but that I am your most faithful :ant.

LETTER XCVI.

:m the same to Sir William Boswel, at the Hague

Sir, Fleet, 20th March, 1648.

'HAT black tragedy which was lately :acted here, as it hath filled most hearts :ong us with consternation and horror, I believe it hath been no less resented :oad. For my own particular, the more :eminate upon it, the more it astonish- :s my imagination, and shaketh all the :ls of my brain, so that sometimes I :ggle with my faith and have much ado :believe it yet. I shall give over won- :ring at any thing hereafter; nothing :ll seem strange unto me; only I will :end with patience how England will :rive, now that she is let blood in the :illical vein, and cured, as they say, of :e king's evil.

I had one of yours by Mr. Jacob :eene, and I much thank you for the ac- :ount you please to give me of what I sent :ou by his conveyance. Holland may :ow be proud, for there is a younger :ommonwealth in Christendom than her- :elf. No more now, but that I always :est, Sir, your most humble servant.

LETTER XCVII.

From the same to R. K. Esq. at St. Giles's.

Sir, 28th July 1648.

DIFFERENCE in opinion, no more than in a differing complexion, can be cause enough for me to hate any. A differing fancy is no more to me than a differing face. If another hath a fair countenance, though mine be black; or if I have a fair opinion, though another have a hard-favoured one, yet it shall not break that common league of humanity which should be betwixt rational creatures, provided he corresponds with me in the general offices of morality and civil uprightness; this may admit him to my acquaintance and conversation, though I never concur with him in opinion. He bears the image of Adam, and the image of the Almighty, as well as I; he had God for his father, though he hath not the same church for his mother. The omniscient Creator, as he is only kardiognostic (knower of hearts), so he is the sole Lord of the whole inward man. It is he who reigns over the faculties of the soul and the affections of the heart; it he who regulates the will, and rectifies all obliquities in the understanding by special illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles men as opposite in opinions as meridians and parallels are in point of extension, whereof the one draws from east to west, and the other from north to south.

Some of the Pagan philosophers, especially Themistius, who was Prætor of Byzantium, maintained an opinion, that as the pulchritude and preservation of the world consisted in varieties and dissimilitudes (as also in eccentric and contrary motions), that as it was replenished with such numberless sorts of several species, and that the individuals of those species differed so much one from the other, especially mankind, amongst whom one shall hardly find two in ten thousand that hath exactly (though twins) the same tone of voice, similitude of face, or ideas of mind; therefore the God of Nature ordained from the beginning, that he should be worshipped in various and sundry forms of adorations, which, nevertheless, like so many lines, should tend all to the same centre. But Christian religion prescribes another rule, viz. that there is but *una via, una veritas*, there is but one true way to heaven, and that but a narrow one; whereas there be huge large roads that lead to hell.

God Almighty guide us in the first, and guard us from the second, as also from all cross and uncouth bye-paths, which use to lead such giddy brains that follow them to a confused labyrinth of errors; where being entangled, the devil, as they stand gaping for new lights to lead them out, takes his advantage to seize on them for their spiritual pride and insobriety in the search of more knowledge. Your most faithful servant.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the same to Sir James Crofts, Knight, near Lempster.

Sir,

EPISTLES, or (according to the word in use) familiar letters, may be called the larum-bells of love. I hope this will prove so to you, and have power to awaken you out of that silence wherein you have slept so long: yet I would not have this larum make any harsh obstreperous sound, but gently summon you to our former correspondence.

respondence. Your returns to me shall be more than larum-bells; they shall be like silver trumpets to rouse up my spirits, and make me take pen in hand to meet you more than half way in the old field of friendship.

It is recorded of Galen, one of Nature's cabinet-clerks, that when he slept his *siesta* (as the Spaniard calls it), or afternoon sleep, to avoid excess that way, he used to sit in such a posture, that having a gold ball in his hand, and a copper vessel underneath, as soon as his senses were shut, and the phantasy began to work, the ball would fall down, the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the spring-lock back again to set the outward senses at liberty. I have seen in Italy a finger-ring, which in the boss thereof had a watch; and there was such a trick of art in it, that it might be so wound up, that would make a small pin to prick him who wore it, at such an hour as he pleased in the night. Let the pen between us have the virtue of that pin: but the pen hath a thousand virtues more. You know that *anser, apis, vitulus*, the goose, the bee, and the calf, do rule the world; the one affording parchment, the other two sealing-wax and quills to write withal. You know also how the gaggling of geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surprised by my countryman Brennus, which was the first foreign force that Rome felt. But the goose-quill doth daily greater things; it conserves empires (and the feathers of it get kingdoms, witness what exploits the English performed by it in France), the quill being the chiefest instrument of intelligence, and the ambassador's prime tool: nay, the quill is the usefullest thing which preserves that noble virtue friendship, which else would perish among men for want of practice.

I shall make no more sallies out of London this summer, therefore your letters may be sure where to find me. Matters are still involved here in strange confusion, but the stars may let down milder influences; therefore cheer up, and reprieve yourself against better times, for the world would be irksome to me if you were out of it. Hap what will, you shall be sure to find me your ready and real servant.

LETTER XCIX.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. T. May

Sir, May 1

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tu day last, one to your brother, the oth to me; but the superscriptions were mi taken, which makes me think on that f mous civilian Doctor Dale, who being em ployed to Flanders by Queen Elizabet sent, in a packet to the Secretary of Stat two letters, one to the queen, the other his wife; but that which was meant f the Queen was superscribed, "To his de "wife;" and that for his wife, To h "most excellent Majesty:" so that th Queen having opened his letter, she foun it beginning with sweet heart, and afte wards with my dear, and dear love, wit such expressions, acquainting her with th state of his body, and that he began want money. You may easily guess wh motions of mirth this mistake raised; b the Doctor by this oversight (or cunning ness rather) got a supply of money. Th perchance may be your policy, to en dorse me your brother, thereby to ende me the more to you: but you needed no to have done that, for the name *frien* goes sometimes farther than brother; an there be more examples of friends tha did sacrifice their lives for one another than of brothers; which the writer dod think he should do for you if the case re quired. But since I am fallen upon Dr Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news (for there i little good stirring now) two other facetious tales of his, and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When Queen Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements she told him that he should have 20*s. per diem* for his expences. Then, Madam,", said he, "I "will spend 19*s.* a-day." — "What will "you do with the odd shilling?" the Queen replied. — "I will reserve that for "my Kate, and for Tom, and Dick; meaning his wife and children. This induced the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three; which was, when at the overture of the treaty the ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French

ch was the most proper, because his
ch intitled herself Queen of France:
y, then," said Dr. Dale, "let us
at in Hebrew, for your máster calls
nself King of Jerusalem."
performed the civilities you enjoined
to your friends here, who return you
ike centuplicated, and so doth your
e friend.

LETTER C.

From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

Madam, April 8.

HERE is a French saying, that courtesies and favours are like flowers, ch are sweet only when they are fresh, afterwards they quickly fade and wi-. I cannot deny but your favours to might be compared to some kind of ers (and they would make a thick e), but they should be to the flower led life everlasting; or that pretty ver-lian flower which grows at the foot of mountain Ætna in Sicily, which ne-loses any thing of its first colour and nt. Those favours you did me thirty ars ago, in the life-time of your incom-rable brother, Mr. R. Altham (who t us in the flower of his age), me-inks are as fresh to me as if they were ne yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare rtesies done to me in other flowers, as ch them; for I distil them in the lim-c of my memory, and so turn them to Ences.

But, Madam, I honour you not so much r favours, as for that precious brood of irtues, which shine in you with that rightness, but especially for those high ocions whereby your soul soars up so ften towards heaven; insomuch, Madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a Saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest vo-taries: howsoever, I may without any su-perstition subscribe myself your truly de-voted servant.

LETTER CI.

From the same to the Lord Marquis of Hartford.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED your Lordship's of the 11th current, with the commands it car-ried, whereof I shall give an account in my next. Foreign parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of winter, and the season unfit for action. But we need not go abroad for news, there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvelled at; for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor England may be said to be like a ship tossed up and down the surges of a turbulent sea, having lost her old pilot; and God knows when she can get into safe harbour again: yet doubtless this tempest, according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects, by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it. Your Lordship knows that the κόσμος, this fair frame of the universe, came out of a chaos, an indigested lump; and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature; and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless combatings of these principles. We see how the shipwright doth make use of knee-timber, and other cross-grained pieces, as well as of strait and even, for framing a goodly vessel to ride on Neptune's back. The printer useth many contrary characters in his art, to put forth a fair volume; as *d* is a *p* reversed, and *n* is a *u* turned upward, with other differing letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work. There go many and various dissonant tones to make an harmonious concert. This put me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late Conceptions to his son: how a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations he fell to admire the method of Providence, how of causes which seem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects; how he suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him, "Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind." So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there

there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another paſſenger, the young man juſtled him into the water and ſo drowned him. The old anchorite being much aſtoniſhed hereat, would have left him; but his guide ſaid, "Father, "be not amazed, becauſe I ſhall give "you good reaſons for what I do, and "you ſhall ſee ſtranger things than "this before you and I part; but at laſt "I ſhall ſettle your judgment, and put "your mind in full repoſe." So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man ſtruck into their company, and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite ſpent moſt of the night in numbering his beads: but as ſoon as they were departed thence, they met with ſome officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's houſe, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hoſpitality which could be; but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle, which was the only ſon of the gentleman, and the young man, ſpying his opportunity, ſtrangled the child, and ſo got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the houſe treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis; yet the young man embezzled a ſilver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which ſtill increaſed the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the hoſt was very ſullen and uncivil to him, exacting much more than the value of what they had ſpent; yet at parting the young man beſtowed upon him the ſilver goblet he had ſtolen from that hoſt who had uſed them ſo kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town, but ſome miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the cloſe of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and aſking the next paſſage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they ſpied a devil, who lay as it were centinel, but he was aſleep; they found alſo both men and women at ſundry kinds of ſports, ſome dancing, others ſinging, with divers ſorts of reveilings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where, about the gate, they found legions of devils laying ſiege to that monaſtery; yet they got in and lodged there that night. B awaked the next morning, the young came to that cell where the anchorite lodged, and told him, "I know "heart is full of horror, and your head "of confuſion, aſtoniſhments, and co "for what you have ſeen ſince the "time of our aſſociation. But know "am an angel ſent from heaven to rec "your judgment, as alſo to correct a "tle your curioſity in the reſearches "the ways and acts of Providence too f "for though ſeparately, they ſeem ſtra "to the ſhallow apprehenſion of man, "conjunctly they all tend to produce g "effects.

"That man which I tumbled into "river was an act of Providence; for "was going upon a moſt miſchievous "ſign, that would have damnified not o "his own ſoul, but deſtroyed the pa "againſt whom it was intended; the "fore I prevented it.

"The cauſe why I converſed all nig "with that crew of rogues was alſo "act of Providence, for they intended "go a robbing all that night; but I ke "them there purpoſely till the next mor "ing, that the hand of juſtice mig "ſeize upon them.

"Touching the kind hoſt from wha "I took the ſilver goblet, and the clow "iſh or knaviſh hoſt to whom I gave i "let this demonſtrate to you, that goo "men are liable to croſſes and leſſe "whereof bad men oftentimes reap th "benefit; but it commonly produced "patience in the one, and pride in th "other.

"Concerning that noble gentleman "whoſe child I ſtrangled after ſo courte "ous entertainment, know that that act "was an act of Providence, for the gen "tleman was ſo indulgent and doting o "that child, that it leſſened his love to "heaven, ſo I took away the cauſe.

"Touching the merchant whom I mi "guided in his way, it was likewiſe an "act of Providence; for had he gone the "direct way to this town, he had been "robbed, and his throat cut; therefore "I preſerved him by that deviation.

"Now, concerning this great luxurious "city, whereas we ſpied but one devil, "who lay aſleep without the gate, there "being ſo many about this poor convent, "you muſt conſider, that Lucifer being "already aſſured of that riotous town by "corrupting their manners every day more "and more, he need but one ſingle centi- "nel

to secure it; but for this holy place retirement, this monastery, inhabited, so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, Satan brought so many legions to besiege them, yet he can do no good on them, for they bear up against him undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems." So the angel, or divine messenger, suddenly appeared and vanished, yet leaving the new-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this vagancy, and the tediousness thereof; I hope the sublimity of the matter will find some compensation, which, if am not mistaken, will well suit with your genius; I know your contemplations to be as high as your condition, and as much above the vulgar. This figurative story shews the ways of Providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof certainly too short to fathom the depth of his designs; therefore let us acquiesce in humble admiration, and with this Divine, that all things co-operate to good at last, as they relate to his glory and the general good of his creatures, though sometimes they appear to us through circumstances and cross means.

So in a due distance and posture of humility, I kiss your Lordship's hands, as become my most highly honoured Lord, your most obedient and obliged servitor.

LETTER CII.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. R. Maynwaring.

My dear Dick,

If you are as well when you read this, as I was when I wrote it, we are both well; I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other, in regard of your so long silence. I pray, at the return of this post, let your pen pull out this thorn that hath stuck into my thoughts, and let me have other room in yours, for you know I am your perfect friend, &c.

LETTER CIII.

From the same to Sir R. Williams, Knight.

Sir,

I AM one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate windfall that happened lately, which hath so fairly raised and recruited your fortunes. It is commonly seen, that *Ubi est multum phantasiæ*, (viz. *ingenii*) *ibi est parum fortunæ*; & *ubi est multum fortunæ, ibi est parum phantasiæ*: where there is much of fancy, there is little of fortune; and where there is much of fortune, there is little of fancy. It seems that recorder Fleetwood reflected upon one part of this saying, when, in his speech to the Londoners, among other passages whereby he soothed and stroked them, he said, "When I consider your "wit, I admire your wealth." But touching the Latin saying, it is quite evinced in you, for you have fancy and fortune (now) in abundance: and a strong argument may be drawn, that Fortune is not blind, by her carriage to you; for she saw well enough what she did, when she smiled so lately upon you.

Now, he is the really rich man who can make true use of his riches; he makes not *nummum* his *numen*, money his god, but makes himself *dominum nummi*, but becomes master of his penny. The first is the arrantest beggar and slave that is; nay, he is worse than the Arcadian ass, who, while he carrieth gold on his back, eats thistles: he is baser than the sordid Italian stationer, who would not allow himself brown paper enough to wipe his posteriors.

Now it is observed to be the nature of covetousness, that when all other sins grow old, covetousness in some sordid souls grows younger and younger: hence I believe the city proverb, that "The son is happy "whose father went to the devil." Yet I like the saying Tom Waters hath in his mouth, "I had rather leave when I die, "than lack while I live." But why do I speak of these things to you, who have so noble a soul, and so much above the vulgar.

Your friend Mr. Watts is still troubled with coughing, and truly I believe he is not to be long among us; for, as the Turk hath it, "A dry cough is the trum-"peter of death." He presents his most affectionate respects to you, and so doth my most noble Knight, your ever obliged servitor.

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LETTER CIV.

From James Howel, Esq; to J. Sutton, Esq.

Sir, London, 15th January.

WHEREAS you desire my opinion of the late History translated by Mr. Wad. of the Civil Wars of Spain, in the beginning of Charles the Emperor's reign, I cannot chuse but tell you, that it is a faithful and pure maiden story, never blown upon before in any language but in Spanish, therefore very worthy your perusal; for among those various kind of studies that your contemplative soul delights in, I hold history to be the most fitting to your quality.

Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a reader of history, one is, that no modern accident can seem strange to him, much less astonish him. He will leave off wondering at any thing, in regard he may remember to have read of the same, or much like the same, that happened in former times: therefore he doth not stand staring like a child at every unusual spectacle, like that simple American, who, the first time he saw a Spaniard on horseback, thought the man and the beast to be but one creature, and that the horse did chew the rings of his bit, and eat them.

Now, indeed, not to be an historian, that is, not to know what foreign nations and our forefathers did, *hoc est semper esse puer*, as Cicero hath it, this is still to be a child who gazeth at every thing: whence may be inferred, there is no knowledge that ripeneth the judgment, and puts one out of his nonage, sooner than history.

If I had not formerly read the Barons wars in England, I had more admired that of the Leaguers in France. He who had read the near-upon fourscore years wars in Low Germany, I believe, never wondered at the late thirty years wars in High Germany. I had wondered more that Richard of Bourdeaux was knocked down with halberds, had I not read formerly that Edward of Carnarvon was made away by a hot iron thurst up his fundament. It was strange that Murat, the great Ottoman Emperor, should be lately strangled in his own Court at Constantinople; yet considering that Osman, his predecessor, had been knocked down by one of his ordinary slayes not many years before, it was not strange at all. The blazing-star in Virgo 34 years since did not seem strange to him wh read of that which appeared in Cas and other constellations some years b Hence may be inferred, that hist the great looking-glass through whi may behold with ancestral eyes, not the various actions of ages past, an odd accidents that attend time, but discern the different humours of and feel the pulse of former times.

This history will display the ver trinsicals of the Castilian, who goes the prime Spaniard; and make the nion a paradox, which cries him up t so constant to his principles, so lov his prince, and so conformable to vernment; for it will discover as m levity and tumultuary passions in hi in other nations.

Among divers other examples w could be produced out of this story, I instance in one: When Juan de Padi an infamous fellow, and of base ex tion, was made general of the peo among others there was a priest, tha ing a great zealot for him, used to p publicly in the church, "Let us pray "the whole Commonalty, and his "jesty Don Juan de Padillia, and for "Lady Donna Maria Pachecho his wif &c. But a little after, some of Juan Padillia's soldiers having quartered in house, and pitifully plundered him; next Sunday the same priest said in church, "Beloved Christians, you kn "how Juan de Padillia passing this w "some of his brigade were billeted in "house: truly they have not left me "chicken; they have drunk up a wh "barrel of wine, devoured my bar "and taken away my Catalina, my m "Kate: I charge you therefore pray "more for him." Divers such trave as these may be read in that story; whi may be the reason why it was suppre in Spain, that it should not cross the se or clamber over the Pyreneans to acqua other nations with their foolery and ba nesS: yet Mr. Simon Digby, a gentlem of much worth, got a copy, which brought over with him, out of whi this translation is derived; though I m tell you, by the bye, that some passag were commanded to be omitted, becau they had too near an analogy with o times.

So in a serious way of true friendshi I profess myself your most affectiona servitor.

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LETTER CV.

the same, to the Lord Marquis of Dorchester.

Lord, London, 15th August.

HERE is a sentence that carrieth a high sense with it, viz. *Ingenia principum temporum*, The fancy of the prince is the fate of the times; so in point of peace or war, oppression or justice, virtue or vice, profaneness or devotion: *Quis ad exemplum.* But there is another saying, which is as true, viz. *Genius et fatum principis*, The happiness of the prince depends upon the humour of the people. There cannot be a more pertinent example hereof, than in that prudent and long-lived queen, Queen Elizabeth, who having come, as it were, from the scaffold to the throne, enjoyed a wonderful calm (excepting some short rebellions of insurrection that happened in the beginning) for near upon 45 years together. But this, my Lord, may be imputed to the temper of the people, who had a boisterous king not long before, with so many revolutions in religion, and a minor king afterward, which made them to be governed by their fellow-subjects. And the fire and faggot being frequent among them in Queen Mary's days, the humours of the common people were very well spent, and so were willing to conform to any government, that might preserve them and their estates in quietness. Yet in the reign of that so popular and well-beloved queen, there were many traverses, which trenched as much not more upon the privileges of parliament, and the liberties of the people, than that happened in the reign of the two kings; yet it was not their fate to be popular. Touching the first, viz. Parliament; in one of hers there was a motion made in the House of Commons, that there should be a lecture in the morning some days of the week before they sat; whereunto the House was very inclinable: the Queen hearing of it, sent them a message, that she much wondered at their rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an innovation.

Another Parliament would have proposed ways for the regulation of her court; but she sent them another such message, that she wondered, that being called by her thither to consult of public affairs, they should intermeddle with the government of her ordinary family, and to think her to be so ill an housewife as not to be able to look to her own house herself.

In another Parliament there was a motion made, that the Queen should entail the succession of the crown, and declare her next heir; but Wentworth, who proposed it, was committed to the Tower, where he breathed his last; and Bromley, upon a less occasion, was clapped in the Fleet.

Another time the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how Stubbs and Page had their hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet, because they writ against the match with the Duke of Anjou; and Penry was hanged at Tyburn, though Alured, who writ a bitter invective against the late Spanish match, was but confined for a short time: how Sir John Heywood was shut up in the Tower, for an epistle dedicatory to the Earl of Essex, &c.

Touching her favourites, what a monster of a man was Leicester, who first brought the art of poisoning into England? Add hereunto, that privy-seals were common in her days, and pressing of men more frequent, especially for Ireland, where they were sent in handfuls, rather to continue a war (by the cunning of the officers) than to conclude it. The three fleets she sent against the Spaniard, did hardly make the benefit of the voyages to countervail the charge. How poorly did the English garrison quit Havre-de-Grace? and how were we baffled for the arrears that were due to England (by article) for the forces sent into France? For buildings, with all kind of braveries else that use to make a nation happy, as riches and commerce, inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her days (as appears by the Custom-house books) as it was in the reign of her successors.

Touching the religion of the Court, she seldom came to sermon but in Lent-time, nor did there use to be any sermon upon Sundays, unless they were festivals; whereas the succeeding Kings had duly two every morning, one for the household, the other for themselves, where they were always present, as also at private prayers in the closet; yet it was not their fortune to gain so much upon the affections

tions of city or country. Therefore, my Lord, the felicity of Queen Elizabeth may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of men's minds in those days; for the pulse of the common people, and Londoners, did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pampered with so long peace and plenty. Add hereunto, that neither Hans, Jocky, or John Calvin, had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose humour is to pry and peep with a kind of malice into the carriage of the Court, and mysteries of state, as also to malign nobility, with the wealth and solemnities of the church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby to let drop the least aspersion upon the tomb of that rare renowned Queen; but it is only to observe the differing temper both of time and people. The fame of some Princes is like the rose, which, as we find by experience, smells sweeter after it is plucked: the memory of others is like the tulip and poppy, which make a gay shew, and fair flourish, while they stand upon the stalk, but being cut down they give an ill-favoured scent. It was the happiness of that great long-lived Queen to cast a pleasing odour among her people, both while she stood, and after she was cut off by the common stroke of mortality; and the older the world grows, the fresher her fame will be. Yet she is little beholden to any foreign writers, unless it be the Hollanders; and good reason they had to speak well of her, for she was the chiefest instrument, who, though with the expence of much English blood and millions raised them to a republic, by casting that fatal bone for the Spaniard to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favouredly for fourscore years together. Other writers speak bitterly of her for her carriage to her sister, the Queen of Scots; for her ingratitude to her brother, Philip of Spain; for giving advice, by her ambassador with the Great Turk, to expel the Jesuits, who had got a college in Pera; as also that her Secretary Walsingham should project the poisoning of the waters of Douay; and lastly, how she fettered the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary in September, to be turned to the celebration of her own birth-day, &c. But these stains are cast upon her by her enemies; and the aspersions of an enemy use to be like the dirt of oysters, which doth rather cleanse than co nate.

Thus, my Lord, have I poin some remarks, to shew how vario discrepant the humours of a natio be, and the genius of the times what it was; which doubtless mu ceed from a high all-disposing pow speculation that may become the gr and knowingest spirits, among your Lordship doth shine as a star o first magnitude; for your house m called a true academy, and your he capital of knowledge, or rather a chequer, wherein there is a tre enough to give pensions to all the w the time. With these thoughts I re most highly honoured Lord, your obedient and ever obliged servant.

LETTER CVI.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. R. F

Cousin Floyd, London, 6th A

THE first part of wisdom is to give counsel, the second to take it, the third to follow it. Though y young, yet you may be already ca of the two latter parts of wisdom, a is the only way to attain the first: th fore I wish you to follow the good co sel of your uncle J. for I know him t a very discreet well-weighed gentlem and I can judge something of men, have studied many: therefore if you by his compass in this great business have undertaken, you need not fear wreck. This is the advice of your t affectionate cousin.

LETTER CVII.

From the same, to his reverend and lea Countryman, Mr. R. Jones.

Sir, London, 17th Septe

IT is, among many other, one of my perfections, that I am not versed in maternal tongue so exactly as I shou the reason is, that language and w (which are the chief creatures of m and the keys of knowledge) may be to stick in the memory like nails or in a wainscot door, which useth to th out one another oftentimes. Yet the British is not so driven out of mine the cask savours still of the liquor it took in) but I can say something of elaborate and ingenious piece of yo

[illegible] you please to communicate to me so [illegible]. I cannot compare it more properly [illegible] to a basket of posies gathered in the [illegible] garden of flowers, the sacred Scrip[illegible], and bound up with such art, that [illegible] flower directs us where his bed may [illegible]. Whence I infer, that this work [illegible] much conduce to the advancement of [illegible], or Scripture-knowledge, and [illegible]quently to the public good. It will [illegible] to the honour of our whole coun[illegible] to your own particular repute: [illegible] with you good success, to make [illegible] of your brain free denizen of the [illegible].

LETTER CVIII.

[illegible] same, to the Right Honourable [illegible] Lady E. Savage, afterwards Countess [illegible].

[illegible] Lady, London, 2d Feb.

[illegible]MONG those multitudes that claim a [illegible] in the loss of so precious a Lord, [illegible] not the least. O how willingly [illegible] have measured with my feet, and [illegible] a pilgrimage over all those large [illegible] wherein I have travelled, to [illegible] reprieved him! truly, Madam, I shall [illegible] for him while I have a heart beat[illegible] in my breast; and though time may [illegible] the sense of grief, yet his memory [illegible] to me, like his worth and virtues, [illegible]. But it is not so much to be [illegible] that he hath left us (it being so [illegible] to his advantage), as that he hath [illegible] so few like him.

[illegible], Madam, this is the weightiest [illegible] that possibly could come to exercise [illegible] patience; but I know your Ladyship [illegible] both pious and prudent in the high[illegible] degree: let the one preserve you from [illegible] of sorrow, which may prove irre[illegible] to heaven; and the other keep [illegible] from being injurious to yourself, and [illegible] goodly brave issue of his, which [illegible] serve as so many living copies of the [illegible].

LETTER CIX.

[illegible] same, to the Right Honourable John Lord Su.

My Lord, London, 10th December.

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, [illegible] I did not congratulate your lately [illegible] honours; but truly, my Lord, [illegible] congratulation is like a vapour ex[illegible] from a soil overwhelmed with a sud[illegible] inundation; such is the state of my mind at this time, it being overcast with a thick fog of grief for the death of your incomparable father.

I pray from the centre of my heart that you may inherit his high worth and virtues, as you do all things else; and I doubt it not, having discovered in your nature so many pregnancies, and sparkles of innated honour. So I rest in quality of your Lordship's most humble servant.

LETTER CX.

From the same, to Sir E. S.

Sir, London, 4th August.

IN the various courses of my wandering life, I have had occasion to spend some part of my time in literal correspondence with divers; but I never remember that I pleased myself more in paying these civilities to any than to yourself: for when I undertake this task, I find that my head, my hand, and my heart, go all so willingly about it. The invention of the one, the graphical office of the other, and the affections of the last, are so ready to obey me in performing the work; work do I call it? It is rather a sport, my pen and paper are as a chess-board, or as your instruments of music are to you, when you would recreate your harmonious soul. Whence this proceeds I know not, unless it be from a charming kind of virtue that your letters carry with them to work upon my spirits, which are so full of facete and familiar friendly strains, and so punctual in answering every part of mine, that you may give the law of epistolizing to all mankind.

Touching your poet laureat Skelton, I found him at last (as I told you before) skulking in Duck Lane, pitifully tattered and torn; and, as the times are, I do not think it worth the labour and cost to put him in better clothes, for the genius of the age is quite another thing: yet there be some lines of his, which I think will never be out of date for their quaint sense: and with these I will close this letter, and salute you, as he did his friend, with these options:

Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,
Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
Quot pratis flores, quot sunt & in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt & in æquore naves,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta gehennæ,
Quot cœli stellæ, quot sunt miracula Theriæ:
Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.

These were the wishes in time of yore of Jo. Skelton, but now they are of your, &c.

LETTER CXI.

From James Howel Esq; to R. Davies, Esq.

Sir, London, 5th July.

DID your letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haste, and not loiter so long in the way; for I did not receive yours of the 2d of June, till the 1st of July; which is time enough to have travelled not only a hundred English, but so many Helvetian miles, that are five times bigger; for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in Wales, where they are allowed better measure, or in the north parts, where there is a weabit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce 100 English miles (for the distance between us is no more) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by John Long the carrier. I know, being so near Lemster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil, which is good for cheese as well as for cloth; therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my cousin your wife something from hence that may be equivalent: if you neglect me, I shall think that Wales is relapsed into her first barbarisms; for Strabo makes it one of his arguments to prove the Britons barbarous because they had not the art of making cheese till the Romans came: but I believe you will preserve them from this imputation again. I know you can want no good grass thereabouts, which, as they say here, grows so fast in some of your fields, that if one should put his horse there over night, he should not find him again the next morning. So with my very respectful commends to yourself, and to the partner of your coach and cares, I rest, my dear cousin, yours always to dispose of.

LETTER CXII.

From the same, to Mr. W. Price, at Oxon.

London, 3d February.

My precious Nephew,

THERE could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy: yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ungrateful genius of this age, that if any sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it much more w[illegible] thinking to make himself somebody th[illegible] by; I am none of those; but touching ancients, I hold this to be a good [illegible] rule, *laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum [illegible] aliter dixerunt:* the older an author commonly the more solid he is, and greater teller of truth. This makes [illegible] think on a Spanish Captain, who being [illegible] vited to a fish-dinner, and coming late, sat at the lower end of the table where small fish lay, the great ones being at upper end; thereupon he took one of [illegible] little fish and held it to his ear; his co[illegible] rades asked him what he meant by that; answered in a sad tone, "Some thirty [illegible] "since, my father passing from Spain [illegible] "Barbary, was cast away in a storm, an[illegible] "am asking this little fish whether [illegible] "could tell any tidings of his body; [illegible] "answers me, that he is too young to [illegible] "me any thing, but those old fish at yo[illegible] "end of the table may say something [illegible] "it:" so by that trick of drollery he g[illegible] his share of them. The application is e[illegible] therefore I advise you not to neglect o[illegible] authors; for though we be come as it w[illegible] to the meridian of truth, yet there be ma[illegible] neoterical commentators and self-conceit[illegible] writers, that eclipse her in many thing[illegible] and go from *obscurum* to *obscurius*.

Give me leave to tell you, cousin, th[illegible] your kindred and friends, with all th[illegible] world besides, expect much from you i[illegible] regard of the pregnancy of your spir[illegible] and those advantages you have of ether[illegible] being now at the source of all knowledge [illegible] I was told of a countryman, who comin[illegible] to Oxford, and being at the towns-end [illegible] stood listening to a flock of geese, and [illegible] few dogs that were hard by; being ask[illegible] the reason, he answered, "That he thoug[illegible] "the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek [illegible] "and the dogs barked in Latin." If [illegible] in the world think so much of those irra[illegible] tional poor creatures that take in Univer[illegible] sity air, what will your friends in the coun[illegible] try expect from you, who have the instru[illegible] ments of reason in such a perfection, an[illegible] so well strung with a tenacious memory, [illegible] quick understanding, and rich inventio[illegible] all which I have discovered in you, and [illegible] doubt not but you will employ them to the [illegible] comfort of your friends, your own credit, [illegible] and the particular contentment of your [illegible] truly affectionate uncle.

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LETTER CXIII.

From the same, to Mr. R. Lee, in Antwerp.

Sir, London, 9th November.

An acre of performance is worth the whole land of promise; besides, as the man hath it, "Deeds are men, and good women." You pleased to promise when you shook hands with England, better letters with me; but whereas it is to you a good while since by Mr. [illegible], I have not received a syllable from you ever since.

The times here frown more and more on the cavaliers, yet their minds are fed up still with strong hopes; some of them being lately in company of such [illegible] the times favour, and reporting [illegible] comfortable news on the royalists [illegible] one of the other answered, "Thus you cavaliers still fool yourselves, and build always castles in the air: thereon a sudden reply was made, "Where will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our lands from us?" Now what you will say when you read [illegible] "A pox on those true jests."

This tale puts me in mind of another: There was a gentleman lately, who was [illegible] by the Parliament a parcel of church or crown-lands, equal to his ar[illegible] and asking counsel of a friend of his which he should take, answered, "Crown lands by all means, for if you take them, you run a hazard only to be hanged; but if you take church-land, you are sure to be damned." Whereunto the [illegible] made him a shrewd reply; "Sir, I will tell you a tale: There was an old usurer not far from London, who had trained up a dog of his to bring his meat after him in a hand-basket, so that in time the shag-dog was so well bred, that his master used to send him by himself to Smithfield shambles with a basket in his mouth, and a note in the bottom thereof to his butcher, who accordingly would put in what joint of meat he writ for, and the dog would carry it handsomely home. It happened one day, that as the dog was carrying a good shoulder of mutton home to his master, he was set upon by a company of other huge dogs, who snatched away the basket, and fell to the mutton: the other dog measuring his own single strength, and finding he was too weak to redeem his master's mutton, said within himself (as we read "the like of Chrysippus's dog), "Nay, "since there is no remedy, you shall be "hanged before you have all; I will have "also my share,' and so fell a-eating "amongst them.—I need not," said he, "make the application to you, it is too "obvious; therefore I intend to have my "share also of the church lands."

In that large list of friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banished yourself; it is the high will of heaven that matters should be thus. Therefore, "*Quod "divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab homini-"bus viriliter ferendum*; We must manfully "bear what comes from men, and humbly "what comes from above." The Pagan philosopher tells us, "*Quod divinitus con-"tingit, homo a se nulla arte dispellet*; There "is no fence against that which comes "from heaven, whose decrees are irre-"versible."

Your friends in Fleet-street are all well, both long-coats and short-coats, and so is your unalterable friend to love and serve you.

LETTER CXIV.

From the same, to R. Bowyer, Esq.

Sir, London, 9th November.

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, where I made a new discovery, finding therein one argument of your friendship, which you never urged before; for you give me a touch of my failings in point of literal correspondence with you. To this give me leave to answer, "That he who "hath glass windows of his own, should "take care how he throws stones at those "of his neighbours." We have both of us our failings that way, witness else yours of the last of May, to mine of the first of March before; but it is never over-late to mend: therefore I begin, and do penance in this white sheet for what is past; I hope you will do the like, and so we may absolve one another without a ghostly father.

The French and Spaniards are still at it like two cocks of the game, both of them pityfully bloodied; and it is thought they will never leave till they peck out one another's eyes. They are daily seeking new alliances to fortify themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot, that they would make a league with Lucifer to destroy one another.

For home news, the freshest is, that whereas in former times there were complaints that churchmen were Justices of

Peace, now the clean contrary way, Justices of the Peace are become churchmen; for by a new act of that thing in Westminster, called a parliament, the power of giving in marriage is passed over to them, which is an ecclesiastical rite every where else throughout the world.

A cavalier coming lately to a Bookseller's shop, desired to buy this Matrimonial Act, with the rest of that holy parliament, but he would have them all bound in calf's leather, bought out of Mr. Barbone's shop in Fleet-street.

The soldiers have a great spleen to the lawyers, insomuch, that they threaten to hang up their gowns among the Scots colours in Westminster Hall; but their chiefest aim is at the regulation of the Chancery, for they would have the same tribunal to have the power of justice and equity, as the same apothecary's shop can afford us purges and cordials. So with my kind and cordial respects unto you, I rest your entire and truly affectionate servant.

LETTER CXV.

From James Howel, Esq; to Mr. T. C. at his house upon Tower Hill.

Sir,

TO inaugurate a good and jovial new-year to you, I send you a morning's draught, *viz.* a bottle of metheglin. Neither Sir John Barley-corn or Bacchus had any thing to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and king of insects. The Druids and old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations; and if you do so when your fancy labours with any thing, it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak too much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere: and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it go upon these poetic feet:

J. H. T. C. salutem, & annum Platonicum.
Non vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus bardes olim potasse Britannis.
Qualibet in bacca vitis Megera latescit,
Qualibet in gutta mellis Aglaia nitet.

The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here bel
Which British bards were wont to quaff
The berries of the grape with furies
But in the honeycomb the graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the T
have, "That there lurks a devil in e
"berry of the vine." So I wish yo
cordially as to myself, an auspicio
joyful new-year, because you know I
your truly affectionate servitor.

LETTER CXVI.

From the same, to T. Harris, Esq.

Sir, Holborn, 10th Jan

YOURS of December 10, I had the of this January, and I account it good augury that it came so seaso to usher in the new-year, and to cheer my thoughts, which your letters ha virtue to do always whensoever they co they are so full of quaint and copious expressions. When the Spaniards at t first coalition in the West Indies, did be to mingle with the Americans, that people thought that those little white pa and letters which the Spaniards use send one to another, were certain kind conjurers or spirits that used to go up down to tell tales, and make discover Among other examples, I remember have read one of an Indian boy sent a Mexico merchant to a Captain wi basket of figs, and a letter. The boy in way did eat some of them, and the Capt after he had read the letter, asked what became of the rest? whereat the b stood all astonished; and being sent another basket a little after to the i party, his maw began to yern ag some of the figs, but he first took the le and clapt it under a great stone hard upon which he sat while he was eat thinking thereby that the spirit in the l ter could not discover him, &c. Whet your letters be spirits or no, I will not d pute, but I am sure they beget new spi in me; and *quod efficit tale illud i magis tale*; if I am possessed with me cholv, they raise a spirit of mirth in me my thoughts are contracted with sadne they presently dilate them into joy, &c. if they had some subtil invisible atom whereby they operate; which is now old philosophy newly furbished, and m cried up, that all natural actions and m tions are performed by emission of cert atoms, whereof there is a constant e vium from all elementary bodies, and a

of divers shapes, some angular, others cylindrical, some spherical; which atoms are in hovering up and down, and never rest till they meet with some pores proportionate and cognate to their figures, where they acquiesce. By the expiration of such atoms, the dog finds the scent as he hunts, the pestilence infects, the loadstone attracts iron, the sympathetic powder or Zaphyrian salt calcined by Apollinean heat, operating in July or August, till it come to a Leonine complexion; I say, by the virtue and intervention of such atoms, it is found that this said powder heals at a distance, without topical applications to the place affected. They who are of this opinion hold, that all sublunary bodies operate thus by atoms, as the heavenly bodies do by their influences. Now it is more visible in the loadstone than any other body; for by help of artificial glasses, a kind of mist has been discerned to expire out of it, as Dr. Highmore doth acutely, and so much like a philosopher, observe. For my part, I think it more congruous to reason, and to the course of nature, that all actions and motions should be thus performed by such little atomical bodies, than by accidents and qualities, which are but notional things, having only an imaginary subsistence, and no essence of themselves at all, but as they inhere in some other. If this philosophy be true, it were no great absurdity to think that your letters have a kind of atomical energy which operates upon my spirits, as I formerly told you.

The times continue still untoward and troublesome; therefore now, that you and I carry above a hundred years upon our backs, and that those few grains of sand which remain in the brittle glasses of our lives are still running out, it is time, my dear Tom, for us to think on that which of all future things is the most certain, I mean our last removal, and emigration hence to another world: it is time to think on that little hole of earth which shall hold us at last. The time was, that you and I had all the fair continent of Europe before us to range in; we have been since confined to an island, and now Lincoln holds you, and London me: we must expect the day that sickness will confine us to our chambers, then to our beds, and so to our graves, the dark silent grave, which will put a period to our pilgrimage in this world. And observable it is, what method nature doth use in contracting our liberty thus by degrees, as a worthy gentleman observes.

But though this small bagful of bones be so confined, yet the noblest part of us may be said to be then set at liberty, when having shaken off this slough of flesh, she mounts up to her true country, the country of eternity; where one moment of joy is more than if we enjoyed all the pleasures of this world a million of years here among the elements.

But till our threads are spun up, let us continue to enjoy ourselves as well as we can; let those grains I spoke of before run gently by their own motion, without jogging the glass by any perturbation of mind, or musing too much upon the times.

Man's life is nimble and swift enough of itself, without the help of a spur, or any violent motion: therefore he spoke like a true philosopher, who excepted against the title of a book called *De Statu Vitæ*, for he should rather have entitled it *De Cursu Vitæ*; for this life is still upon the speed.

You and I have luckily met abroad under many meridians; when our course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a region that is above the wheel of time: and it may be in the concave of some star, if those glorious lamps are habitable. Howsoever my genius prompts me, that when I part hence I shall not downwards; for I had always soaring thoughts being but a boy, at which time I had a mighty desire to be a bird, that I might fly towards the sky.

So my long-endeared friend, and fellow-traveller, I rest yours verily and invariably.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN LETTERS.

SECTION III.

MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE,

CONTINUED.

LETTER I.

Lady Ruſſell's Letter to the King (Charles II.)

(Indorſed by her; My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death).

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

I FIND my huſband's enemies are not appeaſed with his blood, and ſtill continue to miſrepreſent him to your Majeſty. It is a great addition to my ſorrows to hear your Majeſty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the ſheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly ſay, and am ready in the ſolemneſt manner to atteſt, that (during his impriſonment*) I often heard him diſcourſe of the chiefeſt matters contained in that paper, in the ſame expreſſions he therein uſes, as ſome of thoſe few relations that were admitted to him, can likewiſe aver. And ſure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phraſe or two in it another uſes, when nothing is more common than to take up ſuch words we like, or are accuſtomed to in our converſation. I beg leave further to avow to your Majeſty, that all that is ſet down in the paper read to your Majeſty on Sunday night, to be ſpoken in my preſence, is exactly true†; as I doubt not but the reſt of the paper is, which was written at my requeſt, and the author of it in all his converſation with my huſband, that I was privy to, ſhewed himſelf a loyal ſubject to your Majeſty, a faithful friend to him, and a moſt tender and conſcientious miniſter to his ſoul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majeſty would be charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was obſerved to act with the greatest clearneſs and ſincerity, would not at the point of death do ſo diſingenuous and falſe a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expreſsly ſo. And if after the loſs in ſuch a manner, of the best huſband in the world, I were capable of any conſolation, your Majeſty only could afford it by having better thought of him; which when I was ſo importunate to ſpeak with your Majeſty, I thought I had ſome reaſon to believe I ſhould have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to ſay. I hope I have written nothing in this that will diſpleaſe your Majeſty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to conſider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief,

* The words included in the parentheſes are croſſed out.

† It contained an account of all that paſſed between Dr. Burnet and his Lordſhip, concerning his laſt ſpeech and paper. It is called the Journal in the Hiſtory of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 562.

and

and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in the greatest extremities (and your Majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign; who am with all humility, may it please your Majesty, &c.

LETTER II.

From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I NEED not tell you good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this *. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend, but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God which he hath put into our hearts interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition. —— † of prayer; but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts; I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion, and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them, this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss: no, I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth; then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do —— ‡ fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good Doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted but very faithful servant.

LETTER III.

From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam:

IT is above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter, and it is displeasing to me that I am now but sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel; however,

* Lord Russel her husband was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

† Two or three words torn out.

‡ A word torn off.

however, it is my lot, and a part of duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me: that remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, as this I am now about; since if, in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, though, alas! such as are but momentary, it is but casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep; or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with, which I hope you believe I have read more than once; and if I have more days to pass upon this earth, I mean to do so often, since I profess of all those have been offered me (in which charity has been most abounding to me), none have in all particulars more suited my humour. You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and it is possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations; as it is easiest to our natures to have our sore and deep wounds gently handled; yet, as most profitably, I would yield, nay desire, to have mine searched, that as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction, for I am so jealous that time, or necessity, the ordinary abater of all violent passions, (nay even employment, or company of such friends as I have left), should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such relief, as I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live; that so when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring, that by the mighty aids of his most Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself; then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such a spiritual blessing who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer: yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtil malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantages upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with divers temptations, as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room, as when I am less afflicted (as I before complained), then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other, that if either greater persuasions had been used he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows); so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts *.

LETTER IV.

Lady Russel to Doctor Fitzwillium.

Woborne Abbey, 20th April, 1684.

BELIEVE me, good Doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April (which I have but newly received), before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first, and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as perhaps I should just chuse: sense has been long enough gratified, indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows; while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which

* Remainder lost

are

[illegible] seen, expecting that day which [illegible] and compose all my tumultuous [illegible] in perpetual peace and quiet; but [illegible] done, irrecoverably so, as to my [illegible] longings and concerns. Time [illegible], and usually wears off some of that [illegible] of thought inseparable with my [illegible] but I cannot experience such [illegible], every week making me more [illegible] sensible of the miserable change [illegible] condition; but the same merciful [illegible] which has held me up from sinking [illegible] extremest calamities, will (I verily [illegible]) do so still, that I faint not to the [illegible] this sharp conflict, nor add sin to [illegible] grievous weight of sorrows, by too [illegible] discontent, which is all I have now [illegible]. You do, I doubt not, observe I [illegible] pen run too greedily upon this sub[illegible] indeed it is very hard upon me to [illegible] it, especially to such as pity my [illegible] and would assist towards my relief [illegible] in their power. I am glad I [illegible] so expressed myself to you, as to fix [illegible] in resolving to continue the course you [illegible] begun with me, which is to set be[illegible] me plainly my duty in all kinds: it [illegible] my design to engage you to it, nor [illegible] you be less successful with me in your [illegible], could there happen occasion for [illegible] which is most unlikely, Dr. Fitzwil[illegible] understanding himself and the world [illegible] well. On neither of the points, I be[illegible], I shall give you reason to complain, [illegible] please myself in both, so far of one [illegible] we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of go[illegible] to that now desolate place Straton, [illegible] a few days, where I must expect new [illegible] reflections at first, it being a [illegible] where I have lived in sweet and [illegible] content; considered the condition of [illegible], and thought none deserved my en[illegible]; but I must pass no more such days on [illegible]; however, places are indeed nothing. [illegible] can I dwell that his figure is not [illegible] to me! Nor would I have it other[illegible]; so I resolve that shall be no bar, [illegible] proves requisite for the better acquit[illegible] any obligation upon me. That which [illegible] immediate one, is settling, and in[illegible] giving up the trust my dear Lord had [illegible] my best sister *. Fain would I see [illegible] performed, as I know he would have [illegible] it had he lived. If I find I can do [illegible] I desire in it, I will, (by God's permis[illegible]) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay [illegible] than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftesbury will meet me there. This I chuse, as thinking some persons being there, to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blessed by the good prayers of others for me, they will I hope help me forward towards the great end of our creation. I am, most cordially, good Doctor, your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend to serve you.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and my Lady will be shortly at Chilten. She is one I do truly respect: I can never regret being near her, though my design is to converse with none but lawyers and accomptants.

LETTER V.

From the same to the same.

31st January 1684-5.

YOU pursue, good Doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense as sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been, and though they are passed away no more to return; yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Amongst whom my hope is my loved Lord is one; and my often-repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, Sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies

* Elizabeth Wriothesly, afterwards Noel.

bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the Lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died as (an express acquainted her father this morning), on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a kinsman that is gone: a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for Sir Thomas Vernon *, his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification. But you want none such in your solitude, and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue, Sir, your obliged servant.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement, but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the King will have them discovered: till Monday they have time given them. You had given Lady Julian one of those books.

LETTER VI.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

I RECEIVED your letter and papers inclosed, and I desire, good Doctor, you would receive my thanks for both, in particular that part concerns my immediate wants; and for the other you would give me the first sight of, and then the office of delivering it to others; which I did faithfully as you directed, and could not but receive an equal approbation. If you are kind in believing what thoughts I had entertained of you, so I assure you you are but just in it. And I wish from my soul I may keep as stedfast to the truth, as I believe you intend to do; and as I doubt not that your strength will fail, so pray mine may be as firm under all trials our heavenly father may permit us to fall, but not sink under I trust. Man passeth away, but the truth of God endureth for ever. The saddest state to a good soul will one day end in rest. This is my best comfort, and a greater we cannot have, yet the degree is raised, when we consider we shall not only rest but live in regions of unspeakable bliss. This should lead us sweetly through the dark passage of the world; and suffer us to start at nothing we either meet, or our fears suggest may happen to us. I am sorry my sister Alington will not dispose herself to receive your compassionate visit. Pray God comfort her with his Spirit working in her heart, that she may evidence to her soul she is bettered by affliction. After the first changes following our great one, all is silent; your friends are the rising men, Lord Ormond intends to be at sea by 10th March, but who goes I hear not. It is now in justices hands, the Chancellor and a Lord Granard†. Lord Campden is gone this day to Hampshire. Most are moving about elections. God direct the spirits of all men in so difficult a time as this. My Lord Gainsborough told me to-day he is bespoke to give Lady Mary Compton in marriage to the Lord Dorset, and about ten days hence he goes to Titchfield. His son will be housekeeper, he says, which I was sorry to hear, but I must submit to sorrows of all degrees, with as much of that excellent virtue of patience you recommend, and with so pious a zeal as I can attain, who am, Doctor, very sincerely your friend and servant.

LETTER VII.

From the same, to the same.

Southampton-house, 17th July, 1685.

NEVER shall I, good Doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love; so instructive and

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against Sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Sam. Barnardiston, 14th February 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions *(inter alia)* "The Lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men---the brave Lord Russel is a-fresh lamented---It is generally said the Earl of Essex was murdered-----The plot is lost here----The Duke of Mounmouth said publicly that he knew my Lord Russel was as loyal a subject as any in England, and that his Majesty believed the same now---The printer of the late Lord Russel's speech was passed over with silence----- The sham protestant plot is quite lost and confounded, &c." He was committed for his fine to the king's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate. *Display of Tyranny.*

† James Butler, Duke of Ormond; James Forbes, Earl of Granard.

con-

comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do wish for it here, I would have it as it is, and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward; and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it; then how could I chuse but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still, in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me, so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least, into it; he is upon his journey.

My Lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor Lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend by reason my Lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome; they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet, how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on, I know not where it will end. I am, good Doctor, with great faithfulness, your affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER VIII.

From the same, to the same.

Woborne-Abbey, 11th Oct. 1685.

NOW I know where to find you, good Doctor (which I do by your letter written at my cousin Spenser's), you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities and opportunity for it, and not me; and what am I that I should say, Why is it not otherwise? No, I do not, nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it; my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, Sir (but God must give you the recompense), you instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may once make application of that text Rev. iii 12. and raise such hopes as cannot miscarry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces, we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst

midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest, sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise christians, without ceasing admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! You know, Doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness, I trust, to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew, not so much as a strong fit of the head-ach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, Sir, I did receive your papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated 13th August; and another letter after that, where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that time slipping, I know not where to find you, nor how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some unwished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady, my uncle Ruvigny brought with him, falling ill of the small pox, I first removed my children to Bedford-house, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford-house, to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous tender a friend as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary: she died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her, ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence; yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them now they are so many; however, I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompense of all your labours, it is a poor one indeed, the weak unworthy prayers of your very much obliged servant.

You say I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody; I freely give my judgment, it is great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel; as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall, and as I believe it is an excellent discourse, why should it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

LETTER IX.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne-Abbey, 27th Nov. 1684.

AS you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say some things sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned, or rather tainted, with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be

[illegible] one is apt to believe is so. [illegible] not nought towards me, [illegible] to have a true, not false, [illegible] least virtue you are disposed to [illegible] me. Yet I am far from such [illegible] of mind as surmounts the secret [illegible] so hard a destiny as mine has [illegible] my breast; but there are times the [illegible] hardly feel displeasure, as while [illegible] converſation entertaineth it; [illegible] grateful ſenſe moves one to expreſs [illegible]ſelf.

[illegible] could contemplate the conducts of [illegible] with the uſes you do, it would [illegible] indeed, and no diſaſtrous events [illegible] affect us. The new ſcenes of [illegible] make me often conclude myſelf [illegible] temper and reaſon, that I ſtill [illegible] of ſorrow, and not of joys, that [illegible] a man is landed ſafe on the happy [illegible] a bleſſed eternity; doubtleſs he is [illegible] though I find none without him, ſo [illegible] he was in all my joys and [illegible] I truſt the Almighty will paſs by [illegible] infirmity; I ſpeak it in reſpect to [illegible], from whoſe inticing delights I [illegible] be better weaned. I was too rich [illegible] when I poſſeſſed him; all re[illegible] gone, I bleſs God for it, and [illegible] of all good people (do it for [illegible] ſuch you know are ſo), alſo to [illegible] I may more and more turn the [illegible] of my affections upwards, and ſet [illegible] upon the ever-ſatisfying perfec[illegible] of God; not ſtarting at his darkeſt [illegible], but remembering continually [illegible] glory, juſtice, or power, is ad[illegible] by every one of them, and that [illegible] over all his works, as we ſhall one [illegible] raviſhing delight ſee: in the [illegible] I endeavour to ſuppreſs all wild [illegible] a melancholy fancy is apt to [illegible] and ſay with the man in the Goſ[illegible] "I believe, help thou my unbelief." [illegible] thing I ſay ſuggeſt to you matter [illegible] reflection, I have not hurt you [illegible] myſelf, by letting looſe ſome of my [illegible] thoughts. I muſt not finiſh with[illegible] you, I have not the book you [illegible] of Seraphical Meditations of the [illegible] of Bath and Wells*, and ſhould [illegible] ſee one here, ſince you deſign the [illegible] I have ſent you the laſt ſheet of [illegible], as the ſureſt courſe; you can [illegible] with the book. You would, Sir, [illegible] welcome to Lord Bedford, who [illegible] himſelf hugely obliged to the Biſhop of Ely†, your friend; to whom you juſtly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miſerable, or wretchedly ſo, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Chriſtmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter; but I have not yet diſcourſed him about it, nor how long he deſires our company I know not; he ſhall pleaſe himſelf, for I have no will in theſe matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the uſe and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whoſe ſervice is all the buſineſs I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of, Sir, your obliged friend to ſerve you.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I ſhall direct the paying it, or ſtay till I ſee you.

LETTER X.

Dr. Tillotſon, to Lady Ruſſell.

[From Birch's Life of Tillotſon.]

Canterbury, Nov. 21ſt, 1685.

Honoured Madam,

WHEN I look back upon the date of your Ladyſhip's letter, I bluſh to ſee it hath lain by me ſo long unanſwered. And yet I aſſure you no day paſſeth, in which your Ladyſhip and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in in London, one buſineſs preſſeth ſo hard upon another, that I have leſs time for the things to which I have moſt inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noiſe of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repoſe.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the ſad loſs your dear friend ſuſtained during his ſhort ſtay in England‡. But in ſome circumſtances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his viſion of the laſt (as I think) and moſt extreme perſecution, which ſhould befal the faithful ſervants of God, before the final downfal of Babylon, "Bleſſed are the dead that "die in the Lord, from henceforth;" meaning, that they were happy, who were

* Ken, Biſhop of Bath and Wells, of an [illegible] of life, and yet of a very lively [illegible]

† Turner, Biſhop of Ely, ſincere and good natured, of too quick imagination and too defective a judgment. *Burnet.*

‡ The death of her couſin, niece of Monſieur Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter of 11th October, to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

taken

taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that he hath the care of us. And do not think, Madam, that he loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He, whom he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my Lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prorogation will carry him into the country before that time. I intreat you to present my most humble service to his Lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and humble servant.

LETTER XI.

Lady Russel, to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

15th January, 1685-6.

I PRESUME, Doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the Lord Delamere passed his trial and was acquitted *. I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, Doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in: I find I am capable of no gladness, but every new circumstance very comparing my night of sorrow with such a day, with theirs of joy, does a reflection of one kind or other, raise uneasy mind. Though I am far wishing the close of theirs like mine, cannot refrain giving some time to lamenting mine was not theirs; but I certainly too much delight in my lot, and would willingly have built my tabernacle for which I hope my punishment will with life.

The accounts from France are more astonishing; the perfecting the is vigorously pursued, and by this completed it is thought; all, without exception, having a day given to only these I am going to mention found so much grace as I will tell The Countess du Roy † is permitted, two daughters, to go within fourteen to her husband, who is in Denmark, in King's service; but five other of her dren are put into monasteries. Mar Schomberg ‡ and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some mote part of France appointed them. uncle and his wife are permitted to out of France. This I was told for last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart read the relations are sent over. How children are torn from their mothers, sent into monasteries; their mother another; the husband to prison, or gallies. These are amazing provide

* Henry Booth, Lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, Solicitor General, was very violent against him, but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his Peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution; in 1690, was created Earl of Warrington; and died 1693.

† Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic C du Roy, Knight of the Elephant, and Ge issimo to the King of Denmark; his dau Henrietta, was the second wife of William worth, Earl of Strafford.

‡ Frederic de Schomberg, Marechal of Fr was created by King William, Duke Schom &c. 1689; killed at the battle of the Boyne July, 1690. He was son of Count Schomber Lord Dudley's daughter. The Count was k with several sons, at the battle of Prague, The Duke was a man of great calmness, ap tion, and conduct; of true judgment, exad bity, and an humble, obliging temper. The secution of the Protestants induced him to France and enter into King William's service was 82 years old at his death.---Rapin death, says Ralph, was indeed an irreparable The historian says, we cannot do too much ho to his memory, which will make a conspic figure in history, whilst the world lasts. His Charles was mortally wounded at the bat Marsiglia, 24th September, 1693.

Doct

God out of infinite mercy
en weak believers. I am too me-
r an intelligencer to be very long,
hasten to conclude, first telling you
Talbot * is come out of Ireland,
ought husbands for his daughters-
; one was married on Tuesday to
d Rosse; the other Lord is Dun-
Walgrave, that married the King's
ter, is made a Lord †. The brief
poor Protestants was not sealed on
esday, as was hoped it would be;
hancellor bid it be laid by, when it
fered him to seal. I am very really,
r, your affectionate friend and ser-

LETTER XII.

From the same, to the same.

22d January, 1685-6.

AVE received and read your letters,
ood Doctor. As you never fail of
orming a just part to your friend, so
re pity you should not consider enough
t the same to yourself. I think you
and all you say that concerns your
ate affairs, is justly and wisely weigh-
so I let that rest. I acknowledge the
of the distinct paper which touches
e nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to
it with some shame and confusion of
: and perhaps I do so, Doctor, but
weakness is invincible, which makes
as you phrase it, excellently possess
calamities: but he who took upon
our nature, felt our infirmities, and
pity us; and I shall receive of his
ess at the end of days, which I will
ntly wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal acci-
t in this neighbourhood, you will easily
lieve Tuesday night was not a quiet one
th us. About one o'clock in the night
eard a great noise in the square, so lit-
ordinary, I called up a servant, and
t her down to learn the occasion. She
ought up a very sad one, that Monta-
e-house was on fire; and it was so in-
ed; it burnt with so great violence, the
hole house was consumed by five o'clock.
he wind blew strong this way, so that
e lay under fire a great part of time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bed-fellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt in a blanket. Lady Devonshire ‡ came towards morning, and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident; Her brother, Lord Arran §, who had been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared, so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset-house, where the Queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O I could heartily cry out, "When will longed-for eternity "come!" but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the Chancellor ‖ since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair ¶.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer-books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him, and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise: but, as I told you, I shall ever take

* Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel; a Papist.

† Henry, Lord Waldgrave, of Chewton, married the Lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to King James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

‡ Mary, daughter to James Butler, Duke of Ormond; married to William Cavendish, Earl, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.

§ He died January 26th, 1685-6.

‖ George, Lord Jefferies, Baron of Wem, very inveterate against Lord Russell: he was, says Burnet, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate, and, when Lord Chief Justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18th, 1689.

¶ Dr. afterwards Bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, Doctor, Charity is above rubrics." Birch.

Lord

Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you I believe. My Lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my Lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who should learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, Sir, truly, your faithful servant.

The young Lady tells me Lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

LETTER XIII.

Lady Russell to ———.

My Lord, July, 1689.

FOR my part I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, "Why should we complain that is taken "back which was but lent us, and lent us "but for a time, we know;" and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for any thing which is unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power; but yet if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad.

The Christian religion only, believe me, my Lord, has a power to make the spirit easy under a great calamity; nothing less than the hope of being again made happy can satisfy the mind: I am sure I owe more to it, than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your Lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. You know better than most, from the share you have had of the one, what they do afford; and I hope you will prove what tranquillity the other gives. If I had a better wish to make, your Lordship's constant expressions of esteem for me, and willingness as I hope to have had me less miserable than I am, if you had found your power equal to your will, engages me to make it; and that alone would have [illegible] me, though my own unworthiness and fortune had let you have forgot me ever after my sad lot. But since you [illegible] not do so, it must deserve a particular knowledgment for ever, from your L[illegible] ship's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Honoured Madam,

I RECEIVED both your letters, and [illegible] fore the latter came to my hand, I [illegible] your Ladyship some kind of answer to [illegible] first, as the time would let me, for they [illegible] staid for it. But having now a little [illegible] leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave [illegible] trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten [illegible] attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to [illegible] issue the next opportunity I can get [illegible] speak with the King. I am sorry to [illegible] Mr. Johnson* so broad a mixture of human frailty, with so considerable virtue. But when I look into myself, I must [illegible] it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by better qualities. This good man I [illegible] speaking of has at some times not used [illegible] over-well, for which I do not only [illegible] give him, when I consider for whose [illegible] he did it, but do heartily love him.

* In a paper to justify Lord Russell's [illegible] "That resistance may be used in case our [illegible] "and rights should be invaded," as an [illegible] the Dean's letter to his Lordship of [illegible] 1683, Johnson observes, that this opinion [illegible] not be wrested from his Lordship at his [illegible] notwithstanding the disadvantages at which [illegible] taken, when he was practised upon to retract [illegible] opinion, and to bequeath a legacy of slavery [illegible] country: and indeed the Dean was so apprehensive of Lady Russell's displeasure at his pressing [illegible] Lordship, though with the best intentions, [illegible] that subject, that when he was first admitted [illegible] after her Lord's death, he is said to have addressed her in this manner, "That he first thanked God "and then her Ladyship, for that opportunity [illegible] "justifying himself to her;" and they soon [illegible] turned to the terms of a cordial and [illegible] friendship. Birch. Mr. Johnson wrote [illegible] the apostate to prove the legality of resistance, [illegible] an address to King James II.'s army; he was fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and whipt, after being degraded. The Revolution restored him to [illegible] liberty; the judgment against him in 1686 was declared illegal and cruel, and his degradation [illegible] and the House of Lords recommended him to King William. He died 1703. Birch. He resided [illegible] rich Deanery of Durham.

[illegible]

The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker*, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him Bishop of Londonderry, one of the best Bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how well every body is pleased with what the King hath done in this matter, and it is a small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely.

I will now give your Ladyship a short account of his majesty's disposal of our English church preferments, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern so much of court art and contrivance for the preferment of their friends; yea, even in my good Lord Nottingham, more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my station, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, and to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so, a year to an end.

I promised a short account, but I am long before I come to it. The Dean of St. Paul's†, the Bishop of Worcester; the Dean of Peterborough‡, of Chichester. An humble servant of yours, Dean of St. Paul's. The Dean of Norwich§ is Dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Stanley, Clerk of his Majesty's closet, is Residentiary of St. Paul's; and Dr. Fairfax, Dean of Norwich. The Warden of All Souls‖ in Oxford, is Prebendary of Canterbury; and Mr. Nixon hath the other Prebend there, void by the death of Dr. Jeffreys. These two last merited of the King in the West, Mr. Finch by going in early to him, and Mr. Nixon, who is my Lord of Bath's Chaplain, by carrying messages between the King and my Lord of Bath, as the King himself told me, with the hazard of his life. St. Andrew's and Covent Garden are not yet disposed. Dr. Birch (which I had almost forgot) is Prebendary of Westminster; and, which grieves me much, Monf. Allix put by at present; but my Lord Privy Seal¶ would not be denied. The whole is as well as could easily be in the present circumstances.

But now begins my trouble. After I had kissed the King's hand for the Deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his Majesty my most humble thanks, and told him, that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied, "No such matter, "I assure you;" and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary for his service, and he must charge it upon my "conscience." Just as he had said this, he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his Majesty was at leisure, I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service, that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty. For on the one hand it is hard to decline his Majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness, as his Majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my inclination nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the Bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know: best, for his singular good opinion of me: and the worst, for directing the King to this method, which I know he did: as if his Lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a Bishopric* to catch an Archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me

* Mr. Geo. Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland (when Lundy the governor would have surrendered it to King James the II.), was born of English parents in the county of Tyrone in that kingdom, and educated in the university of Glasgow in Scotland; he was afterwards Rector of Donnoghmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the Revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the Protestants; and upon intelligence of King James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen governor of it. After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their Majesties; and on the 19th of November 1689, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and had a present of 5000l. He was created D. D. by the University of Oxford on the 26th of February 1689-90, in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric. Birch.

† Dr. Stillingfleet.

‡ Dr. St. Patrick.

§ Dr. John Sharp.

‖ Leopard Wm. Finch, fifth son of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea. Birch.

¶ Marquis of Halifax.

* Tillotson wrote before to a nobleman (supposed the Earl of Portland) begging he might be excused from accepting a Bishopric. Birch remarks, instances of this kind of self-denial will perhaps be thought rare in any age; but there was a remarkable one under Henry the Eighth of another Dean of

me so far into the briars, that, without his Majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your Ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service without any regard for myself; and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late God hath been pleased by very severe ways*, but in great goodness to me, to wean me perfectly from the love of this world; so that worldly greatness is now not only undesirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any good purpose; for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But, on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy and good for nothing, and after a little while die as a fool dies.

But this, Madam, is a great deal too much, upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world, a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which if your goodness will forgive I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. More, of whose preaching I always knew your Ladyship's opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the King has bestowed the Deanery of Peterborough, and therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your Ladyship's opinion, that what my Lord Bedford does in this matter must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the King. If my Lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. More would then certainly have St. Andrews.

of Canterbury, well known by his embassies and public negociations, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, great uncle of Sir Henry Wotton; this great politician, as well as divine, being informed of an intention to advance him to the mitre, wrote to Dr. Bellasis from Dusseldorp, November 11th, 1539, requesting him, for the passion of God, to convey that Bishopric from him. So I might (adds he) avoid it without displeature, I would surely never meddle with it; there be enough that be meet for it, and will not refuse it, I cannot marvel enough, *cur obtrudatur non cupienti immo ne idoneo quidem*... My mind is as troubled as my writing is. Your's to his little power, Nicholas Wotton; add whatsoever you will more to it, if you add not Bishop.

* The loss of his children, and having been seized with an apoplectic disorder.

I thank God for the health you enjoys, as for that of my own; and I pray for the continuance of it, and all blessings. I would fain find room to my humble service to my Lord my Lord Russell, and two of the best ladies I know. I am, honoured more than I can express, your most and obedient servant.

LETTER XV.

Lady Russell to the Dean of St. Paul's.

September, 16

WHENEVER, Mr. Dean, you are posed, and at leisure to give can be well content, I assure you, the longest letter you can write. had not so soon told you a truth you cannot chuse but know, if this paper to be hastened to you with a little that I am well enough pleased to be employed in; because the effect will be good though the cause does not please me: being you said Mr. Kidder† cannot Covent-Garden, because he is Dean Peterborough (though I do not why, unless it is because he is great, others are not). But Lord Bedford strongly to offer him to the King: from what you said to me has made do so. Yet if you judge he should not be the man, I am enjoined to obtain from you some character of one Mr. Freeman‡ and Mr. Williams§: the last I have heard you speak well of, but I did not just character. What you think fit to to me shall not be imparted but in terms, if you like that best; though Bedford is as close as can be desired, and as well inclined as possible to do the best; and will have me say something of these men before he fixes, which my Lord Shrewsbury advises him to do quickly.

More‖ he is averse to; Horneck¶ the parish is also, as he is well informed, to a high degree. So Kidder, Williams, and Freeman, are before him. I desire two or three lines upon this subject, by the first post if you please.

† Rd. Kidder, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells (in Kenn's stead, 1691), was killed with his Lady at Wells, by the fall of a stack of chimnies, during the high wind, 27th Nov. 1703.

‡ Dr. Freeman died Dean of Peterborough, 1707.

§ Williams, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, died 1709.

‖ More died Bishop of Ely, 1714.

¶ Horneck died Prebendary of Westminster, 1696-7.

LET-

Though my paper is full enough, espe-
lly to a man that has no more spare time
n you have, yet I must just touch upon
e other parts of your letter, being they
ch me most sensibly. I bless God that
fires the heart of our King to do well;
looks as if God meant a full mercy to
long threatened kingdoms. I thank
Dean very heartily for those thoughts
influence and heighten his charity to
J——n. I will not say what I do
, but you must needs know. Mr.
are, now a few words to your own
ern, that bears so heavy upon your
d, and I have done. I know not if I
ll use the phrase, "Integrity is my
ld," but I am sure I admire and love
hly wherever I meet it. I would ne-
have a sincere person crossed. I do pity
, Mr. Dean, and think you have a hard
me upon your hands, which, if it should
pen you cannot play off your own way,
can do better than a man less mortified
the world could; being if you serve the
of religion and the King's, you are
what you have dedicated yourself to,
therefore can be more regardless of
ignorant or wicked censurer; for, upon
word, I believe you will incur no other:
r character is above it, if what you fear
ld come upon you. But as I conceive
re are six months yet to deliberate upon
matter, you know the old saying,
Many things fall out between the cup
and the lip:" and pray do not fill your
ad with the fears of a trouble, though
r to great, that is at a distance, and
may never be; for if you think too much
a matter you dread, it will certainly
into your quiet, and that will infallibly
ur health, and you cannot but see, Sir,
at would be of a bad consequence. The
ng is willing to hear you. You know
ur own heart to do good, and you have
ed some time, and have had experience.
can say well that such an one is the best
d worst friend. I think I should have had
ore tenderness to the will or temper of
y friend: and for his justification, one may
y, he prefers good to many, before gra-
fying one single person, and a public
od ought to carry a man a great way.
t I see your judgment (if your inclina-
en does not bias too far) is heartily against
im in this matter, that you think you can-
t do so much good then as now. We
ust see if you can convince him thereof;
d when he is master of that notion, then
t him labour to make your way out of
se briars he has done his part to bring
you into; though something else would have done it without him, I believe, if I am not mistaken in this, no more than I am that this letter is much too long, from, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Hon. Madam, Edmonton, Sept. 24, 1689.

JUST now I received your Ladyship's letter. Since my last, and not before, I understand the great averseness of the parish from Dr. Horneck; so that if my Lord of Bedford had liked him, I could not have thought it fit, knowing how necessary it is to the good effect of a man's ministry, that he do not lie under any great prejudice with the people. The two whom the Bishop of Chichester hath named, are, I think, of the worthiest of the city ministers, since Mr. Kidder declines it, for the reason given by the Bishop, and, if he did not, could not have it; not because of any inconsistency in the preferments, but because the King, having so many obligations yet to answer, cannot, at the same time, give two such preferments to one man. For the two persons mentioned, if comparison must be made between two very good men, I will tell your Ladyship my free thoughts of them.

Mr. Williams is really one of the best men I know, and most unwearied in doing good, and his preaching very weighty and judicious. The other is a truly pious man, and of a winning conversation. He preaches well, and hath much the more plausible delivery, and, I think, a stronger voice. Both of them (which I had almost forgot) have been steady in all changes of times. This is the plain truth; and yet I must not conceal one particular and present advantage on Dr. Freeman's side. On Sunday night last the King asked me concerning a city minister, whose name he had forgot; but said, he had a very kind remembrance of him, having had much conversation with him, when his Majesty was very young in Holland, and wondered he had never seen him since he came into England.

I could not imagine who he should be, till his Majesty told me he was the English Ambassador's chaplain above twenty years ago; meaning Sir William Temple's. Upon that I knew it was Dr. Freeman. The King said, that was his name, and desired me to find him out, and tell him that he had not forgot him, but remembered with pleasure the acquaintance he had with

 him

him many years ago; and had charged me, when there was an opportunity, to put him in mind of him. This I thought both great goodness in the King, and modesty in Dr. Freeman* never to shew himself to the King all this while. By this your Ladyship will judge who is like to be most acceptable to the King, whose satisfaction, as well as service, I am obliged to regard, especially in the disposal of his own preferments, though Mr. Williams be much more my friend.

I mentioned Mr. Johnson again, but his Majesty put on other discourse, and my Lord Privy Seal told me yesterday morning, that the King thought it a little hard to give pensions out of his purse, instead of church preferments; and tells me Mr. Johnson is very sharp upon me. His Lordship called it railing, but it shall not move me in the least. His Lordship asked me, whether it would not be well to move the King to give him a good Bishopric in Ireland, there being several void. I thought it very well, if it would be acceptable. His Lordship said, that was all one; the offer would stop many mouths as well as his; which, I think, was well considered.

I will say no more of myself, but only thank your Ladyship for your good advice, which I have always a great disposition to follow, and a great deal of reason, being assured it is sincere as well as wise. The King hath set upon me again, with greater earnestness of persuasion than is fit for one that may command. I begged as earnestly to be considered in this thing, and so we parted upon good terms. I hope something will happen to hinder it. I put it out of my mind as much as I can, and leave it to the good providence of God for the thing to find its own issue. To that I commend you and yours, and am, Madam, yours, by all possible obligations.

If Mr. Johnson refuse this offer, and it should be my hard fortune not to be able to get out of this difficulty, which I will, if it be possible to do it without provocation, I know one that will do more for Mr. Johnson than was desired of the King, but still as from the King, for any thing that he shall know. But I hope some much better way will be found, and that there will be neither occasion nor opportunity for this†.

* Dr. Freeman was instituted to the rectory of Covent-Garden, Dec. 28, 1689.

† The King granted Johnson 300l. a year for his own and his son's life, with 1000l. in money, and a place of 100l. a-year for his son.

LETTER XVII.

Lady Russell to Lady Sunderland.

I THINK I understand almost less than any body, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my Lady Sunderland's letters; or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly Madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favours you direct to me, an unfortunate useless creature in the world, yet your Ladyship owns me as one that had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow, I was hearty in wishing you ease, and if I had an occasion for it I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But, so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at any thing of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank him for all the hard things I suffer, as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and if what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

LETTER XVIII.

The same, to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 28th Aug. 1692.

I ASSURE you, good Doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of August you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made

made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it, so I deferred it till I had learnt that. I sent to Mrs. Smith, she could not tell; I bid John send to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton, for I know Lady Gainsborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By report I fear poor Lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can. Indeed, Doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things, to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which enforces us to conserve life: and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good Doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham*. But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor any other at this time. That I might be certain not to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you to all present my most humble service to my Lady: I had done myself the honour to write to her, just as I believe she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour; either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business I know is an attendant of the last. I am, Sir, your constant friend and servant.

* Ejected as a Nonjuror.

LETTER XIX.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.

Hon. Madam, Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.

SINCE I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together†. But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my Lady Russell, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your Ladyship. On Sunday last the King commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His Majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured, that all that storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the church of England was upon my account, and that the Bishop of L—— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what, I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his Majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak. For I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his Majesty's commands, I

† The death of her sister, the Countess of Montague, and of her nephew, Wriothesley Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough.

would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his Majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled and said, You talk of trouble, I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are. Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, Madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the King affected in the case of my Lord of Shrewsbury*, I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the King would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours. I am, honoured Madam, &c.

LETTER XX.

Lady Russel to the Dean of St. Paul's.

[About the middle of October, 1690.]

YOUR letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean, on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, over-burdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, friends and acquaintances thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had began their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace; I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all that we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distresses, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage vicissitude of all sorts is every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, Sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission† you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to. I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it; I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since if the King guesses right, you toil more now. But this work is of your own coming, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgin's of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies encompass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make, and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you: there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can; consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff if it be still urged to you. Conform to the divine will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was wisely said, that when there is no re-

* When that Earl resigned the post of Secretary of State about 1690; to divert him from which, Dean Tillotson had been sent to his Lordship by the King. Burnet, vol. ii. p. 45.

† Submission alludes to Tillotson's letter to Lord Russel against resistance. A shrewd hint of the Dean's endeavours to persuade Lord Russel to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience.

ly they will give over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the King; and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is the malice you are above being affected with.

I will, for many reasons, my prayers are more worthy; but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the Throne of Grace for you, in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

LETTER XXI.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Honoured Madam, October 25, 1690*.

I AM obliged to your Ladyship beyond all expression, for taking my case so seriously into your consideration, and giving me your mature thoughts upon it. Nothing ever came more seasonably to me than your letter, which I received on Wednesday fe'nnight, the very night before I was to have given my final answer to the King the next morning. I thank you for it; it helped very much to settle and determine my wavering mind. I weighed all you wrote, both your advice and your arguments, having not only an assurance of your true friendship and good will for me, but a very great regard and deference for your judgment and conduct. I cannot but own the weight of that consideration which you are pleased to urge me withal; I mean the visible marks of a more than ordinary providence of God in this thing; that the King, who likes not either to importune or to be denied, should, after so obstinate a denying of the thing on my part, still persist to press it upon me with so much earnestness, and with that earnestness of persuasion which it does not become me to mention. I wish I could think the King had a superior direction in this, as I verily believe he hath in some other things of much greater importance.

The next morning I went to Kensington, full of fear, but yet determined what was fit for me to do. I met the King coming out of his closet, and asking if his coach was ready. He took me aside, and I told him, that, in obedience to his Majesty's command I had considered of the thing as well as I could, and came to give him my answer. I perceived his Majesty was going out, and therefore desired him to appoint me another time, which he did on the Saturday morning after.

Then I came again, and he took me into his closet, where I told him that I could not but have a deep sense of his Majesty's great grace and favour to me, not only to offer me the best thing he had to give, but to press it so earnestly upon me. I said, I would not presume to argue the matter any farther, but I hoped he would give me leave to be still his humble and earnest petitioner to spare me in that thing. He answered, he would do so if he could, but he knew not what to do if I refused it. Upon that I told him, that I tendered my life to him, and did humbly devote it to be disposed of as he thought fit. He was graciously pleased to say, it was the best news had come to him this great while. I did not kneel down to kiss his hand, for without that I doubt I am too sure of it; but requested of him, that he would defer the declaration of it, and let it be a secret for some time. He said he thought it might not be amiss to defer it till the Parliament was up. I begged farther of him, that he would not make me a wedge to drive out the present Archbishop: that some time before I was nominated, his Majesty would be pleased to declare in council, that since his lenity had not had any better effect, he would wait no more, but would dispose of their places. This I told him I humbly desired, that I might not be thought to do any thing harsh, or which might reflect upon me; for now that his Majesty had thought fit to advance me to this station, my reputation was become his interest. He said he was sensible of it, and thought it reasonable to do as I desired. I craved leave of him to mention one thing more, which in justice to my family, especially to my wife, I ought to do; that I should be more than undone by the great and necessary charge of coming into this place; and must therefore be an humble petitioner to his Majesty, that if it should please God to take me out of the world, that I must unavoidably leave my wife a beggar, he would not suffer her to be so; and that he would be graciously pleased to consider, that the widow of an Archbishop of Canterbury (which would now be an odd

* From a copy, in short-hand, in his common-place-book.

figure in England *) could not decently be supported by so little as would have contented her very well if I had died a Dean. To this he gave a very gracious answer, I promise you to take care of her †.

Just as I had finished the last sentence, another very kind letter from your Ladyship was brought to me, wherein I find your tender concern for me, which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. But you say the dye is now cast, and I must now make the best I can of what I lately thought was the worst that could have happened to me. I thank God I am more cheerful than I expected, and comfort myself as I can with this hope, that the Providence of God, to which I have submitted my own will in this matter, will graciously assist me to discharge, in some measure the duty he hath called me to.

I did not acquaint my good friend, who wrote to you, with all that had passed, because it was intended to be a secret, which I am sure is safe in your hands. I only told him, that his Majesty did not intend, as yet, to dispose of this place; but when he did it, I was afraid it would be hard for me to escape.

The King, I believe, has only acquainted the Queen with it, who, as she came out of the closet on Sunday last, commanded me to wait upon her after dinner, which I did; and after she had discoursed about other business (which was to desire my opinion of a treatise sent her in manuscript out of Holland, tending to the reconciliation of our differences in England), she told me, that the King had with great joy acquainted her with a secret concerning me, whereof she was no less glad; using many gracious expressions, and confirming his Majesty's promises concerning my wife.

But I am sensible this is an intolerable letter, especially concerning one's self.

I had almost forgot to mention Mr. Vaughan's ‡ business: as soon as he brought your Ladyship's letter hither to me, I wrote immediately to Whitehall, and got the business stopt.

The Bishop of St. David's ‖ had written up for some minister of a great town, but a small living, in that diocese, that it might be bestowed upon him for his pains in that great town. The pretence is fair, but if the minister is no better a man than the bishop, I am sure he is not worthy of it. I have been twice to wait on my Lord Nottingham about it, but missed of him. When I have inquired farther into it, if the thing be fit to be done, I will do my best for Mr. Vaughan. And I beg of your Ladyship to make no difficulty of commanding my poor service upon any occasion, for I am always truly glad of the opportunity.

I cannot forbear to repeat my humble thanks for your great concernment for me in this affair §.

That God would multiply his best blessings upon your Ladyship and your children, and make them great blessings and comforts to you, is the daily prayer of, Madam, your most obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXII.

Lady Russel to —— (supposed the Bishop of Salisbury).

16th October, 1690.

I HAVE, my Lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has yet left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

* Only two who had filled the see of Canterbury had been married, Cranmer and Parker.

† King William granted Tillotson's widow an annuity of 600*l.* and forgave the first-fruits; for the Archbishop left nothing to his family but the copy of his posthumous Sermons, which was afterwards sold for 2,500 guineas. She died 20th January 1701-2.

‡ Probably a relation of Lady Russel, whose first husband was Lord Vaughan, eldest son to the Earl of Carberry

‖ Watson, Bishop of St. David's, was deprived for simony, 1699, by Archbishop Tenison. He took the oaths to King William, yet continued attached to King James.

§ Archbishop Sancroft was deprived February 1, 1690-1; Tillotson nominated in Council to the Archbishopric, 1691, and consecrated 31st May. He died Nov. 23, 1694. King William declared that he was the best man whom he ever knew, and the best friend whom he ever had. The Queen for many years spoke of him in the tenderest manner, and not without tears. Burnet.

It

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those that knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present imbittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another, it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old; but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle; but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same to Lord Cavendish.

29th October, 1690.

THOUGH I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck: I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion; they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that an happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my Lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Honoured Madam, June 23, 1691*.

I RECEIVED your Ladyship's letter, together with that to Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and to let

* From his draught, in short-hand.

let his Lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor, and then from my Lord——, that several persons, upon the account of publishing and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution. Upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them, that nobody might be punished upon my account; that this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it*. None of them said any thing to me of my Lord Russel, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies; and, as I find by the letter to Mr, Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think very fit for my Lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been before-hand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand of it would have been to have told you, that, whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find that I bear the burden I dreaded so much, a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind; "Who am I, O Lord God, or what is "my house, that thou hast brought me hi-"therto; and hast regarded me accord-"ing to the estate of a man of high de-"gree, O Lord God †?" I hope that the same providence of God, which hath once over-ruled me in this thing, will some way or other turn it to good.

The Queen's extraordinary favour to me, to a degree much beyond my expectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes, that my friends will continue their kindness to me, especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours, and particularly at this time to give my Lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her Lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together. I am, Madam, your most faithful and humble servant;

LETTER XXV.

Lady Russel to —— (supposed Archbishop Tillotson.)

24th July, 1692.

IN wants and distresses of all kinds one naturally flies to a sure friend, if one is blessed with any such. This is the reason of the present address to you, who is burthened with this request, if you think it fit, to give the inclosed to the Queen. My letter is a petition to her Majesty, to bestow upon a gentleman a place, that is now fallen by the death of Mr. Herbert; it is Auditor of Wales, value about 400*l.* a year. He is, if I do not extremely mistake, fit for it and worthy of it; he is Knight of the Shire for Carmarthenshire; it would please me on several accounts, if I obtain it. Now every thing is so soon chopt upon and gone, that a slow way would defeat me, if nothing else does; and that I fear from Lord Devonshire if he was in town; besides, I should not so distinctly know the Queen's answer and my success, as I shall I know do by your means, if you have no scruple to deliver my letter, if you have, pray use me as I do you, and in the integrity of your heart tell me so. I could send it to Lady Darby; it is only the certainty of some answer makes me pitch as I do. Nay, perhaps, it were more proper to send it to the Queen's Secretary, but I am not versed in the court ways, it is so lately since I have loved them. Therefore be free, and do as you think most fit.

I intend not to detain you long; but the many public and signal mercies we have of late received are so reviving, notwithstanding the black and dismal scenes which are constantly before me, and particularly on these sad months, I must feel the compassions of a wise and good God, to these late sinking nations, and to the Protestant interest all the world over, and all good people also. I raise my spirits all I can, and labour to rejoice in the prospect

* Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death he put no other inscription than this: "These are libels; I pray God "forgive the authors: I do." Sherlock.

† 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

[illegible] of more happy days, for the time [illegible], than some ages have been bless[illegible]. The goodness of those instru[illegible] God has called forth to work this [illegible] work by, swells one's hopes.

LETTER XXVI.

The same to Queen Mary.

24th July, 1691.

May it please your Majesty,

HUMBLY beg leave to address my[illegible] to your Majesty, and to say this [illegible] that it is a very sensible trouble to [illegible] when I do importune your Majesty; [illegible] I do sometimes submit, because I [illegible] not be quite useless to such as hope [illegible] benefit by my means, and I de[illegible] do what good I can.

I know your Majesty feels that life is a [illegible] to the highest; but, Madam, you [illegible] with a portion of goodness big [illegible] to be content with it, in order to [illegible] those ends of Providence which are [illegible] wise and good, though dark to [illegible] inhabitants of the earth.

I do, in all humility, ask pardon for my [illegible] on the behalf of Mr. Richard [illegible]*, that he may succeed Colonel [illegible] (lately killed in Ireland) as Au[illegible] of Wales. He is a lawyer, a Welsh[illegible] and so well esteemed of in his [illegible] that he serves as Knight of the [illegible] for Carmarthenshire. I believe [illegible] every way fit for the office, or I [illegible] not do so much for him, since I [illegible] it a great matter to disquiet your [illegible] in this kind, and could with more [illegible] a considerable duty to your Ma[illegible], than receive a profit for myself or [illegible]; but my meanness and my mis[illegible] are a bar to all such hopes.

I pray God still to direct and prosper [illegible] Majesty, preserve the person of the [illegible] and bless with success all his de[illegible] and so complete his blessings and [illegible] to all good people all the [illegible] over. The late public mercies fill [illegible] hopes your Majesty's most humble, [illegible] and most faithful subject.

LETTER XXVII.

[illegible] the same, to Lady ——— (supposed Arlington †).

10th October, 1691.

My dear sister, I have not yet had re[illegible] to speak to you this way, nor know I now what to say. Your misfortune is too big to hope that any thing I offer can allay the present rage of your sorrow. I pray for you, and I pity you, which is all I can do: and that I do most feelingly, not knowing how soon your case may be mine: and I want from you, what I would most willingly furnish you with, some consolation and truce from your extreme lamentation.

I hope that by this time your reason begins to get a power over your wasted spirits, and that you will let nature relieve herself. She will do it, if you do not obstruct her. There is a time and period for all things here. Nature will first prevail, but as soon as we can we must think what is our duty, and pursue it well as we are able. I beseech God to teach you to submit to this unlooked for, and in appearance sadly severe providence, and endue you with a quiet spirit, to wait for the day of consolation, when joy will be our portion to all eternity: in that day we shall meet again all our pious friends, all that have died in their innocence, and with them live a life of innocence, and purity, and gladness for ever. Fit your thoughts with these undoubted truths, my dear sister, as much and as often as is possible. I know no other cure for such diseases; nor shall we miss one, if we endeavour, with God's grace assisting, which he certainly gives to such as ask. God give you refreshments. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same, to ———.

18th October, 1691.

THE misfortunes of such as one extremely esteems grow our own, so that if my constant sad heart were not so soon touched as it is with deplorable accidents, I should yet feel a great deal of your just mourning; if sharing a calamity could ease you, that burden would be little: for as depraved an age as we live in, there is such a force in virtue and goodness, that all the world laments with you; and yet sure, Madam, when we part from what we love most that is excellent, it is our best support that nature, who will be heard first, does suffer reason to take place.

What can relieve so much, as that our friend died after a well spent life? Some losses are so surprising and so great, one must not break in too soon, and therefore my

* Related to Lady Russell's first husband.
† On the death of one of her daughters.

my sense of your calamity confined me to only a solicitous inquiry; and I doubt it is still a mistaken respect to dwell long upon such a subject. I will do no more than sign this truth, that I am your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Lady Russell, to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

July 21st, 1692.

I WILL say but very little for myself, why you were so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last latter; not but I should be very sorry, indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you; I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reasons you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a day to Arlington-house, where I staid till twelve and one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband; it was the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, Doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sining; yet I cannot attain to that love of God and submission to all his providences that I can rejoice in; however, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left); and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good Doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope, through mercy, to meet at the same happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this side heaven goes so to it; and being where God is, it is ven. If he be in our hearts, there be peace and satisfaction, when one collects the happiness of such a (which, if my heart deceives me no hope is mine); and I will try to exp ence more and more that blessed prom "Come unto me all ye that are he "leaden, and I will give you eas This day and this subject inclines me be very long, and might to another too tedious; but I know it is not so Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in house of mourning. However, my ti to open my chamber door is near; an take some care not to affect in these tirements. In all circumstances I rema Sir, your constantly obliged friend a servant.

LETTER XXX.

From the same, to Lady —— Russ

IF ever I could retaliate with my sis Russel, it would be now, on the subje of death, when I have all this my sadd month been reflecting on what I saw a felt; and yet what can I say more than acquiesce with you, that it is a solem thing to think of the consequences death to believers and unbelievers! Th it is a contemplation which ought to be force to make us diligent for the approa ing change, I must own; yet I doubt does so but on a few. That you are one those happy ones I conclude, if I kne no more reason for it than the bare co clusion of yours, that the bare meditatio is sufficient to provoke to care; for whe a heart is so well touched, it will act; an who has, perhaps, by an absolute surre der of herself, so knit her soul to Go as will make her dear in his sight. W lie under innumerable obligations to b his entirely; and nothing should be attracting to us, as his miraculous love i sending his Son; but my still smart for row for earthly losses makes me know loved inordinately, and my profit in th school of adversity has been small, or should have long since turned my mourn ing into rejoicing thankfulness, that had such a friend to lose; that I saw him I loved as my own soul, take such a pro spect of death, as made him, when brough to it, walk through the dark and shad valley (notwithstanding the natural ave

separation) without fearing evil: we in our limited degrees of good-will not forsake those that depend on much less can God cast us from him we seek to him in our calamity. though he denied my earnest and re-d prayers, yet he has not denied me support of his Holy Spirit, in this my day of calamity, but enabled me in measure to rejoice in him as my por-for ever; who has provided a remedy l our griefs, by his sure promises of ter life, where there is no death, nor pain or trouble, but a fulness of joy presence of God, who made us and us for ever.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same, to Lady Sunderland.

OUR kind letter, Madam, asks me to do much better for myself and mine, to scribble so insignificantly as I do piece of paper; but for twenty se-l reasons, yours must have the advan-you offer me, with obliging earnest-, a thousand times greater than I de-e, or there can be cause for, but that have taken a resolution to be all good-and favour to me. And indeed what ter mark can you almost give than umbering me so often, and letting me ive the exceeding advantage of your ng so by reading your letters, which all so edifying? when I know you continually engaged in so great and ctary employments as you are, and e but too imperfect health; which, to ther in the world but Lady Sunder-d, would unfit for at least so great dis-ches as you are charged with. These most visible tokens of providence, that ry one that aims to do their duty shall enabled to do it.

I hope your natural strength is so great it will in some time, if you do your master what has been accidently in disorder of it. Health, if one strictly siders, is the first of earthly blessings; even the conversation of friends, which to spiritual profits, as you excellently serve, is the nearest approach we can to heaven while we live in these ta-nacles of clay; so it is in a temporal se also, the most pleasant and the most rable improvement we can make of time we are to spend on earth. But, I was saying, if our bodies are out of tune, how ill do we enjoy what in itself is so precious? and how often must we chuse, if we can attain it, a short slumber, that may take off our sense of pain, than to accept what we know in worth excels almost to infiniteness? No soul can speak more feelingly than my poor self on this subject; who can truly say, my friend-ships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the in-sipidness of it, would, I believe, never chuse it. Mr. Waller says, "'tis (with "singing) all we know they do above." And it is enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suit-ableness in humours, to creatures, what must it be to our clarified spirits to love in the presence of God! Can there be a greater contemplation to provoke to diligence for our preparation to that great change, where we shall be perfected, and so continue for ever? I see I have scrib-bled a great deal of paper; I dare not read it lest I should be sorry Lady Sun-derland should; and yet can now send her nothing if not this, for my eyes grow ill so fast, I resolve to do nothing of this sort by candle-light.

LETTER XXXII.

Archbishop Tillotson, to Lady Russell.

Lambeth-house, August 26th, 1693.

Madam,

THOUGH nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your Lady-ship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and good manners, been due upon this great occa-sion. But now that busy time is in a good measure over, I cannot forbear after so many as, I am sure, have been before me, to congratulate with your Ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but look upon it as part of the comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you, and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I intreat

I intreat my Lord Ross and his Lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me: and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I intreat you to give my humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and my Lord Cavendish and his Lady. I could upon several accounts be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your Ladyship, and all the good family at Woborne, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life. I am, with all true respect and esteem, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER XXXIII.

Archbishop Tillotson, to Lady Russell.

Lambeth-house, October 13th, 1693.

I HAVE forborn, Madam, hitherto even to acknowledge the receipt of your Ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me; so that I should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon to Woborne, to have enquired of your Ladyship's health, having but newly heard, that since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seized upon you. But yesterday morning at council, I happily met with Mr. Russell, who, to my great joy, told me, that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you had been in, and in so sickly a season.

The King's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust he will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world had I much reason to value my friends. In condition I now am, I can have no ones, or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at distance believe that the upper end of the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg you to spare them for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good Lord of Bedford, and all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all, I remain, Madam, your Ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant*.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Bishop of Salisbury, to Lady Russell.

Salisbury, 31st October, 1694.

I DO heartily congratulate with your Ladyship for this new blessing. God has now heard your prayers with relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them in due time with relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children; God grant you may likewise see peace upon Israel. And now that God hath so built up your house I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honour of his name.

You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three

* The Archbishop's correspondence with Lady Russell had been interrupted on her part for many months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing to such a degree, that she was obliged, on the 29th of June, 1694, to submit to the operation of couching. Upon this occasion his Grace drew up a prayer two days after, in which he touched upon the death of her husband, "whom the holy and "righteous Providence," says he, "permitted "[under a colour of law and justice] to be [un-"justly] cut off from the land of the living." But over the words between the brackets, after the first writing, he drew a line, as intending to erase them, probably from a reflection that they might be too strong, or less suitable to a prayer. June 28th he wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury, "I cannot forbear to tell you, that my Lady "Russell's eye was couched yesterday morning "with very good success; God be praised for it." *Birch.*

branches.

...ies that has been in England in our ... that it may in every one of these ... those blessings by an exemplary ..., and that both you and they may ... blessings to the age and nation.

... not think of coming up yet this ..., if I am not called for *. I ... thank your Ladyship for giving ... early notice of so great a blessing ... I hope it shall soon be completed ... Lady Ross's full recovery. Mrs. ... is very sensible of the honour your ... dots her in thinking of her, and ... particularly rejoice in God's good... to you. I am, with the highest sense ... gratitude and respect possible, Madam, ... Ladyship's most humble, most obe..., and most obliged servant.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady Russell to King William.

SIR,

RATHER chuse to trouble your Ma... with a letter, than be wanting in ... duty, in the most submissive manner ... imaginable, to acknowledge the honour ... favour I am told your Majesty designs ... Lord Rutland and his family, in which ... so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, Sir, in ..., and the generous manner you have ... pleased to promise it in, makes the ... favour, if possible, greater. As you will ... an eternal obligation on that family, ... pleased to allow me to answer for all ... I am related to; they will look on ... themselves equally honoured with Lord Rutland, by your favour to his family, ... I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your Majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first and early honoured with the marks of your favour. And I hope I may live to see your Majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your Majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your Majesty, nor I trust ever will be; and that as his years increase, his performances will better declare the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of your Majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obedient servant.

N. B. *Lady Russell's indorsement on the foregoing letter, is in these words:*

To the King, 1701-2, about first of March, and found in his pocket when dead.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway.*

June 1711.

ALAS! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness, which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable

* The Marquis of Hallifax said of Bishop Burnet, "He makes many enemies, by setting an unheard-of example of living, which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty, his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unprelatical qualities, that, let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions, so as to make them fit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder then if they are angry, since it is in their own defence; or that from a principle of self-preservation, they should endeavour to suppress a man whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them." Both he and Tillotson, as well as many other Christian Bishops, were averse to pluralities and non-residence.

* Lady Russell's only son Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, died of the small-pox in May 1711, in the 31st year of his age; upon which occasion this letter was written. To this affliction succeeded, in November 1711, the loss of her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, who died in child-bed. Lady Russell, after seeing her in the coffin, went to her other daughter, married to the Duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal her grief, she being at that time in child-bed likewise; therefore she assumed a cheerful air, and with astonishing resolution, agreeable to truth, answered her anxious daughter's enquiries with these words: "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her; said something to me and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady Russell, to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway.

I HAVE before me, my good Lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who I hope have no proud thoughts of myself, as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has from infinite bounty and goodness so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I have felt many, I may say many years of pure, and I trust innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected: on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

> All we know they do above
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which I trust will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

The Queen has appointed twelfth- for a drawing-room, and several tables play, but there was none till yesterday, how that passed I know not.

I heard a lady say yesterday, that Ambassador had turned away four serv for selling wine by bottles, and that had tasted his Burgandy, which was v good *.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry †, to L Russell.

Madam, 27th July, 17

I SHOULD have done myself this h nour long since, could I have had t vanity to think I knew any thing whi would not come to your Ladyship by be ter hands; but you, Madam, have acco of the most important matters from pe sons who cannot be deceived; and I a sure you are above the relish of those co mon things which supply the news a conversation of the town.

I cannot, however, leave this pla (which I purpose to do on Monday next without presenting my most humble r spects to your Ladyship, and my sinc prayers to Almighty God, for health a happiness to yourself and all yours.

I leave a place which is now pre empty, since the royal family went t Hampton-Court, where the public ma ner in which the King lives, makes it th rendezvous, not only of the ministers a great men, but of the people of all rank and conditions. He dines openly, a with company every day, and the novel of the sight draws a mighty concour After so long a reserve, we may easi imagine how great a constraint he pu upon himself; but he certainly does right thing, for by this means his fac (which speaks nothing but what is gre and good,) will not only be familiar to hi people, but he will enter into a degree o intimacy with the nobility, above wha could be arrived at in the cabinet o drawing-room. Would to God it migh prove the happy occasion of bringing hi and the Prince to a better understanding; for upon that depends the establishment o our peace; and we have already felt how much the want of it has shaken us; bu there does not seem to be any appearance

* The conclusion and date lost.

† John Hough, afterwards called the good Bishop of Worcester, greatly promoted the Revolution; died March 8, 1743, aged above 92.

that

way; this still continues to be the side of our prospect, and were it not God has already carried so many ...ening clouds over our heads, one ...d dread to think how heavy this may ... I am now going to place where I ...e to make as few of these reflections ... possible, for they are attended with ...ity of thought, and raise apprehensions ...anger, which by an hundred ways unseen by us, Providence may please to ...point; but I mention them to your ...ship, because I know you to be one of ... very few who can make a right use ... them; by using them as occasion of ...ent prayer for the public welfare, without suffering them to raise a passion, or disturb your mind.

Give me leave, Madam, to wish you all ... happiness your own soul can desire, ...d to profess myself, as I do with great ...mility and truth, Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient and most faithful ...vant.

I beg leave to present my most humble ...vice to good Lord Galway. My wife's ...mble duty attends your Ladyship; and ...e are both full of acknowledgment for ...e fine pieces of venison you were pleased ...ead us.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, Sept. 20th, 1692.

THERE being nothing that I think of so much value as the acquaintance and ...endship of knowing and worthy men, ...u may easily guess how much I find myself obliged, I will not say by the offer of it, but by the gift you have made me of ...urs. That which confirms me in the ...urance of it, is the little pretence I have ...it. For, knowing myself as I do, I cannot think so vainly of myself, as to imagine that you should make such overtures ...d expressions of kindness to me for any other end, but merely as the pledges and exercise of it. I return you therefore my thanks, as for the greatest and most acceptable present you could have made me; and desire you to believe, that since I cannot hope that the returns which I made you of mine should be of any great use to you, I shall endeavour to make it up, as well as I can, with an high esteem and perfect sincerity. You must therefore expect to have me live with you hereafter, with all the liberty and assurance of a settled friendship. For meeting with but few men in the world whose acquaintance I find much reason to covet, I make more than ordinary haste into the familiarity of a rational inquirer after, and lover of truth, whenever I can light on any such. There are beauties of the mind, as well as of the body, that take and prevail at first sight: and wherever I have met with these I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation. Wonder not therefore, if, having been thus wrought on, I begin to converse with you with as much freedom as if we had begun our acquaintance when you were in Holland; and desire your advice and assistance about a second edition of my Essay, the former being now dispersed. You have, I perceive, read it over so carefully, more than once, that I know nobody I can more reasonably consult about the mistakes and defects of it. And I expect a great deal more from any objections you should make, who comprehend the whole design and compass of it, than from one who has read but a part of it, or measures it upon a slight reading, by his own prejudices. You will find, by my epistle to the reader, that I was not insensible of the fault I committed by being too long upon some points, and the repetitions that by my way of writing of it had got in, I let it pass with, but not without advice so to do. But now that my notions are got into the world, and have in some measure bustled through the opposition and difficulty they were like to meet with from the received opinion, and that prepossession which might hinder them from being understood upon a short proposal; I ask you whether it would not be better now to pare off, in a second edition, a great part of that which cannot but appear superfluous to an intelligent and attentive reader. If you are of that mind, I shall beg the favour of you to mark to me those passages which you would think fittest to be left out. If there be any thing wherein you think me mistaken, I beg you to deal freely with me, that either I may clear it up to you, or reform it in the next edition. For I flatter myself that I am so sincere a lover

* Tindal, speaking of the difference between King George I. and the Prince, says it arose from the Prince's resenting the Duke of Newcastle's ...ing god-father in his own name to Prince George-William (who was born 2d Nov. 1717, and 6th Feb. 1717-18), and not as proxy for the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnabrug, his uncle; ...which the King was displeased. But by this ...ns it appears there was a disagreement before.

lover of truth, that it is very indifferent to me, so I am possessed of it, whether it be by my own or any other's discovery. For I count any parcel of this gold not the less to be valued, nor not the less enriching, because I wrought it not out of the mine myself. I think every one ought to contribute to the common stock, and to have no other scruple or shyness about the receiving of truth, but that he be not imposed on, and take counterfeit and what will not bear the touch, for genuine and real truth. I doubt not, but to one of your largeness of thought, that in the reading of my book you miss several things, that perhaps belong to my subject, and you would think belongs to the system: if in this part too you will communicate your thoughts, you will do me a favour. For though I will not so flatter myself, as to undertake to fill up the gaps which you may observe in it; yet it may be of use, where mine is at a stand, to suggest to others matter of farther contemplation. This I often find, that what men by thinking have made clear to themselves, they are apt to think that upon the first suggestion it should be so to others, and so let it go not sufficiently explained; not considering what may be very clear to themselves, may be very obscure to others. Your penetration and quickness hinders me from expecting from you many complaints of this kind. But if you have met with any thing, in your reading of my book, which at first sight you stuck at, I shall think it a sufficient reason, in the next edition, to amend it for the benefit of meaner readers.

The remarks of that learned gentleman you mention, which you say you have in your hands, I shall receive as a favour from you.

Though by the view I had of moral ideas, whilst I was considering that subject, I thought I saw that morality might be demonstratively made out; yet whether I am able so to make it out, is another question. Every one could not have demonstrated what Mr. Newton's book hath shewn to be demonstrable: but to shew my readiness to obey your commands, I shall not decline, the first leisure I can get, to employ some thoughts that way; unless I find what I have said in my Essay shall have stirred up some abler man to prevent me, and effectually do that service to the world.

We had here, the 8th instant, a very sensible earthquake, there being scarce an house wherein it was not by some body or other felt. We have news of it at several places from Cologn, as far as Brid[illegible] Whether it reached you, I have not heard. If it did, I would be glad to know what was the exact time it was felt, if any body observed it. By the Queen's pendulum at Kensington, which the shake stopped from going, it was two hours *post meridiem*. At Whitehall, where I observed it, it was by my watch two hours five minutes *post meridiem*: which, supposing the Queen's pendulum went exact, and adding the equation of that day, will fall near the time marked by my watch, or a little later. If there could be found people, that, in the whole extent of it, did by well-adjusted clocks exactly observe the time, one might see whether it were all one shock, or proceeded gradually from one place to another.

I thank you for having taken Dr. Sillius into your protection. I desire you, with my service, to present my most humble thanks to your brother, for the favour of his letter; to which, though I have no time this post to return an answer, I shall not long delay my acknowledgments.

I hope you will see, by the freedom I have here taken with you, that I begin to reckon myself amongst your acquaintance. Use me so, I beseech you. If there be any service I can do you here, employ me with an assurance that I am, Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, 20th January, 9[illegible].

HAD I known I should within so few days have received the favour of such a letter as yours of 22d of December, I should not have troubled you with mine, that went hence but a little before the receipt of yours. I was afraid, in reading the beginning of yours, that I had not so great an interest in you, as I flattered myself, and upon a presumption whereof it was that I took the liberty so confidently to ask your advice concerning the second edition of my book. But what followed satisfied me that it was your civility, and not reservedness, made you tell me, that the same hand which first formed it, is best able to reform it. Could I flatter myself so as to think I deserved all that you say of me in your obliging letter, I should yet think you a better judge of what is to be reformed in my book, than I myself. You have given the world proofs of your great pene-

[illegible]ration, and I have received great [illegible] of your candour. But were the in[illegible] between us as much to my advan[illegible] it is on the other side, I should [illegible] beg your opinion. What[illegible] is our own, let us do what we can, [illegible] a little too near us, to be viewed [illegible] should: and though we ever so sin[illegible] aim at truth, yet our own thoughts, [illegible] still of our own thoughts, may be [illegible] to overlook errors and mistakes. [illegible] should think he valued himself more [illegible], and presumed too much on his [illegible], who would not be willing to [illegible] all the exceptions that could be made [illegible] ingenious friend, before he ven[illegible] any thing into the public. I there[illegible] heartily thank you for those you have [illegible], and for consulting some of your [illegible] to the same purpose; and beg the [illegible], if any thing more occurs from your [illegible] thoughts, or from them you will be [illegible] to communicate it to me, if it be [illegible] *errata typographica* you meet with, [illegible] taken notice of in the table. I confess, [illegible] thought some of the explications in my [illegible] too long, though turned several ways, [illegible] those abstract notions the easier [illegible] into minds prejudiced in the ordinary [illegible] of education, and therefore I was of a [illegible] to contract it. But finding you, and [illegible] other friends of mine, whom I con[illegible] in the case, of a contrary opinion, [illegible] you judge the redundancy in it a [illegible] fault, I shall take very little [illegible] to reform it.

LETTER XLI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, London, 28th March, 1693.

YOUR silence, that spared me a great deal of fear and uneasiness, by con[illegible] from me your sickness till it was [illegible] over, is abundantly made amends for, [illegible] the joy it brings me in the news of [illegible] recovery. You have given me those [illegible] of your kindness to me, that you [illegible] not think it strange that I count you [illegible] my friends; and with those de[illegible] to live with the ease and freedom of perfect confidence, I never accuse them [illegible] myself of neglect or coldness, when I [illegible] to hear from them so soon as I expect[illegible] or desired: though had I known you so [illegible] before as I do now, since your last let[illegible], I should not have avoided being in pain [illegible] account of your health.

I cannot at all doubt the sincerity of any [illegible] you say to me; but yet give me leave to think, that it is an excess of kindness alone could excuse it from looking like compliment. But I am convinced you love your friends extremely, where you have made choice of them, and then believe you can never think nor speak too well of them. I know not whether it belongs to a man who gets once in print, to read in his book that it is perfect, and that the author is infallible. Had I had such an opinion of my own sufficiency before I writ, my Essay would have brought me to another, and given me such a sight of the weakness of my understanding, that I could not fail to suspect myself of error and mistake in many things I had writ, and to desire all the light I could get from others to set me right. I have found you one of the likeliest to afford it me; your clearness and candour gave me the confidence to ask your judgment; and I take it for no small assurance of your friendship that you have given it me, and have condescended to advise me of the printer's faults, which gives me hopes you have not concealed any you have observed in the work itself. The marginal summaries you desire of the paragraphs, I shall take care to have added, were it only for your sake; but I think too it will make the book the more useful.

That request of yours you press so earnestly upon me, makes me bemoan the distance you are from me, which deprives me of the assistance I might have from your opinion and judgment, before I ventured any thing into the public. It is so hard to find impartial freedom in one's friends, or an unbiassed judgment any where, that amongst all the helps of conversation and acquaintance, I know none more wanted, nor more useful, than speaking freely and candidly one's opinion upon the thoughts and compositions of another intended for the press. Experience has taught me that you are a friend of this rank, and therefore I cannot but heartily wish that a sea between us did not hinder me from the advantage of this good office. Had you been within reach, I should have begged your severe examination of what is now gone to the printer at your instance; I had rather I could have said upon your perusal, and with your correction. I am not, in my nature, a lover of novelty nor contradiction; but my notions in this Treatise have run me so far out of the common road and practice, that I could have been glad to have had them allowed by so sober a judgment as yours, or stopped, if they had appeared impracticable or extravagant, from

going any farther. That which your brother tells you on this occasion, is not wholly besides the matter. The main of what I now publish, is but what was contained in several letters to a friend of mine, the greatest part whereof were writ out of Holland. How your brother came to know of it I have clearly forgot, and do not remember that ever I communicated it to any body there. These letters, or at least some of them, have been seen by some of my acquaintance here, who would needs persuade me it would be of use to publish them: your impatience to see them has not, I assure you, slackened my hand, or kept me in suspense; and I wish now, they were out, that you might the sooner see them, and I the sooner have your opinion of them. I know not yet whether I shall set my name to this discourse, and therefore shall desire you to conceal it. You see I make you my confessor, for you have made yourself my friend.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, April 18th, 1693.

I HAVE lately received farther testimonies of your kindness and friendship to me, in your last of March 28th, which brings withal the welcome news of your having committed your work Of Education to the press; than which, I know not any thing that I ever expected with a more earnest desire. What my brother told me, relating to that treatise, he had from yourself in Holland, but, perhaps, you might have forgot what passed between you on that occasion. I perceive you fear the novelty of some notions therein may seem extravagant; but, if I may venture to judge of the author, I fear no such thing from him, I doubt not but the work will be new and peculiar, as his other performances; and that it is that renders them estimable and pleasant. He that travels the beaten roads, may chance indeed to have company; but he that takes his liberty, and manages it with judgment, is the man that makes useful discoveries, and most beneficial to those that follow him. Had Columbus never ventured farther than his predecessors, we had yet been ignorant of a vast part of our earth, preferable (as some say) to all the other three. And if none may be allowed to try the ocean of philosophy farther than our ancestors, we shall have but little advancements or discoveries made in the *mundus intellectualis*; wherein, I believe, there is much more unkno[illegible] than what we have yet found out.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Dublin, August 12th, 16[illegible]

YOURS of July 15th, came to my ha[illegible] about a fortnight since; and I had, [illegible] this, acknowledged the favour thereof, [illegible] that I waited the arrival of your much [illegible]sired piece, Of Education, which came [illegible] to me till about three days ago. I imm[illegible]diately set myself to read it, as all thi[illegible] from its author, with the utmost attenti[illegible] and I find it answerable to the highest [illegible]pectations I had of it. And since, w[illegible] your usual modesty, you are pleased to [illegible]quire my thoughts more particularly co[illegible]cerning it, I shall with all freedom, but [illegible] the same time with all deference, propo[illegible] them to you, not doubting of your favo[illegible]able interpretation and pardon, where y[illegible] see it needful. And first, in general, I thi[illegible] you propose nothing in your whole bo[illegible] but what is very reasonable, and very pra[illegible]ticable, except only in one particular, whi[illegible] seems to bear hard on the tender spirits [illegible] children, and the natural affections of p[illegible]rents: it is page 117, 118, where you a[illegible]vise, "That a child should never be su[illegible] "fered to have what he craves, or so muc[illegible] "as speaks for, much less if he cries for it." I acknowledge what you say in explaining this rule, Sect. 101. in relation to natu[illegible] wants, especially that of hunger, may [illegible] well enough allowed; but in Sect. 10[illegible] where you come to apply it to wants [illegible] fancy and affectation, you seem too hi[illegible] and severe. You say indeed, "This w[illegible] "teach them to stifle their desires, and [illegible] "practise modesty and temperance:" bu[illegible] for teaching these virtues, I conceive [illegible] shall have occasions enough in relation [illegible] their hurtful desires, without abridgin[illegible] them so wholly in matters indifferent a[illegible] innocent, that tend only to divert and plea[illegible] their busy spirits. You allow indeed, "Th[illegible] "it would be inhumanity to deny the[illegible] "those things one perceives would delig[illegible] "them:" if so, I see no reason why, in [illegible] modest way, and with submission to th[illegible] wills of their superiors, they may not b[illegible] allowed to declare what will delight the[illegible] No, say you; "But in all wants of fanc[illegible] "and affectation, they should never, [illegible] "once declared, be hearkened to or com[illegible]plied with." This I can never agree to, [illegible] being to deny that liberty between a chil[illegible] and its parents, as we desire, and hav[illegible] gracio[illegible]

[illegible], between man and his Creator. [illegible] in this case, man is allowed to de[illegible] wants, and with submission to re[illegible] his requests to God; so I think [illegible] may be allowed, by their parents or governors. And as between the creature and the Creator all manner of repining, upon denial or disappointment, is forbidden; so in the case of children, all frowardness or discontent, upon a refusal, is severely to be reprimanded. But thus far I agree with you in the whole, "That "whether it be in wants natural or fan"ciful, that they express their desires in "a froward humoursome manner, there "they should be surely denied them." A farther reason for my allowing children a liberty of expressing their innocent desires is, that the contrary is impracticable; and you must have the children almost moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else you must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man alive, I leave you to judge; and besides, were it an easy task for any person to study the fancy, the unaccountable fancy, and diversion of children, the whole year round; yet it would not prove delightful to a child, being not his own choice. But this, you will say, is what you would not have imprinted on them, "That they are not to "chuse for themselves:" but why not, in harmless things, and plays or sports, I see no particular reason. In all things of moment, let them live by the conduct of others wiser than themselves.

This, Sir, is all that in your whole book I stick at; to all the rest I could subscribe. And I am not a little pleased, when I consider that my own management of my only little one has hitherto been agreeable in the main to your rules, save only in what relates to his hardy breeding; which I was cautious in, because he is come from a tender and sickly mother; but the child himself is hitherto (God be thanked) very healthful, though not very strong.

The rules you give for the correcting of children, and implanting in their minds an early sense of praise or dispraise, of repute and dishonour, are certainly very just.

The contrivances you propose for teaching them to read and write, are very ingenious. And because I have practised one much of the same nature, I will venture to describe it. "It is by writing "syllables and words in print-hand, on "the face of a pack of cards, with figures "or cyphers adjoined to each word; by "which I can form twenty several sorts of "games, that shall teach children both "to read and count at the same time; and "this with great variety." One thing more I shall venture to add to what you direct concerning writing; that is, I will have my son taught short-hand; I do not mean to that perfection as to copy a speech from the mouth of a ready speaker, but to be able to write it readily for his own private business. Believe me, Sir, it is as useful a knack as a man of business, or any scholar, can be master of; and I have found the want of it myself, and seen the advantage of it in others frequently.

You are certainly in the right of it, relating to the manner of acquiring languages, French, Latin, &c. and in what you lay down concerning grammar-schools, themes, verses, and other learning. But above all, what you direct in every particular, for the forming of children's minds, and giving them an early turn to morality, virtue, religion, &c. is most excellent.

And I can only say in general, that I can give no better proof of my liking your book in all these precepts, than by a strict observance of them in the education of my own son, which I shall pursue (God willing) as exactly as I can. One thing I fear I shall be at a loss in, that is, a tutor agreeable to the character you prescribe. But in this, neither shall my endeavours be wanting, though I leave him the worse estate, to leave him the better mind.

I could heartily have wished you had been more particular in naming the authors you would advise gentlemen to read, and be conversant in, in the several parts of learning you recommend to their study. Had you done this, I know no logic that deserves to be named, but the Essay of Human Understanding. So that I fear you would rather have left that head open, than recommended your own work.

The last thing I shall take notice of, is what mightily pleases me, it being the very thought of my own mind these many years; which is, your "recommending a "manual trade to all gentlemen." This I have ever been for, and have wondered how it comes to pass that it is so generally neglected; but the lazy, effeminate luxuriousness, that over-runs the nation, occasions

casions the neglect thereof. Painting I have ever designed for my son; but you have raised two objections against it, that are not easily answered; especially its taking up so much time to attain a mastery in it.

I have now given you my opinion of your book, and now I am obliged to thank you for sending me a present which I so highly value.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, 23d August, 1693.

YOURS of August 12th, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health, as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble, suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully, by the length and kindness, and, let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the approbation you so largely give to my book is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts will have removed, before I say any thing to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affections of a kind father should startle at it, at first reading, and think it very severe, that children should not be suffered to express their desires, for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint you fear would be apt to mope them, and hinder their diversion. But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not be indulged, or complied with, in any thing their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say, That children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day, but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge, seems to intimate as if you understood that children should do nothing but by prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing, for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would, as much as possible, have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed, and when you have put that together, judge whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them, without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that; for when they have either done what their governor thinks enough in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should of course be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as they can be; and, upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but you will find me so. But being allowed that, as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires or importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like, especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad, the other strait has a mind to it too: has such a one new or fine clothes, or play-things, they, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with if they have it not. This being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families in the world than one. This should be suppressed in its very first rise: and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should, by constant use, learn to be very modest in owning their desires, and careful not to ask any thing of their parents but what they have reason to think their parents

parents will approve of: and a reprimand upon their ill bearing a refusal comes too late, when the fault is committed and allowed; and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied: so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and then think the fittest time for a cure; and, I think, the surest and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children, that is in grown men; and how often do we find men take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for, if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any farther in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child, which in some cases, should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general is only to shew what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances, as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about: you say your son is not very strong; to make him strong, you must use him hardly, as I have directed; but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet, and the cough, which threatened him under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents constant apprehension, as it was.

I am of your mind as to short-hand: I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ; as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things which might have been said on this subject. But it was only at first a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done, unless one knew the child's temper and what he was designed to.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, June 2d, 1694.

I AM highly obliged to you for the favour of your last, of May 26th, which I received yesterday. It brought me the welcome news of the second edition of your Essay being published; and that you have favoured me with a copy, which I shall expect with some impatience; and when I have perused it, I shall, with all freedom, give you my thoughts of it.

And now that you have cleared your hands of your second edition, I hope you may have leisure to turn your thoughts to the subject I have so often proposed to you; but this, you will say, is a cruelty in me, that no sooner you are rid of one trouble, but I set you on another. Truly, Sir, were I sensible it could be a trouble to you, I should hardly presume so far on your goodness; but I know those things are so easy and natural to your mind, that they give you no pain in the production. And I know also, such is your universal love of mankind, that you count nothing troublesome that tends to their good, in a matter of so great concernment as morality.

I have formerly told you what care I proposed to take in the education of my only child. I must now beg your pardon if I trouble you in a matter, wherein I shall be at a loss without your assistance. He is now five years old, of a most towardly and promising disposition; bred exactly, as far as his age permits, to the rules you prescribe, I mean as to forming his mind, and mastering his passions. He reads very well, and I think it time now to put him forward to some other learning. In order to this, I shall want a tutor for him, and indeed this place can hardly afford me one to my mind. If therefore you know any ingenious man that may be proper for my purpose, you would highly oblige me by procuring him for me. I confess the encouragement I can propose to such a one is but moderate, yet perhaps there may be some found that may not despise it. He should eat at my own table, and have his lodging, washing, firing, and candle-light in my house, in a good handsome apartment, and besides this I should allow him 20l. *per annum*. His work for this should be only to instruct three or four boys in Latin, and such other learning as you recommend in your book; I say three or

four boys, because perhaps I may have a relation's child or two; one, who is my master's son, I have always, and do intend to keep as a companion to my own son, and of more I am uncertain. But if there be one or two, that will be no great addition to his trouble, considering that perhaps their parents may recompense that by their gratuites. I mention to you, of the languages, only Latin; but, if I could obtain it, I should be glad he were also master of the French. As to his other qualification, I shall only say in general, I could wish them such as you desire in a tutor, to instruct a young gentleman as you propose in your book. I would have him indeed a good man and a good scholar; and I propose very much satisfaction to myself in the conversation of such a one. And because a man may be cautious of leaving his native soil, and coming into a strange country, without some certainty of being acceptable to those that send for him, and of some continuance and settlement, I can say that I design him to stay with my son to his state of manhood; whether he go into the university, or travel, or whatever other state of life he may take to. And if perhaps on trial for some time, he or I may not like each other, I do promise to bear his charges both to and from me, so that he shall be no loser by his journey.

I beg your answer to this at your leisure; and if any such present, be pleased to let me know of him what particulars you can, as his parentage, education, qualifications, disposition, &c. with what other particulars you please to mention; and accordingly I shall write to you no farther about it.

In the mean time I beseech you to pardon this trouble given you by, honoured Sir, your most affectionate, and most obliged humble servant.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, 28th June, 1694.

SINCE the receipt of yours of the second instant, I have made what enquiry I can for a tutor for your son; the most likely, and the best recommended that I have met with, you will have an account of from himself in the inclosed, to which I need add little but these two things: 1st, That Mr. Fletcher, who is a good judge, and a person whose word I can rely on, gave me a very good character of him, both as to his manners and abilites, and said he would be answerable for him: the other is, That however it comes to pass, the Scotch have now here a far greater reputation for this sort of employment than our own countrymen. I am sorry that it is so, but I have of late found it in many instances.

I wish the endeavours I have used to procure you a tutor for your son, may be as successful as I desire. It is a business of a great concernment, to both you and your son; but governors that have right thoughts concerning education are hard to be found. It is happy for your son that a good part of it is to be under your eye. I shall be very glad if, in this or any other occasion, I may be able to do you any service; for with great sincerity and respect I am, Sir, your humble servant.

LETTER XLVII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Oates, 3d September, 1694.

I HAVE so much the advantage in the bargain, if friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfaction you find in yourself on that account, you must allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendship of ingenious and worthy men, and therefore you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farther hopes; for it is no small reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your judgment and candour, that I think myself secure in you from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will silently pass by any thing you are not thoroughly satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the advertisements I have received from you of this kind, will satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth, and that your animadversions

dversions will not be loſt upon me. y faults you ſhall meet with in reaſon-g, in perſpicuity, in expreſſion, or of e preſs, I deſire you to take notice of, d ſend me word of, eſpecially if you ve any where any doubt; for I am per-ded, that, upon debate, you and I nnot be of two opinions; nor, I think, r two men uſed to think with freedom, o really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and little fooliſh vain glory of not having de a miſtake.

I am very glad you were provided of tor nearer home; and it had this par-ular good luck in it, that otherwiſe you d been diſappointed, if you had de-ded on Mr. Gibbs, as a letter I writ you from London about it, I hope, ac-inted you. I am, dear Sir, your moſt ctionate, and moſt humble ſervant, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Dear Sir, Oates 28th March, 1695.

YOU will, I fear, think me frozen up with this long winter, or elſe with a gligence colder than that, having two ry obliging letters of yours by me, the e ever ſince January, the other Februa-y laſt, I make you no anſwer to either, thus far in March. The truth is, ex-ting ever ſince I received your laſt let-r, an account from London, concern-g ſomething I had a mind to put into y letter, and after writing four times out it, being yet delayed, I can forbear o longer to return you my thanks, and beg your pardon that I have been ſo ow in it. If you interpret it right, you ill look upon it as the effect of a friend-ip got paſt formalities, and that has con-ence enough to make bold with you, here it is without neglect of you, or rejudice to either. I was not a little ejoiced with the good news you ſent me the firſt of your letters, of your ſafe ecovery of a fever. Had I known it be-re the danger was over, that you had een ill, it would have been no ſmall right and pain to me, for I muſt aſſure ou, that amongſt all the friends your indneſs or worth has procured you, there s not any one who values you more than I do, or does more intereſt himſelf in all our concerns. This makes me, that ough I have a long time extremely de-red to ſee you, and propoſe to myſelf n infinite ſatisfaction in a free converſa-on with you; yet what you tell me, that you were coming laſt ſummer into England to make me a viſit, makes me dread the ſatisfaction of my own wiſhes. And methinks I ought not to purchaſe one of the greateſt happineſſes I can propoſe to myſelf, at ſo dangerous a rate. I have received many and great obligations from you before, but they were ſuch as, though I had no title to, I thought I might accept from one whom I love, and therefore was glad to find kind to me. But when I reflect on the length of the way, and the ſea between us, the danger of the one, and the fatigue of both, and your no very robuſt conſtitution, as I imagine, I cannot conſent you ſhould venture ſo much for my ſake. If any harm ſhould happen to you on the journey, I could never forgive it myſelf, to be the occaſion of ſo great a loſs to the world and myſelf. And if you ſhould come ſafe, the greatneſs of the hazard, and an obligation out of all proportion to what I either ought to receive or was capable to return, would overwhelm me with ſhame, and hinder my enjoyment. And yet if I may confeſs my ſecret thoughts, there is not any thing which I would not give that ſome other unavoidable occaſion would draw you into England. A rational, free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is ſo rare a thing, that I almoſt worſhip ſuch a friend; but when friendſhip is joined to it, and and theſe are brought into a free converſation, where they meet, and can be together, what is there can have equal charms? I cannot but exceedingly wiſh for that happy day when I may ſee a man I have ſo often longed to have in my embraces. But yet, though it would endear the gift to receive it from his kindneſs, I cannot but rather wiſh that fortune alone would throw him into my arms.

This cold winter has kept me ſo cloſe a priſoner within doors, that, till yeſterday, I have been abroad but once theſe three months, and that only a mile in a coach. And the inability I am in to breathe London air in cold weather, has hindered me yet from the happineſs of waiting on Dr. Aſhe; but I hope to get to London before he leaves it, that I may, to a perſon whom you have an eſteem for, pay ſome part of the reſpects I owe you. I had laſt week the honour of a viſit from an ingenious gentleman, a member of your college at Dublin, lately returned from Turkey. He told me he was a kinſman of yours; and though his other good qualities might have made him welcome

come any where, he was not, you may be sure, the less welcome to me for being known and related to you. He seems to me to have been very diligent and curious in making observations while he has been abroad, and more inquisitive than most of our people that go into those parts; and by the discourse I had with him the little time we were together, I promise myself we shall have a more exact account of those parts, in what I hope he intends to publish, than hitherto is extant. Dr. Huntington, who was formerly at Aleppo, and is my old acquaintance, and now my neighbour in this country, brought Mr. Smith hither from his house; but yet I must acknowledge the favour to you, and desire you to thank him for it, when he returns to Dublin; for the friendship he knew you had for me, was, I take it, the great inducement that made him give himself the trouble of coming six or seven miles in a dirty country.

You do so attack me on every side with your kindness to my book, to me, to my shadow, that I cannot but be ashamed I am not in a capacity to make you any other acknowledgement, but in a very full and deep sense of it. I return you my thanks for the corrections you have sent me, which I will take all the care of I can in the next edition, which my bookseller tells me he thinks will be this summer; and if any other fall under your observation, I shall desire the continuance of your favour in communicating them.

I must own to you that I have been solicited from beyond sea, to put my Essay into Latin; but you guess right, I have not the leisure to do it. It was once translated by a young man in Holland into Latin; but he was so little master of the English or Latin tongue, that when it was shewed me, which was not until he had quite done it, I satisfied him that it would be very little for his credit to publish it, and so that was laid by. Since that, my bookseller was, and has been for some time seeking for a translator, whom he would have treated with to have undertaken it, and have satisfied for his pains; but a little before the coming of your letter, he writ me word he had been disappointed, where he expected to have found one who would have done it, and was now at a loss. So that what you call a bold, is not only the kindest, but the most seasonable proposal you could have made. You understand my thoughts as well as I do myself, and can be a fit judge whether the translator has expressed t well in Latin or no, and can direct where to omit or contract any thing w you think I have been more large t needed. And though in this I know intend, as you say, some good to the wo yet I cannot but take it as a very parti lar obligation to myself, and shall not a little satisfied to have my book go ab into the world with the strokes of your dicious hand to it; for, as to omitti adding, altering, transposing any thing it, I permit it wholly to your judgme And if there be any thing in it defecti or which you think may be added with vantage to the design of the whole wo if you will let me know, I shall end vour to supply that defect the best I c The chapter of Identity and Diver which owes its birth wholly to your p ting me upon it, will be an encourageme to you to lay any the like commands on I have had some thoughts myself, tha would not be possibly amiss to add *lib.* iv. *cap.* 18. something about Enth siasm, or to make a chapter of it by self. If you are of the same mind, a that it will not be foreign to the betin of my Essay, I promise you before t translator you shall employ shall be g so far, I will send you my thoughts that subject, so that it may be put in the Latin edition. I have also examin P. Malebranche's opinion, concerni "Seeing all things in God," and to own satisfaction laid open the vanity, consistency, and unintelligibleness, of t way of explaining human understandi I have gone almost, but not quite throu it, and know not whether I now ev shall finish it, being fully satisfied mi about it. You cannot think how often regret the distance that is between us envy Dublin for what I every day want London. Were you in my neighbourhoo you would every day be troubled with t proposal of some of my thoughts to yo I find mine so generally out of the way the books I meet with, or men lei books, that were I not conscious to my self that I impartially seek truth, I shou be discouraged from letting my thoug loose, which commonly lead me o the beaten track. However, I wa somebody near me to whom I co freely communicate them, and without re serve lay them open. I should find sec rity and ease in such a friend as you, we you within distance; for your judgme would confirm and set me at rest, whe

proved, and your candour would exempt your judgment corrected, and set right in. As to your request you expect to me, I desire you to believe there is nothing in your letters which I pass over slightly, or without taking heed; and if I formerly said nothing to speak it to be, that I thought it the place of answering a friend whom I resolved to deny nothing that was in my power. There are some particular reasons that tie me up in the point, which have drawn on me some displeasure for a time from some of my friends, who made me a somewhat like crime. But I expect to find you more reasonable, and give you this assurance, that you shall be the first that shall be satisfied in that point. I am not forgetful of what you so kindly put me upon: I think nobody ought to live only to eat and drink, and count the days he spends idly. In the all remainder of a crazy life I shall, so much as my health will permit, apply myself to search of truth, and shall not neglect to propose to myself those that may be most useful. My paper is more than done, and, I suppose, you tired; and yet I can scarce give off. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, April 26, 1695.

YOU look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and I shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and over valuings of good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose inclination, assistance, affection, and opinions I can in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would fill as yourself: I want one near hand to talk freely with, *de quolibet ente*; to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine: it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could shew him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

LETTER L.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Oates, 2d July, 1695.

DID I not assure myself that our friendship were grown beyond suspicion of compliment, I should think I should have need to make excuses to you for my long silence; but I know you will credit me, when

when I tell you it has been neither forgetfulness nor negligence. The specimen of the translation you sent me, gave me some reason to apprehend that Mr. Mullart's style would lay too great a burden on your kindness, by often needing the correction of your hand, to make it express my sense with that clearness and easiness which I know you desire. My bookseller therefore having before told me of one who had offered to undertake the translation of my Essay, I have been ever since endeavouring to get from him a specimen, that I might send it you, and have your opinion which is like to do best; and so if this man had a talent that way, you might be eased of the trouble which your friendship to me and zeal to the work, I foresee, is likely to lay upon you. But having the last post received this account from Mr. Churchill, that the gentleman proposed is in the country, and must have a book sent him down on purpose before we can expect to see any thing from him, and this being all to be managed by a third hand, who is not every day to be met with, I have resolved to lose no more time on that thought, but accepting of your kind offer, put that whole matter into your hands, to be ordered as you shall think best, and shall spend no more time in other enquiries, since the gentleman you propose will (as I remember you told me) be about this time at leisure to set himself in earnest to it. There is one thing I would offer, which may be of advantage to him and the work too; and that is, that he would constantly and sedulously read Tully, especially his philosophical works, which will insensibly work him into a good Latin style. I have heard it reported of Bishop Sanderson, that being asked how he came to write Latin so well, as appears in the treatises he published in that tongue; he answered, "by ordering his studies so that "he read over all Tully's works every "year." I leave it to you whether you will think fit to mention this to Mr. Mullart.

The Abridgment of my Essay is quite finished: it is done by a very ingenious man of Oxford, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his learning and virtue, who has a great many pupils. It is done with the same design you had in view when you mentioned it. He has generally (as far as I could remember) made use of my words: he very civilly sent it me when it was done, and, upon looking over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. Churchill's hands, and will be printed as soon as the third edition of my Essay, which is now in the press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good effects of my method on your son. I should be glad to know the particulars; for though I have seen the success of it in a child of the lady in whose house I am (whose mother has taught him Latin without knowing it herself when she began), yet I would be glad to have other instances; because some men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the world by a new method, object, I hear, that my way of education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the child above-mentioned, but nine years old in June last, has learned to read and write very well; is now reading Quintus Curtius with his mother; understands geography and chronology very well, and the Copernican system of our vortex; is able to multiply well, and divide a little; and all this without ever having one blow for his book. The third edition is now out; I have ordered Mr. Churchill to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your opinion of the additions, which have much increased the bulk of the book. And though I think all that I have said right, yet you are the man I depend on for a fair and free censure, not inclined either to flatter or quarrel. You know not of what value a knowing man, that is a lover of truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not, therefore, if I place a great part of my happiness in your friendship, and wish every day you were my neighbour; you would then find what use I should make of it. But not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the advantage I can at this distance. Read the additions, and examine them strictly, for I would not, willingly, mislead the world. Pray let me know whether the Doctor, your brother, has any children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my books of education.

With my treatise of Education, I believe you will receive another little one concerning Interest and Coinage. It is one of the fatherless children which the world lay at my door; but whoever be the author, I shall be glad to know your opinion of it.

LET-

LETTER LI.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, August 24, 1695.

VE already so much experience of r method of education, that I long rour third edition. And since you upon it (to whom I can refuse no- in my power), I will give you a account of my little boy's progress it.

was six years old about the middle July. When he was but just turn- , he could read perfectly well; and globes could have traced out, and d at all the noted parts, countries, ities of the world, both land and sea: y five and an half, could perform of the plainest problems on the ; as the longitude and latitude, the podes, the time with them and other ries, &c. and this by way of play diversion, seldom called to it, never or beaten for it. About the same e could read any number of figures, exceeding six places, break it as you please by cyphers or zeros. By the he was six, he could manage a com- , ruler, and pencil, very prettily, and orm many geometrical tricks, and ad- ted to writing and arithmetic; and been about three months at Latin, rein his tutor observes, as nigh as he the method prescribed by you. He read a Gazette, and, in the large of Sanson, shews most of the re- table places as he goes along, and as to the proper maps. He has been wn some dogs dissected, and can give e little account of the grand traces of tomy. And as to the formation of mind, which you rightly observe to be most valuable part of education, I do believe that any child had ever his ions more perfectly at command. He obedient and observant to the nicest ticular, and at the same time sprightly, ful, and active.

But I will say no more; this may be tome to others, however pleasing to yself.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, 16th November, 1695.

THOUGH there be no man in the world that I so much long to see as you, yet your last letter, of the second instant, makes me afraid of your coming. Your kindness and expression in my favour, has painted me in your fancy, that I shall unavoidably fall many degrees in your esteem, when you find me come so much short of what you expected: *Paratus est mihi magnus adversarius expectatio*, as I remember Tully somewhere says. One thing only I have to satisfy myself, viz. that whatever I may want of those qualities you ascribe to me, I have one that helps mightily to cover defects, and make one acceptable, without the recommendation of great perfections, I mean friendship, true and sincere. This I can boast of to you, this I can bid you expect, and tell you you shall not be deceived. Come then, but come with this resolution, that you will be content; that shall make up to you all those fine things which you imagine before-hand, in a man whom you will really find a plain, honest, well-meaning man, who unbiassedly seeks truth, though it be but a very small part of it he has yet discovered.

I am very glad you approve of the additions to the third edition of my Education: you are a father, and are concerned not to be deceived, and therefore I expect you will not flatter me in this point.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Honoured Sir, Dublin, June 6, 1696.

IT is a melancholy thought to me, that since I have had the happiness of your correspondence, there has hardly happened a year when both you and I have not made it an apology for our long silence, that we have been indisposed in our health; yet it has pleased God that so it has been, and so it is on my side at present. About four years and an half ago, I was first seized by a violent cholic, which then so weakened me, that to this time I lie so far under the effects thereof, as upon any cold to be very apt to relapse into the same. And so it has been with me for a while past; but now, God be thanked, I am again well recovered. I had not otherwise so long deferred my answer to your's of March the 30th, which after a long silence, brought me the assurance of your health, and therewith no small satisfaction, having before that entertained some painful thoughts of your indisposition, from some rumours I had heard. But

But I find Heaven is not yet so angry with us, as to take you from among us.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Sir, London, 2d July, 1696.

I CANNOT without great trouble hear of any indisposition of yours; your friendship, which Heaven has bestowed on me, as one of the greatest blessings I can enjoy for the remainder of my life, is what I value at so high a rate, that I cannot consider myself within danger of losing a person every way so dear to me without very great uneasiness of mind.

Thus far I got, when I sat down to write to you about a month since, as you will see by the date at the top; business, and a little excursion into the country, has hindered me ever since. Were you a man I only cared to talk with out of civility, I should sooner answer your letters: but not contenting myself with such a formal correspondence with you, I cannot find in my heart to begin writing to you, till I think I shall have time to talk a great deal, and pour out my mind to a man to whom I make sure I can do it with freedom; his candour and friendship allows that, and I find I know not what pleasure in doing it. I promised myself abundance of pleasure this summer in seeing you here, and the disappointment is one of the most sensible I could have met with in my private concerns; and the occasion that robbed me of that satisfaction frights me. I have, I thank God, now as much health as my constitution will allow me to expect; but yet, if I will think like a reasonable man, the flattery of my summer vigour ought not to make me count beyond the next winter at any time for the future. The last sat so heavy upon me, that it was with difficulty I got through it; and you will not blame me if I have a longing to see and embrace a man I esteem and love so much, before I leave this silly earth; which, when the conveniences of life are moderately provided for, has nothing of value in it equal to the conversation of a knowing, ingenious, and large-minded friend, who sincerely loves and seeks truth.

Though your cholic has done me no small prejudice, yet I am much more angry with it upon the account of those inconveniences it has made you suffer. I know you are in skilful, as well as careful hands, under the care of your b and it could not be advisable in a to draw you from them. The choli general a name for pains in the belly, that I cannot from thence p to make any judgment of your but it can be no harm to advise y ask him, whether he does not think the drinking of our Bath waters m useful to you in your case. I know waters mightily strengthen those pa

Your congratulation to me I ta you meant, kindly and seriously, a may be, it is what another would re in; but if you will give me leave to per truth without vanity, in the ear friend, it is a preferment which I sha nothing by, and I know not whether country will, though that I shall a with all my endeavours.

Riches may be instrumental to so good purposes, that it is, I think, va rather than religion or philosophy, to tend to contemn them. But yet they be purchased too dear. My age health demand a retreat from bustle business, and the pursuit of some enqui I have in my thoughts, makes it n desirable than any of those rewards wh public employments tempt people w I think the little I have enough, and not desire to live higher, or die ri than I am; and therefore you have son rather to pity the folly, than con tulate the fortune, that engages me in whirlpool.

LETTER LV.

From the same to the same.

Sir, London, 12th September, 169

COULD the painter have made a pict of me capable of your conversation, should have sat to him with more deli than ever I did any thing in my life. T honour you do me, in giving me tha place in your house, I look upon as t effect of having a place already in yo esteem and affection; and that made more easily submit to what methoug looked too much like vanity in me. Pain ing was designed to represent the gods, the great men that stood next to the But friendship, I see, takes no measure any thing, but by itself, and where it great and high, will make its object so, a raise it above its level. This is that whic has deceived you into my picture, a made you put so great a compliment up

me

and I do not know what you will find ...ify yourself to those who shall see it ...our possession. You may indeed tell ..., the original is as much yours as the ...ate; but this will be no great boast, ...n the man is not more considerable ...this shadow. When I looked upon it, ...it was done, methought it had not ... countenance I ought to accost you ... I know not whether the secret dis...ture I felt while I was sitting, from the ...deration that the going of my picture ...ght us no nearer together, made me ...grave: but this I must own, that it ...not without regret that I remembered ... this counterfeit would be before me ...the man that I so much desired to be ..., and could not tell him how much I ...ged to put myself into his hands, and to ...e him in my arms. One thing pray let ...mind you of, and when you look on it ...ny time pray believe, that the colours ... that face on the cloth are more fading ...changeable than those thoughts which ...ll always represent you to my mind as ...e most valuable person in the world, ...ose face I do not know, and one whose ...mpany is so desirable to me, that I shall ...be happy till I do.

LETTER LVI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Oates, 22d February, 1696-7.

I FEAR you will be of an opinion that I take my picture for myself, and think you ought to look no farther, since that is coming to you, or is already with you. Indeed we are shadows much alike, and there is not much difference in our strength and usefulness. But yet I cannot but remember, that I cannot expect my picture should answer your letters to me, pay the acknowledgments I owe you, and excuse a silence as great as if I were nothing but a piece of cloth overlaid with colours. I could lay a great deal of blame on business, and a great deal on want of health. Between these two I have had a little leisure since I writ to you last. But all that will bear no excuse to myself, for being three letters in arrear to a person whom I the willinglest hear from of any man in the world, and with whom I had rather entertain myself, and pass my hours in conversation, than with any one that I know. I should take it amiss if you were not angry with me for not writing to you all this while; for I should suspect you loved me not so well as I love you, if you could patiently bear my silence. I hope it is your civility makes you not chide me. I promise you I should have grumbled cruelly at you if you had been half so guilty as I have been. But if you are angry a little, pray be not so very much; for if you should provoke me any way, I know the first sight of a letter from you would allay all my choler immediately; and the joy of hearing you were well, and that you continued your kindness to me, would fill my mind, and leave me no other passion: for I tell you truly, that since the receipt of your letter in September last, there has scarce a day past, I am sure not a post, wherein I have not thought of my obligation and debt to you, and resolved to acknowledge it to you, though something or other has still come between to hinder me. For you would have pitied me, to see how much of my time was forced from me this winter in the country (where my illness confined me within doors) by crowds of letters, which were therefore indispensably to be answered, because they were from people whom either I knew not, or cared not for, or was not willing to make bold with; and so you, and another friend I have in Holland, have been delayed, and put last, because you are my friends beyond ceremony and formality. And I reserved myself for you when I was at leisure, in the ease of thoughts to enjoy: for that you may not think you have been passed over by a peculiar neglect, I mention to you another very good friend of mine, of whom I have now by me a letter, of an ancienter date than the first of your three, yet unanswered.

LETTER LVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Oates, 10th Jan. 1697-8.

YOUR gentle and kind reproof of my silence has greater marks of true friendship in it, than can be expressed in the most elaborate professions, or be sufficiently acknowledged by a man who has not the opportunity nor ability to make those returns he would. Though I have had less health and more business since I writ to you last than ever I had for so long together in my life, yet neither the one nor the other had kept me so long a truant, had not the concurrence of other causes drilled me on from day to day, in a neglect of what I frequently purposed, and always thought myself obliged to do. Perhaps the listlesness my indisposition constantly kept me

me in made me too easily hearken to such excuses; but the expectation of hearing every day from Monsieur Le Clerc, that I might send you his answer; and the thoughts that I should be able to send your brother an account, that his curious treatise concerning the Chafers in Ireland was printed; were at least the pretences that served to humour my lazinesS. Business kept me in town longer than was convenient for my health: all the day from my rising was commonly spent in that; and when I came home at night, my shortness of breath, and panting for want of it, made me ordinarily so uneasy, that I had no heart to do any thing; so that the usual diversion of my vacant hours forsook me, and reading itself was a burden to me. In this estate I lingered along in town to December, till I betook myself to my wonted refuge, in the more favourable air and retirement of this place. That gave me presently relief against the constant oppression of my lungs, while I sit still; but I find such a weakness of them still remain, that if I stir ever so little, I am immediately out of breath, and the very dressing or undressing me is a labour that I am fain to rest after to recover my breath; and I have not been once out of my house since I came last hither. I wish nevertheless that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find, that, sitting by the fire's side, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you, you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with. Do not therefore figure to yourself, that I am languishing away my last hours under an unsociable despondency and the weight of my infirmity. It is true, I do not count upon years of life to come, but I thank God I have not many uneasy hours here in the four-and twenty; and if I can have the wit to keep myself out of the stifling air of London, I see no reason but, by the grace of God, I may get over this winter, and that terrible enemy of mine may use me no worse than the last did, which, as severe and as long as it was, let me yet see another summer.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Dear Sir, Oates, 6th April

THERE is none of the letter[illegible] I received from you gave me [illegible] trouble as your last of March [illegible] told that you resolved to come into [illegible] land early in the spring, and lived [illegible] hopes of it more than you can imag[illegible] do not mean that I had greater hope[illegible] than you can imagine; but it en[illegible] me, and contributed to the support o[illegible] spirits more than you can think. But [illegible] letter has quite dejected me again. [illegible] thing I above all things long for, is t[illegible] and embrace, and have some discourse [illegible] you before I go out of this world. I [illegible] with so few capable of truth, or wor[illegible] a free conversation, such as becomes lo[illegible] of truth, that you cannot think it str[illegible] if I wish for some time with you for [illegible] exposing, sifting, and rectifying of [illegible] thoughts. If they have gone any th[illegible] farther in the discovery of truth than [illegible] I have already published, it must be [illegible] your encouragement that I must go o[illegible] finish some things that I have already [illegible] gun; and with you I hoped to discos[illegible] my other yet crude and imperfect thoug[illegible] in which, if there were any thing us[illegible] to mankind, if they were opened and [illegible] posited with you, I know them safe lodg[illegible] for the advantage of truth some time [illegible] other: for I am in doubt, whether it be [illegible] for me to trouble the press with any n[illegible] matter; or if I did, I look on my life [illegible] so near worn out, that it would be folly [illegible] hope to finish any thing of moment in t[illegible] small remainder of it. I hoped therefor[illegible] as I said, to have seen you, and unravell[illegible] to you that which lying in the lump unc[illegible] plicated in my mind, I scarce yet kno[illegible] what it is myself; for I have often had e[illegible] perience that a man cannot well judge [illegible] his own notions till, either by setting the[illegible] down in paper, or in discoursing them to [illegible] friend, he has drawn them out, and as i[illegible] were spread them fairly before himself. A[illegible] for writing, my ill health gives me litt[illegible] heart or opportunity for it; and of seeing [illegible] you I begin now to despair; and that which very much adds to my affliction in the cas[illegible] is, that you neglect your own health o[illegible] considerations, I am sure, that are no[illegible] worth your health; for nothing, if expecta-tions were certainties, can be worth it. I see

[illegible]elihood of the parliaments' rising [illegible] good while; and when they are [illegible] knows whether the man you ex[illegible] have you, will come to you pre[illegible] at all? You must therefore lay [illegible]ness for a while which detains [illegible] get some other body into it, if you [illegible] that care of your health this sum[illegible] which you designed, and it seems to [illegible]; and if you defer it till the next, [illegible] but your care of it may then [illegible] too late? There is nothing that we [illegible] spendthrifts of as of health; we [illegible] every thing sooner than that, though [illegible] we sacrifice it to is worth nothing [illegible]. Pardon me the liberty I take [illegible]: you have given me an interest [illegible]; and it is a thing of too much value [illegible] to look coldly on whilst you are [illegible] into any inconvenience or dan[illegible] and say nothing. If that could be any [illegible] to you to hasten your journey hither, [illegible] tell you I have an Answer ready [illegible] press, which I should be glad you [illegible] first. It is too long: the plenty [illegible] matter of all sorts which the gentleman [illegible] me, is the cause of its too great length, though I have passed by many [illegible] worthy of remarks; but what may be spared of what there is, I would be glad [illegible] be blotted out by your hand. But [illegible] between us.

Amongst other things I would be glad [illegible] with you about before I die, is that [illegible] you suggest at the bottom of the first [illegible] of your letter. I am mightily con[illegible] for the place meant in the question [illegible] you will ask the author of the trea[illegible] you mention, and wish extremely well [illegible]; and would be very glad to be in[illegible] by you what would be best for it, [illegible] debate with you the ways to compose [illegible] But this cannot be done by letters; the [illegible] is of too great extent, the views too [illegible], and the particulars too many to be [illegible] managed. Come therefore yourself, and [illegible] as well prepared in that matter as you can. But if you talk with others on that [illegible] there, mention not me to any body [illegible] that subject; only let you and I try what [illegible] we can do for those whom we wish [illegible] to. Great things have sometimes been [illegible] about from small beginnings well [illegible] together.

Pray present my most humble service to your brother: I should be glad of an opportunity to do him some service. That [illegible] he thanks me for, in my care about [illegible] discourse concerning the Chafers, was a service to the public, and he owes me no thanks for it. I am, dear Sir, your faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1698.

Honoured dear Sir,

I ARRIVED here safely the 15th instant; and now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever under in my life; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts, makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. It is with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you to give my most humble respects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little pressed by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival; to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter, from, Sir, your most obliged, and entirely affectionate friend and servant.

LETTER LX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

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

YOURS of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weathercock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on the other side the water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated

treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read.

I find you were beset with business when you wrote your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet for all that I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with a perfect affection, dear Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Burridge.

Sir, Oates, Oct. 27th, 1698.

YOU guessed not amiss when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter; for I have received few letters in my life the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time: but it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss in an eternal farewel in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments; a fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake (his father has more than once talked to me of him) as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing wherein I at this distance may be any way serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to shew that friendship died not with him.

Pray give my most humble service Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I a Sir, your faithful and humble servant.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, August 27th, 16

I AM very sensible of your great civili in remembering me upon so short acquaintance as I had with you in Ho so long time since; and I assure you, wi out any compliment, I reckon it am the most fortunate accidents of my life so luckily falling into your conversati which was so candid, diverting, and i structive, that I still reap the benefit a satisfaction of it. Some years after I l you in Holland, upon my return for E land, I contracted no small intimacy wi Dr. Sydenham, on the account of havin been known to you his much esteeme friend; and I found him so accurate a observer of diseases, so thoroughly skill in all useful knowledge of his professio and withal so communicative, that his ac quaintance was a very great advantage t me: and all this I chiefly owe to you, Si besides the information of many usef truths, and a great deal of very pleasin entertainment I have met with, in the pe rusal of your lately published writings: s that on many accounts I must needs sa there are very few men in the world, t whom I can with the like sincerity profe myself to be, as I am, dear Sir, your mo real friend, and very humble and oblige servant.

LETTER LXIII.

From the same, to the same.

Sir, Dublin, Dec. 20th, 16

I AM much concerned to hear you have your health no better; and, on th occasion, cannot but deplore the great losses the intellectual world in all ages ha suffered by the strongest and soundest min possessing the most infirm and sickly bodie Certainly there must be some very powe ful cause for this in nature, or else we could not have so many instances where the knife cuts the sheath, as the French materially express it: and if so, this mu be reckoned among the many other inse parable miseries that attend human affairs.

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LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, Jan. 20th, 1692-3.

I MUST acknowledge the care you take of my health, in a way wherein you so kindly apply to my mind; and if I could persuade myself that my weak constitution was owing to that strength of mind you ascribe to me, or accompanied with it, I should find therein, if not a remedy, yet a great relief against the infirmities of my body. However, I am not the less obliged to you for so friendly an application; and if the cordial you prescribe be not to be had (for I know none equal to a judicious and capacious mind), your kindness is not to be blamed, who I am confident wish me all satisfaction, or any thing else that could contribute to my health.

LETTER LXV.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1693.

FOR a-while I deferred making any return for the favour of your last letter, on the account I understood by one of yours to my brother, that I was suddenly to expect another obligation from you, by the receipt of your Treatise of Education, which yesterday first came to my hands; and now I return you my hearty thanks for both your kindnesses together, of which, should I express the real thoughts I have, I should seem to run either into extravagant compliment, or gross flattery: but this much I must needs say, that as your letter certainly contains, in short, the only true method for the prosecuting the curing part of the practice of physic, and the sure way of improving it; a matter of the greatest good in relation to men's bodies; so your book of Education lays down such rules for the breeding of youth, as if followed must necessarily prove of the greatest advantage to the better part of man, the mind; by insensibly disposing it to an habitual exercise of what is virtuous and laudable, and the acquisition of all such knowledge as is necessary for one's own good, or that of others whom we are to converse with. Whence I cannot but think, had those of our own countries but a thorough education, and a right sense of the great benefit that redounds from a careful education, so as universally to put it in practice, without question we should soon become a nation as remarkably different from the rest of the world for the inward endowments of our minds, and the rectitude of our manners, as the negroes are from the rest of mankind for their outward shape and colour of body. But this I fear is a happiness only to be wished for; however, he that makes it his endeavour to promote so great a good, by shewing the certain way to it, if they would follow him, justly deserves the high esteem of all that know how to value a truly public spirit.

I hope, Sir, you have your health better, and that we may suddenly have abroad your Essay of Human Understanding, with those farther additions and alterations you have some while since designed for the press: I am confident it is impatiently expected by all that are acquainted with your writings, and that peculiar clear manner of delivering truth you are so much master of, but by none more than, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER LXVI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Dublin, October 25th, 1697.

I SHOULD oftener make acknowledgments to you for your favours, and express the great esteem I bear you, but that this barren place affords little else to say; and this I cannot think reason enough to trouble one so busy and usefully engaged as you always are. Yet I would not omit thanking you, by this worthy gentleman Mr. Berrisford, your acquaintance, for a present of a book, I understand by my brother, you designed for me, though I was so unlucky as to miss of it; and also communicate to you the inclosed letter, which the Bishop of Clogher was pleased (perhaps out of his too partial friendship), to tell me deserved to be made public, and desired me accordingly to transmit it to Dr. Sloane: but this I would not do, unless it have your approbation also; so that it is wholly at your disposal to do with it as you please, as is likewise, Sir, your very affectionate friend, and humble servant.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, 27th October, 1698.

DEATH has with a violent hand hastily snatched from you a dear brother. I doubt not but on this occasion you need all the consolation that can be given to one unexpectedly bereft of so worthy and near a rela-

a relation. Whatever inclination I may have to alleviate your sorrow, I bear too great a share in the loss, and am too sensibly touched with it myself, to be in a condition to discourse you on this subject, or do any thing but mingle my tears with yours. I have lost in your brother, not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed; but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved: and what a loss that is, those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure. He has left a son who I know was dear to him, and deserved to be so as much as was possible for one of his age. I cannot think myself wholly incapacitated from paying some of the affection and service which was due from me to my dear friend, as long as he has a child or a brother in the world. If therefore there be any thing at this distance wherein I in my little sphere may be able to serve your nephew or you, I beg you, by the memory of our deceased friend, to let me know it; that you may see, that one who loved him so well cannot but be tenderly concerned for his son, nor be otherwise than I am, Sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant.

LETTER LXVIII.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Sir, Dublin, November 26th, 1698.

AS you have a true sense of every thing, so you were very much in the right, when you tell me in the letter you favoured me with of the 27th of last month, that I needed all the consolation could be given one that had lost so unexpectedly a dear and only brother. His death indeed has been a severe affliction to me; and though I have you, and many more, that bear a great share with me in my sorrow; yet this does no way alleviate it, but makes it fall the heavier upon me; for it doubles my grief to think what an unspeakable loss he must be to so near a relation, that is so much lamented by those that were only acquainted with him. I could not believe that mortality could have made so deep an impression on me, whose profession leads into so thorough a familiarity with it; but I find a passionate affection surmounts all this, and the *tecum obeam lubens*, though it was the expression of a poet, yet I am sensible was a very natural one where we love extremely, and the Indians prove it no less in fact. Could any outward circumstance of his life have increased that brother's affection I had for him, it must have been that he had so great a part in your friendship, who must be allowed to have a nice judgment in discerning the true character and worth of men. He frequently in his life-time has expressed to me with great complacency of mind, how happy he thought himself in your acquaintance, and he spoke of you several times during his short sickness, with great respect. With his own hand he has writ this clause in his will: "I give and bequeath to my excellent friend John Locke, Esquire, author of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, the sum of five pounds to buy him a ring, in memory of the value and esteem I had for him." This I shall take care to send you in a bill by Mr. Churchill's hands, when he states the account as it stands between him and my brother. The only child he has left behind him, is under my care and management. I shall endeavour to discharge this trust with all the regard to my brother's memory, and the advantage of his child, I can: but it grieves me to think that I must surely fall very much short of that extraordinary application and prudence his father would have shewn in his education; for he made it the chiefest, and indeed the only business of his life. I have made his little son as sensible as his tender age would allow, how much he is obliged to you, his father's friend, for your earnest desire to serve him: I wish you may both prolong your lives so, as he may one day be more thankful and capable of your kindness, by profiting much from your good instructions and advice. And since you so earnestly press me, by the memory of your deceased friend, to let you know wherein you might oblige me, I will venture to break the bounds of modesty so far, as to tell you I should be extremely pleased to receive from yourself the last edition of your incomparable Essay of Human Understanding, and such other pieces of your works as you shall think fit; for all which, as I have a great esteem, so I should have a more particular regard, coming from yourself, as a private memorial of my dear brother's friend, and of a person for whom I have such an extraordinary value; as I shall ever be proud of owning myself, Sir, your truly affectionate and humble servant.

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LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Sir, Oates, 25th January, 1698-9.

HAVE been slower in returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter the 26th of November, and the civilities n express to me in it, than perhaps I ould have been. But the truth is, my ughts never look towards Dublin now, thout casting such a cloud upon my mind, laying such a load of fresh sorrow on for the loss of my dear friend, your other, that I cannot without displeasure m them that way; and when I do it, I d myself very unfit for conversation and entertainment of a friend. It is therere not without pain that I bring myself write you a scurvy letter. What there ms in it of expression, you must make out of the esteem I have for the meory of our common friend; and I desire u not to think my respects to you the less, cause the loss of your brother makes me able to speak them as I would.

Since you are pleased to put such a ue on my trifles, I have given order to r. Churchill to send you my last reply to e bishop of Worcester, and the last edin of my Treatise of Education, which me forth since Mr. Molyneux's death. end this with the more confidence to u, because your brother told me more an once, that he followed the method I rein offer to the world, in the breeding his son. I wish you may find it fit to be ntinued to him, and useful to you in his ucation; for I cannot but be mightily oncerned for the son of such a father, and ish that he may grow up into that esteem d character which his father left behind m amongst all good men who knew him. s for my Essay concerning Human Underanding, it is now out of print; and if it ere not, I think I should make you but ill compliment in sending it you less perect than I design it should be in the next dition, in which I shall make many additions to it: and when it is as perfect as can make it, I know not whether in sending it you I shall not load you with a roublesome and useless present. But since y desiring it you seem to promise me your cceptance, I shall as soon as it is reprint-d take the liberty to thrust it into your ndy. I am, Sir, your most humble and aithful servant.

LETTER LXX.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ——.*

February 24th, 1706-7.

I ACCEPT kindly the offer of your correspondence, and chiefly as it comes from you with heartiness, and (the best of characters) simplicity. When this disposition of heart attends our searches into learning and philosophy, we need not fear being "vainly puffed up," or falling into that false way of wisdom, which the scripture calls "vain philosophy." When the improvement of our minds, and the advancement of our reason, is all we aim at; and this only to fit us for a perfecter, more rational, and worthier service of God; we can have no scruples whether or no the work be an acceptable one to him. But where neither our duty to mankind, nor obedience to our Creator, is any way the end or object of our studies or exercises, be they ever so curious or exquisite, they may be justly styled "vain;" and often the vainer, for carrying with them the false shew of excellence and superiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous even towards divinity than logics, metaphysics, and what we call university-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforewarned, or, what is worse, prepossessed, with the excellency of such learning; as if all wisdom lay in the solution of those riddles of the school-men, who, in the last ages of the church, found out an effectual way to destroy religion by philosophy, and render reason and philosophy ridiculous, under that garb they had put on it. If your circumstances or condition suffer you to enter into the world by a university, well is it for you that you have prevented such prepossession.

However, I am not sorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Essay of Human Understanding; which may as well qualify for business and the world, as for the sciences and a university. No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort; who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning. And above all, I wonder to hear him censured so much by any church of England-men,

* These letters were written before the Characteristics, which were first published 1711.

for advancing reason and bringing the use of it so much into religion; when it is by this only that we fight against the enthusiasts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat those visionaries, who in the last age broke in so foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at least) esteemed so terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of those, who in these truly happy times, esteem our church as wholly out of danger; yet should we hearken to those men who disclaim this use of reason in religion, we must lay ourselves open afresh to all fanatics. For what else is fanaticism? Where does the stress of their cause lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the spirit; their unexpressible pretended feelings, apprehensions, and lights within; their inspirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c. are not these, I say, the foundations on which they build their cause? Are not our cold dead reasonings (as they call them) a reproach and stumbling-block to them? if you will believe their leaders, who are instantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts and spirits, and supernatural graces, if they are once brought to the test of cool reason and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cause, by giving up reason? Shall we give them up our Tillotsons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what less is it to give up this way of reason so much decryed by those condemners of Mr. Locke? But such is the spirit of some men in controversial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Master Locke, has (as I am lately told) turned rigid Calvinist, as to all the points of predestination, free-grace, &c. and not only this clergyman, but several more in the university of that high party, who ran as high in opposition to Calvinism, but one reign or two since. The reason of this is but too obvious. Our bishops and dignified churchmen (the most worthily and justly dignified of any in any age), are, as they ever were, inclinable to moderation in the high Calvinistic points. But they are also inclinable to moderation in other points.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

They are for toleration, inviolable toleration (as our Queen nobly and Christianly said it, in her speech a year or two since); and this is itself intolerable with our high gentlemen, who despise the gentleness of their Lord and Master, and the sweet mi[illegible] government of our Queen, preferring r[illegible] ther that abominable blasphemous repr[illegible] sentative of church power, attended wi[illegible] the worst of temporal governments, as w[illegible] see it in perfection of each kind in Franc[illegible] From this, and from its abettors of ever[illegible] kind, and in every way, I pray God d[illegible] liver us, whilst we are duly thankful fo[illegible] what in his providence he has alread[illegible] done towards it, and to the happiness a[illegible] glory of our excellent Queen and cou[illegible] try. So farewel. I am your good friend [illegible] serve you.

LETTER LXXI.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ——

May 10th, 1707.

SINCE your disposition inclines you [illegible] strongly towards university-learning [illegible] and your sound exercise of your reaso[illegible] and the integrity of your heart, give goo[illegible] assurance against the narrow principles a[illegible] contagious manner of those corrupte[illegible] places, whence all noble and free prin[illegible] ciples ought rather to be propagated; [illegible] shall not be wanting to you on my pa[illegible] when I shall see the fruit of your studi[illegible] life, and conversation, answerable to the[illegible] good seeds of principles you seem to ca[illegible] in you.

I am glad to find your love of reas[illegible] and free-thought. Your piety and virtu[illegible] I know, you will always keep; especiall[illegible] since your desires and natural inclinatio[illegible] are towards so serious a station in lif[illegible] which others undertake too slightly, a[illegible] without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm you[illegible] good beginnings, and in the practice o[illegible] virtue and religion; assuring yourself th[illegible] the highest principle, which is the love o[illegible] God, is best attained, not by dark specu[illegible] lations and monkish philosophy, but b[illegible] moral practice, and love of mankind, a[illegible] a study of their interests: the chief o[illegible] which, and that which only raises th[illegible] above the degrees of brutes, is freedom o[illegible] reason in the learned world, and goo[illegible] government and liberty in the civil world. Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, o[illegible] soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a peo[illegible] ple, they are soon reduced to that ba[illegible] and brutal state, both in their understand[illegible] ings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion must be supported by real love for mank[illegible] kind; and love of mankind cannot [illegible]

with a right knowledge of man's true interests, and of the only way and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and equal to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, make religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done, and am your most faithful friend to serve you.

LETTER LXXII.

From the same to the same.

November 19th, 1707.

TRULY if your heart correspond entirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel those good principles you have expressed, I cannot but have a great increase of kindness and esteem for you.

Imagine not that I suspect you of so great a thing as hypocrisy or affected virtue: I am fully satisfied you mean and intend what you write. But, alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is such, that it is a thousand times easier to frame the highest ideas of virtue and goodness, than to practise the least part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons why virtue is so ill practised; because the impressions, which seem so strong at first, are too far carried on. We are apt to think, that what appears so fair, and strikes us so forcibly, at the first view, will surely hold with us. We launch forth into speculation, and after a time, when we look back and see how slowly practice comes on to it, we are the sooner led to despondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to restrain yourself within due bounds, and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable of practising. For there is a sort of spiritual ambition; and in reading those truly divine authors whom you have sometimes read to me, I have observed many to have miscarried by too fervent and eager a pursuit of such perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of those dull souls that are incapable of any spiritual refinement. I rejoice to see you raise yourself above the rank of vulgar and sensual spirits, who, though designed and destined to spirituals, understand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little scholarship and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to see that you think of other preparations, and another discipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongst that indolent and supine race of men.

You are sensible, I perceive, that there is another sort of study, a profounder meditation, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor illiterate and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the divine goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with; where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, viz. that we are made to contemplate and love God intirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you well see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects, (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means, without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till those other fires are extinct.

God grant, that since you know this better way, this chaste and holy discipline, you may still pursue it with that just and pious jealousy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your senses, may be led away to serve themselves, or any thing but that Creator who made them

for his service, and in whom alone is happiness and rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad to hear still of you.

LETTER LXXIII.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ——

April 2d, 1708.

I HAVE received yours every week, and am highly satisfied with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expressing them; for in this I would have you keep an entire freedom, and deliver your sentiments still nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for; and though the ornaments of style are what you are obliged to study and practise on other occasions, the less you regard them, and the greater simplicity you discover in writing privately to myself, the greater my satisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleased with your thoughts and reasonings on Christian liberty, and the zeal you shew for that noble principle, by which we cease to be slaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of those precepts and injunctions, which tend absolutely to our good and happiness in every respect, we become liberal servants and children of God.

A mind thus released and set at liberty, if it once sees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or disheartened in the pursuit, whatever discouragement surrounds it. It is the inward enemy alone can stop it. For when a mind, set free from voluntary error and self-darkening conceit, aspires to what is generous and deserving, nothing but what is vile and slavish from within can deaden it; nothing but a base love of inward slavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to effect this.

In some, who are horridly degenerate, this submission is wholly voluntary. Self-interest leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in society and confederacy with some faction or party, to the support of temporal ends. In this case it carries a specious shew of public good; whether it be in church or state. And thus it is often the occasion of an open denial of reason, and of a bare-faced opposition to the glorious search of truth.

In others, it is mere sloth and laziness or sordid appetite and lust, which, bringing them under the power of sin and ignorance, fits them for political servitude by moral prostitution. For when the tyranny of lust and passion can be indulgently permitted, and even esteemed a happiness, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little esteem. Every thing civil or spiritual of this kind must needs be disregarded, or rather looked upon with jealousy and apprehension.

For one tyranny supports another; one slavery helps and ministers to another. Vice ministers to superstition; and a grateful mistress she is: superstition, on the other hand, returns the kindness, and will not be ungrateful. Superstition supports persecution, and persecution superstition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward persecution. It is here the violence begins. Here truth is first held in unrighteousness, and the νοῦς, "reason, the "knowable, the intelligible, the divine "part," is persecuted and imprisoned. Those who submit to this tyranny, in time not only come to like it, but plead for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and against nature.

So in the absolute governments of the world; nations that submit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government; if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itself, knows neither law nor order.

In this state the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reason as an antagonist to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once lost her interest with the soul, by opposing every favourite passion, she will then be soon expelled another province, and lie under suspicion of every attempt she makes upon the mind. She is presently miscalled and abused. She is thought notional in the understanding, whimsical in company, seditious in the state, heretical in the church. Even in philosophy, her own proper dominion, she is looked upon as none of the best companions; and here also authority is respected as the most convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and sense, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is easily seen by those who see their

places, and can but make use of eyes to observe manners and morals. It is pretty visible indeed that the original of all is in those sordid vices of sloth, [illegible], and intemperance. This makes [illegible] ambition; for how should these be so industriously maintained and vindicated without large temporal power, and an ambrage of authority? Hence it is, those mother-vices are so indulgently treated in those places, and that temperate and virtue are looked upon with an [illegible], as fanatically inclined. For [illegible] is morally free, and has asserted [illegible] liberty, can see truth thus [illegible] reason and ingenuity suppressed, [illegible] set some secret abhorrence and detestation?

But this you are happily apprized of; [illegible] can you miscarry or be turned aside [illegible] imposture, or assuming formality and [illegible] of any kind. You know your liberty; use it, and be free. But use it as becomes you, with all due meekness and [illegible] as to outward carriage. It is [illegible] man that is to be relieved and [illegible] from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but the contrary. Preserve yourself from the contagion, and it is enough; a great [illegible] is, and will appear so to you, if you are [illegible] in it and concerned for the [illegible] itself, not the appearance. For the [illegible] towards rebuke and rectifying [illegible], which feels like zeal in us, is [illegible] the deceit of pride and self-conceit, which finds this way to screen itself and [illegible] undiscovered.

Keep your virtue and honesty to yourself, for if it be truly such, it will be in vain for being kept secret. And thus [illegible] may be safe, and in due time perhaps, [illegible] also to others. Learn to discourse and reason with yourself, or, as you hope to do, in letters to me. Trouble not others, nor be provoked to shew your sentiments, and betray noble and generous [illegible] to such as can neither bear them, nor those whom they suspect to be in possession of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all liberty, and subdue early your own temper and appetites. It will then be time for nigher speculations, when those wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and subdued. Religion then will have no enemy opposed to her; and in spite of [illegible], and all spiritual tyrannies of the world, will soon be found a joyful task, the pleasantest of all lives, quite other than as commonly represented.

Look chiefly to this practice, for this is always permitted to you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and business and attendance required. The more you are a servant in this sense, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and submission. And thus even they who perhaps, by their haughtiness and harshness, would render you a slave and awe you into servile thoughts, will most of all contribute to your manumission; if, by their sad example, they teach you (in meekness still and humility) to detest the more their narrow, persecuting and bitter spirit, supported by their vices, and shew you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be "exercised but by one who is already a "slave."

Be assured, therefore, that where the heart disdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend; and by delivering it from all spiritual bondage will qualify it for a further progress, rewarding virtue by itself. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the same kind with itself; nothing can be superadded to it; and even heaven itself can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; by which we may still more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and highest excellence, the giver and dispenser of all: to whom I commit you, and pray your studies may be effectual. So farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the same to the same.

January 28th, 1708-9.

I WAS that morning thinking with myself what was become of you; and almost resolved to have you inquired of at your father's; when I received your very surprising letter, which brought so good an account of yourself, and a proof how well you had spent your time, during this your long silence.

It was providential, surely, that I should happen once to speak to you of the Greek language, when you asked concerning the foundations of learning, and the source and fountain of those lights we have, whether in morality or divinity. It was not possible for me to answer you deceitfully

or slightly. I could not but point out to you where the spring-head lay. But, as well as I can remember, I bad you not be discouraged; for, by other channels, derived from those fountains, you would be sufficiently supplied with the knowledge necessary for the solemn character that lay before you.

You hearkened to me, it seems, with great attention and belief, and did resolve to take no middle way. But little could I have thought that you dared to have made your attempt on the other side, instead of drawing in your forces, and collecting your strength and the remainder of your precious time for what lay on this hither side. But since God would have it so, so be it; and I pray God prosper you in your daring attempt, and bless you with true modesty and simplicity in all the other endeavours and practices of your life, as you have had courage and mighty boldness in this one.

And so indeed it may naturally happen by the same good providence; since at the instant that you began this enterprize, you have fallen into such excellent reading. And if, as you shew by your letter, Simplicius's Comment be your delight, even that alone is a sufficient earnest of your soul's improvement as well as of your mind's, if such a distinction may well be made: for alas! all that we call improvement of our minds in dry and empty speculation, all learning, or whatever else, either in theology or other science, which has not a direct tendency to render us honester, milder, juster, and better, is far from being justly so called. And even all that philosophy which is built on the comparison and compounding of ideas, complex, implex, reflex, and all that din and noise of metaphysics; all that pretended study and science of nature called natural philosophy, Aristotelean, Cartesian, or whatever else it be; all those high contemplations of stars, and spheres, and planets, and all the other inquisitive curious parts of learning, are so far from being necessary improvements of the mind, that without the utmost care they serve only to blow it up in conceit and folly, and render men still more stiff in their ignorance and vices.

And this brings into my thoughts a small piece of true learning, which I think is generally bound up with Simplicius and Epictetus; it is the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic, and elder disciple of Plato. This golden piece I would have you study, and have by heart; the Greek too being pure and excellent: and by this picture you will better understand my hint, and know the true learning from that which falsely passes under the name of wisdom and science.

As for the divine Plato, I would rather wish you as yet to go beyond a dialogue or two, and let those be the first and second Alcibiades: for now I will direct and assist you all I can, that you may gradually proceed, and not meet with stumbling blocks in your way, or what instead of forwarding may retard you.

Read these pieces again and again. Suspend for a while the reading of Epictetus; and read of Marcus Antoninus only what you perfectly understand. Look into no commentator, though he has two very learned ones; Gataker, and Casaubon: and by no means study, or so much as think on any of the passages that create any difficulty or hesitation; but, as I tell you, keep to the plain and easy passages, which you may mark or write out, and so use on occasion, as you walk or go about. For I reckon you are a good improver of your time, and that you manage every moment to advantage; else you could never have thus suddenly advanced so far as you have done.

But, in this case, you must take care of your health, by moving and using exercise, which makes me speak of walking. For the mind must suffer, in some sense, when the body does. And students, who are over-eager, and neglect this duty, hurt both their health and temper; the latter of which has a sad influence on their minds; and makes them, like ill vessels, sour whatever is put into them, though of ever so good a kind. For never do we more need a just cheerfulness, good humour, or alacrity of mind, than when we are contemplating God and virtue. So that it may be assigned as one cause of the austerity and harshness of some men's divinity, that in their habit of mind, and by that very morose and sour temper, which they contract with hard studies, they make the idea of God so much after the pattern of their own bitter spirit.

But, as I was saying concerning your progress, it is better for you to read in a small compass what is good and excellent, and of easy conception (without stop or difficulty, as to the speculation) than to read much in many.

And having thus confined you, as to three of your authors mentioned, and set your

[illegible] bounds; I proceed to the fourth, [illegible] is Lucian; with whom, for a very [illegible] reason, I would have you also [illegible] here and there. For though he [illegible] of the politest writers of the latter [illegible] he only has set himself out like the [illegible] in the fable, with the spoils of those [illegible]llent and divine works by way of dia[illegible]e (which was the way that anciently [illegible] the philosophers wrote in); most of [illegible]en works are now lost and perished; [illegible] I fear the true reason why Lucian was [illegible]erved, instead of any of the other, [illegible] because of the envy of the Christian [illegible]rch, which soon began to be so corrupt; [illegible]rending this author to be so truly pro[illegible], and a scoffer of his own and all re[illegible]ons, they were contented to bear his [illegible]ality and dissolute style and man[illegible], only for the satisfaction of seeing the [illegible]en religion ridiculed by a heathen, [illegible] the good and pious writers (unjustly [illegible] profane) most monstrously abused [illegible] a wretch who was truly the most pro[illegible] and impious; and who, at the same [illegible]me, even in the pieces that are left of [illegible]m in the same book, treats both Moses [illegible] our Saviour, and the whole Christian [illegible]gion, as contemptibly as he does his [illegible]. Therefore, as his dialogues of his [illegible]tezans are horridly vicious and licen[illegible], and against all good manners; and [illegible] his dialogues of the gods are mere [illegible]onery, and his abuse of Plato, So[illegible]tes, and the rest of those divine hea[illegible]ens as unjust and wicked, as really they [illegible] mean and ridiculous; I would not by [illegible] means have you to learn Greek at [illegible]ch a cost. There are some dialogues [illegible]ound up, which are not of Lucian's; [illegible] these are the best. One concerning [illegible] Cynics (whom he elsewhere so abuses) [illegible] of that number, as I take it: and some [illegible]llent treatises there are besides, all in [illegible] Greek.

But here is the great and essential mat[illegible] of the last consequence to our souls [illegible] minds, to keep them from the conta[illegible]on of pleasure. And to shew you, that [illegible] not by this an imitator of the severe [illegible]tic monastic race of divines, or an ad[illegible]rer of any thing that looks like restraint [illegible] knowledge, or learning, or specula[illegible]; consider of this that I am going to [illegible] to you, and carry your reflection as [illegible] back as to that little first glimmering [illegible] ingenuity, which shewed itself in you in [illegible] childhood; I mean the art of painting. [illegible] you been to have made one of those [illegible] of the nobler kind, who paint history, and actions, and nature; and had you been sent by me into Italy, or elsewhere, to learn the style and manner of the great masters, what advice think you should I have given you? I say, what advice? not as a Christian or philosopher, or man of virtue, but merely as a lover of the art; supposing I had ever been of a very vicious life, and had no other end in sending you abroad than to have procured pictures, and have got you a masterly hand in that kind, and to have employed you afterwards for my own use, and for the ornament of my house; most certainly my advice must have been this (and thus any other master or pattern of common sense would have accosted you):

"You are now going to learn what is "excellent and beautiful in the way of "painting. You will go where there are "many pictures of many different hands, "and quite contrary in their manner and "style. You will find many judges of "different opinions: and the worst mas"ters, the worst pieces, the worst styles "and manners, will have their admirers. "How is it you should form your relish? "By what means shall you come to have "a right admiration yourself, and praise "and imitate only what is truly exquisite "and good in the kind? If you follow "your sudden fancy and bent; if you fix "your eye on that which most strikes and "pleases you at the first sight; you will "most certainly never come to have a good "eye at all. You will be led aside, and "have a florid, gay, foolish fancy; and "any lewd tawdry piece of dawbing will "make a stronger impression on you, than "the most majestic chaste piece of the so"berest master; and a Flemish or a French "manner will more prevail with you, than "a true Italian.

"How shall we do then in this case?— "Why even thus: (for what way is there "else?) make it a solemn rule to yourself, "to check your own eye and fancy, which "naturally leads to gaiety, and turn it "strongly on that which it cares not at "first to dwell upon. Be sure that you "pass by, on every occasion, whatever "little idle piece of a negligent loose "kind may be apt to detain your eye; "and fix yourself upon the nobler, more "masterly, and studied pieces of such as "were known virtuosos, and admired by "such. If you find no grace or charm at "the first looking, look on; continue to "observe all that you possibly can; and "when you have get one glimpse, improve "it,

"it, copy it, cultivate the idea, and labour till you have worked yourself into a right taste, and formed a relish and understanding of what is truly beautiful in the kind."

This is what any ordinary master or patron of common good sense would have said to you upon your enterprize on painting; and this is what I now say to you on your great enterprize on knowledge and learning. This is the reason I cry out to you against pleasure; to beware of those paths which lead to a wrong knowledge, a wrong judgment of what is supremely beautiful and good.

Your endeavour and hope is to know God and goodness, in which alone there is true enjoyment and good. The way to this is not to put out your eyes, or hoodwink yourself, or lie in the dark, expecting to see visions. No, you need not apologize for yourself (as you do) for desiring to read Origen, the good father, and best of all those they call so. You shall not only, by my consent, read Origen, but even Celsus himself, who was a heathen, and writ zealously against the Christians, whom Origen defends. So far am I from bidding you fly heretical or heathen books, where good manners, honesty, and fair reason shew themselves. But where vice, ill manners, abusive wit, and buffoonry appear, the prejudice is just: pronounce against such authors, fly them, and condemn them.

Preserve yourself, and keep your eye and judgment clear. But if the eye be not open to all fair and handsome spectacles, how should you learn what is fair and handsome? Know you, as yet, what true excellence is? The attributes, as you call them, which you have learnt in your catechism, or in the higher schools of the school-men and divines; the attributes, I say, of justice, goodness, wisdom, and the like, are they really understood by you? or do you talk of these by rote? If so; what is this but giving words to God, not praise, nor honour, nor glory? If the Apostle appeals to whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is honest (or comely), whatsoever is virtue, or praise-worthiness; how shall we understand his appeal, till we have studied?——Or do we know these things from our cradles? For since we were men, we never vouchsafed to inquire; but took for granted that we were knowing in the matter: which yet, without philosophy, it is impossible we should be: so that when, without philosophy, we make use of these philosophical characters, we m be very good, and pious, and well-meaning but indeed we are little better than parro in devotion.

To return therefore to the picture, a the advice I am to give you in your stu of that great and masterly hand which h drawn all things, and exhibited this gre master-piece of nature, this world or un verse. The first thing is, that you pr pare and clear your sight; that your e be simple, pure, uncorrupted, and rea and fit to receive that light which is shine into it. This is done by virtu meekness, modesty, sincerity. And w being thus made, your resolution standi towards truth, and you being conscious yourself, that whilst you seek truth y cannot offend the God of truth; be n afraid of viewing all and comparing a For without comparison of the false wi the true, of the ugly with the beauteou of the dark and obscure with the brig and shining, we can measure nothing, n apprehend any thing that is excellent. W may be as well Pagan, Heathen, Turk, any thing else; if being at Constantinopl Ispahan, or wherever the seat of any gre empire is, we refuse to look on Christia authors, or hear their sober apologists, being contrary to the history imposed o us, with an utter destruction and cancellin of all other history or philosophy whatso ever.

But this fear being set aside, which is wholly unworthy of God, and so debasing to his standard of reason which he ha placed in us; our next concern is to loo impartially into all authors, and upon a nations, and into all parts of learning an human life; to seek and find out the tru *pulchrum*, the *honestum*, the καλὸν: by which standard and measure we may know God and know how to praise him, when we have learnt what is praise-worthy.

Be this your search, and by these mean and by this way I have shewn you. Seek for the καλὸν in every thing, beginning a low as the plants, the fields, or even the common arts of mankind, to see what is beauteous, and what contrary. Thus, and by the original fountains you are arrived to, you will, under providence, attain beauty and true wisdom for yourself, being true to virtue; and so God prosper you.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

February 8th, 1709.

COMMEND your honest liberty; and therefore in the use of it recommend to you the pursuit of the same thoughts, that you have so honestly and naturally grafted upon the stock afforded you: to which God grant a true life and increase.

Time will be, when your greatest disturbance will arise from that ancient difficulty πόθεν τὸ κακόν. But when you have well inured yourself to the precepts and speculation which give the view of its noble contrary (τὸ καλόν), you will rest satisfied. Yet be persuaded, in the mean time, that wisdom is more from the heart, than from the head. Feel goodness, and you will see all things fair and good.

Let it be your chief endeavour to make acquaintance with what is good: that by seeing perfectly, by the help of reason, what good is, and what ill, you may prove whether that which is from revelation be not perfectly good and conformable to this standard. For if so, the very end of the gospel proves its truth. And that which to the vulgar is only knowable by miracles, and teachable by positive precepts and commands, to the wise and virtuous is demonstrable by the nature of the thing. So that how can we forbear to give our assent to those doctrines, and that revelation, which is delivered to us, and enforced by miracles and wonders? But to us, the very act and proof of the divineness and truth of that revelation is from the excellence of the things revealed: otherwise the wonders themselves would have little effect or power; nor could they be thoroughly depended on, were we even as near to them as those who lived more than a thousand years since, when they were freshly wrought, and strong in the memory of men. This is what alone can justify our easiness of faith; and in this respect we can never be too resigned, too willing, or too complaisant.

Mean while let your eye be simple, and turn it from the αἰθὲς to the θεῖον. View God in goodness, and in his works, which have that character. Dwell with honesty, and beauty, and order: study and love what is of this kind; and in time you will know and love the Author. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

From the same to the same.

May 5th, 1709.

I AM mightily satisfied with your writing to me as you do: pray continue.

I like your judgment and thoughts on the books you mention: the bishop of Salisbury's exposition of the articles is, no doubt, highly worthy of your study. None can better explain the sense of the church, than one who is the greatest pillar of it since the first founders; one who best explained and asserted the reformation itself, was chiefly instrumental in saving it from popery before and at the revolution, and is now the truest example of laborious, primitive, pious, and learned episcopacy. The antidote, indeed, recommended to you, was very absurd, as you remark yourself; and pray have little to do with controversy of any sort.

Chillingworth against Popery is sufficient reading for you, and will teach you the best manner of that polemic divinity. It is enough to read what is good; and what you find bad lay aside. The good you read will be a sufficient prevention and anticipation against any evil that may chance come across you imperceptibly. Fill yourself with good; and you will carry within you sufficient answer to the bad; and by a sort of instinct soon discern the one from the other.

Trust your own heart whilst you keep it honest, and can lift it up to the God of truth, as seeking that, and that only. But keep yourself from wrangling, and a controversial spirit; for more harm is taken by a fierce sour answer to an ill book, than from the book itself, be it ever so ill. Therefore remember, I charge you to avoid controversial writers.

If the ancients in their purity are as yet out of your reach, search the moderns that are nearest to them. If you cannot converse with the most ancient, use the most modern. For the authors of the middle age, and all that sort of philosophy, as well as divinity, will be of little advantage to you. Gain the purity of the English, your own tongue; and read whatever is esteemed polite or well writ that comes abroad. You may give me an account of this.

Meanwhile I am glad you read those modern divines of our nation who lived in this age, and were remarkable for moderation,

ration, and the Christian principle of charity and toleration.

Do as your genius directs you; and if you are virtuous and good, your genius will guide you right. But whatever it be, either ancient or modern, that you chuse or read; or however you change your opinion or course of study; communicate, and you shall be heard willingly, and advised the best I am able.

I think your genius has dictated right to you about a little pamphlet, which, it seems, is commonly sold with the reflections lately writ upon it; which, if short, I would not for once debar you from, but have you hear what is said in answer, lest you should seem to yourself mistaken or diffident as to the truth. For my own part, I cannot but think from my heart, that the author of the pamphlet (whatever air of humour he may give himself, the better to take with the polite world) is most sincere to virtue and religion, and even to the interest of our church. For many of our modern asserters of toleration have seemed to leave us destitute of what he calls a public leading, or ministry; which notion he treats as mere enthusiasm, or horrid irreligion. For, in truth, religion cannot be left thus to shift for herself, without the care and countenance of the magistrate. But in the remarks, or reflections, I find the answers are so far from understanding this plain sense of a leading, that they think it means only a leading by the nose. So excellent are these gentlemen at improving ridicule against themselves. They care not who defends religion, or how it is defended, if it be not in their way. They cry out upon a deluge of scepticism breaking out and overwhelming us, in this witty knowing age: and yet they will allow no remedy proper in the case, no application to the world in a more genteel, polite, open, and free way. They, for their parts (witness Dr. A———y against the good Mr. H———y) have asserted virtue upon baser principles, and more false and destructive by far, than Epicurus, Democritus, Aristippus, or any of the ancient atheists. They have subverted all morality, all grounds of honesty, and supplanted the whole doctrine of our Saviour, under pretence of magnifying his revelation. In philosophy they give up all foundations, all principles of society, and the very best arguments to prove the being of a Deity. And, by the way, this pamphlet, which they are so offended at, is so strong on this head, that the author asserts the Deity even on the foundation of his innate idea, and the power of this notion even over atheists themselves, and by the very concession of Epicurus and his sect.———But no more now. Continue to inform me of your reading and of your books: and God be with you.

LETTER LXXVII.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

December 30th, 1709.

I HEARTILY approved your method and design, and continue to do so. Get what you can of the Greek language: it is the fountain of all; not only of polite learning and philosophy, but of divinity also, as being the language of our sacred oracles. For even the Old Testament is in its best and truest language in the Septuagint. All that you can get of leisure from other exercise and the required school-learning, apply to Greek.

The few good books of our divines and moralists, which you have discovered by your own sagacity, will serve you both for language and thought.

Dr. More's *Enchiridion Ethicum* is a right good piece of sound morals; though the Doctor himself, in other English pieces, could not abide by it, but made different excursions into other regions, and was perhaps as great an enthusiast as any of those whom he wrote against. However, he was a learned and good man.

Remember my former cautions and recommendations; and endeavour above all things to avoid the conceit and pride which is almost naturally inherent to the function and calling you are about to undertake. And since we think fit to call it priesthood, see that it be of such a kind, as may not make you say or think of yourself in the presence of another, that you are holier than he. It is a solemn part; but see and beware that the solemnity do not abuse you. And remember, that He, whom you own to be your master and legislator, made no laws relating to civil power, or interfering with it. So that all the pre-eminence, wealth, or pension, which you receive, or expect to receive, by help of this assumed character, is from the public, whence both the authority and profit is derived, and on which it legally depends; all other pretensions of priests being Jewish and Heathenish, and in our state seditious, disloyal, and factious; such as is that spirit which now reigns in our universities, and where the

[illegible] church-men (as they are called) [illegible]prevalent. But to this (thank God) [illegible]parliament, interposing at this instant, [illegible] a check, by proceeding against Dr. [illegible], and advancing Mr. H——y, of [illegible] I have often spoken to you.

No more now, but God bless your [illegible] and endeavours. Never was more [illegible] of a spirit of moderation and Christ[illegible]ity among those who are entering on [illegible] ministerial function; since the con[illegible] spirit has possessed almost the whole [illegible] beyond all former fanatics. [illegible] you all true Christianity, with [illegible] temper, life, and manners, which be[illegible]. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

July 10th, 1710.

I BELIEVED indeed it was your expecting me every day at ****, that [illegible] your writing, since you received [illegible] from the good bishop, my Lord of [illegible]; who, as he has done more [illegible] any man living for the good and [illegible] of the church of England and the [illegible] religion, so he now suffers more [illegible] any man from the tongues and slan[illegible] those ungrateful church-men; who [illegible] themselves by that single [illegible] distinction, having no claim to [illegible] of Christianity or Protestant, since [illegible] have thrown off all the temper of the [illegible], and all concern or interest with [illegible].

I hope whatever advice the great and [illegible] bishop gave you will sink deeply into your mind: and that your receiving [illegible] from the hands of so worthy a prelate will be one of the circumstances [illegible] may help to insure your steadiness in honesty, good principles, moderation, and true Christianity; which are now set [illegible] and at defiance by the far greater [illegible] and numbers of that body and clergy [illegible] the church of England; who no [illegible] esteem themselves a Protestant [illegible], or in union with those of Pro[illegible] communion; though they pretend [illegible] the name of Christian, and would have [illegible] of the spirit of Christianity from [illegible]: which God prevent! lest good men should in time forsake Christianity through their means.

As to my part of kindness and friendship to you, I shall be sufficiently recompensed, if you prove (as you have ever promised) a virtuous, pious, sober, and studious man, as becomes the solemn charge belonging to you. But you have been brought into the world, and come into orders, in the worst time for insolence, riot, pride, and presumption of clergymen that I ever knew, or have read of; though I have searched far into the characters of high church-men from the first centuries, in which they grew to be dignified with crowns and purple, to the late times of our reformation, and to our present age.

The thorough knowledge you have had of me, and the directions of my studies and life to the promotion of religion, virtue, and the good of mankind, will (I hope) be of some good example to you: at least it will be a hinderance to your being seduced by infamies and calumnies; such as are thrown upon the men called moderate, and in their style indifferent in religion, heterodox, and heretical.

I pray God to bless you in your new function with all the true virtue, humility, moderation, and meekness, which becomes it. I am your hearty friend.

LETTER LXXIX.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Chelsea, Sept. 30, 1708.

TWO reasons have made me delay answering yours: I was in hopes of seeing our great Lord, and I depended on Mr. Micklethwayt's presenting you with my services, and informing you of all matters, public and private. The Queen is but just come to Kensington, and my Lord * to town. He promised to send me word, and appoint me a time, when he came. But I should have prevented him, had it been my weather for town-visits. But having owed the recovery of my health to the method I have taken of avoiding the town-smoke, I am kept at a distance, and like to be removed even from hence in a little while: though I have a project of staying longer here than my usual time, by removing now and then cross the water, to my friend Sir John Cropley's in Surrey, where my riding and airing recruits me. I am highly rejoiced, as you may believe, that I can find myself able to do a little more public service, than what of late years I have been

* The Earl of Godolphin, then Lord Treasurer.

confined

confined to, in my country: and I own the circumſtances of a court were never ſo inviting to me, as they have been ſince a late view I have had of the beſt part of our miniſtry. It may perhaps have added more of confidence and forwardneſs in my way of courtſhip, to be ſo incapacitated as I am from taking any thing there for myſelf. But I hope I may convince ſome perſons, that it is poſſible to ſerve diſintereſtedly; and that obligations already received (though on the account of others) are able to bind as ſtrongly as the ties of ſelf-intereſt.

I had reſolved to ſtay till I had one conference more with our Lord * before I writ to you: but a letter, which I have this moment received from Mr. Micklethwayt, on his having waited on you in the country, has made me reſolve to write thus haſtily (without miſſing to-nights's poſt) to acknowledge, in the friendlieſt and freeſt manner, the kind and friendly part you have taken in my private intereſts. If I have ever endured any thing for the public, or ſacrificed any of my youth, or pleaſures, or intereſts to it, I find it is made up to me in the good opinion of ſome few: and perhaps one ſuch friendſhip as yours, may counterbalance all the malice of my worſt enemies. It is true, what I once told you I had determined with myſelf, never to think of the continuance of a family, or altering the condition of life that was moſt agreeable to me, whilſt I had (as I thought) a juſt excuſe: but that of late I had yielded to my friends, and allowed them to diſpoſe of me, if they thought that by this means I could add any thing to the power or intereſt I had to ſerve them or my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be ſo heavy and unactive in this affair, that my friends would hardly take me to be in earneſt. But though it be ſo lately that I have taken my reſolution, and that you were one of the firſt who knew it, I have on a ſudden ſuch an affair thrown acroſs me, that I am confident I have zeal enough raiſed in me to hinder you from doubting whether I ſincerely intend what I profeſs. There is a lady, whom chance has thrown into my neighbourhood, and whom I never ſaw till the Sunday before laſt, who is in every reſpect that very perſon I had ever framed a picture of from my imagination, when I wiſhed the beſt for my own happineſs in ſuch a circumſtance. I had heard her character before; and her education, and every circumſtance beſides ſuited exactly, all but her fortune. Had ſhe but a ten thouſand pounds, my modeſty would allow me to apply without reſerve, where it was proper. And I would it were in my power, without injury to the lady, to have her upon thoſe terms or lower. I flatter myſelf too, by all appearance, that the father has long had and yet retains, ſome regard for me; and that the diſappointments he has had in ſome higher friendſhips, may make him look as low as on me, and imagine me not wholly unworthy of his relation. But if by any intereſt I had, or could poſſibly make with the father, I ſhould induce him to beſtow his daughter, perhaps with much leſs fortune (ſince I would gladly accept her ſo) than what in other places he would have beſtowed, I ſhall draw a double misfortune on the lady; unleſs ſhe has goodneſs enough to think, that one who ſeeks her for what he counts better than a fortune, may poſſibly by his worth or virtue make her ſufficient amends. And were I but encouraged to hope or fancy this, I would begin my offers to-morrow; and ſhould have greater hopes, that my diſintereſtedneſs would be of ſome ſervice to me in this place, as matters ſtand.

You ſee my ſcruple, and being uſed to me, and knowing my odd temper (for I well know you believe it no affectation), you may be able to relieve me, and have the means in your hands: for a few words with one who has the honour to be your relation, would reſolve me in this affair. I cannot ſtir in it till then, and ſhould be more afraid of my good fortune than my bad, if it ſhould happen to me to prevail with a father for whom the lady has ſo true a duty, that, even againſt her inclination, ſhe would comply with any thing he required. I am afraid it will be impoſſible for you to read, or make ſenſe of, what I write thus haſtily: but I fancy with myſelf, I make you the greater confidence, in truſting to my humour and firſt thought, without ſtaying till I have ſo much as formed a reflection. I am ſure there is hardly any one beſides you, I ſhould lay myſelf thus open to: but I am ſecure in your friendſhip, which I rely on (for advice) in this affair. I beg to hear from you in anſwer by the firſt poſt, being, with great ſincerity, your faithful friend and humble ſervant.

* The ſame.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

rd Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Beachworth in Surrey,
Oct. 12, 1708.

Dear Sir,

ROM the hour I had writ you that hasty letter from Chelsea, I was in pain till I d heard from you: and could not but en wish I had not writ in that hurry and fusion. But since I have received yours answer, I have all the satisfaction imable. I see so sincere a return of friendip, that it cannot any more concern me have laid myself so open.

I would have a friend see me at the ord; and it is a satisfaction to find, that ere's failures or weaknesses were greater an really they are, one should still be erished, and be supplied, even with good ctiments and discretion, when they were ning. One thing only I beg you would e notice of, that I had never any oughts of applying to the young lady fore I applied to the father. My morals e a little too strict to let me have taken ch an advantage, had it been ever so irly offered. But my drift was, to learn hether there had been an inclination to y one before me; for many offers had een, and some I know very great, within ese few months. And though the duty f the daughter might have acquiesced in e dislike of the father, so as not to shew y discontent; yet there might be someing of this lying at the heart, and so ongly, that my application and success if I had any) might be looked on with an l eye, and cause a real trouble. This ould have caused it, I am sure, in me; hen I should have come, perhaps too late, o have discovered it. But there is nothing f this in the case, by all that I can judge r learn. Never did I hear of a creature o perfectly resigned to duty, so innocent n herself, and so contented under those eans which have kept and still keep her o innocent as to the vanities and vices of he world; though with real good parts, nd improvement of them at home: for of his my Lord has wisely and handsomely aken care. Never was any thing so unfortunate for me, as that she should be such a fortune: for that I know is what every body will like, and I perhaps have the worst relish of, and least deserve. The other qualities I should prize more than any, and the generality of mankind, instead of prizing, would be apt to contemn: for want of air and humour, and the wit of general conversation, and the knowledge of the town, and fashions, and diversions, are unpardonable dulnesses in young wives; who are taken more as companions of pleasure, and to be shewn abroad as beauties in the world, than to raise families, and support the honour and interest of those they are joined to.

But to show you that I am not wanting to myself, since your encouraging and advising letter, I have begun my application, by what you well call the right end*. You shall hear with what success, as soon as I know myself. I could both be bolder and abler in the management of the affair, and could promise myself sure success, had I but a constitution that would let me act for myself, and bustle in and about that town which, by this winter season coming on so fiercely, is by this time in such a cloud of smoke, that I can neither be in it nor near it. I stayed but a day or two too long at Chelsea, after the setting in of these East and North-East winds, and I had like to have fallen into one of my short breathing fits, which would have ruined me. But by flying hither and keeping my distance, I keep my health, but (I may well fear) shall lose my mistress. For who ever courted at this rate? Did matters lie so as to the fortune, that I could be the obliging side, it might go on with tolerable grace: and so I fear it must be, whenever I marry, or else am like to remain a batchelor.

However, you can never any more araign my morals after this. You can never charge me, as you have done, for a remissness and laziness, or an indulgence to my owns ways, and love of retirement; which (as you thought) might have made me averse to undertake the part of wife and children, though my country or friends ever so much required it of me. You see it will not be my fault: and you shall find I will not act booty for myself. If I have any kind of success at this right end, I will then beg to use the favour of your interest in your cousin, as I shall then mention to you; but instead of setting me off for other things, I would most earnestly beg that you would speak only of your long and thorough knowledge of me, and (if you think it true) of my good temper, honesty, love of my relations and country, sobriety and virtue. For these I hope I may stand to, as far as I am possessed of them. They will not, I hope, grow worse as I grow older. For though I can promise little of my re-

* The father.

gimen,

gimen, by which I hold my health; I am persuaded to think no vices will grow upon me, as I manage myself: for in this I have been ever sincere, to make myself as good as I was able, and to live for no other end.

I am ashamed to have writ such a long letter about myself, as if I had no concern for the public; though I may truly say to you, if I had not the public in view, I should hardly have these thoughts of changing my condition at this time of day, that I can better indulge myself in the ease of a single and private life. The weather, which is so unfortunate for me by these settled East winds, keeps the country dry; and if they are the same (as is likely) in Flanders, I hope ere this Lisle is ours, which has cost us so dear, and held us in such terrible anxiety.

I have been to see Lord Treasurer that little while he was in town, but could not find him.

Pray let me hear in your next, what time you think of coming up *. I shall be glad to hear soon from you again, wishing you delight and good success in your country affairs, and all happiness and prosperity to your family. I remain, dear Sir, your obliged friend and faithful humble servant.

Sir John Cropley, with whom I am here, presents his humble service to you.

LETTER LXXXI.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Beachworth in Surrey,
Oct. 23, 1708.

Dear Sir,

YOU guessed right as to the winds, which are still easterly, and keep me here in winter quarters, from all public and private affairs. I have neither seen Lord Treasurer, nor been at Chelsea † to prosecute my own affair: though as for this latter, as great as my zeal is, I am forced to a stand. I was before-hand told, that as to the Lord, he was in some measure engaged; and the return I had from him, on my application, seemed to imply as much. On the other side I have had reason to hope, that the lady, who had before bemoaned herself for being destined to greatness without virtue, had yet her choice to make; and, after her escapes, sought for nothing so much as sobriety and a s virtuous character. How much more this adds to my zeal you may believe: by all hands I have received the high character of your relation who seems have inspired her with these and other go sentiments, so rare in her sex and degr My misfortune is, I have no friend in t world by whom I can in the least engag or have access to your relation, but ca by yourself: and I have no hopes of seei you soon, or of your having any opport nity to speak of me to her. If a kin could be proper, I should fancy it more at this time than any other: provided y would found it on the common rep which is abroad, of my being in treaty that lady. This might give you an occ sion of speaking of me as to that part whi few besides can know so well, I mean a heart: which, if she be such as really people allow, will not displease her to be so well of, as perhaps in friendship a from old acquaintance you may represe If the person talked of be really my riv and in favour with the father, I must co my case is next to desperate; not only b cause I truly think him, as the world goe likely enough to make a good (at leas civil) husband; but because as my aim not fortune, and his is, he being an c friend too, I should unwillingly stand b tween him and an estate; which his li rality has hitherto hindered him from gai ing, as great as his advantages have bee hitherto in the government. By what have said, I believe you may guess wh my supposed rival is ‡: or if you want farther hint, it is one of the chief of th Junto, an old friend of yours and mine whom we long sat with in the House c Commons (not often voted with), but wh was afterwards taken up to a higher house and is as much noted for wit and gallan try, and magnificence, as for his eloquenc and courtier's character. But whether thi be so suited to this meek good lady's hap pinesS, I know not. Fear of partiality an self-love makes me not dare determine, but rather mistrust myself, and turn the balance against me. Pray keep this secret, for I got it by chance; and if there be any thing in it, it is a great secret between the two Lords themselves. But sometimes I fancy it is a nail which will hardly go, though I am pretty certain it has been aimed at by this old acquaintance of ours, ever since a disappointment happened from

* From Edlington, a seat the Lord Molesworth has in Yorkshire.

† He had a pretty retreat at Little Chelsea, which he fitted up according to his own fancy.

‡ Charles Montague, late Earl of Halifax.

a g ea

great Lord beyond sea, who was to have the lady.

Nothing but the sincere friendship you have for me, could make me to continue to impart my privatest affairs: and, in this, though they seem wholly private and selfish, I will not be ashamed to own the honesty of my heart to you; in proving that the public has much the greatest part in all this bustle I am engaging in. As have lately made me believe, and am proved too by experience, that I had no interest in the world; and there, where I least dreamt of it, with great men and power. I had always something of an interest in my country, and with the plain well people: and sometimes I have experienced both here at home, and abroad, where I have long lived, and made acquaintance (in Holland especially), that with a plain character of honesty and disinterestedness, I have on some occasions, and in dangerous urgent times of the public, been able to do some good. If the increase of my fortune be the least motive in this affair before me (as sincerely I do not find), I will venture to say, it can only be in respect of the increase of my interest, which I may have in my country, in order to serve it.

One who has little notion of magnificence, and less of pleasure and luxury, has not that need of riches which others have. And one who prefers tranquillity, and a little study, and a few friends, to all other advantages of life, and all the flatteries of ambition and fame, is not like to be naturally so very fond of engaging in the circumstances of marriage: I do not go swimmingly to it, I assure you; nor is the great fortune a great bait. Sorry I am, that no lady with a less fortune, or more daughters, has had the wit to order such an education. A very moderate fortune had served my turn; or perhaps quality alone, to have a little justified me, and kept me in countenance, had I chose so humbly. But now that which is rich ore, and would have been the most estimable had it been bestowed on me, will be mere dross, and bring away on others; who will pity and envy those very advantages, which I prize so much. But this is one of the common places of exclamation, against the distribution of things in this world: and, upon my word, whoever brought up the proverb, it is no advantageous one for a Providence to say, "Matches are made in Heaven." I believe rather in favour of Providence; that there is nothing which is so merely fortune, and more committed to the power of blind chance. So I must be contented, and repine the less at my lot, if I am disappointed in such an affair. If I satisfy my friends that I am not wanting to myself, it is sufficient. I am sure you know it, by the sound experience of all this trouble I have given and am still like to give you. Though I confess myself, yet even in this too I do but answer friendship, as being so sincerely and affectionately your most faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER LXXXII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Nov. 4, 1708.

I WAS at Chelsea when I received yours with the inclosed, and was so busied in the employment you had given me, by your encouragement and kind assistance in a certain affair, that I have let pass two posts without returning you thanks, for the greatest marks of your friendship, that any one can possibly receive. Indeed I might well be ashamed to receive them in one sense; since the character you have given of me *, is so far beyond what I dare think suitable: though in these cases, one may better perhaps give way to vanity than in any other. But though friendship has made you over favourable, there is one truth however, which your letter plainly carries with it, and must do me service. It shews that I have a real and passionate friend in you: and to have deserved such a friendship, must be believed some sort of merit. I do not say this as aiming at a fine speech: but in reality, where one sees so little friendship, and of so short continuance, as commonly in mankind, it must be, one would think, even in the sex's eye, a pledge of constancy, fidelity, and other merit, to have been able to engage and preserve so lasting and firm a friendship with a man of worth. So that you see, I can find a way to reconcile myself to all you have said in favour of me, allowing it to have been spoken in passion; and in this respect the more engaging with the sex; who are as good or better judges than we ourselves, of the sincerity of affection.

But in the midst of my courtship came an east wind, and with the town smoke did my business, or at least would have done it effectually, had I not fled hither with what

* This relates to a letter the Lord Molesworth had written in his favour.

breath I had left. Indeed I could have almost laughed at my own misfortune: there is something so odd in my fortune and constitution. You may think me melancholy, if you will. I own there was a time in public affairs when I really was: for, saving yourself, and perhaps one or two more (I speak the most), I had none that acted with me, against the injustice and corruption of both parties: each of them inflamed against me, particularly one, because of my birth and principles; the other, because of my pretended apostacy, which was only adhering to those principles on which their party was founded. There have been apostates indeed since that time. But the days are long since past, that you and I were treated as Jacobites*. What to say for some companions of ours, as they are now changed†, I know not: but as to my own particular, I assure you, that since those sad days of the public, which might have helped on perhaps with that melancholy or spleen which you fear in me, and for certain have helped me to this ill state of health: I am now, however, as free as possible; and even in respect to my health too, excepting only the air of London, I am, humanly speaking, very passable; but gallantly speaking, and as a courtier of the fair sex, God knows I may be very far from passing. And I have that sort of stubbornness and wilfulness (if that be spleen) that I cannot bear to set a better face on the matter, than it deserves; so I am like to be an ill courtier, for the same reason that I am an ill jockey. It is impossible for me, to conceal my horse's imperfections or my own, where I mean to dispose of either. I think it unfair: so that could any quack, by a peculiar medicine, set me up for a month or two, enough to go through with my courtship, I would not accept his offer, unless I could miraculously be made whole. Now for a country health and a town neighbourhood, I am sound and well: but for a town life, whether it be for business or diversion, it is out of my compass.

* The truly apostate Whigs, who became servile and arbitrary to please court empirics, branded all those as Jacobites, who adhered to those very principles that occasioned and justified the revolution.

† Here he means some who voted with him in his favourite bills, and who were originally Whigs; but out of pique and disappointment, became if not real Jacobites (which was scarce possible) yet in effect as bad, by promoting all the designs peculiar to that desperate party.

I say all this, that you may know n true state, and how desperate a man y serve, and in how desperate a case. Sho any thing come of it, the friendship w appear the greater; or if nothing, t friendship will appear the same still, a me myself. Your letter was delivered: hope you will hear soon in answer to The old Lord continues wonderfully ki to me, and I hear has lately spoken of n so to others. Our public affairs at hom will be much changed by the late death the prince ‡. But I have been able to s nobody: so will not attempt to write, a will end here with the assurance of r being, dear Sir, your most obliged a faithful friend and servant.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, E

Dear Sir, Chelsea, Nov. 20, 1708

I CAME hither from Surry but yesterda and found your second letter; which I had not received, I should however t have failed writing this post about c changes talked of, which I hope will be the public advantage. As to the admirals and the consequences of keeping it in th administration it had lain under during th prince's time, you know my mind fully, a well as my opinion of this present Lor who, I hope, may with certainty be calle Lord High Admiral. It is Lord Pembrok I mean, who with great reluctancy at la accepts it, I believe: though he plainl said (as I have been informed) that he wa inserted only to serve a turn, and th another great Lord (the favourite of oc Whig party) was at the bottom intended and would in some time succeed him. Bu I really believe things stand on a bette bottom: and, that as strictly as the Lord Somers is bound to the party of friend with whom he rose, he has yet that wi dom, and withal that regard to his coun try's interest, especially under a ministry of which he is like to have so great a share, that, however the low Whigs may murmur, he will be glad to see the naval affairs in the hands of so universally be loved a man, so honourable and uncorrupt as Lord Pembroke.

By this you will find I take for granted that Lord Somers comes into the place talked of for him of President of the Council; and believe it is true that he has

‡ The Prince of Denmark.

d the queen's hand, though not directly minister received: but pretty near it may believe; since at this time of ming (and so sincere a mourner as the en is) she hardly would see a stranger, what is more, a man so estranged from and so wholly off from the court as d Somers has been, and whom I scarce ve she has admitted at any time to her hand; he having been for certain prince's aversion, as you may judge by e who chiefly influenced the prince, and e the violentest enemies Lord Somers I must confess I ever wished well to correspondence there now is between d Somers and our Lord*; but can end to have had no share in effecting With all the other Lords of the junto, ve maintained only a very cool and ant acquaintance: but I have ever distinguished Lord Somers, and believe so both of our Lord and him, that the on between them is upon a handsomer better bottom, than that of giving up ir particular friends on either side; and n Lord Pembroke (a Tory), on whom this turns, is a proof, I think, that this nge is not wholly a party matter.

Lord Wharton indeed is true steel; but little partiality as I have for him, and ll an opinion of his private life and ciples, I fancy his good understanding l make him shew himself a better Lord utenant than is expected. More changes now not of: nor do I believe many are be expected.

Forgive this hasty sheet I here enclose you. It is late, and I shall miss this at's post sending hence to town: so add my constant and sincere profession of ng, dear Sir, your obliged friend and ind humble servant.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Nov. 25, 1708.

I SHOULD be very sorry if you missed mine, of last post but one, from Chelsea, which I writ you my whole thoughts of changes.

The parliament has now sat, and for the trying question we have lost the ballot, ugh but by nine. Our friends stuck fast. kindness to this ministry, which the men are willing to favour, made the ggle not so great as might be. Sir r King, our friend, spoke worthily for it. Sir Joseph Jekyl, and all those, did as before, and went on our side. The late speakers beset the new one †: and he will have I fear a hard task, if this be not an easy sessions, as our great news and glorious success abroad is like to make it.

As for myself and private affairs (with which I did not trouble you in my last long one), you may judge by the place where I am, that they go not on very smartly. Making court any where, or in any sense, I find is not among my talents, if I have any. I have done more in this affair than I thought it possible for me to have done, having so great an opinion (as I still have) of the lady. But it is hard, even for us men, to know ourselves; harder for women, however wise. She may like a younger man, and a sprightlier, far better perhaps than such a one as I am. But I believe such a one will not so like or value her as I do, or in the main make her so happy; so vain I am. But whatever my thoughts are of myself, I am not used to set myself off for my interest sake, and make the best of what I have. Health I have not in the highest degree. Be it spleen, or real infirmity, it is the same misfortune to a lady. Could I make a shew of health with safety, and pursue the lady, where I might have opportunity to win her liking by this means, and appearing better without doors than I am within at ordinary hours, I would not do this, whatever depended on it. But as the season is, and the severe north-east winds, and town smoke, I am driven from my quarters at Chelsea; and think not that I shall be able to return there, till the strength of the winter is over; so will take the first fair weather, to go to my winter quarters at St. Giles‡. A thousand thanks to you for your kind concern in an affair which I have taken so much to heart. Your writing again in answer, as you did, the first post, was mighty right, to me extremely obliging. If I see the least glimmering of hope, you shall be sure to know. I have given order at Chelsea about the vines: adieu, dear Sir. I am most faithfully yours.

Sir John and Mr. Micklethwayt (who are both here at this instant, rejoicing with me on the good news from abroad) desire very earnestly to have their humble services presented to you.

* The Lord Treasurer.

† Sir Richard Onslow, afterwards created Lord Onslow.

‡ His paternal seat in Dorsetshire, which he used highly to commend.

LETTER LXXXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Jan. 6, 1708-9.

HAD I not by accident heard long since that you were on the road to town, you may be sure I should be employing the leisure time I have here in writing to you; especially after such long and friendly letters as I have lately received from you on public and private subjects, and in which you are so favourable to me, as to lay a stress upon my judgment and opinion in the affairs of my country; which of late years I have been forced to look on at a distance, without any thing that can be called a share in them myself*. I must own, I began of late to flatter myself with a way of service I little dreamt of, and which I never thought myself capable of or qualified for heretofore †. I never thought I should see any of the great men at court so inclinable to public good, as to regard or hearken to a man who had chiefly that at heart: and, to say truth of myself, I always thought I had a stubbornes of nature, which would hinder me from making a right advantage of good ministers, whenever we should come to have any such. But the being taken down very early in my life from those high imaginations I had, and those hopes of doing service in the plain way of business and parliaments, the mortification wrought so far in my advantage that I became milder and more tractable; and in this condition you found me, when you laid hold of an opportunity, and with a most particular mark of friendship recommended me to a great man ‡, and brought me under obligation to him. The little time I have had since with him, I employed the best I could, in such advices and such offer of service as became me. Nor do I think I have been any way unfortunate in giving the least offence, or raising that frightful idea which courtiers are apt to have of patriots and men of rigid virtue. I flatter myself egregiously, or I am well in his opinion, and have lost no ground. But if it be so, and, I faithfully believe, I will be sworn there never was a more disinterested man in his station; for if I may judge myself, he leaves it to his friends those he has obliged, to be grateful, to act for him as they fancy and as hearts prompts them; but for his he lays no burdens, nor requires any vice in return.

But this however ought not to the zeal and earnest endeavour of one is obliged, and in a truly honest must increase it; and this, for his sake, I wish he may be wise enough know; for I had rather such goodne his should come from reflection, than natural temper and generosity; for he can see so deep into hearts, and com hend the mystery of honesty (a real tery in most courts) will never want of those generous inclinations which a worthy character. But the misfortun we honest men, (if I may speak thus sumptuously of myself) are a little my rious ourselves. There is a cloud over which is hard to be cleared up. rugged paths we walk through, give rugged pace; and the idle supine illite creatures of a court-education have a th sand advantages above us; and can borrow from our character than we theirs, though of right there should nothing fair or handsome in which should come behind them. And it o to be a shame, that a mere courtier the for his interest sake, be more assiduous better behaved in every respect, than man who makes court for his coun and tries to profit of the good dispos of great men in power. Our fr Horace, found the difficulty and weigh this, in the case of an honest man, loved his great friend §, but scorned to a slave.

Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum ‖

And therefore (with a sigh, to be s he says,

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit ¶.....

But we have better cause than Hor or his friend Lollius, whom he writes and therefore should strive to do m They had only themselves to serve, we our country and mankind: and t was a great difference between those nisters whom they courted, and the m ster our friend; for their ministry was

* Because of his asthma.

† Giving advice to those at the helm, of which no man was more capable, both in respect of ability and integrity.

‡ The Lord Treasurer.

§ Mecenas. ‖ Lib. 1. Epist. 18. ver.

¶ Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 18. ver. 86.

saving of their country, and the world; a country is the very delivering of both, and the foundation of a nobler structure of liberty (by a just balance of power at home and abroad) than ever was yet laid for mankind. They are in so good a way, they can scarce miscarry. Nor can they be forward, in the just esteem and gratitude of the public, if they are not most simply wanting to themselves in their private friendships. But if, trusting to their public merit, or to their interest in their prince, they either make no friends, or such as have not courage and wisdom, their enemies will find advantages against them in any state of affairs.

As our present affairs stand, I am sure a minister has need to be fortified with good friends and honest advisers. He ought to know how he stands with the public, how every action and step is considered, and what the people think of matters, before the proof comes in a parliament. It is my opinion, that a peace is not so near as it may seem. I know the hard circumstances the Dutch are under will make them press for the first terms that seem any way advantageous. But matters are not at present to be satisfied by a whisper between two gentlemen of the blade; and others must have the secret communicated to them, besides a Monsieur Bouflers or Milord Portland*: so great a change has happened since that last peace, both in the government of England, as well as Holland! and a chancellor here apprehends another sort of duty, as well as a pensioner there, thanks to the Tory gentlemen, for their notable furtherance of the prerogative! For I was one of those sorrowful Whigs who bemoaned the sad case of our constitution, according to which the power of peace and war was wholly in the Prince; whilst the Tories saw plainly that it was otherwise, and could impeach a Lord Chancellor† for placing the seal where I sincerely thought he could not refuse to do it at his Prince's command. But let Lord Chancellors and other ministers look to themselves. If our constitution was not so then, it is become so now; for not the absolute command, the obstinacy, the rashness, or ill judgment of the Prince himself (though ever so much a principal in the case, or though single, or by himself) can justify or excuse the least flaw in a treaty, for which the ministers are with their heads to be answerable to the people, as by late precedents it has been established. These difficulties may easily show a wise minister that he has need of very discerning, bold, and honest friends, and such as are not only able by their advice to assist him, but by their interest and credit, be as it were hostages and pledges for him to the public, and to that concealed party of sober and honest men, who, as few as they are, and as little noisy, have a much greater part in the influence of affairs than ministers are apt to think; especially those ministers who affect a high contempt of coffee-houses and pamphlets. But it is time to end my scrawl, and tell you the chief reason of it over leaf.

I have been shamefully tedious about public affairs, but will be shorter about private; after only asking, how comes it you are not in parliament? For your own sake perhaps I am not so much concerned, for I know too well what hardships lie upon one who will not be a slave to a party‡, and such men should be rather reserved for the most hazardous and calamitous times, when public necessity and common danger make their merits and opinion better regarded. But for a good Lord's sake‖ I am sorry you are not there; for though you may serve him less invidiously, and with more satisfaction perhaps to himself, in another station, yet he wants those in such a body as the House of Commons, who are friends to his ministry, and yet free to act for those they represent. This I know may be shocking in many cases; and if it be so, and the difficulty be invincible, I congratulate your escape, but condole with another person the want of a more truly refined policy than I see is understood at court.

As for my affair it hangs just as it did, The more I learn from all hands, the more

* These made the famous Partition-treaty, which was so ill relished in England, and rejected by the Parliament. For a while it was kept very secret, which circumstance alone is a just presumption that a treaty is not for the advantage or honour of the nation.

† Lord Somers. Lord Portland was also impeached; as were at the same time the Lords Orford and Halifax.

‡ He does not mean that their care should be in prosecuting, which often proves a worse remedy than the disease; but by considering the contents of them, and thereby judging of the sentiments of the people, or at least of some party among them.

‖ Lord Treasurer.

I see, and hear, and observe, the more I incline, but hope less; for if I had not fears that I am wholly disregarded on the side of another sex, I am confident I could go further in prevailing, and should have better interest in our own than any other. I have this reason, that besides a declaration in my favour, with a liking of my character, family, circumstances, with the profession of a sincere friendship which has been of long standing, and all other commendations and professions that I could modestly wish or desire; besides all this (I say), I have a merit that nobody else will rival me in, for I would be glad of obtaining upon any terms; and that which is so hard to be parted with, is what I seek not either now or in reversion. And let this be a token to you, that I am not cool or indifferent as you suspect and reproach me in one of your letters. I would with all my soul engage myself this moment to the person (were I but liked), with a renunciation of every thing of interest or fortune, either present or to come; and if I lose the person, even thus, I shall esteem it a loss: and whenever I shall think of engaging elsewhere (if this be lost to me) I shall show that money is not so mighty a thing in my esteem, that it should seem incredible for me to pursue in such a disinterested manner.

But surely you will not think this so strange in me, that I should value virtue so much and wealth so little. And now that I have spent a whole page upon myself (contrary to my promise), committing myself and my affair wholly to you, and resolving to take your judgment on it, I wait your advices, and remain, dear Sir, your most obliged, and ever faithful friend and humble servant.

If you direct to me to Sir John's here at Beachworth, in Surrey, by Darking bag, the post will bring your letter quick; but if any thing of great importance, a servant of mine shall come away at any time from Chelsea, to bring what you have to communicate: or perhaps Mr. Micklethwayt, who is often coming hither (generally once a week) may be the conveyor; at least he will send it to Chelsea, or see it safe conveyed, if you direct him.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

THAT you might not be in pain on my account, I took the resolution, as soon as I had read yours, to send an answer away with the soonest, without waiting the return of the post. So this, which is writ late to-night, will, I hope, come to you to-morrow evening by the penny post, since it is to be in town before noon. And glad one is of any opportunity of a messenger, such as go by necessity on their own business, and on foot; for our servants and horses cannot stir out of the bottom, where we are blocked up by the deep snows; and what is worse, the melted snow now turned again by the frost into crusted ice.

I was already on my journey to the West, with my face (in the Jewish phrase) toward, St. Giles's, but now I am a sojourner here of necessity, I can neither go backward nor forward; nor could I, though I were a robust man; but as a tender one, I know not what will become of me or my affairs; for nobody's affairs ever required their presence more than mine do at this time, and have done this good while in the country.

But now, as to what you write to me of your being in concern for, on my account, you need fear no resentment or reproach from me on that score. I have that entire dependence on my friend, that I can always commit my affairs and secrets to him as plenipotentiary; and where I have once given my heart (allow a lover to speak in lover's language) I can easily entrust my interest. You have long had my heart, even before I knew you personally. For the holy and truly pious man who revealed the greatest of mysteries, he who, with a truly generous love to mankind and his country, pointed out the state of Denmark to other states, and prophesied of the things highliest important to the growing age; he, I say, had already gained me as his sworn friend before he was so kind as to make friendship reciprocal, by his acquaintance and expressed esteem. So that you may believe it no extraordinary transition in me, from making you in truth my oracle in public affairs to make you a thorough confident in my private. All, therefore, that I am con-

ceemed for in this bold attempt of yours, for your own sake; lest your partiality to me should have made you too forward in showing what was not so worthy of being seen as you imagine, and people are apt to think such things are from design. For my own part I could not but wonder with myself a great while (for I could with difficulty recollect) what kind of a letter I had writ you; and it is really a strange law, which I impose on myself in respect of my near friends, never to write to them with the freedom, hastiness, and indiscretness of common talk; that they may have all as it comes uppermost. And in this I can appeal to my late letters and all that I have writ you on my love subject; for I am confident I never so much as read over one that I wrote to you on that head. But be it as it will, if what happened was but natural (and of that you are best judge), I am satisfied; and hope it may prove for the best, as you seem so positively to assure. And for the other part, my love affair, using the same good judgment you have in this as well as in the other, do as you judge best. I leave all to you: only should be sorry that you ran the least hazard, in going too far out of doors this weather. And therefore beg that your zeal for me would not push you to what would be a real trouble for me to hear. Take your time, use your own way, act for me with full power, and report your judgment.

If I have that interest you intimate in a great man *, I can assure you, as well for the public sake as for my own (in real love and obligation to him) I will not indulge myself in any respect; but be a courtier to my utmost, and see him often at St. James's, Kensington, Windsor, or wherever he is. Only my health will not bear with any kind of attendance in winter-time, when I am forced to attend upon myself; and by that care, and sparing of myself, have recovered (when by nothing else I could), out of the most languishing condition for three or four years: for which I have endured (and must endure, it seems, because of the singularity of my distemper) the judgment of the world, as one fantastical and splenetic. But my near friends, those of all hours, and that see me in all circumstances, can best witness for me as to that; though perhaps, now they are for advancing me in matrimony, they may magnify my bodily estate, at the hazard of that of my mind, which is less (they think) a fair lady's concern. But I like not the stratagem, and desire to appear in truth what I am; only if I am more careful of my health against the time of such an engagement, I may be the more excused; and indeed it is but after all what is necessary to preserve me, if I am worth preserving, for any good I can do the public or my friends. Never any one could more justly ask that leave, which you yourself ask of me.

---- *Ægrotare timenti*, &c. †.

And therefore I hope as soon as the hardest of the winter has spent itself (which is spending apace) I shall return,

Cum zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine prima ‡.

Forgive this habit of long letters, which you have encouraged. I rest faithfully yours.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, St. Giles's, Feb. 21, 1708-9.

HOW shall I sufficiently acknowledge the kind services you have lately done me? You may well say indeed, that you love not to do things by halves. I am sure you are an entire friend; and I am not surprised to find you so; for when my acquaintance with you was only upon public affairs, I never found you a half-patriot. We were then fellow-sufferers, for being so wholly what we pretended; and the world, I believe, has made us but little amends since. It is pleasant to imagine, that if we have met with better fortune, it has been by means of one another. Would I could make it indeed thoroughly reciprocal! for, on my side, I may truly say, that the first turning of the stream, which had run against me, was by your hand, and in this most desperate case, (which was the injury I received in an injured friend) you instantly set all right; and what I had with pain and trouble, and all manner of ill-usage, been soliciting for many years, you accomplished for me in a few weeks, and gave me my first friend at court. After this miracle, I have had faith enough to think you might do any thing. Indeed I did not think you could have conquered snows and frosts, and have braved the hardest winter weather.

* Lord Treasurer.

† Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. 7. ver. 4. ‡ Id. ver. 13.

Yet it was in this season, that you made such a successful sally for me, and gave me so good an account of my affairs, which I was almost come to think wholly desperate.

But your short and long letter (which have both come safe to me), as well as the account received from my friends the post before, give me new hopes. I wish I could answer as well in the matter of my health as I can in all other respects, where you have kindly been undertaker and guarantee for me. If I am more careful of my health now than before, it is because I have this occasion; and that the more than ordinary care I have had of it of late, has succeeded so well with me. This I am sure of, that I am so far from being averse to live in the world, and to have a share in the converse and affairs of it, that had I wife that was discreet and good, and capable of advice, I should more than any one be desirous of her being much in the world, and supplying that part for me. My bookishness has so little reason to fright any one, that if I had ever been of a temper to love books better than the conversation of my friends and relations, I am now really necessitated to lay them by, for nobody wants little amusements more than I do. And though on account of my mind I could boast, perhaps, that in the greatest solitude I could vie with any one for ease and cheerfulness, yet since the change that happened in my health, I am not able to apply as formerly, nor even study above an hour at a time, or hardly as much more in a whole day. And I, who had gone through the diversions and entertainments of some courts, and foreign countries, and in the company of ladies, without ever once playing at cards, or knowing any such thing as play; I am of late become a card-player with the women, and am better qualified for chat with them, than for speeches in a parliament, or works in a study. Thus most things have their convenience and inconvenience. It is certain, that in many respects I may be said to make a better husband now that my hands are tied, than I should have done if I had been left to act to the utmost of my strength in politics. There is a selfishness in the love that is paid a wife, and in the attendance on a family, and all the little affairs of it, which, had I my full scope of action in the public, I should hardly have submitted to. An honest man must certainly be the greatest happiness of an honest woman. But then there is better too with the sweet; for an honest man will love the public, and act honestly to the public; and if he does so, it is two to one but he is hard set, and perhaps ground between the parties; at least he will have but a solicitous life of it. He cannot so well *vacare uxori* as the knave; but then the knave will be a knave to her, and *vacare* to other women instead of her. And thus, upon a medium, I look upon myself as in reality better qualified than ever for a good husband, if it be to a truly good woman, whose chief satisfaction would be a conversable and cheerful way of living, with a man who loved and valued her; and whose chief thoughts and time would be bestowed on her and her children, and to make her life as agreeable as could be to herself, and her part in the world as considerable.

But to come to practice after my doctrine, you may depend upon it I will not be long ere I return again to you; and though after a long absence, and the death of an old servant who had all my affairs here in his hands, I have found things in great disorder, I should value no loss of this kind. The weather seems now to break, and if the roads (as in a fortnight or three weeks they may be) become passable, and the weather tolerable, I will soon come and make my second attempt, with all the strength of friends that I can make on my side. And if I can but have the least kind help from within the place, we may be able to carry it.

It is a sad case for such a one as I am to hang in suspense in an affair of this kind, where I am so passionately engaged. I find it worse perhaps than another, because I am so used to have my head free for public affairs and thoughts of a larger kind. But I protest, though I have twenty things to say to you about the public, I cannot come out with one. Forgive me, I beg you, and place it to the account of that zeal I have in an affair you have thus forwarded, and is in your hands, as is entirely your obliged friend.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, St. Giles's, March 7, 1708-9.

I SHOULD indeed have been concerned very much at your silence, had I not known of your health by your friends and mine, with whom you lately dined. I found

feared your constitution would suffer by the extremity of weather we have had. The town smoke, I think, is no addition to this evil in your respect: but with me it would have been destruction. The goodness of a most healthy and warm, as well as pleasant situation where I am, and which I may really praise beyond any I have known in England, has preserved me in better health this winter than I could have imagined. And I design to make of the stock I have laid up, and come soon where I may have the happiness of conversing with you. But now you have led me into the talk of friendship, and have so kindly expostulated with me about my thanks, let me in my turn expostulate too about your excuses for your letters, or even for your omission. I well know you would not forget me, nor are there any thing that friendship required. For the rest, friendship requires that we should be easy and make each other so. It is an injustice to a real friend to deny one's self the being lazy, when one has a mind to it. I have professed to you, that I take that liberty myself, and would use it if there were occasion. But besides other inequalities that are between us, over and above those you reckoned up, consider that, together with my full leisure and retreat here in the country (by which means I have choice of hours to write when I fancy), I have a secret and private interest that pushes me forward to be writing to you as often and as much as I can. I am ashamed things should stand so unequally between us: for you have not yet had a fair trial, what a correspondent I should prove upon equal terms, nor can I impute a single letter of mine to mere friendship. But I am more ashamed still, when I, who should make excuses, am forced to receive them. See if you are not over generous! for any one besides yourself, would be apt to use a little raillery with a man in my circumstances, that had such an affair depending, and wholly in your hands. But I find you have too much gallantry, as well as friendship, to take the least advantage of a lover; and are willing to place more to the account of friendship, than I can suffer without blushing. However, be secure of this, that when you take intentions instead of facts, you can never impute more to me in the way of friendship than I really deserve. And if I have not yet had the occasion of proving myself as I would do to you in this respect, I am satisfied, if the occasion offered, you would not find me remiss. In the mean time, pray use me with more indulgence, and show me that you can use me as a friend, by writing only when you have a fancy, and no more than you have a fancy for. You cannot imagine what a favour I should take it, to receive a shorter and a worse letter from you, than you would write perhaps to any friend you had in the world besides. It is a law I set myself with my near and intimate friends to write in every humour, or neglect writing, as I fancy; and from this settled negligence I grow a right correspondent, and write when I scarce think of it, by making thus free with those I write to. If you will take my humour as it runs, you shall have hearty thanks too into the bargain, for taking it off at this rate. Let me but have a small scrap or scrawl (three or four sizes below the first of your letters, after the late conference), and I shall think myself not only favourably, but kindly and friendly dealt with.

*Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum**.

The truth is, I long for another such precious scrap as I had after your first attempt for me; that if you are as successful in a second, and find that your good advice has made impression, and that there be a real foundation of hope, I may come up quickly to make my second attempt upon my old friend.

Your story of friendship could not but delight me, it being one of my darling pieces †; especially being in an author, who, though he perpetually does all he can to turn all morality and virtue into ridicule, is yet forced to pay this, and one or two more remarkable tributes of acknowledgement, to the principle of society and friendship, which is the real principle of life, the end of life, and not (as some philosophers would have it) the means. Horace in his wild days was of another opinion; but when he came in a riper age to state the question,

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumve trahat nos ‡?

he always gives it for the latter, and would not allow virtue to be a mere name. Let

* Hor. Lib. 4. Od. 12. ver. 17.

† This story, which is well worth perusing, is in Lucian's Toxaris, or discourse of friendship.

‡ Hor. Lib. 4. Od. 12. ver. 75.

who

who will despise friendship, or deny a social principle, they will, if they are any thing ingenuous, be urged one time or another to confess the power of it: and if they enjoy it not themselves, will admire or envy it in others. And when they have inverted the whole matter of life, and made friendships, and acquaintances, and alliances serve only as a means to the great and sole end of interest, they will find by certain tokens within their own breasts, that they are short of their true and real interests of life, for this is in reality,

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Your judgment too, of the first of the parts in the story of friendship, is in my opinion perfectly just. My natural ambition in friendship made me wish to be the poor man rather of the two; though since I have lately had to deal with a rich one, I have wished often to change parts; and keeping the wealth I have, would fain have my old friend to be heartily poor, and accordingly make an experiment of me by such a legacy. But I am afraid he hardly thinks me capable of accepting of it; or if he did, I know not whether he would think the more favourably of me. Mine is a hard case indeed, when I am on one side obliged to act so disinterested a part; and yet must be careful on the other side, lest, for not loving money, I should be thought an ill son-in-law, and unfit to be entrusted with any thing. Thus you see I mix love and philosophy, and so I should politics and public affairs with private, if my place at this time was not the country, and yours the town. However, I cannot forbear intreating you to send me word, whether the proposal about Dunkirk * was from our friend in the ministry or not? for I heard he disliked it, or seemed to do so; and for the last there may be good reason as he is a statesman; for the former, I can see none, but am rather inclined to think, that as a generous and true statesman, he had for many reasons (in respect of foreign and home affairs) contrived that the proposal should seem to have its rise from a popular heat, rather than from the cabinet council, and as a deliberate thought. But if my own thought of it be fond, it is in the way of friendship still; for I could wish a friend the happiness of being author of every public good that was possible for him, and not to be a hinderance or obstruction to any.

To conclude, one word about my private affair, and I have done for this time. I beg you, when you have been your visits, and made your utmost effort to see what foundation I may hope for, you would write me a line instantly. For though I have private affairs of some consequence, that should keep me here at least a month or six weeks longer, I will despise all of that kind: and now the roads are passable and weather tolerable, will come up at a week's warning; if a man who loves and admires, is known though never seen, can possibly be favoured or thought to deserve. For if so, the cause is nobler, and there is a better foundation for acting boldly. Adieu, adieu.

* The demolishing of its fortifications and ruining of its harbour, which was first proposed in the unaccomplished treaties of the Hague and Gertruydenburg, 1703.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Dear Sir, Beachworth, June 3, 1709.

IT is now long since I had fixed my thoughts on nothing but the happiness of seeing you, and profiting of those advantages which the perfectest friendship, with the greatest address, and indefatigable pains, had compassed in my behalf. There was nothing I might not have hoped from such a foundation as you had laid; and all the enchantments in the world could not have held proof, had my fad fate allowed me but to have followed my guide, and executed what my general had so ably designed. But not a star, but has been my enemy. I had hardly got over the unnatural winter, but with all the zeal imaginable I dispatched my affairs, and came up from the west, thinking to surprise you by a visit. The hurry I came away in, and the fatigue of more than ordinary business I was forced to dispatch that very morning I set out, joined with the ill weather which returned again upon my journey, threw me into one of my ill fits of the asthma, and almost killed me on the road. After a few weeks I get this over, and my hopes revived; and last week I went to Chelsea, paid my visit next day to the old man, found him not at home, resolved to redouble my visits, and once more endeavour to move him. But the winds returned to their old quarter, I had London smoke on me for a day or

two; grew extremely ill with it, and was forced to retire hither, where I have but just recovered breath.

What shall I do in such a case? To trouble you further I am ashamed; ashamed too that I should have pushed such an affair, to which my strength was so little suitable; and yet ashamed to desist, for what I have done, and the vast trouble I have put you to. But fortune has at length taught me that lesson of philosophy, "to know myself," my constitution I mean; for my mind (in this respect at least) I know full well. And I wish in all other things I could be as unerring and perfect as I have been in this affair; in which I am certain no ambition, or thought of interest, has had any part: though it may look as if all my aim had been fortune, and not the person and character of the lady, as I have pretended. But in this I dare almost say with assurance, You know my heart. Whether the lady does, or ever will, God knows: for I have scarce the heart left to tell it her, had I the opportunity.

So much for my sad fortune.

I hope however to be at Chelsea again in a few days, and I long for the happiness of seeing you there: for I have no hopes of being able to wait on you at your lodgings.

If the Queen goes soon to Windsor, I hope soon to see the great man, our friend; whom I can easier visit there, than at St. James's. He has been so kind to inquire after me with particular favour, and has sent me a kind message in relation to public affairs. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged friend, and faithful humble servant.

LETTER XC.

From the same to the same.

My dear friend, Chelsea, June 15, 1709.

I WAS this day to wait again on my old Lord, I found him as civil and obliging as ever. But when I came to make mention of my affair, I found the subject was uneasy to him. I did but take occasion, when he spoke in praise of my little house and study, to tell him I built it in a different view from what his Lordship knew me to have of late; for I had then (I told him) no thoughts beyond a single life. I would have added, that since I was unhappy in my first offer, and had turned my thoughts as I had lately done, when I flattered myself in the hopes of his favour, I could no longer enjoy the place, or his neighbourhood, with the satisfaction I had done before——But I found he was deaf on this ear. He seemed to express all the uneasiness that could be, and I could go no further. I see there is no hope left for me. If he thought any one sincere, I believe I might be as likely as any one to be trusted by him. But I am afraid he thinks but the worse of me, for pretending to value his daughter as I do; and for protesting, that I would be glad to take her without a farthing, present or future, and yet settle all I have, as I have offered him. He will not easily find such a friend and son-in-law; one that has such a regard for him and his.

But so it must be. He may suffer perhaps as well as I. There is no help for this, when men are too crafty to see plain, and too interested to see their real friends and interest. I shall soon shew my sincerity in one respect, if I live: for since I cannot have the woman I have seen and liked, I may determine perhaps on one I have never seen; and take a lady for a character only without a fortune (which I want not), since you and other friends are so kindly importunate and pressing on this concern of mine.

But of this more when I see you next, with a thousand acknowledgments and thanks for the thorough friendship you have shewn; and what is so truly friendship, that I almost think I injure it when I speak of thanks and acknowledgments.

You will have me take all of this kind in another manner; and therefore, on the same foot, I expect you should take all that I have done, or ever can do, without ceremony, and as your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTER XCI.

From the same to the same.

My dear friend, Beachworth, July 9, 1709.

I CAN hardly be reconciled to you, for saying so much as you have done, to express your concern for the disappointment of my grand affair. I am not so ill a friend, nor have lived so little in the world, as not to know by experience, that a disappointment in a friend's concern is often of more trouble to one than in one's own. And I was so satisfied this was your case, that I was willing to diminish the loss and

and make as slight of it as possible, the better to comfort you, and prevent your being too much concerned at what had happened. As to the fortune, I might sincerely have done it; but as to the lady, I own the loss is great enough: for, besides her character and education, she was the first I turned my thoughts upon after the promise you had drawn from me the year before, when you joined with some friends of mine in kindly pressing me to think of the continuance of a family. Methinks now I might be acquitted, after this attempt I have made. But you have taken occasion from the ill success of it to prove how much more still you are my friend, in desiring to make the most of me while I live, and keep what you can of me for memory-sake afterwards. This is the kindest part in the world; and I cannot bring myself so much as to suppose a possibility of your flattering me. I have an easy faith in friendship. My friends may dispose of me as they please, when they thus lay claim to me; and whilst they find me of any use to them, or think I have any power still to serve mankind or my country in such a sphere as is yet left for me, I can live as happy in a crazy state of health, and out of the way of pleasures and diversions, as if I enjoyed them in the highest degree. If marriage can be suitable to such a circumstance of life, I am content to engage. I must do my best to render it agreeable to those I engage with; and my choice, I am sensible, ought for this reason to be as you have wisely prescribed for me. I must resolve to sacrifice other advantages, to obtain what is principal and essential in my case.

What other people will say of such a match, I know not; nor what motive they will assign for it, when interest is set aside. Love, I fear, will be scarce a tolerable pretence in such a one as I am: and for a family, I have a brother still alive, whom I may have still some hopes of. What a weakness then would it be thought in me, to marry with little or no fortune, and not in the highest degree of quality neither? Will it be enough that I take a breeder out of a good family, with a right education, fit for a mere wife; and with no advantage but simple innocence, modesty, and the plain qualities of a good mother and a good nurse? This is as little the modern relish, as that old fashioned wife of Horace's,

Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
*Pernicis uxor Appuli**.

Can you or my friends, who press me this, bear me out in it? See, if with the notions of virtue (which you, more than any one, have helped to propagate in this age) it be possible to make such an affair pass tolerable in the world! The experiment however shall be made, if I live out this summer; and you shall hear me say, as the old bachelor in the Latin Menander, with a little alteration,

Etsi hoc molestum,---atque alienum a vita mea
Videtur; si vos tantopere istuc vultis, fiat†.

You see upon what foot of friendship I treat you. Judge whether it be necessary for you hereafter to say much in order to convince me what a friend you are; and for my own part, I have reduced you, I am confident, to the necessity of believing me either the most insincere of all men, or the most faithfully your friend and humble servant.

I missed our great friend, when I was last to visit him at St. James's. I intend for Windsor very soon, if I am able.

LETTER XCII.

Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.

Reygate in Surrey, Nov. 1. 1709.

Dear Sir,

IF I have had any real joy in my new state, it was then chiefly when I received yours, that wished it me. The two or three friends whom, besides yourself, I pretend to call by that name, were so much parties to the affair, and so near me, that their part of congratulation was in a manner anticipated. Happily you were at a good distance, and *point de vue* to see right; for as little trust as I allow to the common friendship of the world, I am so presumptuous in this case of a near and intimate friend, that, instead of mistrusting their affection, I am rather afraid of its rendering them too partial. The interest and part which I believe them ready to take in my concern, makes me wish them sometimes to see me (as they should do themselves) from a distance, and in a less favourable light. So that, although I have had god-fathers to my match, I have not been confirmed till I had your approbation: and though (thank God) I have had faith to believe myself a good

* Epod. 2. ver. 41.
† Terent. Adelph. Act. 5. Sc. 6. ver. 21.

d Christian without episcopal confirmation, I should have thought myself an ill married, and but half married, if I had not received your concluding sentence and friendly blessing. In good earnest (for to you I am not ashamed to say it) I have for many years known no other pleasure, or profit, or satisfaction, in doing any thing, but as I thought it right, and what became me to my friends and country. Not that I think I had the less pleasure for this reason; but honesty will always be thought a melancholy thing to those who go but half way into the reason of it, and are bound by chance or by force of nature, not by reason and conviction. Were I to talk of marriage, and forced to speak my mind plainly, and without the help of humour or raillery, I should doubtless offend the most part of sober married people, and the ladies chiefly; for I should in reality think I did wonders in extolling the happiness of my new state, and the merit of my wife in particular, by saying, that I verily thought myself as happy a man now as ever. And is not that subject enough of joy? What would a man of sense wish more? For my own part, if I find any sincere joy, it is because I promised myself no other than the satisfaction of my friends, who thought my family worth preserving, and myself worth nursing in an indifferent crazy state, to which a wife (if a real good one) is a great help. Such a one I have found; and if by her help or care I can regain a tolerable share of health, you may be sure it will be employed as you desire, since my marriage itself was but a means to that end.

I have deferred three or four posts the answering yours, in expectation of reporting something to you from our great Lord, to whom I had lately sent a letter; he having before let me know that he would soon write to me upon something of moment; but as yet I have heard nothing. Only, as oft as he sees a friend of ours, he inquires after me with particular kindness. I am now at such a convenient distance from him, whether he be at St. James's, Kensington, or Windsor, that when the weather and wind serve for me, and I am tolerably well, I can in four or five hours driving, be ready to attend him. Other attendance I am not, you know, capable of; nor can I expect such a change of health as that comes to: for sincerely it depends on that alone. As proudly as I have carried myself to other ministers, I could as willingly pass a morning waiting at his levee, as any where else in the world.

When last I was with him at Windsor, you may be sure, I could not omit speaking to him of yourself. The time I had with him was much interrupted by company. I know not how my interest, on such a foot as this, is like to grow; but I am certain it shall not want any cultivating, which an honest man, and in my circumstances, can possibly bestow upon it. If he has, or comes to have any good opinion of my capacity or knowledge, he must withal regard me in the choice I make of friends. And if it happens, as fortunately as it has done, that the chief friend I have, and the first whom I consider in public affairs, was previously his own acquaintance and proved friend, one would think he should afterwards come to set a higher value upon him: and since he cannot have one always near him who gladly would be so, he will oblige another who is willing and able. And in reality, if at this time your coming up depends only on his wish (as you tell me) and the commands he may have for you, I shall much wonder if he forgets the advantage, or thinks he can dispense with your presence at such a time.

Your character of Lord Wharton is very generous. I am glad to hear so well of him. If ever I expected any public good where virtue was wholly sunk, it was in his character; the most mysterious of any in my account, for this reason. But I have seen many proofs of this monstrous compound in him, of the very worst and best. A thousand kind thanks to you in my own and spouse's name, for your kind thoughts of seeing us. I add only my repeated service and good wishes, as your old and faithful friend and obliged humble servant.

LETTER XCIII.

From Sir John Cropley to ———.

Dear Sir, Red-Lion Square, August 16.

MY Lord Shaftesbury has desired me to make you his excuse at this time; and I am sure when I tell you what hinders him, you will be more pleased with a letter from me, than with any you have ever had from him. However, I know in a post or two he will do it himself, and tell you he is come acquainted with a person that has every qualification, but equality of fortune, to make her a suitable match. I believe no man ever had a surer prospect of his own

own and family's happineſs. I am only concerned that ſo good a friend as you, are not here, to be that way a partaker with myſelf of this; and my Lord laments it himſelf as much. His health, which is our beſt article, is become ſo good this weather, that he has been able to make his Windſor journey without hurting himſelf; and the good impreſſion your friend, my Lord Treaſurer, made at firſt on my Lord, daily increaſes. And I muſt own, ſince our friend has ſteered by our compaſs, and has taken this reſolution at our requeſt, and for his country's good, I wiſh it was as ſuch told your friend, my Lord Treaſurer; and the more, ſince I find my Lord Shaftesbury is deſirous of cultivating all ways the foot they now ſtand on. I would not have this paſs for a light act, which in itſelf is ſo far from it*. And I muſt ſay again, the choice is ſo good in all reſpects but that one, which my Lord is very well able to diſpenſe with, that even ſome Whig friends that do not love him (whatever they pretend) for ſo often putting them out of countenance, and arraigning their conduct, will not be able to wound him at all: though, as a ſincere friend to my Lord Shaftesbury, I muſt own it is the only place I fear hurt from; and ſo am the more willing to put you in mind of this fence againſt it. If your occaſions ſhould be ſo preſſing to get the better of your inclinations, and keep you from doing this in the beſt way, yet I hope, in your correſponding with my Lord Treaſurer, you will remember this by the very firſt opportunity. My Lord Shaftesbury is now at Beachworth. I ſhall be with him to-morrow; and Mr. Micklethwayt, who is now here, will have me add his humble reſpects. I can ſay, no man is with greater faithfulneſs, gratitude, and reſpect, than myſelf, dear Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

I will not pretend to give you news, but Mick ſays we have none. I beg my beſt reſpects and good wiſhes to your ſons.

LETTER XCIV.

From Sir John Cropley to ——.

Dear Sir, October the 6th.

THE marriage of our friend muſt be my excuſe for no ſooner acknowledging ſo kind a letter as I about that time received from you. But really, as private and little to do as there was done in it, yet gave me more buſineſs than I expected. You muſt long ere this know, that his lady is a daughter of Mr. Ewer of Hertfordſhire, where that family have been ſeated ever ſince Henry the Seventh's time. I gave you, I remember, a pretty full account of all but her name in my letter; ſo that I will only now ſay of it, that I believe no man ever had a wife, that his own life and happineſs would go on more the ſame, and undiſturbed in all parts of it than he has. My Lord, by going too ſoon unto his Reygate houſe, got a ſevere cold; but he's ſo perfectly recovered as to be much better than I have ſeen him in ſome years paſt. You would now be as much rejoiced, and indeed ſurpriſed, to ſee the good ſigns of health in him, as you were concerned in ſeeing him laſt at Chelſea. The change is ſo great, that I do not doubt but the public too, one way or other, will have good ſigns of it. My Lord Treaſurer has moſt kindly writ to congratulate him; and my Lord has writ a letter in anſwer, with more perſonal honour and eſteem than I am ſure he ever writ a miniſter before. By the way, now I am ſpeaking of compliments, on this occaſion I hear a certain perſon at your Lord Lieutenant's † gave a pretty odd account of the lady, or rather of my Lord, by ſaying ſhe was far from being young. Indeed, if that had been wanting in any match, it would have made it a ſad affair. But ſhe is but twenty. So I cannot but fancy ſome odd wrong perſon muſt have been named for him; or is it not a feature of the old leaven, a breaking out of ſome old Whigiſm, for paſt ſins committed that can never be forgiven? And this was more ſtrange, to make ſuch a deliberate act of his, and that he was ſo difficult to be brought to paſs for a ſudden raſh one, when youth was alſo taken away. But ſome are ſo keen and envious of characters, as to be ſometimes pretty preposterous in their ſchemes to deſame by. My Lord is now with me, and enjoins me to give you his moſt faithful reſpects and thanks for all your kind concern and good wiſhes. I am with unfeigned reſpect and ſincerity, dear Sir, your moſt faithful, obedient, humble ſervant.

* Meaning Lord Shaftesbury's marriage.

† At Lord Wharton's.

LET-

LETTER XCV.

*Lord Shaftesbury to Lord * * *.*

[With the Notion of the Historical Draught of the Judgment of Hercules.]

My Lord,

HIS letter comes to your Lordship, accompanied with a small writing intitled A Notion: for such alone can that be deservedly be called, which aspires higher than to the forming of a project, and that too in so vulgar a science as painting. But whatever the subject be, if it can prove any way entertaining to you, it will sufficiently answer my design. And possibly it may have that good success, I should have no ordinary opinion of my subject, since I know how hard it would be to give your Lordship a real entertainment by any thing which was not in some respect worthy and useful.

On this account I must by way of preamble inform your Lordship, that after I had conceived my Notion, such as you see upon paper, I was not contented with this, but fell directly to work, and by the aid of a master-painter brought it into practice, and formed a real design. This was not enough. I resolved afterwards to see what effect it would have, when taken out of mere black-and-white into colours; and thus a sketch was afterwards drawn. This pleased so well, that being encouraged by the *virtuosi*, who are so eminent in this art of the world, I resolved at last to engage my painter in the great work. Immediately a cloth was bespoke of a suitable dimension, and the figures taken as big or bigger than the common life; the subject being of the heroic kind, and requiring rather such figures as should appear above ordinary human stature.

Thus my Notion, as light as it may prove in the treatise, is become very substantial in the workmanship. The piece is still in hand, and like to continue so for some time. Otherwise the first draught or design should have accompanied the treatise, as the treatise does this letter. But the design having grown thus into a sketch, and the sketch afterwards into a picture, I thought it fit your Lordship should either see the several pieces together, or be troubled only with that which was the best, as undoubtedly the great one must prove, if the master I employ sinks not very much below himself in this performance.

Far surely should I be, my Lord, from conceiving any vanity or pride in amusements of such an inferior kind as these, especially were they such as they may naturally at first sight appear. I pretend not here to apologize either for them or for myself. Your Lordship however knows I have naturally ambition enough to make me desirous of employing myself in business of a higher order; since it has been my fortune in public affairs to act often in concert with you, and in the same views, on the interest of Europe and mankind. There was a time, and that a very early one of my life, when I was not wanting to my country in this respect. But after some years of hearty labour and pains in this kind of workmanship, an unhappy breach in my health drove me not only from the seat of business, but forced me to seek these foreign climates; where, as mild as the winters generally are, I have with much ado lived out this latter one; and am now, as your Lordship finds, employing myself in such easy studies as are most suitable to my state of health, and to the genius of the country where I am confined.

This in the mean time I can with some assurance say to your Lordship in a kind of spirit of prophesy, from what I have observed of the rising genius of our nation, that if we live to see a peace any way answerable to that generous spirit with which this war was begun, and carried on for our own liberty and that of Europe, the figure we are like to make abroad, and the increase of knowledge, industry and sense at home, will render united Britain the principal seat of arts; and, by her politeness and advantages in this kind, will shew evidently how much she owes to those counsels which taught her to exert herself so resolutely in behalf of the common cause, and that of her own liberty and happy constitution necessarily included.

I can myself remember the time when in respect of music, our reigning taste was in many degrees inferior to the French. The long reign of luxury and pleasure under King Charles the Second, and the foreign helps and studied advantages given to music in a following reign, could not raise our genius the least in this respect. But when the spirit of the nation was grown more free, though engaged at that time in the fiercest war, and with the most doubtful success, we no sooner began to turn ourselves towards music, and inquire what Italy in particular produced, than in an instant we outstripped our neighbours the French, entered into a genius far beyond

yond theirs, and raised ourselves an ear and judgment not inferior to the best now in the world.

In the same manner as to painting. Though we have as yet nothing of our own native growth in this kind worthy of being mentioned, yet since the public has of late begun to express a relish for engravings, drawings, copyings, and for the original paintings of the chief Italian schools (so contrary to the modern French) I doubt not that in a very few years we shall make an equal progress in this other science. And when our humour turns us to cultivate these designing arts, our genius, I am persuaded, will naturally carry us over the slighter amusements, and lead us to that higher, more serious and noble part of imitation, which relates to history, human nature, and the chief degree or order of beauty: I mean that of the rational life, distinct from the merely vegetable and sensible, as in animals or plants; according to those several degrees or orders of painting which your Lordship will find suggested in this extemporary Notion I have sent you.

As for architecture, it is no wonder if so many noble designs of this kind have miscarried amongst us, since the genius of our nation has hitherto been so little turned this way, that through several reigns we have patiently seen the noblest public buildings perish (if I may say so) under the hand of one single court-architect; who, if he had been able to profit by experience, would long since, at our expence, have proved the greatest master in the world. But I question whether our patience is like to hold much longer. The devastation so long committed in this kind, has made us begin to grow rude and clamorous at the hearing of a new palace spoiled, or a new design committed to some rash or impotent pretender.

It is the good fate of our nation in this particular, that there remain yet two of the noblest subjects for architecture; our Prince's palace, and our house of Parliament. For I cannot but fancy that when Whitehall is thought of, the neighbouring Lords and Commons will, at the same time, be placed in better chambers and apartments than at present, were it only for Majesty's sake, and as a magnificence becoming the person of the Prince, who here appears in full solemnity. Nor do I fear, that when these new subjects are attempted, we should miscarry as grossly as we have done in others before. Our state in this respect may prove perhaps more fo tunate than our church, in having wai till a national taste was formed befo these edifices were undertaken. But t zeal of the nation could not, it seems, a mit so long a delay in their ecclesiastic structures, particularly their metropolita And since a zeal of this sort has bee newly kindled amongst us, it is like w shall see from afar the many spires arisin in our great city, with such hasty and su den growth, as may be the occasion, pe haps, that our immediate relish shall b hereafter censured, as retaining much what artists call the Gothic kind.

Hardly, indeed, as the public now stand should we bear to see a Whitehall treate like a Hampton Court, or even a new ca thedral like St. Paul's. Almost every on now becomes concerned, and interests him self in such public structures. Even thos pieces too are brought under the commo censure, which, though raised by priva men, are of such a grandeur and magnifi cence as to become national ornaments The ordinary man may build his cottage or the plain gentleman his country house, according as he fancies, but when a grea man builds, he will find little quarter from the public, if, instead of a beautiful pile, he raises, at a vast expence, such a false and counterfeit piece of magnificence, a can be justly arraigned for its deformity by so many knowing men in art, and by the whole people, who, in such a conjuncture, readily follow their opinion.

In reality the people are no small parties in this cause. Nothing moves successfully without them. There can be no public, but where they are included. And without a public voice, knowingly guided and directed, there is nothing which can raise a true ambition in the artist, nothing which can exalt the genius of the workman, or make him emulous of after-fame, and of the approbation of his country and of posterity. For with these he naturally as a freeman must take part; in these he has a passionate concern and interest raised in him, by the same genius of liberty, the same laws and government, by which his property and the rewards of his pains and industry are secured to him, and to his generation after him.

Every thing co-operates in such a state towards the improvement of art and science. And for the designing arts in particular, such as architecture, paintings, and statuary, they are in a manner linked together. The taste of one kind brings necessa-

ssarily that of the others along with When the free spirit of a nation s itself this way, judgments are form-; critics arise; the public eye and ear prove; a right taste prevails, and in a nner forces its way. Nothing is so growing, nothing so natural, so conge-l to the liberal arts as that reigning li-ty and high spirit of a people which, n the habit of judging in the highest ters for themselves, makes them freely ge of other subjects, and enter tho-ghly into the characters as well of men d manners, as of the products or works men in art and science. So much, my rd, do we owe to the excellence of our tional constitution and legal monarchy, ppily fitted for us, and which alone ld hold together so mighty a people; harers (though at so far distance from ch other) in the government of them-lves, and meeting under one head, in e vast metropolis, whose enormous owth, however censurable in other re-ects, is actually a cause that workman-ip and arts of so many kinds arise to ch perfection.

What encouragement our higher powers ay think fit to give these growing arts, will not pretend to guess. This I know, at it is so much for their advantage and terest to make themselves the chief ities in the cause, that I wish no court ministry, besides a truly virtuous and e one, may ever concern themselves in e affair. For should they do so, they ould in reality do more harm than ood; since it is not the nature of a court ch as courts generally are) to improve, r rather corrupt a taste. And what is the beginning set wrong by their ex-mple, is hardly ever afterwards recover-le in the genius of a nation.

Content therefore I am, my Lord, that Britain stands in this respect as she now ces. Nor can one, methinks, with just ason regret her having hitherto made no greater advancement in these affairs of rt. As her constitution has grown and een established, she has in proportion ted herself for other improvements. There has been no anticipation in the ase: and in this surely she must be esteem-d wise, as well as happy; that ere she ttempted to raise herself any other taste r relish, she secured herself a right one n government. She has now the advan-ge of beginning in other matters on a ew foot. She has her models yet to seek, her scale, and standard to form with deliberation and good choice: able enough she is at present to shift for herself, however abandoned or helpless she has been left by those whom it became to assist her; hardly indeed could she procure a single academy for the training of her youth in exercises. As good soldiers as we are, and as good horses as our climate affords, our princes, rather than expend their treasure this way, have suffered our youth to pass into a foreign nation to learn to ride. As for other academies, such as those for painting, sculpture, or architecture, we have not so much as heard of the proposal; whilst the prince of our rival nation raises academies, breeds youth, and sends rewards and pensions into foreign countries, to advance the interest and credit of his own. Now if, notwithstanding the industry and pains of this foreign court, and the supine unconcernedness of our own, the national taste however rises, and already shews itself in many respects beyond that of our so highly-assisted neighbours; what greater proof can there be of the superiority of genius in one of these nations above the other?

It is but this moment that I chance to read in an article of one of the gazettes from Paris, that it is resolved at court to establish a new academy for political affairs. "In it the present chief minister "is to preside, having under him six aca-"demists, *douez des talens necessaires* —— "no person to be received under the age "of twenty-five. A thousand livres pen-"sion for each scholar——able masters to "be appointed for teaching them the ne-"cessary sciences, and instructing them in "the treaties of peace and alliances, which "have been formerly made——the mem-"bers to assemble three times a week—— "*c'est de ce semenaire* (says the writer) "*qu'on tierera les secretaires d'ambassade*; "*qui par degrez pourront monter a de plus* "*hauts emplois.*"

I must confess, my Lord, as great an admirer as I am of these regular institutions, I cannot but look upon an academy for ministers as a very extraordinary establishment, especially in such a monarchy as France, and at such a conjuncture as the present. It looks as if the ministers of that court had discovered lately some new methods of negociation, such as their predecessors, Richlieu and Mazarine, never thought of; or that, on the contrary,

 they

they have found themselves so declined, and at such a loss in the management of this present treaty, as to be forced to take their lesson from some of those ministers with whom they treat; a reproach of which no doubt, they must be highly sensible.

But it is not my design here to entertain your Lordship with any reflections upon politics, or the methods which the French may take to raise themselves new ministers or new generals; who may prove a better match for us than hitherto, whilst we held our old. I will only say to your Lordship, on this subject of academies, that indeed I have less concern for the deficiency of such a one as this, than of any other which could be thought of for England; and that as for a seminary of statesmen, I doubt not but, without this extraordinary help, we shall be able, out of our old stock, and the common course of business, constantly to furnish a sufficient number of well-qualified persons to serve upon occasion, either at home or in our foreign treaties, as often as such persons accordingly qualified shall duly, honestly, and *bona fide*, be required to serve.

I return therefore to my virtuoso science, which being my chief amusement in this place and circumstance, your Lordship has by it a fresh instance that I can never employ my thoughts with satisfaction on any subject, without making you a party. For even this very notion had its rise chiefly from the conversation of a certain day which I had the happiness to pass a few years since in the country with your Lordship. It was there you shewed me some engravings which had been sent you from Italy: one in particular I well remember, of which the subject was the very same with that of my written Notion inclosed; but by what hand it was done, or after what master, or how executed, I have quite forgot. It was the summer season, when you had recess from business; and I have accordingly calculated this epistle and project for the same recess and leisure; for by the time this can reach England the spring will be far advanced, and the national affairs in a manner over with those who are not in the immediate administration.

Were that indeed your Lordship's lot at present, I know not whether, in regard to my country, I should dare throw such amusements as these in your way. Yet even in this case, I would venture to however, in defence of my project, of the cause of painting, that could young hero come to your Lordship as represented as he might have been, eit by the hand of a Marat or a Jordano masters who were in being and in rep when I first travelled here in Italy), picture itself, whatever the treatise pr ed, would have been worth notice, might have become a present worthy our court, and prince's palace, especia were it so blessed as to lodge within royal issue of her majesty's. Such a pi of furniture might well fit the gallery, hall of exercises, where our young prin should learn their usual lessons. And see Virtue in this garb and action, mi perhaps, be no slight memorandum he after to a royal youth, who should day come to undergo this trial himse on which his own happiness, as well the fate of Europe and the world, would so great a measure depend.

This, my Lord, is making (as you s the most I can of my project, and sent off my amusements with the best co am able; that I may be the more ex able in communicating them to your Lo ship, and expressing thus, with what I am, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful humble servant.

Naples, March 6,
N. S. 1712.

LETTER XCVI.

Extract of a letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury to Thomas Stringer, Esq.*

London, Feb. 15, 16

I WILL not trouble you any far now, nor indeed have I time. We ha got a bill to be engrossed, which lays incapacity on the elector (as the la passed act does on the elected) in case corruption, meat, drink, &c. and wh obliges the knights of the shire to ha 500l. a year, or the inheritance of it freehold within the county, and a burg 200l. a year somewhere at least in E land, on the same terms. You could believe, scarcely imagine with yours who these are in the world, or who th are in the house, who oppose this, and other such bills as this, might and ma and who they are that are condemned

* A gentleman who had held an office under the Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury.

Epis

in the face of the government, as all it, by being for such things as are, and pressing such hard things the prerogative at court. In short, would hardly believe, that your poor , that now writes to you, has sen- and bitter sentence too) every day upon him, for going, as you may he goes, and ever will go, on occasions as these; whatever party it is in or out at court, that is in the of the places, and afraid of losing daily bread by not being servile or that are out of places, and by crossing the court, and siding good and popular things against it, into these places of profit and ma- No more. My kind service to Stanger, and my service too to your I am your sincere friend, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

The Earl of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Oxford.

My Lord, Reygate, March, 29, 1711.

The honour you have done me in kind inquiries after my health, favour you have shewn me late- forwarding the only means I have my recovery, by trying the air of milder climate, obliges me ere I leave to return your Lordship my most thanks and acknowledgments in manner, since I am unable to do it in I might perhaps, my Lord, do to myself, having had no oppor- of late years to pay my particu- to you, if I should attempt otherwise to compliment your Lord- the late honours you have receiv- by appealing to the early ac- and strict correspondence I had the honour to maintain with you and family, for which I had been bred from my infancy to have the highest Your Lordship well knows my and behaviour from the first I engaged in any public concern, what zeal I spent some years of in supporting your interest, which of greater moment to the pub- than my own or family's could ever What the natural effects are of pri- friendship so founded, and what the quence of different opinions inter- your Lordship, who is so good a of men and things, can better resolve with yourself, than I can possibly suggest. And being so knowing in friends, (of whom your Lordship has acquired so many), you can recollect how those ties or obligations have been hitherto preserved, towards you, and whose friendships, affections, and principles, you may for the future best depend upon in all circumstances and variations public and private. For my own part, I shall say only, that I very sincerely wish you all happiness, and can with no man living congratulate more heartily on what I account real honour and prosperity. Your conduct of the public will be the just earnest and insurance of your greatness and power; and I shall then chiefly congratulate with your Lordship on your merited honours and advancement, when, by the happy effects it appears evidently in the service of what cause, and for the advantage of what interest, they were acquired and employed. Had I been to wish by what hands the public should have been served, the honour of the first part (your Lordship well knows) had fallen to you long since. If others, from whom I least hoped, have done greatly and as became them, I hope, if possible, you will still exceed all they have performed, and accomplish the great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the rescue of liberty, and the deliverance of Europe and mankind. And in this presumption, I cannot but remain with the same zeal and sincerity as ever, my Lord, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the Earl of Shaftesbury to Lord Godolphin.

My Lord, Reygate, May 27, 1711.

BEING about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your Lordship, to whom alone, had I but strength enough to make my compliments, and pay a day's attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my Lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one, except your Lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted

hence, or while I paſſed through France, or ſtaid in Italy, I could any where, in the leaſt trifle, or in the higheſt concern, render any manner of ſervice to your Lordſhip, I ſhould be proud of ſuch a commiſſion. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from ſuch a hand as mine) your public as well as private merit will not paſs unremembered into whatever region or mate I am transferred. No one h more thorough knowledge in that than myſelf, nor no one there is, wh this account has a juſter right to pr himſelf, as I ſhall ever do, with hig obligation, and moſt conſtant zeal, Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt faithful moſt obedient humble ſervant.

ELEGANT EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MODERN LETTERS.

LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

SECTION I.

FROM MR. POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

[illegible] in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704*.

[illegible] certainly a great satisfaction to [illegible] to see and converse with a man, [illegible] his writings I had so long known [illegible] pleasure; but it was a high addition [illegible] to hear you, at our very first meet[illegible] ing justice to your dead friend Mr. [illegible] I was not so happy as to know [illegible] *Gulielmum tantum vidi*. Had I been [illegible] early enough, I must have known and [illegible] for I have been assured, not [illegible] yourself, but by Mr. Congreve [illegible] William Trumbul, that his personal [illegible] were as amiable as his poetical, [illegible] the many libellous misre[illegible] tations of them, against which the [illegible] of these gentlemen has told me he [illegible] one day vindicate him †. I suppose [illegible] injuries were begun by the violence [illegible] party, but it is no doubt they were con[illegible] by envy at his *success* and fame. [illegible] those scribblers who attacked him in [illegible] times, were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought, and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

* The author's age then sixteen.

† He since did so, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

LETTER II.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before-hand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my interest, as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me: for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good nature too. As for my green essays*, if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From the same to the same.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: you must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices and free sentiments which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place, it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure, or voluptuousness, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the courses he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love; so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are†, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER IV.

From the same to the same.

June 23, 1705.

I SHOULD believe myself happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me so much in a style of compliment. It has been

* is pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.

† Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old, Mr. Pope under seventeen.

been observed of women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way: but the wisest women are not more weak than great class of men who are thought to pique themselves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overlooked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times when most people are in a disposition of being informed, and it is incredible what a vast good a little truth might do, spoken in such season. A small alms will do a great kindness to people in extreme necessity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make those the subject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wish your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleased to say) in writing to me, since you have always chosen the task of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verses, which you praise so much, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, it is you will make me so by complimenting me into a better opinion of myself than I deserve: they made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you assure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? you said ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possessed a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they persuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greatest obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can; so when those incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-mused, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourself, for several weighty reasons; but for none so much as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more than is consistent with the small though utmost capacity of, &c.

LETTER V.

From the same to the same.

October 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-house to Windsor-forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits, and the downright country fools; that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress, desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into

ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first volume of your Miscellanies*, which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this: whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c), to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For though (upon reading them on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed so much, but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces? which are such as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-verses? For these will need only to be shortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs, and the poems on Laziness and Ignorance, but cannot (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finished those that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these: namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: some I have contracted, as we do sun-beams, to improve their energy and force: some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his successors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours†. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld, being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the fair

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

† Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the posthumous editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly those on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life.

copy

copy of the poem on Dulness *, which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own; since if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requests, that your papers were in my hands: no man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any ways assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The first contains the Praise of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions it passes for, 1. religion; 2. philosophy; 3. example; 4. wit; and 5. the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the Advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and 2dly at Court; where the similitudes of the byass of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the Happiness of Dulness in all stations, and shews in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people; that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of wit, with which it concludes.

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very paper: some thoughts are contracted, where they seemed encompassed with too many words; and some new expressed, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning (as you will see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights †): and the versification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

LETTER VIII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself, or to any other. For God's sake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of favour so much as that of serving you more considerably than I have been yet able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces; but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that blot, alter, and add all I can devise for their improvement. For you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part of yours and my design; there remaining besides, to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and versification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixt Life; the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other such brouillon's of Mr. Wycherley's poems corrected by him.

† These two similies of the byass of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, were at length put into the first book of the Dunciad. And thus we have the history of their birth, fortunes, and final establishment.

I must

I must take notice of what you say of "my pains to make your dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "that the "sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you: to methodise in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the Miscellany*, if it were only to shew you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your servant. This modern custom of appearing in miscellanies, is very useful to the poets, who, like other thieves, escape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like banditti, safe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good description of these kind of collections: *Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur aut moritur, aut prælatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt), cui non ille exemplo cadunt Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemtica, Soterica, Parænetica, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleased to say of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, since whatever is said in my favour, must be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My pastoral muse, like other country girls, is put out of countenance, by what you courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young scribler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad; for Nature like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their satisfaction. If my verses should meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reason to be pleased with them, when he considers that the natural consequence of praise is envy and calumny.

--- Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretensions to all the rich and thriving arts: those who have once made their court to those mistresses without portions, the muses, are never like to set up for fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my time agreeably this way, without losing my reputation; as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falstaff was, and may say of fame as he did of honour, "if it comes, it comes unlock'd "for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare saving game, without being thought an eminent hand (with which title Jacob has graciously dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry). Jacob creates poets, as Kings sometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be esteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What authors lose, their booksellers have won;
So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

LETTER X.

From the same to the same.

April 15, 1712.

I RECEIVED your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter-monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task; which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Miscellany Poems.

ger going into Shropshire (whither I shall not care to write of this matter for fear of the miscarriage of any letters), I therefore your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I have found for a more serious application to them. Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I at now imagined, as well as in the present volume, which, if (as you told me) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may displease you. I have every where marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however, I have crossed them so as to be legible, because you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume, and the number increases so much, that I believe more forbearing will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer; the sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or tolerable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is (I am sure) a real pain, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed I do not know, whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatness of it, than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

From the same to the same.

May 10, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it is really my opinion and desire, that you shall take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to, at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary, you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way, if you please, though truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse *: and this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715, but little progress was made in this design, through his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses which had been touched by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which, having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1728, in octavo, under the title of the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.

be an easy task to proceed upon notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Walsh.

Windsor Forest, July 2, 1706.

I CANNOT omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing those papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that raised a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they stiffen and deaden the piece. Besides, to bestow heightening on every part is monstrous; some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level; it is like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, grass, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undistinguished. I believe too that sometimes our first thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Pastoral Comedy, because, I think, the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places, not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing: conceit is to nature, what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: insomuch, that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident, unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is, to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life; so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the perfection of sense, to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best that have been said oftenest; and that writers, in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretched this licence too far in these pastorals; I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleased with my own; however, you have not taken away all my vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

From the same to the same.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties which, though not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It

1. It is not enough that nothings offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very sounds as well as words, to the thing he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so), a style of sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from Vida.

Illa etiam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Illa tardo reclinine subsidendo.
Labentes ventes, tempestatesque sonoras.
Immensus cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle sine ictu, conjecit.
Colle teras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day, intitled Alexander's Feast.

2. Every nice ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example,
At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvass wings.

At the fourth.

Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.

At the sixth.

Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that, to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pause at the 4th or 6th should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another, else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at least it does mine: that at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhime. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses, of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allowed but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to triple rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the repetition of the same rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear through their monotony.

6. Monosyllable lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff or languishing; but may be beautiful to express melancholy, slowness, or labour.

7. To come to the hiatus or gap between two words, which is caused by two vowels opening on each other, (upon which you desire me to be particular); I think the rule in this case is either to use the cæsura, or admit the hiatus, just as the ear is less shocked by either; for the cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itself, and our language is naturally overcharged with consonants; as for example, if in this verse,

The old have int'rest ever in their eye.

we shall say to avoid the hiatus,

But th' old have int'rest.

The hiatus which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know some people will think these observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are these words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Baccæ æneæ amœnissimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cùm accidit, hiat et intersistit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longæ quæ easdem*

easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt: præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior. But he goes on to reprove the excess, on the other hand, of being too sollicitous in this matter, and says admirably, *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut sollicitudo sit pejor.* So likewise Tully (*Orat. ad Brut.*): *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Socrates:* which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this nicety, though Tully himself says in his Orator, *Crebra ista vocum concursio, quam magna ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his observations upon him says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the hiatus itself. I am, &c.

[Mr. Walsh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Essay on Criticism was printed, which concludes with his elogy.]

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

March 18, 1708.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper which hardly knows how to shew respect, where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony; and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

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

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry; and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shop-keepers are glad to be rid of their goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will shew me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be when you can find leisure to write to your, &c,

LETTER XV.

From the same, to the same.

April 27, 1708.

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter, but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples, of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises, about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about; but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these things together, and what is the sum total, but just nothing? I have no more to say,

r, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing), to your friends, and believe that I am nothing more than &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. Lucr.

LETTER XVI.

From the same to the same.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: pray tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a poor reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by heroes! There was in old time one Severus a Roman emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life; and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving sense unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live in less compass? Well, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the lethe of cowslip wine; as for fame, renown, reputation, take them, critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I seek for immortality here, may I be damned, for there is not so much danger in a poet's being damned:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I HAVE been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, nor inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire, from whence I guess you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comforting critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or quarter of a play at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense *, which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

You know, when one sense is suppress'd,
It but retires into the rest.

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense! So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me: it is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage; and not out of any ambition to spread their fame by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred thing to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season: so much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest, he continued (as you told me

* His hearing.

long

long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore, henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing, but with a real design to perform it; how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I HAD sent you the inclosed papers * before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line—*Jam murmura serpunt plebis Agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul aboris*——(between these† two Statius has a description of the council of the Gods, and a speech of Jupiter; which contains a peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left out for no other reason, but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book). The translation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fisty-cuffs, between the two Princes, on a very slight occasion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in a tempestuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on about eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, &c.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil: in the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo*. When he comes to the scene of his poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—*Pugna est de paupere regno.*—Very different from the conduct of his master, Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subject—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Bossu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, "the whole world "would be too small a prize to repay so "much impiety."

Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Iberæ?

This was pretty well, one would think, already, but he goes on,

Quasque procul terras obliquo sydere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a poet think of but Heaven itself for the prize? but what follows is astonishing.

Quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
nectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this poet, if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather, because

* This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it in a miscellany published by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1711.

† These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version.

cause I had the dissatisfaction to hear you were been confined to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been in the same place; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure which, you see, I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him, whose example, as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him, your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany*, or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, that authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the Muses Mercury and British Apollo (not to say Jacob's Miscellanies) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills of Blackfriars has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who, never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you used with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her:—I mean only (as Old-fox in the Plain Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasures which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which, you know, I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me, and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy; though, I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice: but this example of one of the most correct and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Your, &c.

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer, were first printed.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

June 10. 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words—*Certo reliqua ordine ducam* *. But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him (which I wonder Bossu has not observed): for instead of confining his narration to one year, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books: the narration begins with Œdipus's prayer to the Fury, to promote discord betwixt his sons; afterward the poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms,

Astriferum vector jam circulus urbem
Tessa, et amissæ redierunt mentibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus.

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; saying in book ii. chap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's rape, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not:

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonias raptus? &c.

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro series*——and says

finis mihi carminis esto
Œdipodæ confusa domus.

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version:

dubiamque jugo frager impulit Œten
In latus, et gemino vix fluctibus elisit Isthmus,

* See the first book of Statius, v. 302.

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et rujquam par stare caput.

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error:

In medius audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the Isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *caligantem abrupto sole Mycenas*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305, "that "those of Mycenæ came not to the war "at this time, because they were then in "confusion by the divisions of the bro-"thers, Atreus and Thyestes." Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years. Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and, to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let

let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbiden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant; her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure: in a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of shall never, by any alteration in me, discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours; and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

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

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have shewed me many of my faults, to which you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure: the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flock, supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mine,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

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

LETTER XXII.

From the same to the same.

Aug. 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good nature, the other would be but too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good nature should indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours,

in speaking well of me in my absence; the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic; though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your speculative angle in the widow's coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene, at least, though not in the action; for though life for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a good merry farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character; for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is today Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play; "Pray "do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; "is this your tragedy or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort), neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself, can ever shut up or silence: while that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate in the profoundest peace; and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium! What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Brydges street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister, the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope, the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:* which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as

as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself; as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surprised at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation must have lost in him as much wit and probity as would have remained (for ought I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible a one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeness that begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions or inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable books, sacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer), have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she dy'd: may the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her successors). You shall have it in verse.

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again,
Him when he saw---he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy---then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and died!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave, to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a story

which he heard from one that was present. King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that of all dogs, you will find some more faithful than your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

April 10, 1710.

I HAD written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in holy week. Besides, our family would have been scandalized to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses. I assure you, I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well disposed person; no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say, it is pity I am so sickly, and I think it is pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me; I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the parson or me upon making some for them. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best roping-table of our gentry, who can roar out some rhapsodies of his works; so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors, What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat?* (meaning the rhapsodist who lived by repeating his verses): thus may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Durfey! It is mortifying enough, it must be confessed; but however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us — *Multa multa sciunt sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; send me elegies, and you shall not want heroics. At present, I have only these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Persius* or *Juvenal*, — and the *Rape*; the result I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatever orders you are pleased to give shall be punctually obeyed by

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the same to the same.

May 10, 1710.

I HAD not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good nature and friendship as you lately showed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C**'s, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects, as well as their persons; or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis: and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by

descriptions of Antony and Augustus, shall in these days find an enemy more [illegible] and barbarous than those tyrants; [illegible] enemy the gentlest too, the best-[illegible] of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom [illegible] in this compare once more to Au-[illegible] who seemed not more unlike him-[illegible] the severity of one part of his life [illegible] clemency of the other, than you. [illegible] you to reflect on this and hope that [illegible] which mollifies rocks, and of stiff [illegible] makes limber) will turn a resolute [illegible] to a gentle reader; and instead of [illegible] fierce, tremendous new-fashioned [illegible] Cromwell, restore unto us our old ac-[illegible], the soft, beneficent, and cour-[illegible] Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of [illegible] in your critical capacity, from the [illegible] air and tranquillity of our forest, [illegible] you do me the favour to visit it. In [illegible] time, it would do well by way of [illegible], if you would duly and con-[illegible] every morning read over a pastoral [illegible] or Virgil; and let the lady [illegible] put your Macrobius and Aulus [illegible] somewhere out of your way, for a [illegible] or so. Who knows, but travelling [illegible] airing in an open field, may con-[illegible] more successfully to the cooling a [illegible] severity, than it did to the assuag-[illegible] of Mr. Cheek's anger of old? In these [illegible] you will be secure of finding no ene-[illegible] but the most faithful and affectionate [illegible] friends, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same to the same.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a danger-ous illness which was first contracted [illegible] about a fortnight after my coming [illegible], I troubled you with a letter, and [illegible] inclosed *, which you had been so [illegible] as to desire a sight of when last I [illegible] you, promising me in return some tran-[illegible] of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of begin-ning when I was sick in London; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*, but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them: then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes; I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! if he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strowing a few flowers over him: in the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*; we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain ——*desipere in loco*. Though you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence), yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, though in a state of separation, yours, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths put me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity:

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing: done at fourteen years old.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

June 24, 1710.

IT is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case, when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no sooner received your short letter, but I forgot your long silence: and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impossible you could have better timed your compliment on my philosophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could least be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not easy to express what an exaltation it gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'est venu faire
J'ai chassé mon apothicaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheless, I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the subject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with some of my size; I am told, my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be sorry, two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies, to our pygmæan ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befals us *homunciones sesquipedales*; however, you have no reason to be so unconcerned, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs.

This sort of writing called a Rondeau, is what I never knew practised in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of rondeau which the Gallic soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gaul to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the rondeau, as laid down by Clément Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, that you most easily forgive my impertinencies. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same to the same.

July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness; like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error; what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic but as a friend: I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion;

ra: it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 7th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem*; the 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say, that "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to "be your father, since your actions are so "different from his) did not use me thus "inhumanly. He blushed at his murder "of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for "him; and restored his dead body to me "to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough, "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles "how I degenerate from him;" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles selling for money the body of Hector, seems not so proper; it in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. for when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus; forgive "me that I quit the corpse of him who "killed thee; I have great gifts in ransom "for it, which I will bestow upon thy fu-"neral." I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the same to the same.

August 21, 1710.

YOUR letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London I have not heard a word from him; though just before, and once since, I writ to him, and though I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he bid me—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!*—But the greatest injury he does me, is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befal him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism: in one point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your Paradise, in which I take no pleasure; I know very well that in Greek it is not only used by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in English it bears the signification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reason against making Ovid use it; who will be thought to talk too much like a Christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon them (as, I think, I told you before); and in particular in the point of trees enjoying, you have, I must own, fully satisfied me that the expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your translation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing), that I will never be unsincere, though I may be often mistaken. To use sincerity with you, is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced so much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that quality. I know, you sometimes say civil things to me in your epistolary style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of admiring; it is a word you are so used to in conversation of ladies, that it will creep into your discourse, in spite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before: so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged

encouraged by so much indulgence) some verses of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner; and are, perhaps, such imitations, as those you see in aukward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnshire, they may save you one hour from the conversation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dress and name), which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my poetry. I hope your stay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time, I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never cease to be) your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

October 12, 1710.

I DEFERRED answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life: however, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away.—— But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive, by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last; and what they read, floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be said of the lovers verses I last troubled you with, where (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that nobody will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them), seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses, and have not forget who promised me Ovid's elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long in composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have failed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes:
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to the same.

October 28, 1710.

AM glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they come, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do your sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which I am happy in, I may be trusted with yet dangerous weapon, poetry, since I will do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon them.—As to Mr. Philips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest part a translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp),

> Sweetly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
> Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
> Soothing airs arise at their command;
> Now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
> He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
> And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12, on the Danish winter; it is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critics opinion you mention at Will's, who swore it was good: for, though I am very cautious of swearing after criticks, yet I think one may do it more safely, when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of sea terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style which epic poetry requires.——*Cui mens divinior, atque os magna sonaturum*——The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they must not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it, because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town, and till his return he was my servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety, but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me. Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly used with my love-verses gave me the first opinion of your sincerity: I assure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's Pastorals, is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prelusiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving you a passage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum tergeat acutas,
Incidatque, graves operosa verbera pulsat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, cordaque laborat in omni.---
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc seu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremulosque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable:

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ixth book of Lucan; indeed, he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in line 808. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.* And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta sub nocte jacerat
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria mundi,

no less than eight in the English.

What you observe, sure, cannot be an error-sphæricus, strictly speaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican system; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the translator's side. For Mr. Rowe here says no more, than that looked down on the rays of the sun, w Pompey might do, even though the of the sun were about him.

You cannot but have remarked wh journey Lucan here makes Cato take the sake of his fine descriptions. F Cyrene he travels by land, for no be reason than this;

Hæc eadem suadebat hiems, quæ clauserat æqu

The winter's effects on the sea, it see were more to be dreaded than all the pents, whirlwinds, sands, &c. by la which immediately after he paints out his speech to the soldiers; then he fetc a compass a vast way round about, to Nasamones and Jupiter Ammon's temp purely to ridicule the oracles; and L bienus must pardon me, if I do not b lieve him when he says—*sors obtulit, fortuna viæ*—either Labienus, or the m is very much mistaken here. Thence returns back to the Syrtes (which might have first taken in his way Utica); and so to Leptis Minor, wh our author leaves him; who seems to ha made Cato speak his own mind, when tells his army—*Ire sat est*—no matter wh ther. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and fam liarity of style which we have take up in our correspondence, and which more properly talking upon paper, th writing; I will tell you without any pr face, that I never took Tycho Brahe f one of the ancients, or in the least an ac quaintance of Lucan's: nay, it is a mercy on this occasion, that I do not give yo an account of his life and conversation; as how he lived some years like an in chanted knight in a certain island, wit a tale of a king of Denmark's mistress tha shall be nameless—But I have compassion on you, and would not for the world yo should stay any longer among the Gen and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sappho will want your presence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to men tion the great loss Drury-lane will sustain, when Mr. C—— is in the milky-way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of

the priests you mention, who are a kind of Sortilegi in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the setters up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are constables as they represent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeness in them. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think that in condemning these we praise those. The translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you; because I think they have little of the main characteristic of this author, a graceful easiness. For tho' the sense be ever so exactly rendered, unless an author looks like himself in his air, habit, and manner, it is a disguise, and not a translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholden to the translator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT seems that my late mention of Crashaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curiosity. I therefore send you the whole author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for some years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose works may just deserve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness, than to establish a reputation; so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable, (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts, (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry), may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies; nor can it well be otherwise, since no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but sometimes far-fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate authors would rather be admired than understood. This ambition of surprising a reader, is the true natural cause of all the fustian or bombast in poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first book of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st, stanzas are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d stanzas of the same copy are soft and pleasing; and if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the first, one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a mixture of tender, gentle thoughts, and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him is good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is best.

To speak of his numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric: it is evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his Music's Duel) is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but sweet; and, the time considered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst versificators.

I will just observe, that the best pieces of

of this author are a Paraphrase on Psal. xxiii.; on Lessius; Epitaph on Mr. Ashton; Wishes to his supposed Mistress; and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Dec. 30, 1710.

I RESUME my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head the subject of a letter. They are at present upon laughter, which (for ought I know) may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most entirely so: for I am never so inclined to mirth, as when I am most pleased and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not one of them; and I for my part am no idol-worshipper, though a Papist. If I were to address Jupiter himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee, in a familiar manner, if not of his beard, like Dionysius; I was just going to say, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be positive, to so nice a critic as you, but his robe might be subnected with a fibula). I know some philosophers define laughter, a recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another: but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as silly. There is a difference too betwixt laughing about a thing and laughing at a thing; one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some circumstance of a thing, when the thing itself appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgment and reason. Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise man), to hang out behind, more people will la at that than attend to the other; till t recollect themselves, and then they not have a jot the less respect for minister. I must confess the iniquity my countenance before you; several n cles of my face sometimes take an imp tinent liberty with my judgment, but t my judgment soon rises and sets all ri again about my mouth: and I find I va no man so much as him in whose sigh have been playing the fool. I cannot *sub persona* before a man I love: and not laugh with honesty, when nature promp or folly (which is more a second nat than any thing I know), is but a knav hypocritical way of making a mask one's own face. To conclude, those th are my friends I laugh with, and tho that are not I laugh at; so am merry company, and if ever I am wise, it is by myself. You take just another cour and to those that are not your friends, a very civil, and to those that are, ver endearing and complaisant; thus, wh you and I meet, there will be the *risus blanditiæ* united together in conversation as they commonly are in a verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem, your &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprise would it have been to me to have met you by pure accident (which I was within an ace of doing), and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier pad, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest? But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months.

ends. In the mean time, I take up with the muses for want of your better company; the muses,* *quæ nobiscum peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Those fatal ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The very colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution, like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which, while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion. I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to himself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the surface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical similitude) is clearer or brighter, just as the sun is brighter or more over-cast.—I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject.—For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so, can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to your, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the same to the same.

December 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe. But indeed it is some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) so elegant a spectator of forms; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day and silver goddess of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; these are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition; let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my pastorals, for one of them, and and my essay for the other? I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in the world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot * have

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

put

put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull *.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they, whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools, this is, be cajoled with praises. And, I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend, what Cæsar said of his wife: "It "was not sufficient that he knew her to "be chaste himself, but she should not be "so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) the last infirmity of noble minds, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with the thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the first benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended further, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in a present state, terminates in the favour and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship, are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to the same.

April 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the whig-party on the one side of the theatre,

* Secretary of State to King William the Third.

were

[illegible] back by the tories on the [illegible] while the author sweated behind [illegible] with concern to find their ap- [illegible] proceeding more from the hand [illegible] head. This was the case too of [illegible] prologue-writer *, who was clapped [illegible] a staunch whig, at almost every two [illegible]. I believe you have heard, that [illegible] all the applauses of the opposite [illegible], my Lord Bolingbroke sent for [illegible], who played Cato, into the box, [illegible] one of the acts, and presented [illegible] with fifty guineas; in acknowledge- [illegible] he expressed it) for defending [illegible] of liberty so well against a per- [illegible] dictator. The whigs are unwill- [illegible] be distanced this way, and there- [illegible] design a present to the same Cato [illegible] speedily; in the mean time they [illegible] ready as good a sentence as the [illegible] on their side: so betwixt them, it [illegible] that Cato (as Dr. Garth ex- [illegible] it) may have something to live [illegible], after he dies. I am your, &c.

LETTER XL.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the Echo." A modern writer explains it to signify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where echoes are commonly found, rocks, woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the symbol. However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily prospects in London.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the jingling of rhymes and the measuring of syllables: to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part, I like them as little as any other arms. I listed myself in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but, like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our native country: quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think, to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it so great a one as to be a lover of mankind.

I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions; but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

June 15, 1711.

I SEND you Dennis's remarks on the Essay †; which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface,

* Himself.

† On Criticism.

that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines* can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose: for I have often known that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it is what the English call a Bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book cannot answer for itself to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence), merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known; it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read, that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for a wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side † on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!

It is however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,
For you well know, that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (A second deluge learning over-run) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be understood only

* But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

† See the ensuing letter.

(as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from science; in so much that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade you they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

> Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
> To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside,)

plainly concludes at this second line, where it has a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly by jest, &c.*) speaks only of wit (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun); for how can the sun of faith be said to sublime southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear, these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to give it to themselves. The word *they* refers to I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics I have spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if they read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church a *small sect*: and the cautious words (*by each man*) manifestly shew it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who retain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed ministers and presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promise you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compass), that stumbling block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked (for some people can no more provoke than oblige), that is unbecoming the true character of a catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.* Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics), than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damned by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman empire; which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, though they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I cannot tell why, ſince now it is no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: for, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being ſlandered; it is our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of wit and faith lay to the word *they*: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving to confute them), then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body), next the mention of ſuperſtition muſt become a crime; as if religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcovered in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *ſchiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I say that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * theſe objections: who aſſured me, I had ſaid nothing which a catholic need to disown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head which, I confeſs, I cannot but acquieſce in; that when a ſet of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom the tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated, after an age of obloquy, by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom ſome will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refuſed to allow one of merit, of any party, the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved it from all others though of ever ſo different intereſts, or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of the

ſa

fit of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal silence; and the rather because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in the first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore even of a liberal education can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number). You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end. Your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Pope to Lord Lansdown.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow-scribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain, if I was not sure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much: therefore I may safely do you as much injury in my words, as you do yourself in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a favour, in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: this I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W's affair should be frustrated by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discovered countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see, the world generally takes care they shall be so: whereas, if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be, to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow: all I shall say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you: flatterers have taken up the style which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: so that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already: expose me no more, I beg you, to the great

danger of vanity (the rock of all men, but most of young men), and be kindly content for the future, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write. Your, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them, from time to time, the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patent, since they entitle me to what is more value than titles of honour). You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however, I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men; I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen whispers*, so hasten to conclude. Your, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. Pope to General Anthony Hamilton.*

Upon his having translated into French verse the *Essay on Criticism*.

October 10, 1715.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart, as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my *Essay*; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation, and the noblest commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and, if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont*, *Contat*, and other pieces of note in French.

young travellers) I am come back better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves poorer, for any thing we have lost by the peace. Nay, though we should insist upon demolishing of Boileau's works, the loss, as long as they have writers of criticism, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I design, hereafter, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here*; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only return you can make to the honour I may done me. I am, your, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance brings a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The softest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Confuse poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

Oh thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—*Hark a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves shall graze.* There is but one line which I think is below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, "The Lord God "will wipe away tears from off all faces." If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am, your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the first, printed in quarto at Amsterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abb. Refnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests, amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles, sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the

ground *. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

LETTER L.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more openly and fairly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed, in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience; that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of wisdom), passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. * There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age "is not that which standeth in length of "time, or is measured by number of "years. But wisdom is the grey hair to "men, and an unspotted life is old age. "He was taken away speedily, lest wick-"edness should alter his understanding, "or deceit beguile his soul." &c. I am your, &c.

LETTER LI.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning, where chancing to mention the famous verses which the emperor Adrian spoke on his death.

* The foregoing similitudes our author had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his posthumous works, octavo, page 3 and 4.

death-bed, they were all agreed, that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing compa-
"nion of this body, thou fleeting thing
"that art now deserting it! whither art
"thou flying? to what unknown scene?
"all trembling, fearful, and pensive!
"what now is become of thy former wit
"and humour? thou shalt jest and be gay
"no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man; and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula, blandula,* and the rest, appear not to me as expression of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the Spectator: if not to suppress it. I am, &c.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM,
TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying?
To what dark, undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

LETTER LII.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow: after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of guardian spirits* to heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties; I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years†, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do.

* This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, which is the poem here spoken of.

† Hence it appears this poem was writ when the author was twenty-two years old.

I wish

I wish I had as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

Nov 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine; had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable ("that he might fear "no sort of deity, good or bad"), since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virgunculla bellula*; and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: it was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that is to say, the emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so you will very particularly oblige your &c.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

I DO not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

ODE.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly birds, abovementioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share

fare in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived, have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him *. But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here, than I did when first I saw this book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic, that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other, that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

October 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work † you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself, when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least, I know of none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIX.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose ‡ will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more is the sincere wish of your, &c.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

† The translation of the Iliad.

‡ The notes to his translation of Homer.

LET-

LETTER LX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem), are yet of no slight consequence to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air, that I have some hand in those papers, because I writ so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators, and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass, that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the rest of his politics. Though it is said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before; but, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me), it is not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it would do justice to my intention in every thing, and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

From the same to the same.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness

ſarcaſneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, groveling with T— in the very centre of nonſenſe: now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele, in his lireliest and freeſt humours, darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of grammar of C— and D—.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body! the conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is he, altogether, but one mighty inconſiſtency; ſickneſs and pain is the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point! what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is rounded with a ſleep! Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals, whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturaliſts tell us, are yet as long-lived, and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with a view to all ſpace, and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes; and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world, and its contemptible grandeurs, leſſen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain ſtupified in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give up myſelf for ſometime, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others by writing. It is no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up; but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way, than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded generals, to be firſt envied and maligned, then perhaps praiſed, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves, or are not; if they are not, they

they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechized me. But if they can read (for I know some critics can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship, and of late with my Lord Hallifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none! This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party, and those of religion, that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make (through violence) the best scheme of government a bad one: and belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and an honest man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seemed to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness, that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you wou judge by probabilities, I beg to kn which of your poetical acquaintance h so little interest in pretending to be so Methinks no man should question the re friendship of one who desires no real se vice. I aim only to get as much from th whigs as I got from the tories, that is t say, civility, being neither so proud as t be insensible of any good office, nor s humble as not to dare heartily to despis any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon havin ever guarded all the degrees of respect fo you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Hallifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I "have admitted some strokes of ill-nature "into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion), give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics: I happened to find the same in Dionysius

Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Pope to the Honourable ———.

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me, one evening at Button's coffee-house (as I was told), saying, that I had entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others, to write against the whig-interest, and, in particular, to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Hallifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a little aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could, secretly, to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that club. The heads of it have since given him to understand that they take ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter: but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain, while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am, your, &c.

LETTER LXV.

From the same to the same.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness: but I cannot tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for some years past, looked upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even, in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you, will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your

your declared enemies, and, probably, the successful your secret ones; for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled: and at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end; a satisfaction, which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel; and a glory, which (though in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts; they are only stronger dreams or impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects which arise to us, but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more over-cast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, make me willing to leave poetry, long habit and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I should be sorry and ashamed to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

From the same to the same.

July 25, 1714.

I HAVE no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom, I almost fear, I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs that very much affect my sight, and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce passed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when you profess yourself my friend; there are some tories who will take you for a whig, some whigs who will take you for a tory, some protestants who will esteem you a rank papist, and some papists who will account you a heretic.

I find, by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strained, that, perhaps, to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that, I am satisfied, but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know. While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigoted may say; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily bear that the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought, at the very first, to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer all sorts of public persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being looked upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally as if his whole design were to prejudice the state, or ruin the public. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind:

mankind: so that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them, only because they succeed.—Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please. I am, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

July 28, 1714.

I AM just entered upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present to the future. I am copying the great master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my epistle to you, if it were a dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praise but what one only in the world is witness to, your particular good-natured offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common discourse: the first you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought; so in short the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talked these five days; who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the silver bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant Succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life are, whether my friends are well? whether my translation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke? I am, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author;

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a stayed man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendship, like violent loves, begin with dis-

disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the out-line of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be. Your, &c.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Everyone is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright*, &c.

What you mention of the friendly offices you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me: so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements

gements I had to him were such as the real services he had done me; in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig-party than the same liberty.—A curse on the word Party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction; but there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Hallifax.

My Lord, Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; but if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may rather cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune, and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.

LETTER LXXII.*

Dr. Parnelle to Mr. Pope.

I AM writing you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me, during the time, think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My Zoilus †, which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you; but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the first book of Homer ‡, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprises me more is, that a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles; making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c.; but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart. I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of the Reverend Dr. Berkley, Dean of London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

—— SOME days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sate in judgment upon the two new translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. ——'s, and without comparison more easy

* This and the three extracts concerning the translation of the first Iliad, set on foot by Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope omitted in his first edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715, 8vo, and afterwards added to the last edition of his poems.

‡ Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell.

easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a threadbare subject as your late performance is at this time. I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope.

July 8, 1715.

—— I HAVE just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language*. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger —I am informed, that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c. and Mr. Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer. I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

July 9, 1715.

—— I CONGRATULATE you upon Mr. T—'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water: for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wond that Button's is no longer Button's, wh old England is no longer old Engla that region of hospitality, society, and go humour. Party affects us all, even the wi though they gain as little by politics, they do by their wit. We talk much of fi sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; b for use and happiness, give me a little co mon sense. I say this in regard to so gentlemen, professed wits of our acquai ance, who fancy they can make poetry consequence at this time of day, in midst of this raging fit of politics. they tell me, the busy part of the nati are not more divided about whig and to than these idle fellows of the feather ab Mr. T—'s and my translation. I (like tories) have the town in general, that the mob, on my side; but it is usual wi the smaller party to make up in indu what they want in number, and that is case with the little senate of Cato. Ho ever, if our principles be well consider I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T a rank tory; I translated Homer for t public in general, he to gratify the inor nate desires of one man only. We have, seems, a great Turk in poetry, who never bear a brother on the throne; a has his mutes too, a set of nodders, wi ers, and whisperers, whose business is strangle all other offsprings of wit in th birth. The new translator of Homer is humblest slave he has, that is to say, his minister; let him receive the honours gives me, but receive them with fear trembling; let him be proud of the app bation of his absolute Lord, I appeal the people, as my rightful judges masters; and if they are not inclined condemn me, I fear no arbitrary hig flying proceeding from the small co faction at Button's. But after all I h said of this great man, there is no rupt between us. We are each of us so and obliging, that neither thinks be obliged: and I, for my part, treat w him as we do with the grand monar who has too many great qualities not be respected, though we know he wa any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not for the early present you made me of Mons de la Motte's book: and I cannot co clude this letter without telling you a m lancholy piece of news, which affects very entrails, L— is dead, and soupe no more! you see I write in the old fa

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of the Drummer, a comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. "Addison himself was the person who translated "this book."

way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend*." However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, for I deal an expression from a Secretary of state. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METHINKS when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me, that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in discovering its own fault at first view; as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon the scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and tormented by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so errant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil: "When a man writes, "he ought to animate himself with the "thoughts of pleasing all the world: but "he is to renounce that desire or hope the "very moment the book goes out of his "hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Hallifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration; for few people (I think) but I pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a papist and a poet. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo*..

LETTER LXXV.

From the same to the same.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the What-d'ye-call-it† has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh; and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

* Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, published in the *Report of the Secret Committee*.

† Written by Gay.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church history; the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses *. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised sovereignty? you know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a-drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a six-penny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he, with much judgment and learning, calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused †. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over burgundy and champaigne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in some diseases), and it is the opinion of divers good gueffers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics, are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it‡. Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain. Your, &c.

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

† This curious piece was entitled, A complete Key to the What-d'ye call-it, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

‡ In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*.

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.

May 6.

I HAVE the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be your, &c.

P. S. By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God! I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air, with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the ancients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who, about three months since, left the greatest part of his family in the town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions, from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Nonjuror) that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been long among you, and was introduced much about the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither; especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question: for a translator is no more a poet, than a taylor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than anti-christ; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends ought be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family piece. Come then; and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them), see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence: and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: of whom I the meanest (next to some Italian fidlers and English bricklayers) am a living instance. Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

From the same to the same.

Nov 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena*: else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) though he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazinesS, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore; he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the

the like cause, and shall suffer more: unless Parnelle sends me his Zoilus and Book-worm (which the Bishop of Clogher I hear greatly extols), it will be shortly, *canere bellum atque virum.*—I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habeas.*

LETTER LXXXI.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual lazinesS of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor Clarke: he entertained me with several drawings, aud particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and reverenced some of your first pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil, and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs*? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets: but in this, you have the advantage of poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stayed long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he translated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the frogs, and such other vermin as were never seen in that land since the time of that confessor.

I long to see you a history painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The ancients too expect you should do them right; those statutes from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As to your inquiry about your house; when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

Animum picturâ pascit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravanserah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained: every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger†!

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Fenton.

Sir, May. 5.

I HAD not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satis-

* He translated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed among his poems.

† Alluding to the story of the Irishman.

factory

factory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of Parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: in the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty: secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can: thirdly, reading till I am tired: and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares, and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenuous and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

*Rev. Dean Berkley * to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 21, N. S. 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject that I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few (who in any age) have come up to that character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c.

and

and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Misero, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night of our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among these dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours; besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera), they make fire-works almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some Duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter, would have pardoned the other madman who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel architectum.* However, I have one way left, to plan, to to elevate, and to surprise (as Bays says); the next news you may expect to hear is, that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume; were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates, attending that important part of my life; much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: it is here I have passed one whole year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two

at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

Tristi palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coërcet!

and I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the Park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not?—This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be, taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this day his epitaph for Westminster Abbey.—After these, the best natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments as wrongfully they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on that subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

*Mr. Pope to * * * *.*

Sep. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable rambler! while (like your fellow circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens. You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk), can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is, on the contrary, full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent Judge. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord.

IF your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue my printer (said he) "disappointed me; I hoped to put him "in good humour by a treat at the ta-"vern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, "which cost two shillings, with two "quarts of wine, besides my conversa-"tion. I thought myself cocksure of his "horse, which he readily promised me; "but said, that Mr. Tonson had just such "another design of going to Cambridge, "expecting there the copy of a new "kind of Horace from Dr.——; and if "Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged "to attend him, being to have the print-"ing of the said copy.

"So, in short, I borrowed this stone-"horse of my publisher, which he had of "Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me "too the pretty boy you see after me: "he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost "me near two hours to wash the ink off "his face; but the devil is a fair-con-"ditioned devil, and very forward in his "catechise: if you have any more bags "he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now damn them! what if they should "put it into the newspaper, how you and "I went together to Oxford! what would "I care? If I should go down into Sussex, "they would say I was gone to the "Speaker. But what of that? If my "son were but big enough to go on with "the business, by G—d I would keep "as good company as old Jacob." Hereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad, "(says he) has fine parts, but is some-"what sickly, much as you are—I spare "for nothing in his education at West-"minster. Pray do not you think West-"minster to be the best school in Eng-"land? most of the late ministry came "out of it, so did many of this ministry; "I hope the boy will make his for-"tune."

Do not you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose?" (said he); "the universities do but make "pedants, and I intend to breed him a "man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy in his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude: "Nothing, says "he, I can bear it well enough; but "since we have the day before us, me-"thinks it would be very pleasant for "you to rest a while under the woods." When we were alighted, "See here, what "a mighty pretty Horace I have in "my pocket! what if you amused your-"self in turning an ode, till we mount "again? Lord! if you pleased, what a "clever miscellany might you make at "leisure hours." Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I will think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, "how far have you gone?" I answered, Seven miles. "Z—ds, Sir (said Lin-"tot), I thought you had done seven "stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round "Wimbledon hill, would translate a whole "ode in half the time. I will say that "for Oldsworth, (though I lost by his "Timothy's), he translates an ode of "Horace the quickest of any man in "England. I remember Dr. King would "write verses in a tavern three hours "after he could not speak: and there's "Sir Richard, in that rumbling old "chariot of his, between Fleet ditch and "St. Giles's pound, shall make you half "a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he), "those are the saddest pack of rogues in "the world: in a hungry fit, they will "swear

"swear they understand all the languages "in the universe: I have known one of "them take down a Greek book upon my "counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, "I must read it from the latter end. By "G—d I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, "Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But "this is my way; I agree with them for "ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, "that I will have their doings corrected "by whom I please; so by one or other "they are led, at last, to the true sense of "an author; my judgment giving a negative to all my translators." But how are you secure, those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why, I get any "civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read "the original to me in English; by this "I know whether my first translator be "deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I will tell you what happened to me "last month: I bargained with S— for a "new version of Lucretius, to publish "against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the "author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great "progress in a very short time, and I gave "it to the corrector to compare with the "Latin; but he went directly to Creech's "translation, and found it the same word "for word, all but the first page. Now, "what do you think I did? I arrested "the translator for a cheat; nay, and I "stopt the corrector's pay too, upon this "proof that he had made use of Creech "instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir, (said he), nothing more "easy. I can silence the most formidable "of them: the rich ones for a sheet a-piece "of the blotted manuscript, which costs "me nothing; they will go about with it "to their acquaintance, and pretend they "had it from the author, who submitted "to their correction: this has given some "of them such an air, that in time they "come to be consulted with, and dedicated "to as the top critics of the town.—As "for the poor critics, I will give you one "instance of my management, by which "you may guess at the rest. A lean man, "that looked like a very good scholar, "came to me the other day; he turned "over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every "line of it: one would wonder (says he) "at the strange presumption of some men; "Homer is no such easy task, that every "stripling, every versifier—He was going "on, when my wife called to dinner: "Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece "of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, "I am sorry you should be at the expence "of this great book, I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much "obliged to you: if you can dine upon a "piece of beef, together with a slice of "pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but "Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning—Sir, the "pudding is upon the table, if you please "to go in—My critic complies, he comes "to a taste of your poetry, and tells me "in the same breath, that the book is "commendable, and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir (concluded Mr. Lintot), "in return to the frankness I have shewn, "pray tell me, is it the opinion of your "friends at court, that my Lord Lansdown "will be brought to the bar, or not?" I told him, I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be "(replied Mr. Lintot), but by G—d if "he is not, I shall lose the printing of a "good trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here, are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

[In answer to a letter in which he inclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.]

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay two houses, as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but it is dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then, as well

well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodging; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a lively description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stonestill with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars.—Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a Knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall, gartered knights and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and the other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right, the servants hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she prayed, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all, twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems

to

to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoak, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or decent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachine spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed cielings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer: then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unfra[illegible] picture; "This (says he, with tears) [illegible] "poor Sir Thomas! once master of [illegible] "this drink. He had two sons, [illegible] "young masters! who never arrived [illegible] "the age of his beer; they both fell [illegible] "in this very room, and never went [illegible] "on their own legs." He could not [illegible] by a heap of broken bottles without [illegible] ing up a piece, to shew us the arms of [illegible] family upon it. He then led us up [illegible] tower by dark winding stone steps, whi[illegible] landed us into several little rooms one abo[illegible] another. One of these was nailed up, a[illegible] our guide whispered to us as a secret [illegible] occasion of it: It seems the course of [illegible] noble blood was a little interrupted abo[illegible] two centuries ago, by a freak of the La[illegible] Frances, who was here taken in the f[illegible] with a neighbouring prior, ever since whi[illegible] the room has been nailed up, and brand[illegible] with the name of the Adultery-Chamb[illegible] The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed [illegible] walk there, and some prying maids of [illegible] family report that they have seen a lady [illegible] a fardingale through the key-hole; b[illegible] this matter is hushed up, and the servan[illegible] are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this lo[illegible] description: but what engaged me in [illegible] was a generous principle to preserve t[illegible] memory of that, which itself must so[illegible] fall into dust; nay, perhaps, part of it, b[illegible] fore this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the sam[illegible] kind of gratitude that we do an old frien[illegible] who harbours us in his declining condition[illegible] nay, even in his last extremities. How [illegible] is this retreat for uninterrupted study[illegible] where no one that passes by can dream [illegible] there is an inhabitant, and even those wh[illegible] would dine with us dare not stay under o[illegible] roof! Any one that sees it, will own [illegible] could not have chosen a more likely plac[illegible] to converse with the dead in. I had bee[illegible] mad indeed if I had left your Grace fo[illegible] any one but Homer. But when I retur[illegible] to the living, I shall have the sense to en[illegible] deavour to converse with the best of them[illegible] and shall, therefore, as soon as possible te[illegible] you, in person, how much I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late dis[illegible] pute in France concerning Homer [illegible] and I think it excusable (at an age, alas [illegible] of not much pleasure) to amuse myself [illegible] little in taking notice of a controversy [illegible] than

in which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex, for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use the expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence, suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right), she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakable charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation), as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to outdo M. D'Acier, but endeavoured to outdo Homer himself, and all that ever, in any age or nation, went before him in the same enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that, for their sakes, he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These, if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones; I was about to say his divine ones; which almost surprise me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition no body has less occasion, than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an epic poet himself: though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shews

so much skill and taste, both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* since as good a poet, as I believe the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it), but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also: like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable for being always so very movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragged thrice round the town.—M. de la Motte in the strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. D'Acier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely, even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam D'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which, therefore, he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is, its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I AM much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry, more skill and science, than any of her's on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are, besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely

hardly quoted the true proprietor without offering upon it. If Madam D'Acier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learned from Madam D'Acier's prose-translation. There had been a very elegant prose-translation before, that of M. de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very justly animadverts against the two great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other. But doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray), I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, no disputants, even in divinity, could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt a little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines; and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same occasion go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion: and that, in defect of scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shocked at the flight of Hector, upon the first appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew myself a true commentator, if not a true critic) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book. And to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I'll shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of an hero, you will at least be so good as to allow the second may. But, I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer: "Sir, "shew me a danger that I think an im-"minent and real one, and I promise you "I will be as much afraid as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XC.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distrest courtier, commonly the most despiseable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work, for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will

not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

LETTER XCI.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.

Sept. 10.

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a youth, as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body, that her's is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the Odyssey. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the Sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin that die in shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly (says Homer), and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world: in the next, it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person, who, I am sure, shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I me the head guided by the tail, and that every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford.

My Lord, Oct. 21, 172

YOUR Lordship may be surprised at liberty I take in writing to yo though you will allow me always to r member, that you once permitted me th honour, in conjunction with some othe who better deserved it. I hope you w not wonder I am still desirous to have y think me your grateful and faithful se vant; but, I own, I have an ambition y farther, to have others think me so, whic is the occasion I give your Lordship t trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before h died, left me the charge of publishi these few remains of his: I have a stro desire to make them, their author, a their publisher, more considerable, by a dressing and dedicating them all to yo There is a pleasure in bearing testimon to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which least is as excusable as any vanity can b I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to grati it in prefixing this paper of honest veri to the book. I send the book itself, whic I dare say, you will receive more satisfa tion in perusing, than you can from a thing written upon the subject of yourse Therefore I am a good deal in doub whether you will care for such an addit to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is t only dedication I ever writ, and shall b the only one, whether you accept of it not: for I will not bow the knee to a le man than my Lord Oxford, and I expe to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell m Lord Harley that I must not do this, y may depend upon a suppression of th verses (the only copy whereof I send yo but you never shall suppress that gre sincere, and entire respect, with which am always, my Lord, your, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.

Sir, Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 17

I RECEIVED your packet, which co not but give me great pleasure, to s you preserve an old friend in your m mory; for it must needs be very agre able to be remembered by those we hig value. But then how much shame dra

cuse me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed? my mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me! I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

August 27, 1714.

WHATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the Notes; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford; but I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clark's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, thus far shalt thou advance, and no farther*. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice†. To disarm me indeed, may but be prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service; an hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem properer forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad; and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a papist, and say to you who are a papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people, so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such a weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon that of other men. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of whig and tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure if all whigs and all tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change: I find myſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe, as your own; heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCV.

Edw. Blount, Eſq. to Mr. Pope.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation of his hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly ſee you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man, that pretends to go to Heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word): I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight: for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam, ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious king. My views carry me no farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope. I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and aſſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the north! what ruin have those unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers; however, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I do not remember you and I ever uſed to trouble our-

ſelves

fives about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! if the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both: I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity, your, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of: accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, "it is only this, that you will never marry "an old man again." I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour; Mr. Wycherley shewed his, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi consta.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the same to the same.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions

which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, aud perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark, and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride aud dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote; *bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said: that I as little fear God will damnd a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly, as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who gives us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves

sures have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him; for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruined thus in the gross, with the whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are), to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates, render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened, in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But, indeed, most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee, at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their small remains of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of——. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own; so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be rendered as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor-forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow-prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D—— with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull, as from a venerable prophet, foretelling, with lifted hands, the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else, be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER C.

Edw. Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope.

March 14, 1715-16.

YOUR letters gave me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human, to be exempt from it at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow

row for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-forest and you sustain of each other, but that, methinks, one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I, for my part, am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *patriam fugimus* supportable to me; it is what I am resolved on, with my *penate*. If, therefore, you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave lazinesS and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paultry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poterit requiescere noctem.

which would have rendered this place more agreeable, than ever it else could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER CI.

Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.

June 22, 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse, in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when, without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers *, which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor-forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand æras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember as much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but, in general, constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world, is to grow philosophical, or religious (which soever of those turns we chance to take), and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much must either laugh at or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it they say we are ill-natured. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in short greater fools than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

* This was written in the year of the affair at Preston.

LET-

LETTER CII.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it, and I hope you have received your reward in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your ark may find an Arrarat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me, he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER CIII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave; *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow,

row, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lacastere. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods; with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remembered her Creator in the "days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I assure you, I like them so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you, and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

LETTER CV.

From the same to the same.

October 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my dear friend! the pain I "feel will soon be over; but I grieve for "that you are to feel, which is to last "you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do "but to die: I am a poor individual; no "creature to wish or to fear for my life "or death; it is the only reason I have "to repent being a single man; now I "grow old, I am like a tree without a "prop, and without young trees to "grow round me, for company and de-"fence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people, such as in the scripture phrase possess the land.

land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe me, Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine, famulorum famulorumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity your, &c.

LETTER CVI.

From the same to the same.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desart banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly: and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not be able to be, God knows; but he knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such a one will ever attend you.

LETTER CVII.

From the same to the same.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

YOU show yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you, or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible), with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather.

weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto; I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance, under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the cieling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches; one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

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

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

You will think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

LETTER CVIII.

Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing, that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well, so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas fire, and exercising all the functions of an old patriarch, in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B— what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not, however, suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but

for rather excite them and assist the growth of them; while their prayer may be that they may raise up and breed as reproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you: and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paulo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and define they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us; discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth to the sons of the earth, your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians *. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better busto for it.

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some disikindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute, you took up all my mind; the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

LETTER CX.

From the same to the same.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

* Asses.

If

If I knew how to entertain you through the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But I have found, by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the moſt we can hope is to be heard juſt with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at; there, indeed, we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for King George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill dreſſed, that men, women, and children hiſs them out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before: talks, without any manner of ſhame, of good books, and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette, which gives me ſome hope that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you would keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

LETTER CXI.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Coleſhill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt of good breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow; we have a curioſity to peep at them and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain glory we cannot find in pomp and ſplendour at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendour to her: and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you, we indeed read the Spoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh Rogue, and hug ourſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

May 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſigned four very laborious and uncommon ſort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publiſh

publish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find none of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftner to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers: our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticos or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir, I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me: and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very sincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revived, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two Essays you mention are not completed: but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see

round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the songs of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico.

Your, &c.

LETTER CXIV.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LETTER CXV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world, above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in saecula saeculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and Palladio. I am, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherburne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Sir, on the return of the golden-age, for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only, as various as those of Nile, arise from this abundance, who, that has any spleen about him, will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

LETTER CXVII.

From the same to the same.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the South Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid moveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendour: I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself your, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor) "He is a man that "can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him: he is a philosopher all on fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be no other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only

one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses (though the atter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory), so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It is certain, the loss of one of this character, puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried? I am, &c.

LETTER CXIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I am arrived in safety at Twickenham; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne or Coleshill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that, as in liking one of your family: when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them; I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have: and I take the latter to comprise a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you; so I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do; though I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady, further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W—. Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me better man than to content myself wit thanking him in the common way. I am in as sincere a sense of the word, his ser vant, as you are his son, or he your fa ther.

I must, in my turn, insist upon hearin how my last fellow-travellers got hom from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his cyder, and to tell Mr W— that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young lad es, whom I almos robbed of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each o them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it). Your, &c.

LETTER CXX.

From the same to the same.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will over-look one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I am told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be exprest: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration

admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest road in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the baggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers: tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the princess, to represent the *mater exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their cast, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be your, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

From the same to the same.

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine; the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve), I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens "the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces). This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all a very faithful servant.

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I CANNOT return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you: so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men; for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out into action. But, I hope, I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and, like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office, which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the Odyssey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the broccoli and the fenochio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, and so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

LETTER CXXIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

October 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if fate should say (after the other dangerous illness), "You shall neither go "into the other world, nor any where you "like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried experienced friends and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days; and have by a superior rectitude of heart set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millennary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you

you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's*. I am confident, if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas†, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: it is the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods, over the vallies; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? the moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting telescopes‡, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies: do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs); stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking sanhedrim, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant; you know I am yours, &c.

* Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of sciences into America.

‡ These instruments were just then brought to perfection.

LETTER CXXIV.

From the same to the same.

August 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's till it has had the full advantage of Lord B—'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world: for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them; but, I dare say, Lord B— has, because they were certainly both very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *extravagante bergerie:* and that she is just now sitting, or rather inclining on a bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher, were it not for the ferment Lord B— will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation of the senses is repose: one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then: for if there be on earth an image of Paradise, it is in such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which

which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

LETTER CXXV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.)

They tell me, that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with christmas pyes and plumbroth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way, or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to your affectionate, &c.

LETTER CXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of

of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

LETTER CXXVII.

The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Atterbury) to Mr. Pope.

Dec. 1716.

I RETURN your preface*, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it: and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion, perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you: or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, your, &c.

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

LETTER CXXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I HOPED to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* † with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorbudoc should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your Alcander ‡ is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay for every thing else, to which he is pleased to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully your, &c.

LETTER CXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you, that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to

† A tragedy, written in the reign of Edward the Sixth (and much the best performance of that age) by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to queen Elizabeth.

‡ An heroic poem writ at fifteen years old.

contribute

contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented, in several places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages altered, and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the allegory of sin and death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it.

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum sceniſſe putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town the Duke of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to your, &c.

LETTER CXXX.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

My Lord, Nov. 20, 1717.

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quæcunque periclî
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? to such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the second: I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather

rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of whigs, or a king of tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestal by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself; the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the Directors of those days, resolved that half to be more than the whole.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the city, and hiss them out of their place.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the South-Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few unrighteous men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says, the government and South-Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased, is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only repair but improve. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment, your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXXXII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear *vacillantibus litteris*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it; but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds, of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Busto above—may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent; and censure vain.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your Arabian Tales. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprise and please a little; but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croise* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, *&c.* I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the South-Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned; for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, Peace be to its manes!

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill-luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries; a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

From the same to the same.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well, than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your verses *, and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftner it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS †. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is called—what that means in English or French, I cannot say—but all he says, is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes---.

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can), we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason, with a dog for his instinct, to-morrow.

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius, bishop of Avranches. He was a mean *reasoner*; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a demonstration; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise of the weakness of the human understanding: a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract from Sextus Empiricus. WARBURTON.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope.

December 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin Epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction, which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deserted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good nature, than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I cannot perfectly, at least without further discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction

ſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXV.

The Biſhop of Rocheſter to Mr. Pope.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unleſs when company, to whom I cannot excuſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill-pleaſed to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

inverſum contreſtat Aquarius annum?

"If theſe things be done in the green "tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?" Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of ſcripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftner; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing, that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſſed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malad*, had you not beſtowed it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them, becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a ſtormy air
Scorch more, than when the ſky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true, for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, elſe I would have done it, to have ſhewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spenſer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the trifle he wrote for his own Epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promiſed him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleaſed to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot end a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs! and yet, I am ſure, I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXVI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet, I foreſee, it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I ſay? I recal that word, for it implies deſire; and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe: for I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii* or *Seloſi* of my neighbourhood: characters which Tully paints ſo well in one of his epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriſed to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I prophecy it will be quite

[illegible] by the beginning of November: [illegible] or two from his London friends, [illegible] surfeit of solitude, will soon make [illegible] change his resolution and his quar[illegible] I vow to you, I could live here [illegible] pleasure all the winter, and be con[illegible] with hearing no more news than the [illegible] Journal, or some such trifling pa[illegible] reminds me, did not the duty of my [illegible] require, absolutely require, my at[illegible] at Westminster; where, I hope, [illegible] will now and then remember [illegible] bed and a candlestick. In short, [illegible] you, and hope you will come, [illegible] a day, yet at least an hour sooner to [illegible] you intended, in order to af[illegible] me that satisfaction. I am now, I [illegible] God! as well as ever I was in my [illegible] except that I can walk scarce at all [illegible] crutches; and I would willingly [illegible] the matter with the gout, to be [illegible], could I hope to be no worse; [illegible] is a vain thought, I expect a new [illegible] before Christmas. Let me see [illegible] while I am in a condition to [illegible], before the days (and the nights) [illegible] when I shall (and must) say, I have [illegible] in them.

I'll bring your small volume of Pas[illegible] along with me, that you may not be [illegible] from lending me books, when [illegible] me so punctual in returning them. [illegible] shall bear it company, and be [illegible] your hands as clear and as fair as [illegible] out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with [illegible]: I have had more reverence for [illegible] and the printer, and left every [illegible] just as I found it. How[illegible], I thank you for the pleasure you have [illegible] putting me upon reading him [illegible] more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that plea[illegible] more, having other work to do, [illegible] things to think of, but none [illegible] will interfere with the offices of friend[illegible] in the exchange of which with you, [illegible], I hope to live and die, your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands [illegible], I cannot but think it a very odd [illegible] incidents, that the book should be de[illegible] by a dead man * to a dead man †; [illegible] that the new patron ‡, to whom [illegible] chose to inscribe his verses, should [illegible] also before they were published. [illegible] been in the Editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

* Mr. Addison. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

My Lord, Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of your, &c.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison *; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now, therefore, know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.

little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say; but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased, sometimes, to read what was written by his humble servant.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and, to your power, its protector.—Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two; for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me), but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-Sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled a-new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

LETTER CXL.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have, both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in works which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise: let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner *; and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up, God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

* In his lady's last sickness.

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

My Lord, March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your goodwill, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to bark, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil in bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite assertion).

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and spare diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work*)

Thus in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or, fed with Daniel, at his pulse.

* The Paradise Regained.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C—, or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, no body shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord), no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own sons of the church), your obedient, &c.

LETTER CXLII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet show. I have said to greatness some time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time; and be upon the level with them now: for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more

virtue and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body: but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge: I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the abbey for me and mine. It was to be in the abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town tomorrow, to see how the work goes forward; but if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

LETTER CXLIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. hope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord —— has pressed me terribly to see him at ——, and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait; fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though, I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rumbled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush, have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER CXLIV.

From the same to the same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord ——, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as, I suppose,

pose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to let other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but some time or other, I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c.

LETTER CXLV.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

July 27.

I HAVE been as constantly at Twitenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Duchess's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your Lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the Duke she seems touched with [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend], your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I have represented to her, that an inscription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also; which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine; though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them your's, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: you tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it sits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may, (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to your, &c.

LETTER CXLVI.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the Duchess * just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far, she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say; especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concerned: but

* The Duchess of Buckingham.

* Duchess of Buckingham.

should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depended upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanery, and I believe I shall stay there till I have said "Dust to dust," and shut up that last scene of pompous vanity *.

It is a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year; and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral,

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare———
Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an answer for me somewhere in Hamlet to this request, which you remember, though I do not: *Poor ghost! thou shalt be satisfied!*—or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER CXLVII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Dear Sir, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me: and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not, but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you, no way but that one, which needs no open warra

* This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722.

warrant to authorise it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish, of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am: in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be seen, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon *: is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a flattering hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftner or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect, and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester. I am, &c.

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written in his disgrace, and the best of Tully's after his retreat from exile.

LETTER CXLIX.

From the same to the same.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your

childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

LETTER CL.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the reputation of an History † which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ‡. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morrice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea be-

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

† Earl of Clarendon's.

‡ The Bishop's name, set to his vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's History, Paris, 1731, 4to, since reprinted in England.

tween

tween us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation: they are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother; I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country, at this distance, seems to me a strange sight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morrice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur,
et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c.

LETTER CLI.

From the same to the same.

[On the death of his daughter.]

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope, in some time, to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuse a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if ever I had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

Gelidus tardante senecta,
Sanguis hebet, frigenique effœto in corpore vires.

However, I should be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France, much

much more than I did at Paris, though even there I sensibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards, which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of duty and love, than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which reason and religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another. I am, &c.

BOOK THE THIRD.

LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

SECTION II.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waryng.*

Madam, Dublin, May 4, 1700.

I AM extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer, I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required; however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letter since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments, to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover: but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked, in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost a hundred pounds a year; and I think at the same time that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away their health and life in such a sink, and among such family conver-

* This letter, Mr. Faulkner says, was written "to a lady of family in the north of Ireland;" and he adds, that it was "supposed to be previous to Dr. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." It was written not long before the time of Stella's taking her residence in Ireland.

converſation: neither have all your letters been once able to perſuade that you have the leaſt value for me, becauſe you ſo little regarded what I ſo often ſaid upon that matter. The diſmal account you ſay I have given you of my livings* I can aſſure you to be a true one; and, ſince it is a diſmal one even in your own opinion, you can beſt draw conſequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton† lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of reſidence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a houſe at Trim, or build one on the ſpot: the firſt is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at preſent. For coming down to Belfaſt, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is ſo cloſe, and ſo much required of me; but our government ſits very looſe, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part‡ will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I ſhall be at leiſure for a ſhort journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will before that time perſuade you from the place where you are. I deſire my ſervice to your mother, in return for her remembrance: but for any other dealings that way I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cauſe to reſent your deſires of me in that caſe, than you have to be angry at my refuſals. If you like ſuch company and conduct, much good do you with them!. my education has been otherwiſe. My uncle Adam § aſked me one day in private, as by direction, what my deſigns were in relation to you, becauſe it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The anſwer I gave him (which I ſuppoſe he has ſent you) was to this effect: "That "I hoped I was no hindrance to you; be- "cauſe the reaſon you urged againſt an "union with me was drawn from your in- "diſpoſition, which ſtill continued; that "you alſo thought my fortune not ſuffi- "cient, which is neither at preſent in a "condition to offer you: That, if your "health and my fortune were as they "ought, I would prefer you above all "your ſex; but that, in the preſent con- "dition of both, I thought it was againſt "your opinion, and would certainly make "you unhappy: That, had you any other "offers which your friends or yourſelf "thought more to your advantage, I "ſhould think I were very unjuſt to be an "obſtacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have anſwered it. I deſire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwiſe than it was when you told me the doctors adviſed you againſt marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domeſtic affairs, with an income of leſs (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a year? Have you ſuch an inclination to my perſon and humour, as to comply with my deſires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in thoſe methods I ſhall direct for the improvement of your mind, ſo as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miſerable when we are neither viſiting nor viſited? can you bend your love and eſteem and indifference to others the ſame way as I do mine? ſhall I have ſo much power in your heart, or you ſo much government of your paſſions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a—? have you ſo much good nature as to endeavour by ſoft words to ſmooth any rugged humour occaſioned by the croſs accidents of life? ſhall the place wherever your huſband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In ſhort, theſe are ſome of the neceſſary methods to pleaſe men who, like me, are deep-read in the world; and to a perſon thus made, I ſhould be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. Theſe are the queſtions I have always reſolved to propoſe to her with whom I meant to paſs my life; and whenever you can heartily anſwer them in the affirmative, I ſhall be bleſſed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your

* Thoſe of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to Lord Berkley when one of the Lords Juſtices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, which had been previouſly promiſed to Dr. Swift: but Mr. Buſh, the principal ſecretary, for weighty reaſons beſt known to himſelf, laid Dr. Swift aſide, unleſs he would pay him a large ſum; which the Doctor refuſed with the utmoſt contempt and ſcorn.---Dr. Bolton, who was alſo miniſter of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, was advanced to the biſhopric of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; tranſlated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Caſhel, Jan. 6, 1729; and died in 1744. He was one of the moſt eloquent ſpeakers of his time, and was particularly ſkilled in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory.

‡ Meaning Lord Berkley, who was then one of the three Lords Juſtices.---The Earl of Rocheſter was appointed Lord Lieutenant in September following.

§ Whoſe daughter, Anne, married a clergyman of the name of Perry.

your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should fear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without—, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, Madam, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER II.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Joseph Taylor, Esq.*

Dublin, Jan. 3, 1738-9.

IT is an age, my dear Taylor, since I heard from you: I hope nothing worse than perverse business hath obtruded itself so entirely on your mind, as to drive me from it. If you are happy, I shall be very easy, whatever is the motive; because I am sure nothing can have made your old friend less dear to you than formerly. Though this winter has its influence on my crazy constitution, yet the noble cordial, *ipecacuanha*, frequently taken, undoes all the mischiefs of the weather, and makes me enjoy ease and cheerfulness, in spite of the season. We have here certainly the most fine winters, and dreary summers, that can be imagined. Scarcely a day passeth but the greatest part of it is mild and bright, as April; and if a few happy showers refresh the ground, a gentle wind fans it away presently, and all is serene and delightful, during the dark days of other climates. But the summer shall not make my paper dismal, and therefore I will not describe it.

My house will be quite finished in about six weeks. It hath cost me a shameful deal of money; but I am not afraid, that my wife and children that I am to get in my cottage, should upbraid me. The whole is handsome, but nothing magnificent, but the garret in which I have lodged my books; and if I have been extravagant in doing them honour, I hope it will be pardoned; because I owe it in some measure to them, that I was enabled to be at the expence; and gratitude, I hope, can excuse the fault it occasions. Some think it too splendid for me in my station, and will contend it would have been wiser and more decent to have locked my money in a chest, or sent to France for social claret, than to squander it among Irish workmen to enable them to procure beef and potatoes for their hungry families; and build an habitation too elegant for an Irish prelate. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*, is the condition of every action that is done by those who are placed in a way of life that is exposed either to flattery or envy; and I am resigned under the common misfortune. Candour surely is all that can be expected, or should be desired, in life. I have the consolation to hear, that every one applauds my taste and my contrivance. I served my old house as Medusa did the old man, cut it in pieces, cooked it up with my art, and made it young again. In my library, for they have dignified it with that considerable name, I can say, *hic ver perpetuum ac alienis mensibus æstas*. It is 64 feet long; at the east is a bow window that takes in a most variegated and extended prospect. In a bright evening the mountains in Wales are seen by an unassisted eye; on the north the highest hills in Ireland, more than a degree distant from us, are beheld distinctly. The ocean with its islands, a large river, an harbour rich with ships, a city, an university, some villages, woods and meadows, and nearer hills of less and more cultivated height, are mingled together in the most amusing contrast.—— Three windows on the south overlook a range of nursery-gardens, and meadows ever verdant, interspersed with houses, neat, white, and cheerful, where industry and contentment seem married and become the parents of many children. Round the place, an half circle of lofty hills, fashioned in the most delightful shapes, like Virgil's Fame, tread on the earth, and lift their heads above the clouds. Could I have the joy to see you in Dublin, you should own this description not so delightful as the reality. The room is 20 feet wide, and only 16 high. It is carved almost a third. An entablature of the Ionic order over round the whole room unbroken. The frize is enriched with the Vitruvian scrole, adorned with its proper foliages. The ceiling is divided into three compartments. the division made agreeable by the plain Vitruvian fret, and the other work on the ceiling rather elegant than heavy and expansive,

* Lord Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

pansive. The entablature is supported with two and thirty three-quarters columns of the Ionic order, which stands on a pedestal that goes round the room, exactly of the height of the window from the floor. In this pedestal are my largest books, between the pillars; my lesser books are ranged uniformly round the room. In the west side is the chimney, formed in the best taste, of an Irish marble of an excellent polish; over which I will place a bust of the Chancellor, and on one side the Bishop of Durham; and if I can get a noble copy of Mr. Edward Talbot, by Vanderback, he shall adorn the other; and then the three persons dearest to my heart, to whom I have had the highest (I had almost said the only) obligations in life, will appear there to consecrate my expence, and do them honour. In the east end is my bow window, exactly half a circle, whose diameter is 10 feet. The glass is bent to answer the curvature of the building.

I have explained to you the room at large, that you may call me an extravagant fellow, or justify me to those who call me so. If I live and do well, I shall spend my days here in an elegant and cheerful retirement, in old age and the vale of life: if I do not, those who come after me need not grudge what I have bestowed; because it will sell to some one who likes its beauty, perhaps for as much as it cost, at least for as much as any, who complain of it, could deserve. If I could see my old English friend in it, it would give me infinitely more joy than all the dead fine landscapes I behold. My chief pleasure here is conversation with chosen friends, who bring learning into chit-chat, and are not ashamed of being cheerful, while they are talking on the most sublime subjects.——We endeavour to make the muses, and all their polite arts, serve as handmaids to adorn real wisdom; and introduce into our hearts every truth, that can make us love the Creator, or make us worthy his love; that can make us enjoy life ourselves, or contribute to make others do so, with thankfulness as well as contentment and resignation. Gentlemen and ladies, old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and bishops, mee together often in my library, and find something in the conversation pleasing, and not unuseful to any of them. They all contribute their share of the entertainment, and are most exquisitely pleased when they please.

You see, my friend, my banishment is not grievous, though it was severe. When they removed me from business and an active life, among my friends in my own country, they gave me *otium cum dignitate* instead of it. Perhaps the sweetest condition of man is to know what was best for him.

I have filled this letter in talking on the worst subject in the world, myself, and my own concerns; but it is a fault that a friend will pardon, though it would be nauseous to others; and the more pardonable, because in this corner of the world, no news or adventures can happen, fit to fill a letter.

I hope the very great wind which we had on Sunday the 13th of this month, did not reach you. Had it lasted long, it would have done incredible mischief; but as it was, it run through the whole kingdom, killed some, and ruined many.

My most affectionate service to your lady and mother. I am, my dear Taylor, yours most sincerely, &c.

LETTER III.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to the Rev. Dean Clarke.

Barrington,
Sept. 9, 1747.

My dear friend,

IF I was not the most inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you, to Winchester, to assure you what esteem and affection for you have ever been in my heart; but, I believe, I must defer my visit to you till I can pay it in that city (Exeter) where I was educated, and which still continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the best climate, and most agreeable place of residence in England, yet it never appeared in so fair a light to me, as it will, when I see you presiding in its cathedral. I have still some few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themselves happy in your friendship, and rejoice to perform to you all the self-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and I am confident they will think themselves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to shew them.

Your house there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily situated under the shadow of the church; crowded with houses in such a manner, as not to suffer you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landscapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home,

if any such there be. But I am just informed that you have not yet taken possession of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next spring, I will offer you my company, as that can make the journey more agreeable.——You will find there every thing that your hospitable heart can desire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at less expence, than in any city in England, and I may almost say, Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging myself in the praises of my first love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilst I am banished to Thulè, far from sunshine, and the conversation of those friends, whose company would make even Thulè pleasant, and sunshine forgotten. If you have any taste for gardening, and cultivating and amassing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there shoot with a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this island; and the fig and the grape hardly desire better skies.

I am glad you are pleased with Colonel Folliot; he is a sensible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable in obliging those for whom he has conceived an esteem, and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taste for the beauties of nature, and indulges himself in the enjoyment of every rational amusement of that kind, which he can purchase with discretion. You and he have many things in common, in the turn of your indefatigable charity, to relieve the distresses of mankind; and our hospital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raised from being *vox & præterea nihil*, into a comfort for many hundreds of unhappy wretches; and is now an honour to our kingdom; and whilst it continues so, will preserve to posterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wisdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's, in Red Lion-square. You know me well enough, to be sure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of those friends, to whose family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my present journey. I design to continue the winter and spring in London, and in the beginning of the summer see my other friends, and then return to Ireland for ever. I grow too old, and too inactive, to propose any future expeditions. I have recovered my health and spirits, but not my strength. I am infinitely better than ever I expected, or could even hope for, without presumption; but yet the effects of a distemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will disable me from any prospect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my situation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any possibly could be, remote from the early friendships of my life. I have been served as Plato in his common-wealth would have Homer treated; "first," says the philosopher, "do him honours, reward his merit, "and then—banish him." At Dublin I enjoy the most delightful habitation, the finest landscape, and the mildest climate, that can be described or desired. I have a house there rather too elegant and magnificent; in the north an easy diocese, and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five beneficed clergymen under my care, and they are all regular, decent, and neighbourly: each hath considerable and commendable general learning; but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors such a stipend as hath, alas! tempted most of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to support them.

The only discipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to discard three out of my diocese, who, though refused certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their success; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they should sincerely seek it with tears.

My Dean, your kinsman is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the first object of his fondness, and agrees with his constitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great economist; lives splendidly yet buys estates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300l. *per ann.* but he hath seven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will

will increase daily, and the outgoings continue the same. It is now a clear 1000l. and will next year be probably better. I have only room to assure you that I am yours most sincerely, &c.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam,

MY Lord has commanded me to write to you. He hath the most melancholy excuse for not doing it himself, that ever a poor father had. He hath lost his second son, the clergyman*, who was the delight and honour of his father, and beloved by all mankind. I have lost a friend, in whom I had placed all the comfort and happiness of my life. I never had a thought of pleasure, to which his company and conversation did not contribute the greatest and most amiable part. He gave a relish to all my expectations. Perhaps there may have been many superior to him in learning; some few his equals in abilities, who have had the same accuracy of judgment, the same discernment, the same clearness of thought; but what a divine world would this be, were there any numbers that had his sweetness of temper, his sincerity, his love for virtue! He loved nothing else!—The whole ambition of his life was to make others happy: he valued his abilities only as they could contribute to that God-like end. His conversation had as much spirit and wit, joined with as much right sense and instruction, as ever, when single, made men desired for their company: yet he valued these in himself, not as they made him beloved and praised by all, but his own share of the satisfaction arose from the thought that he entertained others, not from any superiority over others on that account. My heart is full of affection for him. Nothing can be said equal to his merit; nor can I express my grief for his loss. We lived together ten years in the most tender and endeared friendship. When in the same place, our souls were open to each other; in conversation, we thought aloud. When absent, our letters were the pictures of our souls, and every post we conversed. I had no pleasure but what his friendship gave me.

I beg pardon, Madam, for my talking so much of my own self and my sorrows, when I should be begging your assistance by a kind letter, to comfort my poor Lord. So much, perhaps, you may learn from this letter, that I am unable to do it myself; and therefore it may induce you to hasten your charity. I put on a forced easiness and cheerfulness when in his company, and make my looks belie my heart; but when I retire, I am glad to indulge my grief. I loved him; I think all that knew me will say that I loved nothing else. But I must beg your excuse, Madam, that I should let my concern overflow, when I ought to be entertaining you; but I am sure you are sensible of the pleasure of friendship, and can forgive rudenesses which are caused by such a virtue. It is the only virtue that I can boast my heart was sincerely full of. Madam, your most obedient, most humble servant.

* Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Berks, to whose friendship Dr. Rundle owed his introduction to the family, and consequent promotion. He died 1720. Very honourable mention is made of him in the Life of Archbishop Secker, by Drs. Porteus and Stinton, published in 1770.

LETTER V.

From the same to the same.

Madam, May 1729.

I DO not write to entertain you. Poor Dr. Clarke is dying*. This morning we thought him out of danger; but now he is going to his Newton. He is above our pity. It is selfishness to lament him; but a selfishness that a man cannot love virtue without feeling. My heart is big with concern and tenderness, and longing for the dear instruction of even his most careless conversation! With what ease and cheerfulness did he familiarize knowledge, and bring the highest subjects into the sprightliness of conversation! Religion pities the world, for its not deserving the blessing of his sweet authority, to stop the torrent of infidelity amongst the great. They knew his sense and integrity. They could not believe there was no truth in what he defended, obeyed, and for which he suffered. What punishment, good God! art thou preparing to inflict on a dissolute world! that thou callest out of it the servant who is best prepared to promote thy blest desire of making it wise and virtuous, and by them happy! but he is going to enjoy the reward of his goodness. If there is a God

* Dr. Clarke died the 17th of May, 1729. His illness began on the 11th, from which he had so far recovered, as to give hopes of his restoration, till the day preceding his dissolution. Born Oct. 11, 1675. His memoirs, written by Whiston, passed through three editions; first published in 1732.

(and that there is, all Nature cries aloud in all her works) he must delight in such worth, such love for truth, such resignation, such active virtue; and that which he delights in, must be happy: happier than this world can make it, though he was happy here. Our present blessings are all that justice can require; but are not equal to the bounty of infinite goodness! What good man, that had it in his power to reward such worth, but would rejoice in doing it? and doth any mortal presume to think he loves virtue more than God doth? what we would, he can reward; and what he can, he wills. He who gave us being, when nothing but his own kindness prompted him, will be solicited more strongly to continue it on so much worth, and to one who so amiably resembled him. But why do my thoughts run on into such meditations? I know not how; recollecting such assurances, is the natural resource of a mind oppress by the loss of a friend he loved; it is our only ———

I had almost forgot to say, that I left London on Monday; but my thoughts are too much engaged, to think of any thing but the poor Doctor. I know you will be equally concerned with us. You knew him as well; and your goodness loved equally his virtue. Madam, yours sincerely

LETTER VI.

From the same to the same.

Madam, 1729.

SINCE you are so good as not to insist on my paying you the debt of honour (for such surely are promises) till I come to Durham; I will endeavour then to be honest, and return you thankfully both the principal and interest; though it is an odd sort of payment, which will doubly increase my debt to you by your receiving it. I ought to have thanked you sooner for your last; but hoping to get every post more time, I have squandered what I had, and am obliged now to write, not only in an hurry, but in company. You do not well to compare your manner of writing to the workings of the spider, though nothing can so fully express the native treasures and untaught art that adorn your mind. I remember the Egyptian writers in hieroglyphics, thought it fit to represent the Creator, who produced all from himself, and was conscious of every thing which touched any part of this offspring of his power; and as much as I admire you, I will not allow you to apply to yourself what hath been consecrated before, to so peculiar a subject; though if any had a right, it would be one that makes it the amiable duty of life to resemble the great mind in a much more lively manner than can be expressed by that figured language. Mrs. Sayer begs your pardon for omitting to thank Mrs. Sandys for her lampreys, and assure her that nothing was ever better; but do not wonder that she forgot it; when she was writing, she was too full of you, to think of even your presents; and this, Lord Archbishop of Cambray says, is the true spirit of devotion when applied to an higher object; to be in that transport of admiration at his perfections, which will even obscure his very bounties, and make his infinite kindness unregarded and unthought on; and it is no wonder if sincere friendship humbly imitates that noble natural working of the heart, which is only friendship sublimed and enlarged, and only differs from it as a rivulet doth from the ocean.

My Lord and Mrs. Talbot are extremely well, and preparing to remove into their sweet retirement; but sweet as it is, it will be no-ways agreeable, till you animate the groves and meadows with a music, which is more delightful than that of the nightingales, your conversation.— Spadille calls, and I must obey; that pretended enemy, yet truest friend, to idleness! that tyrant to destroy the only joy of company, even while he boasts of his being sociable! I may rail, but he will triumph over me, and because I hate him, he punishes me, but the loss of time is worse than that of money; but there is none but a Parthian victory to be obtained over him, and I hope next Monday to conquer by flying from him: I carry down with me the son of the solicitor*; if my conversation can be of any service to him I shall rejoice; for I would not live any longer, than I could get opportunities to shew my gratitude to that family, to which I owe all the happiness and dignity of my life. He is perfectly sober and innocent, and I would animate those blank virtues, with sentiments of honour, and a noble zeal and ardour for the brave virtues, from whence arises the splendour and usefulness of large fortunes, without the which enjoyment of them si only a gaudy idleness. Spadille,

* William, late Earl Talbot.

dille, I come! I am unwillingly torn from you; but I will still interrupt his diversion, and suspend his eagerness, till I have assured you, that I shall receive no pleasure at Durham so great as hearing from you, and thanking you for your letters. I am your most sincere, &c.

LETTER VII.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam, 1729.

I COULD not suffer my servant to go to Miserden, without thanking you for the entertainment you gave us there, which had every thing in it that could make life delightful; and though your table was with the most elegant ease covered with the greatest variety, yet the low pleasures which the art of cookery can pretend to bestow, are not thought of when we reflect on the happiness we enjoy in your retirement. Conversation, which Milton rightly calls the food of the soul, was the noble feast, and angels themselves would not think it below them to partake of, and enjoy an entertainment, which was composed of wisdom and virtue.

My friend hath left me, and though I am still with other friends, whom gratitude and inclination make me love, yet I know not how he hath so taken possession of my heart, that his presence is not only the highest pleasure to me itself, like the beholding of sunshine, but like that, necessary also to make me view and receive pleasure from all other the most beloved objects.

My Lord continues well, but methinks his air hath not that serene complacence in it that we admired at Miserden; there was something then that shed a gladness over his countenance, and enlightened his features; his look differs from what it then appeared, as a landscape viewed in the shade doth from the same landscape beheld in the brightest day. He desires that you would be so good as to send him some of your rob of elder; a medicine of which he is extremely fond, and of which I have the meanest opinion; but if the juice itself hath no virtue, expectation may add some to it, and as many have found relief from an hearty good opinion, as from a natural efficacy; and if good is received, it is no matter whether it be from the drugs, or our own fancy.

When I return to London, I hope to be able to furnish out a letter of diversion for you; this place affords no accounts but of the murders and assassinations of innocent hares and pheasants, which sport of death I have a perverse good nature in me, which, though reason justifies, is unable to be subdued to approve of. If I could explain to my understanding that great mystery of natural religion, the ordaining, that the life of some should be supported always by the death of others, I should believe it right, though unintelligible; for what goodness hath evidently appointed is good; and I would have reprimanded the reluctance of my heart for disliking what the Author of nature, the Father of mercies, hath chosen. But I think I see clearly the wisdom and benevolence of this scheme of things; my reason is convinced, but my aversion to misery is so indiscreetly strong, that it overpowers my judgment, and I am downright vicious, out of an excess of goodness. This prevents my joining in the amusements of the place; this and my lazinesS together; and though I am in a crowd of company, I spend my day in solitude. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From the same to the same.

Madam, July 16, 1730.

I HAVE presumed to send you a present of Mr. Thomson's Seasons; a volume, on which reason bestows as many beauties as imagination. It is a subject, that our first parents would have sung in Paradise, had they never been seduced, by the serene flattery of false knowledge, to forsake humility and innocence. But they would scarcely have excited, by what they sung, a purer praise of virtue or higher raptures of adoration, than will warm your heart, when you read the description of these rural scenes of the graces and benevolence of nature. Such writings give dignity to leisure, and exalt entertainment and amusements into devotion. If I praise the performance more than it deserves, consider it as an honest art of giving value to my present: for I would not willingly offer any thing to you, of which I had not an high esteem. But I confess, I am so fond of poetry, that every attempt to unite and marry it to virtue is extremely agreeable to me; and I can, on such occasions, scarcely forbear composing their epithalamium. Hail sacred verse, thou eldest offspring of human ingenuity! before letters were invented, numbers, and the music of regularly unequal syllables, retained these histories in the memory of mankind, which then

then there was no outward learning to preserve. By thee those sons of reason, arts, philosophy, and laws, were nourished and educated; men were civilized, and society made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards, and the instruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life, were adorned by harmony, and, by pleasing imagination, were remembered with ease.

How much better known is the hunting on Chiviot, than the glorious deeds of our ancestors at Cressy and Agincourt? In verse, oracles were delivered to mankind. The sublimity, and beauty, and difficulty of that measured language were thought a proof that it came from more than mortal beings. Men have not been unwilling to acknowledge every astonishing accomplishment to be owing to the assistance of some divinity; that whilst they praised those noble abilities, they might comfort their own vanity, and not think any of their brethren naturally so very much their superiors: for an oak was still an oak, though Jove returned his answers from it.

In verse, men offered up their gratitude in temples, though sanctity of manners and an harmony of life were a more acceptable sacrifice than the most exalted hymn; yet he, who hath poured beauty, and order, and regularity over all his works, reason cries aloud, surely delights in beauty. What he delights in is amiable, and it is our honour, and privilege to delight in it also: to admonish and assist us in doing this, they argued, "let us consecrate every thing truly great, proportioned, and graceful, in human arts and inventions to his service."

Poetry and music were thus introduced into public worship. The care of a decency in ranging and giving harmony to the order of their words taught an higher care of the infinitely more sublime, more pleasing decency of a right conduct in life; and a right harmony amidst the affections of the heart. Devotion thus was deemed slovenly and careless, and uninstructive, when separated from verse; like coming into the presence of a king undressed, it was a negligence, which was interpreted disrespect. The desire of communicating knowledge to each other, and expressing the gratitude and thankfulness, with which they glowed towards heaven, gave birth to the sweet art of adding music to words. They joined uniformity and variety (in which every sort of beauty consists) to the measures, with which their sentences moved from the tongue. But a love of money and trade at last invented letters, embodied thought, and made sounds become visible and immortal.

There was then no longer a necessity to embalm stories in verse, to induce men to remember them; because they could now be engraven on marble, or, what is more durable, on paper, and last to future ages in spite of the carelessness of the present. Men having now their hearts turned to the adoration of the new goddess, daughter of trade, unnecessary riches, neglected the pomp and dignity of that worship, which was their joy, whilst innocence and contentment with nature's bounty governed them. Verse, therefore, and the laboured simplicity of its charms, were no longer cultivated for the temple, but the tawdry beauties, which trade invented, banished her thence to seat themselves in her place. Gold and embroidery, sculpture and painting, wantoned with mimic finery, to captivate the heart, and recommended and pleaded for the service of that idol, Superstition, because she in return pleaded for their high use and religious value.

When poetry was degraded from being the priestess of nature, she soon was seduced to lend her office to meaner purposes, and became the servant of every passion in the temper; and vanity and love chiefly retained her in their service, and flattery and lasciviousness were soon made too agreeable by her assistance. How worthy therefore is the design of chiding her meanness, to recal her to her first high office of adorning piety, and raising an ambition after virtue. This is the intention of Mr. Thomson's work, which I send you. I am willing to be blind to every imperfection, where so worthy a wish guided the pen. But what are the imperfections? a rough or hard word, now and then indulged to lift his numbers above prose, and make the paltry gingle of rhime unnecessary; the repetition of the same phrase, every where highly proper perhaps; but the warmth of writing concealed from him the remembrance, that the reader is, though the writer is not, cool enough to demand variety; a hint not worked up to the height which our unexperienced imagination thinks it might be carried; but if we had tried ourselves, we should wonder at the dignity to which words have raised it. These, and such mighty imperfections offend those who are untouched enough to be so minutely judicious. But the sentiments of liberty, of virtue, of generous manly piety, hurry

away my approbation, and I have not leisure enough to be sagacious.

The most amusing paintings of poetry, that swiftly transport me from scene to scene of nature, ever charming, ever wonderful, so fill my heart with rapture, that I forget the poet and myself, and am only attentive on him and his works, whose goodness ordained the present only useful proportion of these changes, which are, in all their majesty of wisdom, placed before my reason to demand its gratitude. Out of the abundance of the heart, the pen as well as the tongue speaketh, and my love of poetry hath made me forget, to what an indecent length of praise I have suffered it to ramble and take up that paper, which should be allotted to more epistolary subjects.

I yesterday was at Asted; my Lord is better, and intends to see you this summer. But Dr. Sayer flatters me, that he will soon give me an opportunity of performing my promise, and visit you at Miserden. We have no news, and scarcely know what news to desire; war, people expect; they blame our ministers for deferring it so long; but whenever it is begun, they will, with higher clamour, blame them for not preventing it. Dr. Clarke's Sermons is the only book of note or value, which hath been lately published; those you will read; and then you will despise all the praises, and all the censures, of them; the first cannot increase, or the other lessen, the opinion your own judgment will give you of those performances. If any thing which can entertain you shall be published before I leave London, I will bring it with me, rejoicing in the treasures of other people's wit to divert you, who can pretend to none of my own; but whether I can be so fortunate or no, I doubt not of being welcome to you, who value nothing in your friends so much as their sincerity and good-nature: the first of which, in my professions of a value for you, none shall exceed, and I shall learn the other from your example. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER IX.

Dr. Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam, 1730.

WHAT can I write to Mrs. Sandys on this sad occasion? Look into your own heart, and that will tell you what I feel, better than any words I can use to describe my sorrow. I have lost, I have lost my patron, friend, father*! To him I owe all the happiness I have ever enjoyed in life; all the comfort (if life hath any future comfort for me!) that I am still to receive, flows from his bounty to me! I saw him in misery, who never before was beheld by any that depended on him, but with gratitude and pleasure; to look on him, who loved us all, was a joy that made us relish the good fortune with which he had blest us. What can I do to shew my sense of gratitude to him? the labour of my life, the ambition of my life, shall be to enjoy the satisfaction of acting with a regard and love to his dear dear memory. He hath left Mrs. Talbot, though in no great, yet in no distressed condition. She had 330l. a year, paid to her, free from deductions, and by the generosity of Mr. Talbot, no inconsiderable sum to relieve her present wants, and reward those who shall shew her respect, and oblige her, if she pleases to preserve it. Mr. Talbot's behaviour on this occasion hath been such as becomes the best man and best son that ever lived. He hath shewn a generosity, and tenderness, and regard to his poor dear beloved father, which will make him not only as he ever was, the admiration, but the love, of all who know and love virtue. Poor Mrs. Sayer! you know the sensibility of her temper, and how it must have been wounded by this dreadful unexpected calamity! I want to be with you to pour out my heart on this distress; you would ask a thousand questions, and I say a thousand things, that conversation gave rise to, that one can neither think on when writing, nor would be proper to be written. When I am more at ease, I will write more to you on this dreadful subject. Grief is never talkative at first, but after the sorrow is subsided a little, there is melancholy pleasure in talking on the dear occasion of it, and by frequent renewing it, to familiarize it to the thought, and make it not only more easily borne, but have a sort of honest pride in being able to bear it. I know not how human nature often enjoys grief at last, and turns the poison itself into a kind of cordial.

My poor dear friend is under the deepest affliction; he loved my Lord, my Lord loved him. Though he made his will before the Doctor was married, my Lord made him his executor, with Mr. Talbot;

* Bishop Talbot, who died Oct. 12, 1730.

though

though a troublesome, yet a pleasing office, as it is a pleasure to be esteemed and known to be so by such a man, especially to him, whose chief enjoyment in life, is the pleasure of labouring to serve those he loves. Your, &c.

LETTER X.

From the same to the same.

Madam, Oct. 24, 1730.

THE condition of our grief has no variety, and therefore affords nothing for me to write different from my former; time, which stifles the first tumult of affection, gives leisure for thought to look around, but alas! the more seriously we think, the more strongly we feel the calamity of his loss; and the sorrow which at first was only passion, is now reason. It is reason indeed, but selfish; and that concern, which arises from considering it as a misfortune and distress to one's self, though most natural to feel, it is unbecoming to acknowledge. That tender lamentation, which flows from gratitude and love of benevolence, which forgets that kindness to itself was the foundation of it, is that alone which virtue will permit us to indulge; because it cherishes in the heart the same amiable graces we melancholily commend. If these alone deserve our tears of fondness in him, these alone can excite the same sentiments of esteem towards ourselves; and what man is so mean, as not to desire to be beloved? But even this generous and improving grief is to be watched over and restrained, lest it softens us too much, disables us from performing the duties of life, and destroys that meek and cheerful resignation to the nature of things, that Providence hath ordained; which alone can make us pass through this life with comfort. That gratitude of sorrow towards others is bad indeed, which makes us repine, discontented and ungrateful, to him our Supreme Benefactor. When one is calm and alone, such reflections throw the mind into a melancholy composure, and one resolves to submit to those accidents which the condition of humanity requires us to feel and submit to. But every new friend we meet, every new occasion, silences these whispers of religious philosophy, and the heart prevails over the understanding; grief is again awakened, and one almost thinks it right to act against reason, and place a kind of sublime virtue in being self-condemned. Among the many calamities which attend his death, there is one which, though it may appear trifling to vulgar minds, you will think is no small misfortune;—he was the centre, which drew and united together many of us into a sweet society of friends, where we met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, with freedom, and that mutual goodwill and confidence, which alone makes friendship sincere; without which, it is only well-bred hypocrisy, or, like echo, a mere sound, without a substance; before him, we dared open the sentiments of our cautious hearts, and the observations or suspicions of our inquiries; and though we were of opinions different from those he embraced, he had the greatness of mind not to dislike those he thought mistaken; and from this variety of opinions he saw among those whose learning and sincerity he valued, he obtained that wisdom of charity with which so few are ever enlightened, that our duty is to be of one heart here, and it will be time enough to be of one mind hereafter. To repair this loss as much as we can, I resolve, when in London, to live with my friend, whose friendship now is the chief happiness I propose in life; but to confess sincerely, I have a scrupulous uneasiness at the figure I must make to the world, in living long in town from my preferment, when I have no call, but my own pleasure, to make me do so.

Whilst my Lord lived, the duty of attending the best benefactor, justified my absence to the world and myself; but now, though I have no cure of souls* to demand constant attendance, yet, methinks, people will believe it ill bestowed preferment on one, who seems to have no business in life, but in the dignity of polite idleness to gratify himself. The gratification of myself, indeed, will arise from what is ever amiable, ever praise-worthy, the friendship of a man of the best sense and virtue; but this cannot be seen by all, who observe my having nothing here to do; and though it is the hardest, yet it may be a necessary self-denial to refuse an indulgence of those most reasonable satisfactions, rather than injure a reputation; when the power of doing good in life, and the honour of religion may in some measure depend on it. This will certainly oblige me to spend no small part of the summer in the north,

* Dr. Rundle's preferments were, a prebend of Durham, and the Archdeaconry of Wilts, prior to his advancement to the mitre.

which now I fear will ever be made more bleak and disagreeable to me, than the niggardliness of our sunshine hath yet made it, by the absence of those I love. How vain are the schemes we propose! How did we flatter ourselves with meeting there together next summer, and enjoying the best pleasure of life, the conversation of friends, whose very trifling and unbendings are distinguished by good sense, as well as their collected behaviour. I shall never see you there more! My unkind, though generous fortune, will oblige me to retire from those I love, in that season of the year, when only they will be able to have what they and I most value, the leisure of being happy in your company.

Mrs. Talbot is ill, but bears her misfortune as well as could be expected or wished. I know not how, age bears affliction better than youth; passions are not in them so strong, and therefore, their less strength is sufficient to support them; passion is one kind of fever, and fevers always are most dangerous in young and healthy constitutions; the mind, as well as the body, grows callous by use, and as age hath been more exposed to afflictions, so it is hardened to them, by having often endured them.

She designs to live with her nephew Young, and hath taken a less, but handsomer house, than that my Lord lived in, near Grosvenor-square. Where we shall be thrown, is not yet determined; but wherever I am, the whole felicity I can promise myself, must arise from loving and being beloved by those whose virtue and right hearts, and good sense, make conversation an imitation of felicity, superior to mortality; and, whilst this is my taste and ambition, you cannot wonder that I am desirous to subscribe myself, your, &c.

LETTER XI.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam, 1730.

MRS. Talbot hath at last prevailed on herself to read your letter; and though she was overwhelmed with tenderness and and tears at your sense and partaking of her loss, yet your goodness gave her as great pleasure as it is possible for her to receive in her present condition. Nothing most certainly can afflict any heart with greater anxiety than grief, sickness, and the perplexity of preparing for a new, and, alas! different scene of life, than that in which she hath so long been happy; and all these unite to contribute their share to fill up her distress. If the respect of those who loved my Lord can any way lessen her feeling the sad change, she will always be secure of being treated in the best manner that the best people in the world can think it becomes them to behave towards one for whom my Lord had the highest affection and esteem. Every day presents us with some new melancholy scene, which awakens our grief, and seems to upbraid us with our loss.

At present inventories of all that belonged to him are making, in order to be disposed of; and among the rest his books must be sold; which obliges me to say, that in a short time we will send you down a catalogue of what belonged to him, among those which were sent to you, to desire that you would read those first, as being likely to be sooner wanted than the others. Though we may rob you of part of your entertainment, I hope we shall always be able to send others in the place of them; it is pity you should be deprived of that rational luxury you are fond of. The temper of your mind is most exactly described in a line of Pope's, corrected and improved by Thomson,

--- - A friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.

And since your ambition hath chosen the better part, it is the duty of all that value you, to take care that it shall not be taken from you.

There is a new piece of T. Chubb's*, which will be soon published, containing a vindication of God's character, against those who represent him as approving his creatures, not in proportion to their goodness and resembling his own perfections; but requiring them to perfect those natural amiable graces by performances of no use or comeliness, but merely because they were appointed. He is insolent enough, in his zeal of reason, to dare expostulate with no less a person than the Bishop of London, for injuring, as he terms it, in the simplicity of an unlearned heart, the reputation of the Almighty, by abusing reason, the gift of God to man for his

* Thomas Chubb was originally a mechanic at Salisbury; but, having an extraordinary faculty of reasoning, became a formidable controversialist without the least knowledge of the classic languages. His first tract was against Dr. Clarke's doctrine of the trinity. His opinions were absolutely heretical. He died 1747.

conduct

conduct; throwing the blame due to their negligence on the imperfection of his imparted light, which proved an *ignis fatuus* to mislead, instead of guiding them to his approbation and their duty. You shall see what common sense can do, when neither improved or spoilt by reading. I have got a bad habit of writing long letters; but I will not make an apology when I write to you, because you have the leisure to permit me to be impertinent; and if it is no otherwise agreeable, it will serve to give a variety to your solitude. I am your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the same to the same.

Madam, 1730.

I HAVE your watch, which I will send to you by the first opportunity, that I can meet with, and at the same time send you the performance of Thomas Chubb against the Bishop of London*.

How saucy a thing is reason, to dare inspire an illiterate fellow to attack a man of profound learning and power, a very Goliah in controversy, and hope to destroy him by such a weak arm's throwing this smooth stone at his forehead! Fie upon the insolence of human reason! What success he hath, or ought to have, you will know when you read him. He will be railed at by the worldly-learned, the fashionable-wise, the much commended prudent; and admired by the few truly knowing and good, and by all the libertines. For alas! the dissolute think, pulling down any popular argument is pulling down the truth it was offered to support; and foolishly imagine, that destroying the indiscreet reasoning of any writer in defence of religion, is opposing the religion itself, and shewing there is nothing in it. And that unhappy voluntary blunder of the abandoned, hath given those, who defend and blend their own schemes and designs with religion, an unhappy opportunity to rail at all who do not submit to the whole of what they plead for, or do not approve of their treacherous manner of pleading for truth itself; they censure them for joining in with the enemies of religion and virtue, and by that means make the pious weak people detest those they see thus misrepresented. This intimidates more cautious people (who lament secretly the ill usage those can thus make of opposition to themselves) from opposing them. This hath prevented numbers from shewing their dislike of what hath been said to the dishonour of reasoning and substituting means, instead of (what is the perfection of God himself) goodness. But I have no time for such reflections.

Mrs. Talbot is so very ill, that Mrs. Sayer, though I do not, gives her over absolutely as gone: I think her case is extremely dangerous, but not desperate. She thinks she will not live many days, nor can she, if she grows not better soon; she continually vomits and purges, voids blood, and hath kept no nourishment since Sunday. Grief made her apply for consolation to, what she was never much used to, strong cordials; that treacherous flattering Syren, whom so many still believe, though they daily see the numbers it destroys, that gave, after short refreshment a colic; this required larger doses, these again gave vomitings, which demanded still larger doses; the short ease was attributed to its power; but not the increase of misery which followed. The Doctor railed at it, his medicines came too late to overcome this evil soon; and therefore, in natural impatience of sickness, were despised; and the old short-lived interval of ease again desired, which still increased the distemper and disappointed all the remedies. Yours sincerely.

LETTER XIII.

From the same to the same.

Madam, Jan. 30, 1730-31.

MY rambling life is over, and now I shall have the leisure of performing the duty of writing to my friends: I have spent this Christmas in Berkshire, with Mr. Talbot and his delightful family. No man is more happy than he is, in the prospect of seeing many noble and great branches spring from his root. Wit and sprightliness, when they accompany good sense and virtue, will recommend the more worthy qualities and make them doubly successful; and these are united in a sweet contrast in his second boy, who was this Christmas with us. There is a cheerful gravity in the next, which makes him thoughtful and industrious, but will preserve these useful accomplishments from ——— and that unsociable selfishness which too often deforms learning. The

* Entitled "A discourse concerning reason with regard to religion and divine revelation: wherein is shewn, that reason either is, or else that it ought to be, a sufficient guide in matters of religion: occasioned by the Lord Bishop of London's second pastoral letter, 8vo. 1730."

third is all life and gaiety, good-nature and innocence, with the fairest blossoms of reason, which the care of Mr. Talbot, in his education, will secure from being blasted, and ripen into abundance.

How mean a sight is the spring, with all its beauties, when compared to the opening of youth, with so full a promise of every virtue, to give joy to themselves, and happiness and ornament to their country! His eldest is at Paris, and behaves as one would wish he should behave. His rough English love for liberty disdains the embroidered slavery that glitters in that trifling court. He hates chains, though made of gold; and contemns a nation, who can be mean enough to be contented and in love with wretchedness, because it hath a painted face. With a sort of virtuous surliness, his good sense is so much offended at their flattery of those that oppress them, in that chain of mutual slaves and tyrants, that descends from the highest to the lowest among them, that one almost fears he should, instead of learning complaisance in that polite school of dissimulation, run counter to the manners he hates, and be in danger of growing in love with that plain dealing which is now no where fashionable, if his good sense and good-nature did not secure him from it; the first teaches all, that civility and obligingness is a virtue as much due, as more important branches of justice; the other, that benevolence in the heart, will accommodate itself to all, and throw light and amiableness over the behaviour; and he that knows this, is well bred by nature, though he makes a bow aukwardly, and never learnt to cut a caper.

To-morrow Dr. Sayer and Mrs. Sayer return to London; the first is better; but Mrs. Sayer, I think, rather worse than usual;—think her illness is rather troublesome than dangerous. Mr. —— with his whole family are come safe to town, and have brought ——— with them, who every day grows a more delightful girl. She hath an ambition to obtain every accomplishment, and hath sense enough to use them, to purchase real esteem, not to nourish vanity. They promise to make themselves happy in seeing Miserden this summer in their journey from Bath. Mrs. Sandys' recommendations are never forgotten by me, though I cannot always have opportunity to shew I take notice of them.

The boy you recommended for a servant, I could provide for at present, in the best place he could desire and in the way of preferment, if his age is not an objection. I should be glad to receive immediately an account of his stature, looks, age, and general character; if he hath the look of a boy, it cannot do; but if he hath a serious and decent appearance of a man, I may perhaps get over the difficulty of his real age, on account of his right accomplishments for such an employment as he will be put into. He must wear a livery, and constantly attend a man of the greatest dignity, and therefore the figure of a lad cannot be admitted. The post is going, and I will finish at present, but write to you a more entertaining letter speedily. I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam, March 18, 1730-31.

I AM quite astonished, when I recollect how long since it was that I writ last to you, who ought to have been the last person in the world neglected by me. I have had of late, indeed, but little heart to write to any one, much less to you, before whom I would never willingly appear, but with spirit and good humour. But how could I have either, when a friend, whom I most sincerely, most tenderly love, hath been so long in danger? This is the fourteenth day in which poor George Sayer hath been struggling with a violent fever. You know Mrs. Sayer and the Doctor too well, not to feel what they have felt, under the anxiety for the sufferings, and the uncertainty for the life, of so delightful, so valuable a relation! I am almost afraid to say that we have any assurance, even yet, of his safety, so many accidents disappoint the credulity of hope, and make the promises of physicians of no more certainty than of a fortune-teller's, though they often, perhaps, both contribute to bring about what they foretel, and by persuading the imagination that it must be, make it be. They at present comfort us with the expectation that all danger is over, and though this gives refreshment, it cannot restore quiet to the mind immediately, which hath been terribly wounded in that part of it which is most sensible, friendship. My concern hath been deeply increased, by having been confined from him. The many, many hours, that I have spent in gloom and solitude of late, have given my thoughts opportunity to torment themselves. Imagination in absence can augment every possibility of danger, and by his bad magic transform every trifle

tiffe into a monster to terrify. Though I know I could have been of no service to him if present, yet not being present, makes me dread lest things are worse than they are represented, or than I should judge them if I saw them; and if wishing to be with a friend in sickness is not out of kindness to him, it is, at least, out of a right kind of selfishness. I am uncertain whether you know the little misfortune which prevents my attending him: about twenty-five days ago, I was, in preposterous activity, skipping across the street to avoid a coach, my foot turned under me, and I fell in the kennel. I found I had hurt myself, but suspected only a strain, but it was discovered at last, that a little bone was broken, which time and patience alone will solder, and make me a sound man again; and I am forced, to the mirth of my friends, and my own satisfaction, to stretch my enormous length of a leg on a couch, and be contented to be a prisoner for six or seven weeks, bound to my good behaviour. The pain I have endured is not comparable to the fatigue of doing nothing. If I could have been with those I love, it would have been an agreeable confinement, but whilst they are obliged to be at another place, it is terrible to me to be thus from them; but I have no time for complaints. Company hath been so good as to amuse me the greatest part of this day, and scarce left me time to say I hope soon to have an opportunity of sending you a more agreeable letter, and to assure you, that no one is more sincerely sensible of your goodness to him, than, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XV.

From the same to the same.

Madam, Durham, Sept. 24, 1731.

THE joy with which you received my last false account of my dearest dearest friend's being out of danger*, will increase your affliction, at reading the dreadful account that I must now send to you. He was then, indeed, out of danger; but the blunders or wickedness of a physician, fatally of great reputation in this country, gave him that very night I sent away my letter, an *opiate* which hath killed him.

That dearest dearest creature died on Tuesday last, lamented by all: for he was the common friend of all, the joy of all that knew him. What will be your affliction? what is mine! how dreadful is poor Mrs. Sayer's! I wish we may be able to carry her alive to London! How can I ask you to pity us, who will equally want it yourself; for you saw his worth and loved him accordingly. The tender things he said to me, when he feared that his life was endangered, from our sending for so many other physicians, shall never be forgotten by me. I loved nothing like him whilst he lived, and now he is gone, will love others in the proportion he loved them. I knew his sacred friendship for you, and this thought will increase towards you that of your, &c.

* Mr. George Sandys.

LETTER XVI.

From the same to the same.

Ashdown-park,
Madam, Friday morning, 1731.

THE servant who brings you this is the person to whom the important trust of conducting the black colony into Wales is committed; and I could not suffer any one to go from hence, without sending you an account of the health of that family for whom you have the goodness to be concerned. I hear that Mrs. Sayer is by no means worse than when I left her; that she appears with as much ease as she hath done since her misfortune, and though not with cheerfulness, yet with freedom. But I confess, I gather but little hope from these fair appearances, because in company with those she loves, her goodness would conceal, with a well-bred deceit, that pain which she knew would give pain to her company.

This little solitary island, in the midst of a vast verdant ocean, secured from the intrusion of chance company and the interruption of business, can afford no news to fill a letter. Every one that inhabits it, is gay and happy according to their various ranks and desires. Philosophy, exercise, and cards, hospitality profuse in generosity without luxury, freedom uncontrolled by any thing but voluntary decency and ever-wakeful reason, mirth that seems to neglect thoughtfulness, but shews, by its becoming ease and gracefulness, and insinuating instruction with amiable negligence every moment, that it hath used it much in private, as the carriage of a gentleman shews he hath learned to dance, though he doth not in company lead up a minuet or cut a caper, vary our hours and heighten each other's pleasures by the perpetual change. All the nine muses came hither with Mr. Thompson, wit and sprightliness with Billy, and wisdom (though she left her solemn

state behind her) with the solicitor. From this description, you will imagine that I am very happy, though I contribute but little to the entertainment, besides becoming a pleased auditor, which is as essential a character to fill up a society, as that of the best performer in any of those delightful acts of diversion above mentioned. But no rapture can ever so engage my thoughts as to make me forget or neglect my friend, or lose an opportunity of assuring you that I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mr. Sandys.

Madam, Edgcomb, Christmas Day.

SINCE the disloyal winds will not obey the commands of the monarch of the seas, the Chancellor is prevented from visiting in these holidays his tattered palace at Barrington*, where the frost and the rain, we hear, have taken possession of every room, and defy his authority to dislodge them, without pulling their dreary mansion down to the ground. This denies me the opportunity of seeing you this Christmas; but it is a fortunate disappointment, which will give you a much greater satisfaction than you could receive from chit-chat with a friend, an opportunity of doing good. But though I am deprived of the pleasure of talking with you now, I resolve to make myself full amends before I leave this kingdom; and when the weather is less dangerous for a valetudinarian, I determine to circulate my civilities and visit my friends in Bath and Glocestershire. Nothing can be more charitable than your present journey. Poor Mrs. Secker, though recovering, wants the cordial of the company and conversation of one who can mingle in it cheerfulness and wisdom, to supply the absence of the Bishop of Bristol †. I know his necessary return to town must be grievous to her; but her own good sense and love for his character in life, will make her submit to it with patience, though not contentment. All that is in our power, is to resign and act what decency and duty require, but not to stifle our feeling, or extinguish our wishes. And a proper behaviour under the strongest sensibility of the severe necessity, though silently uneasy to one's self, is an amiable proof of the rightness of the heart that bears it.

Mrs. Talbot and my dearest Kitty will be also happy with having you with them, and by the pleasure you will afford them they will soon forget the loss they have received, from the Bath's being grown empty of so many friends, that loved and valued them. Mrs. Talbot herself will, this post, tell you how she is, and that all the family in this place are tolerably well. Even the Chancellor's cold is much better than we expected, considering with what dreadful violence it seized him and frightened his sons in the beginning of the winter.

The wind is now turned favourable for the King, and we expect that he will be in town to-morrow, to the high joy of all that love him. He hath, they report, been calm in his being detained in a wretched fishing town. And though he could not command the winds, he could do what is much better and more difficult, command his temper! and hath given all around him the comfort and the example of a most heroical patience.

Mrs. Talbot's mother is in a very dreadful state of health, and wastes and decays daily in strength and flesh. Her physicians say that they shall not wonder if she goes off in a few days, but see no reason why she may not last some months. If she could continue on till the weather is warm and the year advanced, I believe she will recover: for in people tormented with nervous illness, no distemper, however frightful, ought to be esteemed mortal, because their recoveries are surprising and quick as their complaints were shocking and unaccountable. I have no news to send you which can amuse you, and we have no book published, that is important to improve, or is agreeable to entertain you. We have great expectation, that this session of parliament will be a very quiet and good-natured one. The court and ministry will prevent or discountenance and disappoint any attempts against the clergy, and the suspense of the affairs of Europe will give none the most sanguine of either side opportunities either for praise or blame, and consequently there can be no disputes. People it is true are uneasy, but yet can form no complaints, that they would utter in the house. I long to talk with you; and shall

* The ancient manor house at Great Barrington, in the county of Glocester, was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Reginald Bray, Esq; of whose descendants it was purchased. A view of this house is published in Sir R. Atkins's history of Glocestershire, edit. 1712, engraved by Kip. In 1737 it was rendered uninhabitable by fire, and rebuilt in the modern taste.

"At Barrington shall England's bounty stand,
"And Hensol's glory never leave the land."
Pope.

† Dr. Secker.

shall not be at rest till I do so; I do not think of returning till June, before which time you may depend on seeing, your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to the same.

Madam, 1730.

I AM much concerned that the letter, which I sent you at Bath, did not come thither time enough to prevent your leaving it, in expectation of seeing Mrs. Talbot and myself at Miserden—because your company to the unhappy family there, must give much greater pleasure than you could receive from us. And though there is nothing I so much long for, as a few hours free conversation with you, yet I hope I never shall be so selfish, as to desire that you should deny yourself the greatest satisfaction of your life, doing good; though it is to bestow on me the truest pleasure I know, the privilege of unburthening my thoughts in all the genuine sincerity and confidence of friendship, to one who is able to correct all my mistakes, advise in the most delicate difficulties, laugh at unreal fears, and chide for indulging improper expectations, which give more uneasiness by peevishness and unnecessary anxiety, than the ills we apprehend could do when they happen. I do not allude to any concerns of my own, in what I have mentioned. Though I am not so vainly self-denying, as to pretend that I am indifferent whether I am restored to my friends, and settled agreeably in my own country; yet I am resolved not to make my absence doubly disagreeable by repining and fretfulness. I will do all in my power to soften it, by deserving the kindness and regard of my new countrymen, and behave in a manner that shall make those, who contribute to my return, not ashamed of their zeal for me; or my friends here unwilling to receive me, if I shall be ever thought to deserve the favour of being recalled from my splendid banishment *. I have done all in my power, and I will not be unhappy, if others have it not in theirs to gratify my wishes. I know the thousand accidents and rivalries that may prevent their endeavours for me; and having already obtained so much more of good fortune than I deserve, I will be easy if all is not granted to me I may desire; for I have learnt the wise lesson of being contented; and think there is no virtue and praise in doing so, in my affluence of every blessing of this world, excepting one, and that indeed is the chief of all, living in the company of those, that esteem and gratitude and affection make me prefer beyond all things; whose value for me is my honour, my merit, and my boasting; and which would be, alone, the highest reward. All here are in high health; we were, about a month since, not a little alarmed, for the Chancellor, his cold was frightful, and Billy † quite outrageous in his apprehensions. You know the generous worthy impatience of his excellent heart, when those he loves are concerned. He was at once for his giving up the seals, and getting rid of the burden of business, which he feared endangered the life of the best parent, as well as the best man, that ever lived. But fresh air, and three weeks exercise, have entirely recovered him, and he is now in as good spirits and cheerfulness of health, as I have ever remembered him.

Is it not quite disloyal in the winds and the waves to detain the monarch of the seas from his longing people, and make him do penance and keep Lent, whilst others are revelling in a carnival? But the perverseness continues, and we can now no more guess when he will be safe at St. James's, than we could thirty days ago. His late danger was as great as any man ever was in, that escaped.—The calm courage of Sir C. Wager preserved him. This adventure will teach any mortal humility, and make all sensible, that patience is a most heroic virtue, and ordained to be of service to a prince, as well as a plowman. The late attempt to return, which hath lost one man of war, and shattered many others, will most certainly fill every heart with the intrepidity of being calm and undisturbed in waiting until the west winds cease, and the sea is complaisant to their wishes. I hope the storms on the waters are not ominous of any at land; for there is a sad spirit kindled in the nation. Never were people so uneasy, though they have not one illegal thing to complain of. But I hope, notwithstanding, there will be a calm and serene season during the sessions of parliament.

My friend Thomson, the poet, is bringing another untoward heroine on the stage,

* Dean Swift always used this language in his correspondence with his English friends, probably with the same view, that of paying an oblique compliment to those of whose conversation he was necessarily deprived, rather than a reflection on the country, which certainly deserved well of him.

† William, Earl Talbot.

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and has deferred writing on the subject you chose for him, though he had the whole scheme drawn out into acts and scenes, proper turns off passion and sentiments pointed out to him, and the distress made as touching and important, as new, and interesting, and regular, as any that was ever introduced on the stage at Athens, for the instruction of that polite nation. But, perhaps, the delicacy of the subject, and the judgment required in saying bold truths, whose boldness should not make them degenerate into offensiveness, deterred him. His present story is the death of Agamemnon*. An adultress, who murders her husband, is but an odd example to be presented before, and admonish the beauties of Great-Britain. However, if he will be advised, it shall not be a shocking, though it cannot be a noble story. He will enrich it with a profusion of worthy sentiments and high poetry, but it will be written in a rough, harsh style, and in numbers great, but careless. He wants that neatness and simplicity of diction, which is so natural in a dialogue. He cannot throw the light of an elegant ease on his thoughts, which will make the sublimest turns of art appear the genuine unpremeditated dictates of the heart of the speaker. But with all his faults, he will have a thousand masterly strokes of a great genius seen in all he writes. And he will be applauded by those who most censure him.

My design is this: after Easter, I will get on horseback, and ramble to Bath, and spend a few days with the unhappy. Thence come to you, and stay with you until Jack† shall fetch me to Barrington. This is my wise intention, but whether I shall have courage to attempt so heroical an enterprise, or throw myself into a chariot, time alone can determine. I see what is right; but, like other weak mortals, fear I shall not be able to accomplish my discreet resolutions.

My humble service to your neighbours. When I began my letter, I imagined I had nothing to say, fit to be intrusted to so frail a protection, as a little sealing-wax; but I find when one is in company with a person we value, the difficulty is not to find what to say, but when to give over; but though my pen hath no prudence and moderation, my paper obliges me to be no longer troublesome, but subscribe myself, your, &c.

* A tragedy by Thomson, acted at Drury-Lane, 1738.

† The honourable John Talbot, third son of the Chancellor, afterwards a Welch Judge. He died Sept. 23, 1756.

LETTER XIX.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.

Oh, Madam! Feb. 15, 1736-37.

THE Chancellor, the best man that ever breathed, the best judge, the best father, the best friend, is dead‡!—What, in his providence, doth the Almighty design to do in merited severity to punish this nation, by removing from it the person, whose wisdom and goodness united was able and desirous to save it, to make it honest and happy! I dread to consider and foresee! What hath the public lost! What hath his dear deserving family! What have I! What have I not lost! I have lost him, whose friendship to me was the only merit to which I pretended, and my highest and truest reward. He died yesterday morning. His illness was an inflammation on his lungs. He continued only from Thursday till Monday five in the morning. The physicians say, to comfort us, and excuse themselves, or rather their ignorance, that he was worn out in the service of his country, and could not have lasted any time, had not this cold carried him off. He was but fifty-one; he might have blest, and done good to his country, thirty years longer. But God Almighty knows what is best for him, and propereſt for us. May he, in his anger, remember mercy! All parties unite to call him the best and greatest man that ever lived. The whole town, from the court to the city, are under the deepest astonishment, and shew in their countenance, that the nation is under some dreadful and public calamity. Great as he was allowed to be in his public character, you know he was more amiable, more delightful in his domestic behaviour. Was there ever any so reasonably beloved as himself, by all, from the highest to the lowest, in his family? Did his children ever enjoy more ease, more cheerfulness, more sprightly innocence, and entertaining instructive unbendings to mirth, than in his conversation and laughter? Oh, madam! what a

‡ Charles Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of England, died Feb. 14, 1736-37, universally lamented. He was allowed by all parties to have possessed the eloquence of Cicero, and the integrity of Cato. Thomson published a poem to his memory, replete with gratitude, and a very elegant delineation of his patron's character.

series

ries of disappointments is life! I came over to enjoy the company of the best friend that ever lived; I saw him, had daily new reasons to love and admire him, received daily new obligations, and lost him for ever! I hoped, by enjoying his wisdom and virtue for a few months, to have returned with spirit, and supported absence from him by the reflection of my having been with him, and might be with him again. Farewel all hope that my splendid banishment from my native country shall ever have an end. I must now withdraw, and sigh out my few remaining years in solitude, amidst strange company, since every place that I am hereafter to inhabit, will be empty of all, with whom I have contracted the sacred ties of friendship!—My poor dear Billy! what doth he suffer! You have seen him in agonies of fear, lest he should lose what he loves. He now hath lost what he loves above all things upon earth united; and what deserved his highest, his unexampled affection. Poor dear youth! I rejoice that I was in England when this fatal accident happened; if I can be of any consolation, any comfort, to that ever beloved youth!

In the six last years, how many friends have you and I lost in one family? And such friends, as the world cannot parallel! The Bishop of Durham, and Doctor Sayer, Mrs. Sayer, and her brother, and his son! Had the poor Bishop lived, as he might from age, how miserable would this day have made him! They are happy; let us imitate them, and we shall be so too. We shall meet them again, and enjoy a friendship no more to be separated, and clouded with tears, if we deserve it. We shall enjoy their friendship again, if we deserve it, or be admitted to a degree of happiness, to which even their company, (how inconceivable must that degree of happiness be!) to which their company can be no addition!

You, Madam, will share our affliction severely, yet it is impossible to conceal it from you; and, therefore, I thought it better you should hear it from me, than from common report; because the letter, which brings you word that you have lost one friend that loved you, will remind you that there are others which do so too, whilst there is a Talbot left in this nation, or I am alive to subscribe myself your affectionate friend,

LETTER XX.

From the same to the same.

Madam, Feb. 22, 1736-37.

WHEN I wrote to you last, I was under such amazement, and agony of concern, that I do not know what wild and improper things I might say to you; but be they ever so indiscreet and unbecoming my age and station, yet you will not only excuse, but be pleased with the sincere overflowings of an heart torn by the justest sorrow, before it had leisure to recollect and compose itself to a more decent and religious expression of what it felt. In no moment of my life shall I be less sensible of his loss than at present; but though it is impossible to be unmoved at the reflection, that we have been deprived of the noblest happiness which Providence had bestowed on us; yet often meditating on his unequalled virtues, will change grief into veneration, and raise and consecrate the pious melancholy into a solemn enjoyment, to be preferred to pleasure. All parties in their public papers, are striving which shall profess the highest esteem and honour for him; and mention his behaviour in his great office, with the warmest gratitude and applause. These praises, which prove the greatness of our misfortune, bring, at the same time, a consolation with them; it gives me a lovely view of mankind, to observe, that they all can drop their prejudices, and unite to reverence a truly great and amiable character. Nothing is universally popular but goodness! And every action of his life, in public or private, towards his friends or his enemies, flowed from that divine principle, in which alone we can obey that sublime precept of our Lord (the sublimest that can be given to men or angels), *Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* Did I name his enemies?—he had none; he hated none but ill men; nay, even for them he felt not hatred, but pity. The virtues, which mankind, in spite of their partialities and weakness, revere, and desire should be everlastingly rewarded, must be infinitely pleasing to the Father of Mercies.—What men wish, he can bestow: and make those virtues live again for ever, which (the voice of human nature cries aloud) deserves never to die. It was the love for such benevolent characters, which first dictated to every nation the belief of the immortality of the soul.—The learned expressed this affection by arguments, to prove

prove the truth of this hope, which such worthiness had lighted up in their hearts. But the ignorant uttered the genuine sentiments of their nature, by worshipping these benefactors of mankind, as soon as they withdrew from the earth. They judged, that their goodness would secure them an interest in the Governor of the world, and recommend them to his love. What he loves, he will reward, in the manner which will make them most happy.—Enjoying the desire of the heart, is the sincerest felicity. The desire of their souls was always to make others virtuous and prosperous. New abilities to serve those above, whom they delighted to bless when below, they imagined, therefore, the only suitable and acceptable reward to such generous natures. Hence they concluded them appointed guardians over their kindred people, and from lamenting, were, by an enthusiasm of gratitude, mided to worship them. A love of merit thus betrayed them into error and superstition; but methinks virtue herself will plead and obtain pardon for such idolaters. It hath been observed, that the world have seldom done justice to characters till after men have been some time dead; but it hath not been so now. He was dear to his prince and the people whilst he lived, and equally mourned by both as soon as he is dead. He was trusted by the prince, as his most faithful and zealous servant; and regarded by the jealous nation, as the warmest and most intrepid lover of their liberties; each thought their rights secure in his hands. To be a popular minister of state, is a felicity scarcely before exampled. But though scarcely before exampled, nothing seems more easy to any person, who hath his abilities, and will imitate his integrity.

You knew the Chancellor, and loved him as well as I have done; but had I been writing to a stranger, I would have soothed my concern, by transcribing a sketch of his life. I could repeat almost every action, from his childhood to his death; and shew that he was uniform in his progress to virtue, and never once deviated from the severest of her precepts; severe in the judgment of the many, but to him an uninterrupted source of cheerfulness and tranquillity. I could mention such instances of filial piety, as would be hardly believed by others, but known to be true by you. How amiable an husband, how tender and generous a parent! His sons have often said, he never refused either of them any thing in his life; but that is their own, as well as his praise. He lived with them as a brother and a friend, and familiarized his wisdom into chit-chat, and instructed them more effectually by common conversation, than others could do by solemn precepts.

The nation, by their common sorrow, shew what a judge and statesman they have lost. My name will be ever a proof to posterity, how warm and intrepid a friend he could be to one he thought fit to honour and reward with that dear and voluntary relation to him. His distressed and melancholy family shew what a master he was to them all. In all these various relations, he was superior to any person whom I ever knew or read of. The day before he died, he said to his son Jack, "It is indifferent and equal as to myself, whether "I die now, or seven years hence, but it "will not be the same to you; for the "sake of my children I could be pleased "to remain longer with them."—The night he died, his servants offered him a medicine: "It is in vain," he answered; "death cannot be resisted; God's will be "done, I am satisfied."—He immediately fell into a calm sleep, continued three hours in it, then awaked, looked round him a few moments, and died without the least struggle or pain. His distemper was an inflammation on his lungs; the natural cure of it is large bleeding, but on taking from him only eight ounces, he sunk so uncommonly much, that the Doctor dared not proceed. On opening him, a large polypus was found in his heart. From thence, probably, proceeded his not being able to lose blood. A polypus, say physicians, is the effect of care and intenseness of thought: if that is so, no man ever did more to cause it. He sacrificed his life for the good of others; and who will not envy a death so glorious? He lived enough to make himself beloved whilst living, and revered and lamented by good men of every party and denomination, now he is gone. He lived to perfect his temper to a love of goodness, and adorn it with every christian, as well as natural grace, that can make virtue either divine or amiable! he lived to obtain the best fame; he lived enough for himself, but not enough for his friends and his country. I am, Madam, your, &c.

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LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

Madam, March 15, 1736-37.

I KNOW not to what my promise of writing may come, because I have little reason to expect that a power of performing it will long be in me. I am seized again with my disorder most violently; and that will end, God only knows; and what he thinks most proper, will be most acceptable to me. Life is, and ought now to be, indifferent to me; I am a guest that have been nobly entertained; when the feast is over I will rise satisfied, and thank the great master for his generosity. I have lived to see the best friend in the world die before me; and am of no service now longer in the world. The ruffle which my concern hath given me, has relaxed and dissolved my whole frame, and turned the humours again from a more peaceful into a more dangerous channel. But I submit, be the consequence what it will, to the disposal of Him who is equally good and wise.

Lord Talbot is well, may God preserve him so! there is not a more amiable or worthy man living; may his happiness be equal to his merit! my fondness for him ceases no more. When I am dead, he will not want me; my loss, added to what he hath already, dear youth, sustained, will be as a drop thrown into the ocean. Oh! that it was in my power to make him as happy as I wish him, and then nothing in life should ever give him one moment's uneasiness! The whole family is well also. Lady Talbot hath an excellent understanding *, and a more sprightly entertaining wit, capable of making a considerable figure in public life, and giving cheerfulness, familiarized into easy chit-chat, to retirement and the speculations round an evening's table.

Jack will soon enter into his profession, and I question not, succeed in it by his abilities, industry and virtues, though he is not nourished and sheltered, and encouraged, by the example and instruction and recommendation of his great father. George † will steal into every one's esteem in a more silent way, will be beloved rather than shine with the eclat of noisy applause. He will spend this life in doing good in the most amiable, not the most shewish way; he will have the dignity and generosity and character of his grandfather, secured from that only overflowing of his good qualities, which one wished had been prevented, to make him the most engaging of all characters. I love them all. I cannot flatter them to their faces; but I love to praise them. If I speak fondly with esteem of them even to their faces, it is only to warm them to be what I say; and shew them the virtues which are blossoming in their hearts, that must be ripened by their own care. Public news I do not attend to; I am weaned from my concern in the tumults and ambitions and scramble of life. If I do well you will see me; if I die you will remember me. Among the many who have highly valued you, none have done so more than myself, because none knew you better; and it will be always your singular advantage to improve on your acquaintance, and grow daily more beloved, by a nearer intimacy. If in any of those you love, you see any thing you wish otherwise, you will have the friendly freedom and courage that becomes virtue and independence, to say it with spirit and dexterity; and even venture to offend, to serve those you love. Without it, friendship is but flattery and treachery; with it, deservedly honoured with that divine character of being the medicine of life. This hint you will treasure up unmentioned, till you shall find you have an occasion to use it. Believe me, Madam, yours most sincerely.

* This lady was the daughter and sole heir of Adam Cardonnel, secretary at war in the reign of Queen Anne. She was married in February 1733-34, at the of 15. She resided at Barrington until her death, in 1784. A very elegant monument, by Nollekens, is lately erected to her memory, in the church of that parish.

† George Talbot, D. D. vicar of Guiting, in Gloucestershire.

LETTER XXII.

From the same to the same.

Madam, April 9, 1737.

I WOULD not answer your kind letter, till I could give you an assurance that my disorder is stopt by bark, &c. but though I am relieved from this threatening illness, I cannot boast that I am a sound man again. My health resembles very much the season; one hour is sunshine; in the next, clouds deform the sky, and all is ruffled and blustering. But I am, and ought to be, contented. My life is not of

general

general importance to a whole nation, as was that of my friend. He resembled the sun, which warms and enlightens half the earth at once; mine perhaps may be compared to a lamp, which serves to disperse the gloom of a single room; but when it is broken and extinguished, another will immediately supply its place, and the loss be of no consequence: but even this comparison, I feel, is vanity, and carries with it more praise than I can claim. I purpose to see you next month, though my friends will not be at Barrington till I am in Ireland; I will not leave this country without seeing one I most value in it. According to custom, I must give you trouble and employ you. Could you get me a dozen of Cirencester cheeses, such as I once had; and order them to be sent to a trusty person in Bristol, who should see them safe on board a Dublin ship, and directed for me? If of last year's making, and fit to eat, the better. I will desire also, that some of this season may be secured for me for another. Most of them will be dispersed in presents among those to whom I want to make little acknowledgments for great favours. I want black cloth enough to make two gowns and cassocks, the finest that can be procured, but not the thinnest; if you have a weaver that will deal honestly, direct him to send me 17 yards of his best.

Lord and Lady Talbot are well, and so is their girl; she is a delightful child *, and promises to have as much beauty and good temper as ever met together. But the first is a flower that may be blasted and spared; the other alone is sufficient to, and can alone make life happy.

Mrs. Secker is most astonishingly cured. I rejoice in it; the Bishop was compelled to exchange Bristol for Oxford, by his friends, to serve the brother of his friend the Bishop of Salisbury. It is of no great advantage and therefore not eligible. But it was always eligible to oblige those who can return the favour. I hope you enjoy the spring in the country, as much as we do in London, where it seems to give new life to every thing, in spite of the dust that chokes its favours to us. I will get out of it as soon as I can, and come to partake of its freshness with you on your mountain. My friend Jack seems inclined to lay out his fortune near you also, and fix the whole family in Glocestershire. I saw your good Bishop † yesterday, who is well, and speaks of you with an esteem and affection which will doubly endear him to, Madam, your, &c.

§ Cecil de Cardonnel, Baroness Dinevor, succeeded her father William Earl Talbot, who was created Baron Dinevor, by patent, October 17, 1780, with remainder to her and her heirs. She was married in 1756, to George Rice, Esq. Knight of the shire for the county of Carmarthen, who died in 1779.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. Thomas Randle to Mrs. Sandys.

Madam, May 21, 1737.

I SHOULD not forgive myself if I concealed from you any good fortune which had happened to any one of the Talbot family. Lady Decker, talking with me of the dear youths belonging to it, dropped, as if undesignedly, that she should think a daughter of her's happy, if disposed of to a young gentleman of such worth and merit; though with a younger brother's fortune at present, rather than to a person born to an estate, and educated, as gentlemen generally now are, in all the fashionable arts of spending it. I observed, but seemed to disregard, the kind intimation, talked with my friend, who knew the good sense and most amiable tempers and right education of the young ladies, who are praised by all people; and he owned that such a match would make him happy. I immediately went to the lady, came to an explication with her; she introduced me to Sir Matthew; he at once told me, that his desire was to dispose of his daughters in a way to make them happy; that he loved the Chancellor, and his family, for his sake. He had heard of the merit of Mr. John Talbot from me, and others, and would give which daughter he chose, with ten thousand pounds down without settlements, and a promise of a third of all he was worth, when he and his wife were dead; and consented to allow him, for the first five years, four hundred *per annum* also, to assist them in their way of living till he was got into business. The next day Jack saw the ladies, chose the second ‡, and they will be married next Monday. Nothing was ever carried on with greater openness and generosity. Though I am in a great hurry, as you will imagine

† Dr. Martin Benson.

" Learning with candour are to Benson given." Pope, Dial. 2. line 73.

‡ Henrietta Maria, second daughter of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart. She died without issue in September, 1747.

imagine, having just married Leonidas * to, to the handsomest woman in England, with all the nine Muses, yet I could not omit giving you the satisfaction of knowing what I am sure will give you pleasure. I am, Madam, yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From Miss Talbot to a new-born child, daughter of Mr. John Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor.

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition; the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendour. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's † first rule of conversation, Silence; though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will, by degrees, wear off: the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex: oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance), that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied shine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but as I dare say you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well; in the mean time, I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, &c.

* Mr. Glover was married to Miss Nunn 21st May, 1737.

† "Seeker is decent." Pope, ut sup.

LETTER XXV.

Dr. Thomas Rundle to Archdeacon S.

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

ADIEU—for ever—Perhaps I may be alive when this comes to your hands—more probably not;—but in either condition, your sincere well-wisher.—Believe me, my friend, there is no comfort in this world, but a life of virtue and piety; and no death supportable, but one comforted by christianity, and its real and rational hope. The first, I doubt not, you experience daily—May it be long before you experience the second!——I have lived to be *Conviva satur,—passed through good report and evil report*;—have not been injured more than outwardly by the last, and solidly benefited by the former. May all who love the truth in Christ Jesus, and sincerely obey the gospel, be happy! for they deserve to be so, who (αληθευειν αγαπων) seek truth in the spirit of love.

Adieu!—I have no more strength.—My affectionate last adieu to your lady.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Barley*, Aug. 20, 1728.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday at this place, upon my return home, having been for a fortnight upon a visit to some friends at Norwich †. Your letter unfortunately came hither the day after I left the place. I call it "unfortunately," because, though it was a circumstance I could not help, I am really concerned that so kind and obliging a remembrance of me should be so long without a suitable acknowledgment. You will excuse me if I take the opportunity from this last favour, to profess myself much obliged to you for others which I have received from you, more particularly for that which stands distinguished in my memory, as one of the most generous and disinterested offers of friendship which ever I received from any one, since I have been acquainted with the world‡. It is a circumstance in my life, which I remember with very particular gratitude to you, and pleasure to myself. You are very kind again to follow me into my country retirement, and to withdraw yourself from the conversation of your friends in town, to pay me a visit here: for, next to doing it in person, a letter is the most acceptable thing.—It is next to the countenance of a friend, and, like that, inspires a certain cheerfulness and vivacity; a thing which is sometimes wanted in the country; for, whatever we may think of the pleasures of solitude and contemplation, in the noise and hurry of company and business, life cannot pass off anywhere agreeably, without the intercourse of friendship and conversation; and this intimation you will please to accept from me as bespeaking a continuance of that correspondence, which you have so obligingly begun.

I have not seen the pamphlet you mention, but am exceedingly pleased with the passages which you have quoted out of it. The clearness of the reasoning, and the strength of it, bespeak either Dr. Clarke its author, or some other very able hand. As to the question itself, my sense of it is that the reasonableness of virtue is its true foundation; and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it that it is, in almost every occurrence of human life, self-evident; but then I am for taking in every possible help to support and strengthen virtue, beauty, moral sense, affection, and even interest; and it seems to me, as if the Creator had adapted various arguments to secure the practice of it to the various tempers of men, and the different solicitations which they meet with. And virtue, thus secured and guarded, may, perhaps, not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which though they have a good foundation, are furnished nevertheless (against all accidents) with many outward supports and buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to the beauty and grandeur of the building.

I shall expect, with great pleasure, your critical essay, which will be safely conveyed to me if left for that purpose with Mr. Herring, a draper, at the Golden Artichoke in Lombard-street. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Barley, Sept. 16, 1728.

I HAVE a letter of yours now before me, which I cannot tell how to answer in the manner which I ought; it is so very obliging that I cannot satisfy myself with only returning thanks for it in the usual style, unless you will promise to give a much stronger signification to "the usual style," than it commonly bears; and in that sense, let it be as high as you please. I desire my thanks may be conveyed to you. This is the more due to you, be-

* Near Royston, in Hertfordshire. Dr. Herring had been collated to this rectory, by Bishop Fleetwood, of Ely, to whom he was chaplain, Dec. 7, 1722. He was at this time also preacher to the society of Lincoln's Inn, having been so appointed in 1726.

† Dr. Herring was born in Norfolk, at Walsoken, of which his father was rector, in 1693.

‡ This refers to two letters (first printed, without a name, in the Whitehall Evening Post, in March and April, 1728) in justification of the doctrine maintained in a sermon preached by Dr. Herring, at Lincoln's-inn chapel, which had occasioned a great clamour, on account of its alluding to the Beggar's Opera, then exhibiting at the neighbouring theatre, and presuming to condemn it as of pernicious consequence to the practice of morality and christian virtue. Experience confirmed the truth of this observation, by the many robberies committed daily in the streets during the representation of that piece, beyond the example of former times; and several thieves and robbers afterwards confessed in Newgate, that they raised their courage at the playhouse, by the songs of their hero Macheath, before they sallied forth on their desperate nocturnal exploits.

cause we correspond upon such unequal terms; and while you send me letters full of entertainment, I make my return in letters full of—nothing.

I was exceedingly pleased with the verses to Euryalus *, and never read any in that strain, which are good, without reflecting how well it would go with the world if the muses were always retained in the service of virtue.

I have read over your criticisms upon Tindal's translation †, and think them exceedingly just and necessary; such hasty mercenary translators really put an affront upon the public, and seem to take for granted, that men have neither taste nor judgment. The inaccuracies of style and lowness of expression, and the many omissions in this translation, are prodigiously offensive. The history of Rapin Thoyras is so much debased and mangled by them, that one would think the translator had a design upon his character, and intended to make him appear ridiculous, by putting him into an awkward English dress; for really, if Mr. Tindal does not take a little more pains, Rapin Thoyras will become of the same class with the rest of our English historians. The Guardian ‡, I remember, has made a few very just observations upon the style of the great Lord Verulam, which if Mr. Tindal had considered, he would not have fallen, as he often does, into that very vulgar and abject manner of expression.

The most considerable part of your letter is still behind; for I do assure you, notwithstanding it was all acceptable to me in a peculiar manner, there was a little postscript at the bottom of it, which drew my attention more than all the rest. There was something so genteel, and at the same time so sincerely kind in it, that I must put upon you as a friend, to help me out in making my acknowledgments. It seems you call such services trifles, I do not think them so; but if your judgment was true, Mrs. Duncombe has shewed that she has so much of her sex's art, as to set off even trifles to prodigious advantage.

October now draws near, and if you retain your design of coming this way, I shall be glad to see you at Barley; but must insist upon it, that you acquaint me with the time, that I may be sure not to be at Cambridge. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Barley, Sept. 20, 1730.

I HAVE been rambling ever since our commencement, and am but just returned to the place, where in duty I ought to have been resident; but we bachelors being an unsettled generation of people, our friends think we have no home of our own, and that they have a claim to as much of us as they please. I received your very kind and agreeable letter with most particular pleasure, and can truly say, that your epistolary visit gave me as much entertainment as any I have received or paid since I saw you, though I have spent a good deal of time among my choicest friends. You gratify me more than you are aware of, in imagining that I am a lover of children, and I am particularly pleased to hear that your little boy thrives so well with you. I can assure you, in a little time I shall expect an account of the young gentleman in his own hand-writing, for I have a small correspondent about his size, who had rather take the pen into his mouth than his hand—but for all that, he writes very prettily.

Mr. Duncombe is very happy, and you, I am sure, have your share of satisfaction in so promising a youth as your nephew is §. I read his copy of verses ‖: I will not say I was pleased with them, because my judgment would do the author no credit; but I shewed them to a friend of mine, a man of letters, and a good-natured critic, and he was much entertained. I urged him to look them over again with exactness, and he then found no other fault, but with *damnata pati* ¶, of which phrase he questioned the latinity, and he apprehended *a* in *Arabicos*; and *do* in *Eudocia*, to be both short: this was his criticism. If it be right, it gives me no uneasiness;

* Mr. John Carleton, on his coming of age.

† Of Rapin's History, in a pamphlet, entitled, "Remarks on Mr. Tindal's Translation, &c. In a letter to S. T. [Sigismund Trafford] Esq." The concluding paragraph is as follows: "Mr. Dryden's elegant version of father Maimbourg's History of the League, is, with regard to style and language, a much better model for any one who will oblige the public with an accurate translation of M. de Rapin Thoyras's History, than Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, or of Quevedo's Visions."

‡ Vol. I, No. xxv.

§ Mr. Lewis Duncombe, then a gentleman-commoner, of Merton College, Oxon, where he died of the small-pox in the 20th year of his age, December 26 following.

‖ On the death of Mr. Hughes.

¶ O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!

and I am sure it will give you none. You see I am forced to go to other heads for criticism, and therefore you must not expect that from me; but pray send me as many verses as you please for entertainment, and if they entertain me as well as these did, I defy the critics to put me out of humour with them.

The living * you observed given to one of my name, was to a relation †, but he has been in possession of it a twelvemonth; such is the exactness of our news-writers. I shall leave this country within a week, till term. The beginning of October, I shall be at a friend's in Surry, Mr. Frankland's ‡, at Stoke, near Guildford. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Blechingley, near Ryegate, Sept. 23. 1731.

Dear Sir,

THIS is the first half hour that I could properly call my own, for some weeks, and I am glad to employ it in conversing with you.

I thank you most heartily for your very kind congratulation upon my promotion to this good living §; I am, I own, pleased with it, and hope I may say, I am sure I ought to say, contented. I bless Providence for so ample a provision for me, and leave it entirely to his goodness as to the future enjoyment of it: but though I am contented myself, you, I find, with the solicitude of a friend, will be extending your care for me still farther, and prophesying I know not what promotions. If you have a divinity in you, and things should happen so, I hope I shall have the grace to consider every such accession, as only an opportunity of doing good, and, if I am in that temper, I am sure you would stand in the foremost rank of those I should be happy to oblige; and, if I am not, I give you liberty to condemn me, as much as I shall one day abhor myself. I do not love many words, and therefore shall only assure you, that I am proud of the compliment you pay to my sincerity, in unbosoming yourself as you do to me, and that you may assure yourself, at all times, of every kind assistance from me that a true friend can give.

It is a pleasure to me, to hear that your little boy improves so much, and I congratulate you upon the indications he gives of a good and compassionate temper. It is a soil, I know, that you will cultivate with most particular pleasure. I shall be very glad to introduce Junius Brutus ‖ into the company of Lady Jekyll ¶; I am sure she is a friend to the true spirit of Roman liberty. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Blechingley, Jan. 19. 1734.

YOU do too much honour to my judgment in consulting me upon the affair you do; but your doing it gives me more pleasure than ever; it sooths that vanity, which is in some sort natural to us all, and gives me the satisfaction of perusing what you write, and of hearing news of the lettered world. I think your dedication ** to Earl Cowper very genteel, and in no degree guilty of the common fault of those pieces, Flattery. I shall be pleased to see this tragedy †† of Lillo's; his George Barnwell has something very touching in it. I think I do not quite like this interweaving scripture-phrases. This may sound odd from a clergyman, but I say it from the motive of that character. It is to expose those venerable books too much to the hazard of ridicule; it is, perhaps, something like divesting the magistrate of his robes of honour, and turning him to a mad and prejudiced populace, in the nakedness of a common man. The books of scripture are, no doubt, most excellent themselves; but their veneration (as the world is) must, like magistracy, be in some measure supported by outward circumstance and ceremony. Truth is very amiable naked, but subjected the more to be injured by those who have no taste of her beauty.

You will much oblige me in sending me the public judgment about books that come out.

* Carleton, in Nottinghamshire.

† Dr. William Herring, afterwards Chancellor and Residentiary of York.

‡ Frederick Frankland, Esq. (afterwards one of the commissioners and comptroller of the Excise), Dr. Herring's contemporary at Jesus college, Cambridge.

§ Dr. Herring had been just presented to it by Sir William Clayton, Bart. as he was a few months after, to the Deanery of Rochester by the King, where he was installed Feb. 5, 1731-2.

‖ A tragedy, by Mr. Duncombe.

¶ Lady of Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls.

** Of Mr. Hughes's poems.

†† Elmerick, or Justice Triumphant, founded on a true story in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta.

cut now and then, that I may know the better how to give orders to my bookseller. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Rochester, Nov. 9, 1735.

I SAY not a word of the honesty of such proceeding, but there would be a sort of secrey policy in it, if I should write to you with the air of knowing nothing of your most obliging letter of the 16th of August last, but endeavour at the credit of beginning a correspondence (always most entertaining to me) *de novo*; but truth would perhaps pop out to shame me before I was aware, and therefore I shall go to the old way to work, own the receipt of your letter, and ask pardon for my unmannerly silence. I received it at this place, and carried it with me into Surry, determining to answer it from thence. I was very little at home, and all that little most laboriously idle, so I brought it back again to Rochester, and it now lies before me. You will pardon me, if I burn it as soon as I have answered it, to get out of the way of such an ingrateful remembrancer, for I am pretty sure I shall have no reproaches from you.

I see no reason for such a prodigious outcry upon the "Plain Account*," &c. I really think it a good book, and as to the sacrament in particular, as orthodox as archbishop Tillotson: his prayers are very long, but, in my poor opinion, some of the best compositions of the sort that ever I read; and if I could bring my mind to that steady frame of thinking with regard to the Deity, that is prescribed by him, I believe I should be so far as happy as my nature is, perhaps, capable of being. There is something comfortable in addressing the Deity, as the father, not the tyrant of the creation.

I would fain think as well of Mr. Pope's probity as I do of his ingenuity; but his compliments to Bolingbroke, upon topics of behaviour, in which he is notoriously infamous, shock me so, that it quite disconcerts my good opinion of him. I have bought his works, however, in the pompous edition, and read them with peculiar pleasure. The brightness of his wit, his elegant turns, his raised sentiments in many places, and the musical cadence of his poetry, charm me prodigiously.

I think I must wish you joy of the approaching peace†. It seems much for his Majesty's and the English honour. I hope it will have a good issue. If any thing new of moment appears, you will communicate it in your usual obliging manner. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Rochester, Dec. 17, 1735.

I AM exceedingly ashamed that I should be so long in answering two very kind letters of yours. I have been hindered in some measure by the business of our audit, and you will please to accept that excuse, so far as it will justly go. With your letters I received a most obliging present of a book‡, for which, however, I am quite angry with you, and will think of some method of shewing my resentment. It is the most agreeable book I ever beheld; and I own (though perhaps there is something childish in it) I read Horace with a better *goût*, and a better understanding, for the fine embellishments. Did you ever see a Dutch edition of Telemaque, of peculiar beauty?

I hope to be in London some time in the spring, and will give you notice of it; and if you chuse to defer it till then, shall be glad to wait upon you to Lord Hardwicke. I shall be very glad to see you in the summer; if nothing happens to interrupt my scheme, I propose to spend a greater part of it than usual at Blechingley.

Mr. D'Oyley § spent an evening with me lately: he is much your humble servant, and a very genteel and agreeable companion. I had seen Mr. B——'s imitations‖ (for so they are called) before you wrote to me, and think the several styles are most ingeniously hit off. I am, dear Sir, &c.

* "Of the Sacrament," by Bishop Hoadly.

† Between the Emperor, France, Spain, and Sardinia, by mediation of Great Britain.

‡ The works of Horace, engraved on copper-plates by Mr. Pine.

§ Vicar of St. Nicholas, Rochester.

‖ The Pipe of Tobacco, in imitation of six several authors [viz. Dr. Young, Ambrose Philips, Thomson, Cibber, Pope, and Swift], by Mr. Hawkins Browne. The plan was suggested to him, and the imitation of Philips supplied, by the late Dr. John Hoadly.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Blechingley, Feb. 25. 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter, and was indeed extremely affected with the bad news of your loss. It is most certainly a prodigious one to you, and has carried off a great share of your happiness. I do not wonder to hear it got the better of your philosophy. Nature is too strong for reason and speculation, and the finest sayings of the finest moralists are flat and unaffecting upon these trying occasions. The only thing that can give the mind any solid satisfaction, is a certain complacency and repose in the good providence of God, under a sincere conviction that he orders every thing for the best.

I am glad you have got the better of your own indisposition; the loss of both parents would have been a blow to your poor boy, in which his friends would have felt for him exceedingly.

I read over your wife's letter, and it melted me into tears; and, to say the truth (she is now incapable of being flattered), I was not less edified with the sincerity, and wisdom, and constancy of her mind, than I was affected with the tenderness of her concern for her husband and her child. .....I thank you for the favour of the ring, and am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Blechingley, Sept. 2, 1737.

IT is an odd privilege to make of friendship, to consider it as a sort of liberty of being rude, and yet is often done; and I must now plead it as a reason of my neglecting to acknowledge your obliging letter (I am ashamed to say it) of the 2d of August; but indeed, if I had had less regard for you, I had been more punctual.

You are extremely kind in your congratulations upon the King's favour* to me. It is generally looked upon as a point of happiness, and is to be sure an honour; yet, to say the plain truth, I am in no sort of raptures about it, nay, indeed, not without my apprehensions, that I am making work for repentance, and that my friends may hear me repeating, ere long, *Vitæ me redde priori!* I have thought much of the affair, and can form to myself no new felicities it can bring me, unless it be the opportunities it may possibly be attended with, of living more among such friends as you are, and some time or other doing them some good. If that ever be the case, I shall then think some amends is made me for the incumbrance of title and distinction; for quitting the sweet calms of retirement, and venturing abroad into a troubled ocean.

I thank you for your quotation from Erasmus. It is most excellent heresy, and would really be deemed so in some Protestant times and countries. The Bishop you mention†, Pope's correspondent, would have spurned at it in public, and perhaps, in his closet, fed upon the pleasure it would give him. For if he was not worse used than ever any honest man in the world was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Rochester‡, Nov. 3, 1738.

I HAVE taken up your kind letter three times to answer, and as often been interrupted. I brought it with me to this place yesterday, and resolved not to miss another post. I thank you most affectionately for your obliging inquiry after me, and I bless God, have the satisfaction to inform you, that I am very well, after the most agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled slowly and commodiously, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and bespeaks the magnificence of nature, and enlarged my mind so much, in the same manner as the stupendousness of the ocean does, that it was some time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries. Their beauties were all in the little taste; and, I am afraid, if I had seen Stow in my way home, I should have thrown out some very unmannerly reflections upon it; I should have smiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with something like the rubbish of a creation. Not but that Wales

* Dr. Herring was just nominated to the bishopric of Bangor. He was confirmed at Bow-church, January 14, 1737-8, and consecrated at Lambeth the day following.

† Atterbury.

‡ His Lordship held this deanery in commendam with his bishopric.

has its little beauties too, in delightful streams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vast ocean, and ranges of rocks, whose foundations are old and whose tops reach the clouds. I know something of your cast of mind, I believe; and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening, which I shall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the smooth shore, with a vast extended view of the ocean, whose waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a village, with a neat church and houses, which stood just at the entrance of a deep valley; the rocks rose high and near, at each hand of us, but were on one side, covered with a fine turf, full of sheep and goats, and grazing herds; and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn, and spots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a stream, clear as crystal, but large and foaming, over vast stones rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could scarce be said to be made by the hands of art; and, as it was the evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the scene, returning home with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place, till our prospect was closed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, shut the valley. All these images together put me much in mind of Poussin's drawings, and made me fancy myself in Savoy, at least, if not nearer Rome. Indeed, both the journey, and the country, and the residence were most pleasing to me.

Your letters always entertain me, as your last did by an agreeable poem; and, in some sort of return, I cannot help mentioning a French book to you, which I brought in the coach with me, "*Le Paysan parvenu**." It is a book of gallantry, but very modest; but the things which entertained me, were the justness of some characters in it, and the great penetration into human nature. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Kensington, Sept. 11, 1739.

AM usually much pleased with your letters to me, and far from being offended with your last; but, in truth, I am grieved most sincerely to find you give so melancholy an account of your state of health. I know how to sympathize with you, having, in the course of my life, been very sensible of every one of your complaints. Fevers and coughs I always applied to the doctor for; but as to those disagreeable palpitations you mention, I removed them (for I was not twenty when I first had them) by exercise (riding) and good company; that, I find, is the doctor's prescription to you, which I hope you follow, and with daily benefit.

I met your letter here on my return from Wales. I bless God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese; to which purpose, I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North-Wales, to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid, if I should be particular in my description, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but, indeed, I will stick religiously to truth; and, because a little journal of my expedition may be some minutes amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, in my last year's picture of North Wales†, you complimented me with somewhat of a poetical fancy; that, I am confident, you will not do now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire. You find, by this intimation, that my landscapes are like to be something different from what they were before, for I talk a little in the style of Othello,

——"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven!"

I set out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, secretary, two or three friends, and our servants. The first part of our road lay cross the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary morass, with here and there a small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary hern, watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles, we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were

* By Marivaux.

† See the last letter.

beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake, full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not come that morning, for we dined soon after out of our own wallets; and though our inn stood in a place of the most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a cheerful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite, much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a group of figures, that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a sick night-cap, hanging over the stairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a staring attention, and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and would please you, or any man of observation; and one reflection gave me particular comfort, that the assembly before us demonstrated, that, even here, the influential sun warmed poor mortals, and inspired them with love and music.

When we had dispatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted, and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay; it did so, and, in a little time, we came at it: the inhabitants call it, in their language, "the road of kindness." It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for an horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock, at whose foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand a vast rock hangs almost over you; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons of just fear, but that I might be at leisure to contemplate, in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle: there I stayed and did business the next day, and the scene was much mended. The country I had hitherto passed through, was like one not made by the Father of the creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river and fine meadows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain, of two miles, to pass, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and, indeed, the whole œconomy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive what an air of cheerfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales, with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire; for I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some of the finest towns and finest countries in the island. But I must stop, and not use you unmercifully.

I can send you no news from hence. Yesterday I heard Sir Robert had got his ague again. I doubt too he has affairs upon his hands more troublesome than an ague; for I find very wise people in fearful apprehensions about the event of the war. I am afraid we shall hear of great mischief at sea, from the storm of last night and the high wind of this morning.

I pray God to restore you soon to a perfect state of health. I am your, &c.

LET

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Rochester, Dec. 16, 1740.

I AM sure it is high time for me to make my acknowledgments to you, for two most entertaining letters. Your reproofs of my ingratitude are very genteel, but very strong and efficacious; and there is no bearing the reprimand of a second complaining letter, when the first had been neglected.

The verses you sent me are very sensible and touching, and the sentiments in them, I doubt not, exhilarated the blood for some time, and suspended the black execution; but his distemper, it may be said, got the better, and carried him off at last. I would willingly put that construction upon these melancholy accidents, and then leave the sufferers to the Father of mercies. I read them to a young gentleman here, a Wrexham man, who knew the author, and lived in that country with an uncle who was intimate with him.

I have been amused, in my leisure hours, from business, with "Anti-Machiavel;" indeed, much entertained with him. You know the author is a royal one*; and if he puts his speculations into practice, if hard times should come, and honest men be forced to quit Old England, I would endeavour, if I could support that character, to put myself under his government and protection. He has exposed, very justly, the littleness of Machiavel's principles, who formed his maxims among the petty states of Italy, and supported the justness of them upon the example of a Cæsar Borgia. In my opinion, this book of the king of Prussia is much more in the style and character of a great prince, than the celebrated Λόγος Βασιλικὸς, unless we are to suppose every Christian prince to support the two characters of king and priest; for the book last mentioned is more agreeable to the sacred function, as I believe, in real truth, it was the work of one of us. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Bishop-Thorp†, Dear Sir, September 15, 1743.

WHEN I have given you a short account of myself from the middle of May, when I left London, you will easily see the reason of my silence with regard to a friend's correspondence, whom I have now known many years, and truly esteemed as many. I have been extremely entertained by both your letters, but, literally speaking, it has been hardly in my power to thank you for them, my time has been so parcelled out, in spite of any schemes of my own. I was above a fortnight upon the road, before I reached Bishop-Thorp, and immediately entered here upon a new round of compliments and entertainment, from which I retreated, after ten days, by changing the scene, and fulfilling my second plan of visitation. After a short recess, I entered upon a third, and, at a proper distance of time, upon a fourth, which ended a fortnight ago, and completed my visitation. I bless God for it, I have finished the work, not only without hurt, but with great pleasure to myself, and I returned home with great satisfaction of heart for having done my duty, and acquired a sort of knowledge of the diocese, which can be had by nothing but personal inspection. I have traversed, by this means, a prodigious tract of ground, seen all possible variety of country, many rich and populous towns, and some of the finest seats of the kingdom, and what may give you, by the rules of proportion, a great idea of the importance of this district of England, I am confident I have confirmed above thirty thousand people. I could enter, with pleasure, into a minute description of every thing that fell within my observation; but I chuse to reserve that, to fill up some agreeable hours when you favour me in the winter with your company at Kensington, where I purpose to be, God willing, before November. But I cannot omit the pleasure I took in my last expedition, which was a visit to Castle-Howard‡ (where I spent two days) where there is every provision for elegant life, which pleasure and magnificence, conducted with the best œconomy, can afford. I fancy you are acquainted with this noble seat; for Mr. Bewlay, who is your humble servant and friend, told me you spent some time at York a summer or two ago. I have had some little intercourse with Mr. Bewlay, with whose manner I am much taken. I hope he is as honest as agreeable.

I am in great pain for our affairs in Germany. I pray God send us a good

* The king of Prussia.

† Near York. Dr. Herring had been translated to that episcopal see (on the death of archbishop Blackburn) in the April preceding the date of this letter.

‡ The seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

account of them, and, as soon as may be, a lasting peace; for we have heard more than enough of the devastations of war, and famine, and plague, things that shock all philosophy, and can only be solved by a religion founded in a future life.

Without a bit of flattery, I must commend your epistle to Iccius *, which is easy and natural, and a just expression of the poet's sense in one of his most useful hours, when he had laid aside the gallant, and put on the air of the philosopher. I shall take it as a testimony of your friendship, which I desire to continue and improve, if you will favour me, now and then, with any pieces of your own, or such as you approve of others. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Duncombe to Archbishop Herring.

Frith-street, June 10, 1744.

MR. Pope, I hear, has left the bulk of his fortune to Mrs. Blount, a lady to whom, it is thought, he either was, or, at least, ought to have been married. The Earl of Marchmont, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Murray †, and Mr. Arbuthnott ‡, are his executors. He has bequeathed all his manuscripts to Lord Bolingbroke.

I am told that he has left many plans and fragments, but few finished pieces. A report is spread about town, that, during his illness, a dispute happened, in his chamber, between his two physicians, Burton (who is since dead himself §) and Thompson; the former charging the latter with hastening his death, by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them, by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore all I have now to ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

"Dunces, rejoice, forgive all censures past;
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

However, I have been since told, that these lines were really written by Burton himself; and the following epigram, by a friend of Thompson, was occasioned by the foregoing one:

"As physic and verse both to Phœbus belong,
So the College oft dabble in potion and song;
Hence Burton, resolv'd his emetics shall hit,
When his recipe fails, gives a puke with his wit."

Dr. Thompson is going to publish Pope's case. I find he is in high repute with several persons of distinction.

I shall leave the doctor and Mr. Pope, with a few lines taken from a poetical epistle, addressed many years ago to the Duke of Chandos, by my friend, Dr. Cowper ||, which might pass for an encomium on the latter, if he had made a proper application of his wit and fine genius.

"Good-natur'd wit a talent is from heaven,
For noblest purposes to mortals given:
Studious to please, it seeks not others harm,
Cuts but to heal, and fights but to disarm.
It cheers the spirits, smooths the anxious brow,
Enlivens industry, and chases woe;
In beauteous colours dresses home-spun truth,
And wisdom recommends to heedless youth;
At vice it points the strongest ridicule,
And shames to virtue every vicious fool!
Like you, my lord, it all mankind invites,
Like you instructs them, and like you delights."

It is impossible to write a letter now, without tincturing the ink with tar-water. This is the common topic of discourse both among the rich and poor, high and low; and the Bishop of Cloyne has made it as fashionable as going to Vauxhall or Ranelagh. Dr. Carlton, (a physician, who lives in the Duke of Bedford's family) thinks it may be useful in several cases, but dislikes the Bishop's manner of preparing it, in which he thinks the infusion of tar much too strong. However, the faculty in general, and the whole posse of apothecaries, are very angry both with the author and the book, which makes many people suspect it is a good thing. All that I know of it is, that it has relieved two of my friends from stubborn coughs; at least, they themselves think so.

I have undertaken to be editor of the work ¶ mentioned in these proposals for two reasons:

First,

* Translated from Horace, b. i. epist. 12.

† Now Earl Mansfield.

‡ Of the court of exchequer, only son of Dr. Arbuthnot.

§ He survived Mr. Pope not above ten days.

|| Son of judge Cowper, then rector of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, and one of his Majesty's chaplains.

¶ "Poems on several occasions, and two critical essays, viz. the first on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers, whether in prose or verse; and the other on the numbers of Paradise Lost; (written

First, I really think it worthy the view of the public; and the essays, in particular, filled with curious and uncommon thoughts; and,

Secondly, I hope the publication may be of some service to a very good woman, in the decline of life, and one of the best of daughters*.

In a letter from a correspondent at York, are these words:

"Our worthy diocesan is now at Bishop-Thorp, and every day rising in the esteem of this extensive county. The clergy and laity seem to vie with one another in their affection towards him."

The former part of this letter was written before Mr. Pope's will was printed. It seems he was under an old perplexity about extreme unction. If he did not receive it, it would disgust the catholics; if he did, and should recover, his protestant friends would rally him. It is likely he thought of it, as Augustus of Poland did of his bead-roll, *C'est une bagatelle*. I am, my Lord, &c.

LETTER XL.

Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esquire.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, July 1, 1744.

YOU were very obliging in sending me the account you did of Mr. Pope, for we were so far from knowing any of those particulars of his exit, that we were but just sure that he was gone. He wanted nothing but good-nature, and the spirit of true freedom (which he had only in idea), to make him excellent; and yet, perhaps, his acrimony was the sting of the bee, for such he was, rather than a wasp.

Though we are so backward in some sort of intelligence, we are perfectly acquainted with the virtues of tar-water; some have been cured, as they think, and some made sick by it; and I do think it a defect in the good Bishop's recommendation of it, that he makes it a catholicon; but, I dare be confident, he believes it such.

I cannot tell what the good people of London think of our public affairs. We that judge two hundred miles from the capital, are not without our apprehensions. There is something disagreeable to reflect, that we are secured at home by strangers†; and abroad, if not at the mercy of our enemies, yet, certainly, upon the defensive. I see, by a letter from the camp, that our officers there are quite angry with the Dutch, but, perhaps, they are more the objects of pity.

I shall be extremely pleased with half a dozen copies of Mr. Say's book. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, May 15, 1745.

I WAS sorry, in my little hurry of business before my journey, that I lost the opportunity of seeing you. I thank you and your son for the agreeable present that was left me. I congratulate you upon the hopeful prospect you have of your son's ingenuity, and I pray God continue him in the same sense of his duty which I know you have been careful to instill into him. I shall be glad to be some way instrumental to it, by recommending him to a good tutor, which, I am very well assured, Mr. Heaton, of Benet, is: for such is his character to me, and I know he is a person extremely acceptable to the present master of the college, Mr. Castle, to whom I will take the liberty to recommend your son, by giving him a letter to him, if you please to give me notice of the precise time of his going for admission.

Our news from Flanders has been disagreeable enough‡, and yet there is a mixture of honour in the disappointment, which gives one spirits and hopes; and it is certainly better to miscarry in the field of battle, through temerity, than cowardice. I am, dear Sir, &c.

"(written at the desire of Mr. Richardson the "painter) in one volume quarto, by Mr. Samuel Say." These Essays have been much approved by the best judges. Mr. Say was a dissenting minister in Westminster. He died in 1743.

* Married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting minister, at Halleigh, in Suffolk.

† 6000 Dutch troops.

‡ The battle of Fontenoy, May 1.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, July 29, 1745.

I AM in your debt for three letters, the last of which met me here, at my return out of Nottinghamshire, where I went to visit a friend*, snug and private, as I hoped, but found it quite otherwise, and am really returned to this place for retirement. However, my journey was very agreeable. I paid some compliments to great folks, who love to be complimented, and got into the acquaintance and characters of some of the principal gentry in that part of my diocese.

I thank you for your offer of the curiosities, I mean the forms of prayer collected by Mr. Say †; but as I am never likely to be employed in forming compositions of that sort for the public ‡, that work being in the province of Canterbury, they will be of no use to me; for common use, the common form will serve my purpose.

I was extremely pleased to hear of your kind reception at Cambridge. If I had had no hand in it, the good master's natural temper would have prompted him to have behaved towards you in the manner that he did. I dare say you will have no reason of any kind to repent your son's admission into Benet college, where I wish him every possible success. Tom Pyle § is a learned and worthy, as well as a lively and entertaining, man. To be sure, his success has not been equal to his merit, which yet, perhaps, is in some measure owing to himself, for that very impetuosity of spirit, which, under proper government, renders him the agreeable creature he is, has, in some circumstances of life, got the better of him, and hurt his views.

Your last letter brought me very disagreeable news, and I began to think, that it was really *Hannibal ad portas*, and so it will prove, if Ostend be taken ‖. This acquisition in North-America ¶ is something, and, I suppose, pleases the merchants. Sure it is not possible for the Dutch to act the part of which they are suspected. If they do, let France be our ally, and lord of the Seven Provinces. An open enemy is a friend, compared to a secret and perfidious one. By this means they would reduce the royal duke to the *Fauces Caudinæ* **. I am, &c.

* Dr. William Herring, rector of Carleton.

† On public occasions, from the time of Archbishop Laud.

‡ Unlikely as it was, this event, however, did soon happen.

§ Minister of Lynn-regis, canon residentiary of Salisbury, and author of a paraphrase on the Acts, Epistles, and Revelations. He died in 1757, aged 84. Sixty Sermons by him, on plain and practical subjects, were published in two volumes octavo, in 1773. Mr. Whiston says, that "Dr. Sydall, with Mr. Pyle, sen. of Lynn, were "the two best scholars that he ever examined for "for holy orders, while he was chaplain to Dr. "Moor, Bishop of Norwich." Memoirs of his Life, p. 287.

‖ Ostend was taken, August 14, and, on December 4, Hannibal was at the gates---the Pretender was at Derby.

¶ Cape Breton.

** Or "the Caudian Forks." The danger and disgrace of the Romans in those narrow passes may be seen in Livy, b. ix.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, Oct. 15, 1745.

I WAS extremely mortified at a letter to-day from Mr. Herring, in which he told me, that he had not sent you a sermon †† and speech ‡‡, because he did not know where you lived. I ask your pardon for being so careless; but, indeed, I had given him my orders to you (as was right, I am sure) among the first of my friends.

You see what a bustle these ruffians have made in the nation. I little thought I should have been the subject of so much observation at this juncture, my meaning being only to discharge my duty in my proper sphere and station; but, be the event what it will, I hope I shall have the grace never to repent of doing my best service to my country.

Our best intelligences from the North seem to agree, that the rebels are much divided, and, I hope in God, the next news will be, that they are in confusion. What is the matter in the city of London? there is a jealousy and gloominess, quite disagreeable; and I hear a discouraging account of Oxford.

If you please to call at Mr. Herring's when you go into the city, a sermon and speech are extremely at your service. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

†† Preached at the cathedral-church of York, on occasion of the rebellion in Scotland, Sept. 22.

‡‡ On the same occasion to the nobility, gentry, and clergy, at the castle of York, Sept. 24. This was the first alarm that was given to the nation, and will ever be remembered to his Grace's honour.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, June 25, 1746.

SINCE bad news must be told, I think it an honest art, for the comfort of this chequered life, to convey it in as agreeable manner as may be, and mix it in some sort with pleasure. Your good brother * is paying a debt which, *serius, ocius*, is due from us all; but, I dare say, your kind presence contributes not a little to lighten his spirit, and sooth the cares of his family; and I thank you, when you told me a story that gave me real concern, that you blended entertainment with it. If the good man is still amongst us, my best wishes are with him; if he is mingled with the greater number, peace be to his manes; and I hope and believe that he leaves a son behind him, of a temper and disposition to imitate so good a father.

Your friend Bewlay dined with me the other day. He told me, your brother was still alive, by his last intelligence. I propose to be better acquainted with Mr. Bewlay. He is a very agreeable man, and has the air and appearance of a very honest one. I pretend to some skill in faces. No way is infallible, but I am confident that is one way to the hearts of men. As I do not love to be idle, I have done a good deal here at my premises, and I have called in Mr. Bewlay, who has a turn for it, to plan me a few more alterations. I hope, what I have is now my own, to the end of my short lease; at least no northern irruptions are likely to shorten it. Old Lovat, the arch rebel, is taken; and the chiefs are now suffering the just punishment of the most perfidious rebellion that ever men were guilty of. Their country is the picture of desolation; half the men slain; families perishing for want; houses and huts burnt; corn destroyed for forage; not a spire of grass; woods burnt to the ground, for the compass of twenty miles; and even their private fisheries all drained to supply a devouring army. This is the state of the enemy-country, and surely no other than the effects of the justest vengeance; and yet there is a horror in the scene, which makes nature shrink back at the reflection. Praised be the goodness of God, for preserving to us the blessings of a just and gentle government! I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

* John Duncombe, Esq. of Stocks, Hertfordshire. He died June 30, 1746.

LETTER XLV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Bishop-Thorp, Oct. 21, 1747.

I HAVE taken both your letters into my hands a great many times to answer, and been as often prevented. I never did, nor ever will forget my friends, certainly not such friends as yourself, whom I have known so long, and from whose correspondence I have received both pleasure and profit.

The master of Benet † made me a visit this summer, and I was extremely pleased to hear him speak with uncommon regard of your son. He does not speak lightly, and never insincerely.

We have had, and still enjoy, the finest season imaginable, which, with other reasons, would detain me longer here, but I am thinking of London, for the voice and countenance of every individual friend will at present have its use in the support of the king's government! Through the feeble help of treacherous allies, our neighbour-king is certainly too much for us, and, I think, we have nothing to do, but practise Phocion's policy, who advised his countrymen not to quarrel with Alexander, till they found they could beat him. I wish some of our great men could practise another piece of his policy, which was, to divert the arms of that *grand monarque*. But Phocion is a name of bad omen. He lived when the Grecian state was expiring.

Rutherforth's antagonist is a lady ‡, the wife of a clergyman in Northumberland; I cannot recollect her name. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

Archbishop Herring to the Rev. Mr. Whiston.

Kensington,
Rev. Sir, January 28, 1747-8.

I THANK you most kindly for your good letter, and am better pleased with your Christian wishes for me, than with a hundred compliments I have received in picked and elegant phrases. Yours, I am

† Mr. Castle.

‡ Mrs. Cockburn. Her works were afterwards published by Dr. Birch. The pamphlet to which the archbishop here alludes, is entitled "Remarks "on the Principles and Reasonings of Dr. Rutherforth's Essay on the Nature and Obligation "of Virtue."

sure,

sure, come from a good heart and a sober judgment. I will do the best I can in this station, to which, indeed, I have been forced. And as neither pride, nor ambition, nor covetousness tempted me to desire it, so it is my daily prayer to God, that in the use and exercise of this great office, I may keep my heart and hands free from those sad temptations. What you hint about the form of prayer, your age, and learning, and experience give you a right to say; but it becomes them who have less of all those to be a little more reserved: the same form is come out by authority for this year. Many good men concur with you on the subject of the murrain *; and, I am afraid, in a little time, it will make the stoutest of us cry out for mercy, and reach those high places, which seem almost out of the reach of such calamities. Upon your hint, I looked over the forms of prayer, and find one for the 17th of January, 1703-4. This, I suppose, is what you mean, and I send you one of the prayers transcribed. I am, reverend Sir, your assured friend.

LETTER XLVII.

Archbishop Herring to the Rev. Dr. Benson.

Kensington,
Rev. Sir, February 2, 1747-8.

I CANNOT satisfy myself with having sent a cold and common answer of thanks, for your volume of most excellent and useful sermons. I do it in this manner with great esteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the same time, as becomes me to do, for your very obliging good wishes. The subject on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of constant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honest intention, and, for the rest, I must rely on the good grace of God, and the counsel and assistance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station, at a time when spite, and rancour, and narrowness of spirit are out of countenance: when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion makes it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity. I am, reverend Sir, your assured friend.

LETTER XLVIII.

Archbishop Herring to W. Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Kensington, May 18, 1748.

AS you insist upon it, that the library at Lambeth shall be enriched by your very bountiful present †, I accept it, with thanks, for myself and successors, and they shall be deposited with proper care and acknowledgment. Your letter was brought to me in company, and I understood your servant shot away like a ghost.

I shall always be glad to see you, and hope you will not defer your visits till I get to Lambeth.

Your son writes well, and I feel his agitations before his act. I remember, I never was more frightened than on the like occasion. I heard of the riot of these boys ‡ before. There is nothing in the business extremely tragical, but it is an instance how general a spirit of misrule is gone forth amongst us.

Poor D'Oyley's death I heard of the day after it happened. I remember his collection of books. I should be glad to see a catalogue of them, and possibly I might think of purchasing them §. I thank you for your ingenious sonnet, and am, dear Sir, your assured friend.

Pray see my picture at Hudson's. If you like it, I will order a copy, and sit once or twice, but, I protest, I am tired of that work.

LETTER XLIX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Lambeth, May 15, 1750.

BE assured that I want no remembrancer to serve you, or the very deserving young man, your son. He shall not lose the fellowship at Benet, through any failure in me to help him, and I know you will leave the manner of it to me.

I was the other day at your friend Mr. Richardson's ||, to see a head of Bishop Fleetwood, of his father's painting. He was very polite; and, on my asking whether

* In consequence, as it should seem, of Mr. Whiston's desire, a prayer was afterwards ordered on this account, being first read (as he observes) in Lyndon church, in Rutland, May 19, 1748.

† Rymer's Fœdera, 17 vols. folio.

‡ The under-graduates at Cambridge, on the time and mode of the exercise performed by the batchelors of arts being altered.

§ They were purchased by Mr. Whiston, bookseller, in Fleet-street.

|| In Queen's-square.

or he would part with it, he consented, and we soon agreed upon the terms *. I am, dear Sir, your assured friend.

LETTER L.

From the same to the same.

Lambeth-House,
Dear Sir, April 18, 1752.

AS the author † chose to convey the inclosed ‡ to me by your hands, I desire to return it to him the same way, but upon condition that you give him my sincere thanks for the perusal of it. It has given me prodigious pleasure; and I have but one, or perhaps two reasons, for forbearing the strongest encomium. I wish to God, Lucretius had had so good a subject, and so much at his heart!

The author's intentions § do me honour, and I am proud of being transmitted to posterity, as a friend to such doctrine, so explained and illuminated. Dear Sir, yours faithfully.

LETTER LI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Croydon, June 25, 1752.

THE country, I perceive, has a fine effect upon you, and it is well for you *I can care*; for I know, from more reasons than one, that you will be brought into no dangers, by a new spring in your constitution. I have reproached myself more than once for not fixing a time for a little expedition hither, as you had intimated an inclination in Mr. Browne to do me that favour, but indeed it was not in my power to do it, for the only day I had to spare, was claimed from me by a lady, on a long promise. I will hope for another opportunity, for there is a treasure in being acquainted with a man of such an heart and understanding as Mr. Browne.

I return you ‖ Greene's very sensible letter. I have the best opinion of him, and a strong propensity, if I live, to be useful to the old house ¶. I am, dear Sir, your assured friend.

* This picture the Archbishop bequeathed, by his last will, to the late Earl of Hardwicke, his "ever honoured friend."

† Marc Hawkins Browne, Esq; member of parliament for Wenlock, in Shropshire.

‡ A MS. copy of his Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*.

§ Or inscribing it to his Grace.

‖ Then fellow of Benet-college, afterwards rector of St. George's Tombland, &c. Norwich.

¶ His Grace left to the college 1000l. in Old South Sea annuities.

LETTER LII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Croydon, July 1, 1753.

I AM ashamed I have not answered your very kind and tender letter **, as I cannot plead disability for any time since I received it. My neglect has been owing to an attention to a course of life, where my hours are set and marked out to particular purposes, or taken up by the visits of my friends. Blessed be God for it, I have mended in my health since my first arrival here, and continue to mend gradually. In so acute a disorder as mine was, it was not to be expected that I could jump into health (jumping is too much for me), but I ought to be contented and thankful too, if I can walk leisurely into it. I have for some time regained my natural rest, eat as well as man can do, palled and fatigued with medicine, have no degree of a fever, and little or no cough; but yet my lungs have not their proper tone, and mounting up stairs puts me a little to it.

I am sorry you have been so ill, and hope, when you favour me with another letter, to hear a better account of you. I had two physicians added to Dr. Wilmot, but yet the doctor lost no reputation with me, for I have a high opinion of him.

I will take care of Mrs. Wright's poems when I go to Lambeth. I am, &c.

LETTER LIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Croydon-house, Nov. 5, 1753.

IF I did not know you to be an honest man upon long experience, I should take you for a designing one. I return the inclosed ††, without any observations upon it, but that the compliment you con-

** Some weeks before the date of this letter, the Archbishop was seized with a pleuritic fever, at Lambeth house, which brought him to the brink of the grave; and by the great quantity of blood which he lost (fourscore ounces) his strength and spirits were so impaired, that though, on his retiring to Croydon, he did, in some measure, recover, yet, from that time, he might rather be said to languish than to live; declining, as far as possible, all public business, and seeing little company but his relations and particular friends. Once, indeed, the late Princess of Wales did him the honour of breakfasting with him, and was received and entertained with that unaffected ease and politeness, for which his Grace was so eminently distinguished.

†† From a noble Earl, since deceased.

vey, comes from a man, who, it is very plain, does not know me. Excess of praise has generally as little foundation, as excess of calumny.

I thank you for informing me of the author of Rusticus *. That letter had the united approbation of the readers here.

The new edition of Tate and Brady is not come out, that I know of. The emendations suggested were much approved of, but my authority to alter them, made a matter of some doubt; so the middle way was taken, of correcting the errors †, not the imperfections.

I bless God, I am easy, and much the more so, for abiding here. If a perfect cure is to be effected upon me, it must be done by air and exercise, caution as to what I eat, and quiet, the great balm of life.

Your friend, Dr. Carter ‡, is grievously teased by folks, who call themselves "the "orthodox." I abhor every tendency to the Trinity controversy. The manner in which it is always managed, is the disgrace and ruin of Christianity. Your affectionate friend.

LETTER LIV.

Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Dear Sir, Croydon-house, Nov. 25, 1753.

AT last you will receive the very affecting and ingenious poems of Mrs. Wright, which were laid up with such peculiar care, that I could neither find them myself, nor give directions to any one else where to look for them.

I have heard nothing of the edition of Tate, which, you said, you would leave for me at Lambeth. If there is time, it shall be made proper use of; and, I am sure, thanks are most justly due to you on that affair §.

I think I lent our friend Hawkins Browne the poems published by Lauder; and I think he has not returned them; ask, when you see him. That strange man ‖ has sent me another volume of select authors, as he terms it, *Miltono facem prælucentium*. I have read Masenius's ¶ Sarcotis **, and I know it will please you. The sentiments are great, the versification very easy and harmonious, and I think the fiction very fine and poetical; so much so, that, were it not for the authority attached to a real divine story, as Milton treats it, I should doubt which method to prefer. If Milton ever read Masenius, he most certainly digested him.

I never read the Letters you mention in your postscript; and, if you have them, I should like to receive them with the Psalms: I mean the Archbishop of Cambray's, and Monsieur de la Motte's.

Gilbert West brought me some ingenious essays of Psalmanazar's, just published, on the difficult miracles in the Old Testament, by way of resolution of them.

I wish this Jew bill was got well rid of (little better than the dispute about eating black-puddings), and that the legislature would seriously set themselves to stop those vices under which the nation bleeds. I was startled at an assertion in the Inspector †† of yesterday, that more robberies and murders had been committed in the last seventeen weeks, than in the whole reign of Queen Anne. I am, dear Sir, your assured friend.

LETTER LV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Crodon-house, Jan. 25, 1756.

I THANK you for your entertainment of the 13th instant, and return you most heartily my best wishes for every thing to you, which is truly estimable. Your judgment is right. Whitefield is Daniel Burgess *redivivus*; and, to be sure, he finds his account in his joco-serious addresses. The other author ‡‡, in my opinion, with good parts and learning, is a most dark and saturnine creature. His pictures may frighten weak people, that at the same time, are wicked, but, I fear, he will make few converts, except for a day

* A letter so signed in "The World," vol. i. numb. 36.

† In the edition of these Psalms, 1737, there were about two hundred errors of the press.

‡ Minister of St. George's chapel, Deal, who had been presented, the year before, by one of the chapel-wardens, at the instigation, as it appeared, of the rector, for not reading the Athanasian creed. This gave rise to a controversy with that gentleman, which, as usual, was attended with much personal scandal.

§ Dr. Duncombe's corrections above-mentioned (as appears from another letter, dated June 16, 1755), were sent by the Archbishop to Mr. Richardson (king's printer) for a new edition of Tate's Psalms, then preparing.

‖ Lauder.

¶ Professor of rhetoric and poetry, in the Jesuits college at Cologne, in the year 1650.

** The Incarnation.

†† By Dr. Hill.

‡‡ Mr. John Wesley.

[illegible] I have read his "Serious Thoughts*," [illegible] for my own part, I think the rising [illegible] setting of the sun is a more durable [illegible]ment for religion, than all the extra[illegible]ary convulsions of nature put toge[illegible]. Let a man be good on right prin[illegible], and then, *impavidum ferient ruinæ*; [illegible] Horace was as good a preacher as [illegible] of us. For myself, I own I have no [illegible]tution for these frights and fervours; [illegible] if I can but keep up to the regular [illegible]ice of a Christian life, upon Christian [illegible], I shall be in no pain for futurity; [illegible] do I think it an essential part of re[illegible], to be pointed at for any foolish sin[illegible]rities.

The subjects you mention, of the me[illegible] preaching, are excellent in the [illegible] of wise men (not enthusiasts). Re[illegible], for the practice of the world, must [illegible]plain and intelligible to the lowest un[illegible]standing. This is self-evident; and [illegible] gospel itself assures us, that "the love "of God is keeping his commandments;" [illegible] what need we farther evidence? As to [illegible] notion, that men are by nature devils, [illegible] can call it by no other name than wicked [illegible] blasphemous, and the highest reproach [illegible] man can throw upon his wise and good [illegible]tor. I am, dear Sir, your assured [illegible]nd.

LETTER LVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Croydon-house, June 22, 1756.

YOU may be sure, if I had been in any good condition of health or spirits, [illegible] would not have been so long without [illegible] for your last kind letter. I conti[illegible] extremely out of order; I think in a [illegible]rmed dropsy; and though, I am sure, [illegible] Wilmot has done all that art and [illegible]ship can do for me, I rather lose [illegible]nd. I have now been near half a year in this dismal way, worse than the acutest pain, because of its duration; and every thing I take, feeds the distemper, at the same time it prolongs life; for

"Ready oft the port t' obtain,
I'm shipwreck'd into life again."

I know who sent me hither, and how much it is my duty to attend his summons for a removal; but life is over with me; and I sometimes in my airings, repeat two pretty lines of Parnell,

"But what are fields, or flow'rs, or air to me?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee,
O HEALTH!"

I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Croydon-house, Jan. 3, 1757†.

I AM very much obliged to you for a noble present ‡, and, I am sure, you will approve my disposal of it, for it went this morning, accompanied with a parcel of wine, to Colonel Canitz §, of the Hessians, who are quartered here. I would endeavour to have Croydon excepted out of the general reproach ‖. They shall have every accommodation I can procure them.

Your obliged and assured friend.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Thomas Secker to Dr Isaac Watts.

Rev. Sir, Gloucester, Nov. 18, 1711.

BEFORE I give you an account of the state of our academy, and those other things you desired me, please to accept of my hearty thanks for that service you have done me, both in advising me to prosecute my-

* "On the earthquakes at Lisbon." If what [illegible] had advanced in this pamphlet had been [illegible] the earth, by the return of "the great co[illegible]" (as he calls it) in 1758, would have been [illegible] fire, and burnt to a coal; as he affirmed [illegible] the comet, in this revolution, would move [illegible] in the same line, but in the same part of [illegible] in which the earth moves. This strange [illegible] arose from Mr. Wesley's confounding the [illegible] of 1682, whose period is 75 years, with [illegible] of 1680, whose period is 575 years, and ap[illegible] *verbis*, what Dr. Halley says of the [illegible] which will not appear till 2255, and whose [illegible] will coincide with the earth's orbit, to [illegible], which did appear in 1758, but never [illegible] nearer to the body of the earth than [illegible] of miles.

† Archbishop Herring died at Croydon-house on March 13th following, aged 64. "He was (says the Earl of Corke) what a bishop ought to be, and, as I doubt not, where all bishops ought to be. Honour and reverence will attend his name while this world lasts: happiness and glory will remain with his spirit for ever."

‡ A Yorkshire pye.

§ His regiment was quartered at Croydon and Bromley.

‖ No provision being made by law for quartering foreign troops, the inn-keepers refused to lodge them, and they were obliged to build huts, and continue in camp till the 22d of December, 1756, when a bill for quartering them, &c. having received the royal assent, their camp broke up, and they marched into quarters.

my ſtudies in ſuch an extraordinary place of education, and in procuring me admittance into it. I wiſh my improvements may be anſwerable to the advantages I enjoy; but however that may happen, your kindneſs has fixed me in a place where I may be very happy, and ſpend my time to good purpoſe; and where, if I do not, the fault will be all my own.

I am ſenſible how difficult it is to give a character of any perſon or thing, becauſe the moſt probable gueſſes we make very often prove falſe ones. But, ſince you are pleaſed to deſire it, I think myſelf obliged to give you the beſt and moſt impartial account of matters I can.

Mr. Jones then I take to be a man of real piety, great learning, and an agreeable temper; one who is very dilligent in inſtructing all under his care, very well qualified to give inſtructions, and whoſe well-managed familiarity will always make him reſpected. He is very ſtrict in keeping good orders, and will effectually preſerve his pupils from negligence and immorality. And accordingly I believe there are not many academies freer in general from thoſe vices than we are. In particular, by bedfellow Mr. Scott is one of unfeigned religion, and a diligent ſearcher after truth. His genteel carriage and agreeable diſpoſition gain him the eſteem of every one. Mr. Griffith is more than ordinary ſerious and grave, and improves more in every thing than one could expect from a man who ſeems to be not much under forty; particularly in Greek and Hebrew he has made a great progreſs. Mr. Francis * and Mr. Watkins are diligent in ſtudy, and truly religious. The elder Mr. Jones, having had a better education than they, will in all probability make a greater ſcholar; and his brother is one of quick parts.

Our logic, which we have read once over, is ſo contrived as to comprehend all Heereboord, and the far greater part of Mr. Locke's Eſſay, and the Art of Thinking. What Mr. Jones dictated to us was but ſhort, containing a clear and brief account of the matter, references to the places where it was more fully treated of, and remarks on, or explications of the authors cited, when need required. At our next lecture we gave an account both of what the author quoted and our tutor ſaid, who commonly then gave us a large explication of it, and ſo proceeded to the next thing in order. He took care, as far as poſſible, that we underſtood the ſenſe as well as remembered the words of what we had read, and that we ſhould not ſuffer ourſelves to be cheated with obſcure terms which had no meaning. Though he be no great admirer of the old logic, yet he has taken a great deal of pains both in explaining and correcting Heereboord, and has for the moſt part made him intelligible or ſhewn that he is not ſo.

The two Mr. Jones's, Mr. Francis, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Sheldon, and two more gentlemen, are to begin Jewiſh antiquities in a ſhort time. I was deſigned for one of their number, but rather choſe to read logic once more; both becauſe I was utterly unacquainted with it when I came to this place, and becauſe the others having all, except Mr. Francis, been at other academies, will be obliged to make more haſte than thoſe in a lower claſs, and conſequently cannot have ſo good or large accounts of any thing, nor ſo much time to ſtudy every head. We ſhall have gone through our courſe in about four years time, which I believe nobody that once knows Mr. Jones will think too long.

I began to learn Hebrew as ſoon as I came hither, and find myſelf able now to conſtrue, and give ſome grammatical account of about twenty verſes in the eaſieſt parts of the Bible after leſs than an hour's preparation. We read every day two verſes a-piece in the Hebrew Bible, which we turn into Greek (no one knowing which his verſes ſhall be, though at firſt it was otherwiſe). And this, with logic, is our morning's work.

Mr. Jones alſo began about three months ago ſome critical lectures in order to the expoſition you adviſed me to. The principal things contained in them are about the antiquity of the Hebrew language, letters, vowels, the incorruption of the Scriptures, ancient diviſions of the Bible, an account of the Talmud, Maſora and Cabala. We are at preſent upon the Septuagint, and ſhall proceed after that to the Targumim, and other verſions, &c. Every part is managed with abundance of perſpicuity, and ſeldom any material thing is omitted that other authors have ſaid upon the point, though very frequently we have uſeful additions of things which are not to be found in them. We have ſcarce been upon any thing yet, but Mr. Jones has had thoſe writers which are moſt valuable

* Not improbably Mr. Henry Francis, for ſome time aſſiſtant in London, to the Rev. Mr. John Foxon, and afterwards paſtor of the church at Southampton.

that head, to which he always refers This is what we first set about in the noon; which being finished, we read chapter in the Greek testament, and after mathematics. We have gone through that is commonly taught of algebra proportion, with the six first books of clid, which is all Mr. Jones designs for gentlemen I mention above, but he ends to read something more to the class comes after them.

This is our daily employment, which the morning takes up about two hours, something more in the afternoon. ly on Wednesdays in the morning we Dionysius's Periegesis, on which we notes mostly geographical, but with criticisms intermixed; and in the noon we have no lecture at all. So Saturday in the afternoon we have only sis, which none but they who have with logic have any concern in. We also just beginning to read Isocrates Terence, each twice a week. On the our tutor will give us some notes, ch he received in a college from Peri-

We are obliged to rise at five of the every morning, and to speak Latin ys, except when below stairs amongst family. The people where we live very civil, and the greatest inconveni- we suffer is, that we fill the house too much, being sixteen in number es Mr. Jones. But I suppose the in- of his academy will oblige him to ove next spring. We pass our time agreeably betwixt study and conver- with our tutor, who is always ready scourse freely of any thing that is , and allows us, either then or at lec- all imaginable liberty of making ob- ns against his opinion, and prosecu- them as far as we can. In this, and thing else, he shows himself so much leman, and manifests so great an af- n and tenderness for his pupils, as but command respect and love. I forgot to mention our tutor's library, his composed for the most part of fo- books, which seem to be very well , and are every day of great advan- to us.

us I have endeavoured, Sir, to give account of all that I thought ma- or observable amongst us. As for own part, I apply myself with what ce I can to every thing which is bject of our lectures, without pre- g one subject before another; be- cause I see nothing we are engaged in, but what is either necessary, or extremely useful for one who would thoroughly understand those things which most concern him, or be able to explain them well to others. I hope I have not spent my time, since I came to this place, without some small improvement both in human knowledge, and that which is far better; and I earnestly desire the benefit of your prayers, that God would be pleased to fit me better for his service both in this world and the next. This, if you please to afford me, and your advice with relation to study, or whatever else you think convenient, must needs be extremely useful, as well as agreeable, and shall be thankfully received by your most obliged humble servant *.

LETTER LIX.

From the same to the same.

Cuddesden, near Oxford,
Sir, June 19, 1741.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the agreeable present of your book †, which is peculiarly well adapted for the direction and improvement of students in the university, where your Logic is by no means the only piece of yours that is read with high esteem. You have been a diligent promoter of useful, and especially religious, knowledge, of Christian faith and Christian morals. On these accounts I have always respected you from the time that I had so many years ago the advantage of your conversation, and always rejoiced in the just honour that has been universally paid you; and, as this opportunity of expressing my regard gives me much pleasure, so, if the favour of letting me see you next winter will not be inconvenient to you, it will be a great satisfaction to, Sir, your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER LX.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Cuddesden, Sept. 14, 1743.

I HEARTILY thank you for your obliging letter, and, had I known that you

* This very sensible letter was written by Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Secker, at the early age of eighteen. It does honour to himself at the same time it pays such distinguished and deserved respect to his learned, vigilant, and amiable tutor, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Jones.

† Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic.

had printed a sermon on the subject *, I should not have failed to enrich my own from it. I hope the things I have said in favour of our charity schools are true. I hope the Christians of this nation in general are grown much milder towards each other, and I am sure we have great need to gain in this virtue, what we lose in others, and become a more united body, as we become a smaller, which I apprehend we do. But, fear not, little flock. May God direct and bless us all in our poor endeavours to serve him! May he give you every needful support under your long sickness, and restore you speedily to your former usefulness, if it be his holy will! I am, with great esteem, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. Thomas Secker to Dr. Isaac Watts.

St. James's, Westminster,
Sir, March 20, 1744-5.

I HEARTILY thank God that he hath restored you to a better state of health, and should not have permitted your letter, which brought me that good news, to continue unanswered so long, if more than ordinary business had not sometimes put it out of my power, and sometimes out of my thoughts, to make you my acknowledgments for it. The civilities for which you thank me, are no more than a very imperfect return of justice for the great services you have done to religion; and you have made a valuable addition to them in the book † you have now been pleased to send me: particularly by what you have written in so strong and awful, yet so compassionate and good-natured, a manner, in defence of the scripture-doctrine concerning the duration of future punishments. I pray God to continue you long in a capacity of being still farther useful, and am with great regard, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. Josiah Hort, Archbishop of Tuam, to Dr. Isaac Watts.

Reverend Sir, Dublin, Dec. 15, 1743.

I AM brought into the circumstance of an insolvent debtor, who is afraid to see the face of his creditor; and yet it is not through idleness or disregard that I remain so long in my friend's debt for his kind letter of the last summer; but I am really oppressed with letter-writing, and business of various kinds; some of my own, but more of other persons; some private, but more public, both ecclesiastical and secular, which are incident to my station.

However, I have at last found a spare hour for thanking you for the present of your book, which ought, more properly, to be done by my wife, who presently laid hands upon it, and took it into her own library. She is much taken with the vein of piety, which breathes in your works, and buys them up.

I am truly concerned for your infirmity, which I suppose proceeds from weak nerves. If you could ride an easy pace, increasing your journey every day from one to four or five miles, as your strength would permit, I should hope for some good effect, as the lassitude occasioned by the exercise would incline you more naturally to rest, than the use of drugs.

I bless God, I enjoy good health, which enables me to go through much business; but I have for many years been going down the hill, and, if the doctrine of gravitation takes place in the life of man, the motion must accelerate as I come near the bottom. Your case is the same, though more aggravated by distempers. God grant we may be useful while we live, and may run clear, and with unclouded mind till we come to the very dregs!

I send you my visitation charge to the clergy of Tuam. The former part is a copy of my charge to the clergy of Armagh and Ardagh, which being of general use, I saw no occasion to change. The latter part is new, and I submit it to your judgment. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Dr. Edward Gibson, Bishop of London, to Dr. Isaac Watts.

Good Sir, Whitehall, March 7, 175[illegible]

I THANK you heartily for your kind present ‡, but, as the course of my life has led me into studies of another kind, I am sensible I cannot profit much by it, as others will do, who thoughts have been more employed in this way. It is certainly a very laudable exercise of the mind, especially as you

* Dr. Watts's Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity-schools.

† Dr. Watts's Discourses on the World to come.

‡ Not improbably the Doctor's Treatise of Logic, or, the Right Use of Reason.

[illegible] throughout to the good of religion; [illegible] what you have published will, I doubt [illegible] be of great use to the growing generation, by leading them into a just way [illegible] thinking and reasoning. One thing I [illegible] at, and that is, how a mind that [illegible] so closely, can at the same time [illegible] itself to that easy and familiar way [illegible] appears in some of your other [illegible]. I commend you and your la[illegible] to the divine care and direction, and [illegible], with great truth, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

From the same to the same.

Good Sir, Whitehall, Jan. 22, 1734-5.

SINCE I received the favour of your [illegible] present it has become part of my Sun[illegible] exercise, and I have now read it [illegible] with pleasure, and I hope not with[illegible]. The new notion that has pre[illegible] among us of late years, that the [illegible]ian religion is little more than a [illegible] system of morality, must in course [illegible] a disregard to spiritual exercises, [illegible] on all serious Christians to do [illegible] that is in their power to raise and keep [illegible] a spirit of devotion and piety in [illegible] lukewarm and degenerate age. I [illegible] God to give a blessing to your labours [illegible] way, and remain with great respect, [illegible] your, &c.

LETTER LXV.

From the same to the same.

Good Sir, Whitehall, Jan. 19, 1735-6.

I THANK you very heartily for the [illegible]* I lately received, and which I [illegible] with great satisfaction and de[illegible]. The seeing so shameful a depar[illegible] from true christianity on the two [illegible] which are the subject of your book [illegible] been a sensible concern and grief [illegible], and especially when I see it coun[illegible] and propagated by many who [illegible] themselves christians, but are in reality [illegible] more than deists; for if the great [illegible] of our redemption and the blessed [illegible] of it are to be laid aside, I cannot [illegible] that the name of christian signifies [illegible]. You have set this matter in so [illegible] a light, and worked up the whole [illegible] agreeable a manner, that I hope, by the blessing of God, it will have great effect; and it would have had greater if you had set your name to it. To deal clearly with you, I have thought for some time that those doctrines, and others of the same kind, have received a grievous wound from the indifference about them (to say no worse) which some dissenting ministers have discovered of late: and the wound is the deeper because hitherto the dissenters were, without exception, zealous for them, and the present manifest abatement of that zeal, in some of their leading men, will be reckoned an evidence of their present conviction, that their doctrines are either false, or at least of small moment. Forgive me if I add, that I think due care has not yet been taken to satisfy the world that, notwithstanding the defection of some dissenters, there are many among them, and those of great note, who are not in the least tainted with the modern notions, but adhere stedfastly to the true doctrines of the gospel, as delivered to us by Christ and his apostles. I am, with great truth and esteem, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

From the same to the same.

Good Sir, Whitehall, April 23, 1737.

I HAVE perused your Discourse upon Humility † with much satisfaction, and I hope, with profit to myself; if not, I am sure it is my own fault. There was no occasion to make the apology for descending to the lowest scenes of life. It is a fault both in preaching and writing upon practical subjects, when we keep too much to general reasonings, and do not bring down our doctrines to common life, which are best remembered, and take the fastest hold upon the minds and consciences of our hearers and readers.

I wish you a full enjoyment of health, that you may be able to proceed in your good designs for the benefit of religion; and am, with great truth and esteem, Sir, your, &c.

* Undoubtedly Dr. Watts's Redeemer and Saviour.

† Dr. Watts's Discourse on Humility represented in the character of St. Paul.

LETTER LXVII.

Dr. Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, to Dr. Isaac Watts.

Good Sir, Fulham, June 6, 1741.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of me, and particularly for the late present of your book*. It found me engaged in a particular business that has been upon my hands some time, so that I have not yet been at leisure to peruse it. But I have seen enough to satisfy me of the serviceableness of it towards replenishing the mind with useful knowledge and true wisdom, and how well the rules laid down for that end are calculated for the general improvement of all, whether learned or unlearned, who will attend to them, and be conducted by them. But while you are teaching others how to employ their thoughts wisely and usefully, you must be so just to yourself, as not to stretch your own beyond your strength, but to take the warning which age and infirmities give us, to slacken and moderate our pace. Under this restraint I heartily wish you a successful progress in your further designs for the service of religion, and remain with great truth, and esteem, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Good Sir, Fulham, July 12, 1742.

I DESIRE you to accept my hearty thanks for your kind and valuable present†, which was part of my employment yesterday; and this day I am setting out on my visitation of Essex and Hertfordshire. It is written with great clearness and strength, and whoever peruses and attends to it will find much light from it in reading several of the epistles of St. Paul. I am glad to find that you have no difficulty in making him the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews (which I took some pains to clear in my third pastoral letter), and that you carry on the gradual opening of the gospel-dispensation by him, and the other apostles to the times after our Saviour's ascension.

The method you take of reducing the matter to be treated of into chapters and paragraphs of no great length keeps every thing clear and distinct, and I wish it were observed by all other writers.

As I take it for granted you have by you other discourses unpublished, I hope God will give you health and strength to revise them if needful, and then to publish them for the service of religion, which is the sincere wish of, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

From the same to the same.

Good Sir, Whitehall, March 2, 1744-5.

I SEND this with my sincere thanks for the valuable present ‡, which I have lately received from you. I have already perused part of it, and find much satisfaction in observing the true spirit of piety and zealous concern for souls which appear in every page. God knows the present degeneracy and lukewarmness among christians stand in great need of such awakenings as to their future state; and as it is the duty of us all, in our several stations, to use our best endeavours for that end, so I heartily wish and pray that you in particular, who have it so greatly at heart, may be blessed with health and strength to pursue and perfect all your designs in that way. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXX.

Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset §, to Dr. Isaac Watts.

Sir, Grosvenor-street, Feb. 23, 1729-30.

I COULD not have been so long without making my acknowledgments for the favour of your excellent and obliging letter, had not my Lord Hartford's illness in a long and severe fit of the gout confined

* Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic.

† Supposed to be Dr. Watt's Harmony of all the Religions which God ever prescribed.

‡ Very probably the Doctor's "Discourses on "the World to come."

§ This lady was the daughter of the Honourable Mr. Thynne, brother to the Lord Viscount Weymouth. She married Algernon, Earl of Hartford, son of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who succeeded to the honour and estate of his father on his demise December the 2d, 1748, by which event she became Duchess of Somerset. His Grace, her husband, died Feb. 9, 1750, and she survived him only till July 7, 1754, leaving an only daughter married to Sir Hugh Smithson, Baronet, who succeeded his father-in-law as Earl of Northumberland, while Sir Edward Seymour, Baronet, succeeded him as Duke of Somerset. Her Grace appears to have been a truly pious, amiable, and accomplished lady. Mr. Thomson in his poem entitled Spring thus addresses her:

"O Hartford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain

With

ed me to a continual attendance in his chamber. He is now, I thank God, on the recovery, though not yet able to walk without the help of crutches.

Our human state is indeed liable to many inconveniencies: we are loaded with bodily infirmities, and tormented with passions; but a few circling years will clear the prospect, and we shall, through the grace of God, be relieved from all the pains and sorrows which vex us here. My health has been very uncertain all this winter: at the beginning of it a violent rheumatism, confined me to my bed and chamber for some weeks, and I am at present very much disordered by a very severe cold, which has lasted me more than a fortnight, and is rather worse than it was at first. My Lord and my daughter assure you of their sincerest regards. I am truly concerned to hear you have been so ill, but I hope you will enjoy a more confirmed state of health for the future, that you may pass your pilgrimage here with as little uneasiness as mortality will admit of.

Governor Shute brought me your picture, which I shall always set an high value upon, as I shall do on every thing that reminds me of so worthy a friend.

With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like thee."

In a collection of select letters, lately published by Mr. Hull in two volumes, from the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Miss Dolman, Mr. Whistler, Mr. R. Dodsley, William Shenstone, Esq. and others, there are included eleven letters written by the Duchess, of which Mr. Shenstone has given the following character: "That there "are discernible in them a perfect rectitude of "heart, delicacy of sentiment, and a truly classic "ease and elegance of style. There are many of "them (he then adds) tinged with an air of me-"lancholy through the loss of her only son Lord Beauchamp." Thus she writes to Lady Luxborough, in retrospect no doubt of the death of her son, and more recently that of her husband (Sept. 9, 1750): "You are very obliging in the con-"cern you express for the scenes of sorrow I have "passed through. I have indeed suffered deeply, "but when I consider it is the will of God, who "never chastises his poor creatures but for their "good, and reflect at the same time how unwor-"thy I was of those blessings, which I now la-"ment the loss of, I lay my hand upon my mouth, "and dare not repine, but I hope I can with truth "appeal to him in the following words:—*Questo "affanno ti fa che, non si oppone al suo santo voler: chio "gemo e gli aprro tutti il gemiti miei chio rango et in "tanto benedico il suo nome in mezzo al pianto;*" The English of which is, "Such sorrow is sent that "none may oppose his holy will. Let me sigh, "and offer up all my sighs to him! Let me mourn, "and in the mean time bless his name in the midst "of my sorrow!"

I will not trouble you any longer at present than to beg to be remembered in your prayers, that I may lead a life of holiness for the few remaining years that may yet be left me. I am with a sincere friendship, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, May 17, 1731.

I AM afraid you will think me very ungrateful for the favour you have done me in sending me your excellent book*, for such I may justly call it, since I never read any thing written with more piety, or founded upon juster principles. If you design one for Mrs. Rowe, be so good as to send it to me, and I will convey it to her as soon as I get to Marlborough, which I hope to do next week. I should not have been silent thus long, but I have been of late a perfect nurse; for the old servant who bred me up, and whom I now look on as a mother, was so ill about a fortnight since, that she was given over for many days together; and, however it might sound to the fashionable part of the world, I dare own to you, that it was a great affliction to me, and hindered me from doing every thing but trying to contribute what lay in my power (by my care and prayers) to her recovery. As soon as she grew a little better, my Lord fell into a severe fit of the gout, and is not yet able to set his feet to the ground, and I can seldom be long enough out of his room to write a letter: this I hope will plead my excuse, since whatever I may appear to be, you may be assured I am in reality with the sincerest esteem, your, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Marlborough, Aug. 3, 1731.

I HOPE you have before this time heard that Mrs. Rowe has received your book, which I took care to have safely delivered to her. I assure you it has been my companion in many of my evening walks, and the moderation with which you treat our way of worship ought in my opinion to engage the leading people of our church to judge with equal candour of yours, and

* Supposed to be the Doctor's "Humble At-"tempt towards the Revival of practical Religion "among Christians, by a serious Address to Mi-"nisters and People;" dated April 2, 1731.

then methinks there would be little cause for separation, since we all acknowledge one Shepherd. The summer is almost past, and we have seen very little of it, since I think we have scarce been able to leave off fires for above three days together. I have a cough which still hangs upon me, but I hope air and exercise, with the blessing of God, will soon remove it. I am with a very sincere esteem, Sir, your, &c.

My Lord and my young people send their services to you. I assure you my little boy is grown a great proficient in your Songs for Children, and sings them with great pleasure.

LETTER LXXIII.

Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.

Sir, Grosvenor-street, Feb. 9, 1734.

THE fresh proof of friendship you design to give me* is as agreeable to me as it must be to receive any instance of kindness and approbation from those we sincerely esteem. Since you allow me to object to any thing in the dedication, I will trespass so far upon your good-nature as to beg you will leave out whatever may imply my attempting to write poetry; but if there be any among the things you have of mine which you think worth placing among yours, I shall have just cause to be pleased at seeing them come abroad in such company, if you will have the goodness to conceal my name either under that of Eusebia, or A Friend†; a title which I shall think myself happy to deserve. My Lord and the children assure you of their services and kind wishes; and I am with great truth and regard, your, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Sir, April 8, 1734.

I HAVE received the book to which you had the partiality to prefix my name‡. This public mark of your friendship, and the kind opinion you express of me, would be in danger of giving me a self-satisfaction which I have no title to, if a crowd of frailties and defects, which are too frequently reminding me how far I am from merriting your esteem, did not hinder me from giving way to a complacence which would be criminal unless my life were more perfect.

I have gone almost half through the book, from which I have received the pleasure which your writings never fail to give me, a pleasure attended by profit and reason. I am, Sir, with the truest friendship, your, &c.

My Lord and our young people send services to you.

LETTER LXXV.

From the same to the same §.

Sir,

I AM extremely concerned that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you on Thursday, since I think it very long since I had that satisfaction, which I assure you I wish for much oftner than I enjoy, but it is my lot at present to be in waiting‖; and besides, my Lord has been laid up, and still is so, with a most severe fit of the gout; so that what time I can spare from my attendance on the Queen is passed by his bed's side. If he is able to be lifted into the coach he talks of leaving London next week. We have had an unpleasant winter, for betwixt illness and accidents there has scarce been a week in which the whole family was well enough to go out. I have for my own particular suffered extremely, first from an intermitting fever, which lasted a long time, and since that from a bruise I got on horse-back by a waggon which crushed my stirrup-leg in so sad a manner that, though it is more than seven weeks ago, I have still great trouble with it. My Lord and my young people assure you of their hearty compliments. I hope you will be so good as to remember me in your prayers, and believe me, as I am with great truth and esteem, your, &c.

* That of the Doctor's dedication of his Miscellanies in Prose and Verse to her Ladyship.

† No doubt therefore can be made but the four poetical pieces, entitled "A Rural Meditation, A "Penitential Thought, A Midnight Hymn, and "The Dying Christian's Hope," inserted in the sixty-third number of his Miscellanies, attributed to Eusebia, and inscribed to Philomela, a name by which Mrs. Rowe, her Ladyship's intimate friend, was distinguished, are the compositions of her Ladyship.

‡ The Doctor's Miscellanies.

§ There is no date to this letter, but Doctor Watts has written on the back of it, April 1735.

‖ Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Caroline.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, April 13, 1737.

I WOULD sooner have thanked you for the favour of your letter, and the book which I received just after, but delayed it till I could get time to finish the inclosed lines, which I began soon after Mrs. Rowe's death*, but had not leisure to proceed with them till after my Lord's return to London, whither he and my daughter went last week. He was taken, while he was here†, with a violent pain in the stomach and bowels, which, whether it were gout or colic, reduced him very low, and alarmed me extremely; but I bless God he is now, in perfect health again, and I hear has recovered his good looks entirely. I am myself much better than I was in the winter, bating a shortness of breath, which makes them judge my continuance in the country absolutely necessary. I must now thank you for your excellent discourse on Humility, which I have read with great pleasure, and I hope I shall receive profit from the just manner in which you have treated so useful a subject. I must also repeat my gratitude for your book "On the Strength and Weakness of human Reason." I never read any thing more entertaining and instructive. I should be very happy if I could flatter myself that I had goodness enough to make my life as useful as the benevolence and charity of your temper incline you to think it may. I beg the favour of you not to give any copy of the inclosed verses, for I would wish my excursions of this kind to be a secret from every body but you, and a friend or two more, who know that I do not aim at the character of a genius by any attempts of this nature, but am led to them merely to amuse a leisure hour, and speak the sentiments of my heart. I have no company at present but my son, his tutor being gone to London about business, but I do not mention this as a mortification. I am afraid the decline of years, and the languishing state of health I have laboured under for some time, make it rather necessary for me to endeavour to find arguments to reconcile myself to the variety of company to which my station and the occupation I am attached to in a court require me to accommodate myself. I am, Sir, your, &c.

* Verses on Mrs. Rowe's death.

† Supposed at Marlborough.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Hermitage on St. Leonard's Hill,
Sir, May 2, 1737.

I RETURN you my thanks for the Epigram‡ you were so good as to send me, and should think myself very happy if any thing of mine could deserve to show the joy I should feel in being able to imitate Mrs. Rowe in the smallest instance. I have only two meditatations of her's, which she gave me with the strongest injunctions not to let any body see them, lest they should be thought too rapturous; but as I conclude she would not have included you among those from whom she meant they should be concealed, I will have them copied, if you desire it.

I thank God all my family, except myself, are in perfect health, and I am myself much better than in the winter, only that I have still a shortness of breath, which makes walking up stairs, or any ascent, very painful to me; but as I have a better appetite, I have recovered some of my flesh, and a little of my natural colour. My Lord and Betty are in London, so that my son and his governor are my only companions at present; but we pass our time agreeably enough between reading, walking, and such other amusements as the place in which we are and the season of the year affords us. We have been lately reading Leonidas, in which I think there are many fine thoughts, but I hear the town are much divided in their sentiments about it, since one part of them are for preferring it to Milton, and others for levelling it to the lowest rank of poetry. I confess neither of these appear to me a just representation of it. If you have read it, I shall be glad to know your thoughts of it.

I own I find a pleasure in thinking that I perceive dawnings of an honest heart and tolerable reasoning in Lord Beauchamp, and his governor; and we flatter ourselves

‡ This Epigram is to be met with in the sixth Number of the Doctor's Miscellanies, entitled, "Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse," published after his decease, and it is thus introduced:

On an Elegy written by the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford on the Death of Mrs. Rowe, 1737.

Struck with the sight of Philomela's urn
Eusebia weeps, and calls her Muse to mourn;
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell
The groves confess a rising Philomel.

that we see a clearness of judgment and distinctness of ideas in the themes he composes, which are infinitely the favourite part of his studies, and always performed with good humour, though he is obliged to write them in three languages, English, Latin, and French. He is by no means good at getting things by heart, for which reason Mr. Dalton is very favourable in his impositions of that kind, which he seldom gives him, and in small quantities. Now I have said so much of my son, I should be unjust to his sister if I did not tell you that I have the happiness to see her a very good-natured, sensible young woman, with a sincere sense of religion and virtue, and the same observance from affection to my Lord and me, at almost one and twenty years old, that she had in her earliest childhood. You see, Sir, I take the privilege of a friend, and flatter myself that you will not be tired with a detail of my family comforts, for the enjoyment of which I hope I am thankful as I ought to be, and most particularly so that my Lord is so entirely recovered as to allow me to hope his children will long have the blessing of the tenderest father, and myself of the best husband I ever saw. You will forgive the length of this letter, and believe me, with the truest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. I. Watts.

Sir, Marlborough, July 13, 1737.

NOTHING but my own very bad state of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, should so long have hindered me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers inclosed with it, particularly the letter which you were so good as to design to prefix to Mrs. Rowe's Meditations. I can with the strictest truth affirm, that I do not know any distinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleasure in receiving, were I deserving of it; but, as I am forced to see how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myself by that very incident which might administer a laudable pride to a more worthy person. If I am constrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth, you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than self-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debase me, or those who they believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done any thing, wilfully I am sure I have not, to raise any such sentiments in the breast of the meanest person upon earth, but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been happy enough to escape them. For these reasons, Sir, I must deny myself the pleasure and the pride I should have in so public a mark of your friendship and candour, and beg that, if you will design me the honour of joining any address to me with those valuable remains of Mrs. Rowe, that you will either retrench the favourable expression you intended to insert, or else give me no other title at the top of it than that of a friend of your's and her's, an appellation which, in the sincerity of my soul, I am prouder of, than I could be of the most pompous name that human grandeur can lay claim to. My Lord and children desire me to assure you of their service and best wishes. I inclose you a copy of the letter which Mrs. Rowe left for me*, and am glad of every opportunity to repeat that I am, with the greatest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

* The following is an exact copy of Mrs. Rowe's letter, transcribed from Lady Hartford's own handwriting:

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford.

MADAM,

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me, the last assurance I shall give you on earth of a sincere and stedfast friendship; but, when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is. Thither I have sent my ardent wishes that you may be secured from the flattering delusion of the world, and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy!

I am now taking my farewel of you here, but it is a short adieu, for I die with full persuasion that we shall meet again---But, O, in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall feel ourselves eternally possest!

To Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to find

LETTER LXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Marlborough, August 17, 1737.

THE sincere esteem I have for you, makes it very difficult for me to oppose any thing you desire*, and it is doubly so in an instance where I might have an opportunity of indulging so justifiable a pride as I should feel in letting the public see this fresh mark of your partiality to me; but as I am apprehensive that the very such a distinction would raise against me might draw some vexation with it, I hope you will have the goodness to change the dedication into a letter to a friend, without giving me any other appellation.

I have been so ill as to keep my chamber, and almost my bed, since I received the first of your letters, and my Lord has had a return of the gout. Nothing else should have made me so long delay owning the receipt of it, and assuring you that I am with the greatest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

and justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good, and which, if examined by Divine purity, would prove perhaps but specious sins? The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unsullied holiness in whose sight the heavens are not clean.---Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement?---How desperate, how undone my condition?---With the utmost advantage I can boast I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unbelieved Majesty.---O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name?---Celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound.---Let angels set thee to their golden harps; let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee!

What a dream is mortal life!---What shadows are the objects of sense!---All the glories of mortality, my much-beloved friend, will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you shall be separated from the whole creation, and stand on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me that this will be my last farewel in this world. Heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting parting!---May that Divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you stedfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your feet in the strictest paths of virtue! Adieu, my much dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

* That the Doctor might address Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises to her Ladyship by name.

LETTER LXXX.

From the same to the same.

Sir, October 27, 1737.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, which you were so good as to send me, but that I had a mind to read them carefully over first. You have in your preface taken the kindest and most judicious care to excuse some expressions in them which I must confess appear to me to stand in need of some apology, but upon the whole I think there are several excellent sentiments in them, which I think cannot fail of doing good, especially to those who, by their acquaintance with her, know how sincerely they came from her heart. Lady Betty returns her thanks for the book you sent her, and says she shall always value it as being written by Mrs. Rowe, and as a mark of your kind regard to herself. I have many acknowledgments to make you for the honour you have done me in your dedication†, which by your kindness in suppressing my name, gives me an unmixed pleasure, by affording me the satisfaction of receiving such a mark of your partiality without the hazard of raising the public envy.

My Lord and my son present their services to you, and I am, with the sincerest gratitude and esteem, Sir, &c.

LETTER LXXXI.

From the same to the same.

Sir, St. Leonard's Hill, June 6, 1738.

I HAD the pleasure on Saturday to receive the book‡, and the kind letter you were so good as to send me. I dare say I shall go through the book with a great deal of pleasure. I have already read part of it, and find nothing as yet to give me any apprehensions that I shall find it dry or unpleasant. I am sure the subject is of importance, and is rendered most particularly so at this time, when the polite part of the world look on the Sabbath as an old-fashioned institution, from which they

† This declaration of her Ladyship, and what she says in the two foregoing letters, make it evident to whom the Doctor inscribed Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, though the name is concealed in the dedication. The whole of it agrees to her Ladyship, and shows what a high opinion and esteem he entertained concerning her.

‡ Undoubtedly his Discourses on the Holiness of Times, Places, and People; published in 1738.

they would gladly be releaſed. I incloſe you ſome verſes which, though perhaps not ſtrictly right as to the rules of poetry, I believe you will excuſe for the piety of the ſentiments. They were ſent me by a friend of mine who lives at Glouceſter, and ſhe ſays were written by a young gentleman there.

I thought it very long ſince I had heard from you, and ſhould without ceremony have written again, but I have laboured under a very painful diſorder in my head and face, which has of late made writing very difficult to me. I thank God it is now a little better, though ſo far from well as to hinder me of the pleaſures of riding and walking, to which the ſeaſon of the year would naturally invite me, and which are generally more beneficial to my health than any medicine in the diſpenſary. But I ought not to repine at theſe little inconveniences, which are ſo far leſs afflicting than I deſerve, while I have the bleſſing to ſee my Lord and my children enjoy a perfect ſtate of health; for though I doubt I muſt never hope to ſee my Lord able to walk again, he is otherwiſe in as good health and ſpirits as ever he was ſince I knew him. He and my daughter are this day going to London to ſtay till Thurſday or Friday, but my ſon and I remain here. They all aſſure you of their beſt wiſhes. It is comfortable to find that there are ſtill enough of ſuch well-diſpoſed minds as to encourage Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, which certainly breathe as ſincere a ſpirit of piety as can be met with in any writing. I am afraid I have tired you with this long letter, and indeed the pain of my eyes reminds me that it is time to conclude it by aſſuring you that I am, with the greateſt eſteem, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

Frances Counteſs of Hartford, afterwards Ducheſs of Somerſet, to Dr. I. Watts.

Sir, St. Leonard's Hill, Aug. 8, 1738.

I WOULD much ſooner have thanked you for the favour of your laſt letter, but have been hindered by my attendance on my Lord in a ſevere fit of the gout, though, I thank God, it has been only in his limbs, and not affected either his head or ſtomach.

I think every body muſt wiſh a muſe like Mr. Pope's were more inclined to exert itſelf on divine and good-natured ſubjects; but I am afraid ſatire is his higheſt talent; for I think his Univerſal Prayer is by no means equal to ſome other of his works; and I think his tenth ſtanza an inſtance how blind the wiſeſt men may be to the errors of their own hearts; for he certainly did not mean to imprecate ſuch a proportion of vengeance on himſelf, as he is too apt to load thoſe with whom he diſlikes; nor would he wiſh to have his own failings expoſed to the eye of the world with all the invective and ridicule, with which he publiſhes thoſe of his fellow-creatures.

I have lately met with ſome riddles which we think pretty enough in their way, and, as I remember you once told me you thought them tolerable amuſements, I will incloſe you one or two of them, and, if they do not diſpleaſe you, can furniſh you with a few more, which we do not think bad ones. My Lord and our young people aſſure you of their ſervices. I am, Sir, with the ſincereſt eſteem, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Sir, Jan. 17, 1739.

I AM truly ſorry to find you complain of any decay, but I am ſure if you have any it muſt be bodily, and has no other effect than that, which both Mr. Waller and yourſelf have ſo happily deſcribed as letting in light upon the ſoul.

I never read any thing in my life that pleaſed me better than your meditations on Revelation 10th, and I hope I ſhall not only delight in reading the words, but lay the ſubſtance of it to my heart, to which end allow me to beg your prayers as an aſſiſtance.

My dear Lord's ſtate of ſuffering (for he is again confined to his bed by the gout) gives me little opportunity and leſs inclination to loſe much time in the gay amuſements which are apt to divert other people from the thoughts of their diſſolution; but I am not ſure that a life of care and anxiety has not as bad an effect, by fixing the mind too attentively on the preſent gloom, which obſcures every cheerful ray which would otherwiſe enliven one's ſpirits.

* Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

I wish

I wish I had any thing to send more with your reading than the following rules; but I have so little leisure that I can scarce get time to write letters to the few friends I correspond with. These lines were written one morning in October as I was sitting in a bow-window in my chamber at St. Leonard's Hill, which looks on a little grove in the garden, and beyond has an extensive view of the forest.

How lately was yon russet grove
The seat of harmony and love?
How beauteous all the sylvan scene?
The flowers how gay, the trees how green? &c.

I am importuned by a very valuable old woman, who is declining apace, to beg your prayers. She took me from my nurse, and, if I have any good in me, I owe it to her. She was trusted by my mother with the care of both my sister and myself, and has lived with me ever since. But now, though past 70, she cannot meet death without terror, and yet I believe, I may venture to answer, that she has always lived under the strictest sense of religion, but lowness of spirit, joined to many bodily infirmities will shed darkness on the most cheerful minds, and her's never was of that cast. I fear she has very few months (if weeks) to come on earth, and a notice that you will grant her request would make her I believe pass them with more comfort.

I am forced to take another page to assure you of my Lord's compliments, and those of my young people; the two latter are very well. I have no other view in sending the above verses, but to prove that my confidence in your friendship has received no alteration from the length of time which has passed since I had an opportunity of assuring you in person with how true a regard I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Windsor-Forest, May 19, 1739.

I WOULD sooner have expressed my concern for your illness had I been free from complaint myself. I have been afflicted for some weeks with a pain in my jaws and face, which is yet very little better, and really disheartens me from doing any thing. My Lord and Betty are in town, as is my son's governor on account of a violent rheumatism, so that he, and I, and a young gentleman three or four years older than himself, live here in perfect solitude. Our amusement within doors is at present Rapin's History of England in English, which they abridge as they go along; I work or draw while they read aloud, and we do not seem tired of our way of life.

Your good prayers for poor Rothery have met with unexpected success. She is so much recovered that I begin to think she will get entirely well, and if she does, I think nothing of that kind has since I can remember looked more like a miraculous operation of the healing power of the Almighty.

I hope the same divine mercy will long preserve you a blessing to the age, and that you will find your strength return with the warm weather.

My son assures you of his kind wishes and services, and I am sure the other branches of my family would do the same if they were here.

I hoped every week (of late) for the publication of the sermons you were so good as to say you intended me. I find Mr. Grove's are going to be published by subscription. I have sent to town to desire that my name may be added to the list.

I have just had the oddest pamphlet sent me which I ever saw in my life, called *Amusemens Philosophiques sur le Language des Betes.* It was burnt by the hands of the common executioner at Paris, and the priest who wrote it banished till he made a formal retraction of it, and yet I think it very plain by the style that the man was either in jest or crazed. It is by no means wanting of wit, but extremely far from a system of probability. I will now only recommend myself to your prayers, and subscribe myself, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Marlborough, June 7, 1739.

YOU will have great reason to think me very ungrateful for your kind present to my son, and very indifferent in regard to your health, till I have told you what has so long hindered my returning you thanks for the one, and assuring you of my concern for the other. I have been since I received your's afflicted with a pain in my head, which was almost ready to deprive me of my eye-sight. It lasted four or five days, and, as soon as it was over, we prepared to move hither, where we have only been three days. These have been the impediments which have kept me silent at

a time when I had the strongest inclination to inquire after you, and assure you of my sincerest wishes and prayers for your perfect recovery.

I have the pleasure of finding my garden extremely improved in the two years I have been absent from it. Some little alterations I had ordered are completed. The trees which I left small ones are grown to form an agreeable shade, and I have reason to bless God for the pleasantness of the place which is allotted me to pass many of my retired hours in. May I make use of them to fit me for my last, and that I may do so allow me to beg the continuation of your prayers!

My poor old woman is got hither, contrary to her own, and all our expectations. She has the deepest gratitude for your goodness to her, and begs you will accept her thanks. She is still very weak, and I fancy will hardly get over the autumn. My Lord and Betty desire to assure you of their compliments. I am, Sir, with the truest esteem, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. I. Watts.

Sir, June 10. 1739.

THOUGH I troubled you with a letter so lately I cannot dispense with my impatience to thank you for the valuable present you have made me of one of the best books I ever saw*. I received it only on Friday night, but as the goodness of Providence has allowed me many hours of leisure and retirement, I have had time enough to read so much as gives me the highest veneration for its author. I hope God will grant me grace not only to read it, but to endeavour after the piety it dictates, which is delivered in such a manner as both to convince the reason and touch the heart. I have forgot whether in any of my latter letters I ever named to you a little book newly translated from the Italian by the same Mrs. Carter, who has a copy of verses printed in the beginning of Mrs. Rowe's Works, occasioned by her death. The book she has now translated is Sir Isaac Newton's Doctrine of Light and Colours, made easy for the Ladies. My daughter and I have both read it with great pleasure, and flatter ourselves that we at least understand some parts of it. She joins with her father and brother in their assuran of esteem and good wishes toward you, I hope you are convinced that on b those subjects you may equally depend u the sincerity of, Sir, yours, &c.

* Very probably his Discourses on the World to come, dated by him, in his preface, 1739.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Marlborough, July 30, 17

I WOULD much sooner have written you to thank you for the favour of y last letter had I enjoyed more leisure; I have had a friend with me this last mo who has engrossed a great many of th hours which I used to employ in writing my correspondents. She is a very pious very religious, as well as agreeable, man, and has seen enough of the world her younger years, to teach her to va its enjoyments, and fear its vexations, more than they deserve, by which hap knowledge she has brought her mind spirits to the most perfect state of ca ness I ever saw, and her conversation se to impart the blessing to all who partake her discourse. By this you will judge I have passed my time very much to satisfaction while she was with me; a though I have not written to you, you h shared my time with her, for almost the hours I passed alone I employed reading your works, which for ever rep sent to my imagination the idea of a la or flight of steps, since every volume se to rise a step nearer the language of hea and there is a visible progression tow that better country through every pa so that, though all breathe piety just reason, the last seems to crown whole, till you shall again publish so thing to enlighten a dark and obsc age; for I must believe that the man in which you treat divine subjects is m likely to reform and work upon the a tions of your readers than that of any o writer now living. I hope God wil mercy to many thousands, myself in pa cular, prolong your life many years. I this does not seem a kind wish to you, I think you will be content to bear the firmities of flesh some years longer, to be instrument in the hands of God toward salvation of your weak and distressed b thren. The joys of heaven cannot f but will be as glorious millions of age come as they are now; and what a mo will the longest life appear when it co to be compared with eternity! My L desires to assure you of his regards and wishes. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Marlborough, Sept. 10, 1739.

AM extremely glad to find that you have still a reserve of writings which the world may at some time or other hope to see; for without the least flattery (a vice I would always avoid, and more particularly on so important an occasion) it is my opinion that God has in a very extraordinary manner blessed your endeavours to the advancement of piety. I cannot help mentioning one instance of it to you, which has been within my own knowledge, of a person who, after having drunk extremely freely, and made a very ill husband for towards of twenty years, has within this year and half entirely changed his course of life, and is now as sober a man and as good an husband as is possible, and he himself says that his reformation has been entirely owing to reading your three volumes of sermons which were printed some years since.

I must beg you to direct your next letter to me at St. Leonard's Hill, for we remove thither (if it please God) the day after to-morrow for about two months. My Lord and my son assure you of their sincere regards, as I am sure Betty would do was she with me, but she is still in Yorkshire. I will not add any more at present than to desire the continuance of your prayers, and assure you that I am, with a real veneration and friendship, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Sir, London, Nov. 28, 1739.

AM very much ashamed when I consider how long I have been indebted to you for the favour of a letter, but since that time I have had my heart full of care, and my hands full of business. When I received your's my lord was laid up with a severe fit of the gout, which did not permit me to leave Windsor Forest (whither we have to return no more) till the thirteenth of this month. When I first came to town I had the disagreeable news of my daughter's being ill in Yorkshire, but, I thank God, she is now well again, and I expect her in town next week. Besides all this, I have been busy in getting some things ready to go down to Buckinghamshire, to the house which my lord has bought there of my lord Bathurst, and where we are to go to-morrow morning, to pass there three or four days. It is the place which Mr. Pope in one of his letters to Mr. Digby calls my lord B—'s extravagant bergerie*. The little paddock in which it stands perfectly answers that title. The house is old but very convenient, and large enough; and what makes it very agreeable to me, though within ten miles, it looks as if it were an hundred from London. "The Life of God in the Soul of man" is a book which I have had and admired above these twelve years. Nothing can breath a truer spirit of piety. My lord and son desire to assure you of their services and best wishes, and I am, with sincere regard, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XC.

From the same to the same.

Sir, Percy Lodge, Dec. 3, 1747.

I Have received the valuable book † you was so good as to send me, and though I have, from some necessary interruptions, been able to read only about half of it, I am so much pleased with those admirable discourses that I cannot be easy any longer to defer my sincere thanks for the satisfaction I have already received from them.

It is much to be lamented that the modern preachers in our church indulge themselves and their hearers with cold, though well-penned, essays of morality, as it were forgetting that the only anchor of our salvation is the merits of Jesus Christ, who laid down his life to redeem us from the slavery of sin and Satan. It is by this fashionable way of preaching that I am affraid many serious people are led into the unhappy mistake of trusting to their own righteousness, and find it a hard lesson to rank themselves with the sinners of this world.

My lord desires to assure you of his sincere regards, and I am, with the most cordial esteem and gratitude, Sir, your, &c.

Sir Hugh Smithson and lady Betty have been in town some time, but I will let them know your kind remembrance of them.

* A large sheepfold.

† Undoubtedly the Doctor's Volume of Evangelical Discourses.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

Lord Barrington to Dr. I. Watts.*

Rev. Sir, London, Jan. 11, 1718.

I CANNOT dispense with myself from taking the first opportunity I have of acknowledging your great favour in assisting me so readily to offer up the praise due to Almighty God for his signal mercies vouchsafed me on three several occasions, and assuring you that it was with the utmost concern I understood that I must not flatter myself with the hopes of your being with us in this last. But how very obliging are you, who would give yourself the trouble to let me know that, though you could not give me the advantage of your company at Hatton-Garden, yet I should not want your assistance at a distance, where you would address such petitions to heaven to meet ours, as tend to render me one of the best and happiest men alive? This they will influence me to be in some measure, both by their prevalency at the throne of grace, and by instructing me in the most agreeable manner what I should aspire to. Whilst I read your letter I found my blood fired with the greatest ambition to be what you wish me. I will therefore carefully preserve it, where it shall be least liable to accidents, and where it will be always most in my view. There, as I shall see what I ought to be, by keeping it always before me, I shall not only have the pleasure of observing the masterly strokes of the character you wish me, but I hope come in time to bear some resemblance to it.

Whilst you were praying for us, we did not forget you; nor shall I cease to beseech Almighty God to make you a bright example of passive virtue, till he shall see fit to restore you to that eminent degree of acceptableness and service you have once enjoyed. I am, Sir, your, &c.

My wife is very much obliged by your civility. She has desired a copy of your letter, which she says will be as useful to her, as it has been entertaining, if it be not her own fault. Both our humble services attend the good family where you are, I am sorry my lady's cold is like to deprive us of their company on Wednesday.

* See his life in the *Biographia Britannica.*

LETTER XCII.

From the same to the same.

Rev. Sir, Tofts, Jan. 23, 1724.

I RETURNED you my thanks for the kind present of your logic soon after received it. I can now do it on more better grounds, for since I have rent (which from the scene of sorrow and business I have lately been in I have not been able to do till within these few days) I do not barely thank you for the civility of your present, or only for the satisfaction I have received on reading a book finely written on a noble and useful subject, or for the profit I have reaped by it, but for a book by which I expect not only the youth of England, but all, who are not too lazy or too wise to learn, will be taught to think and write better than they do, and thereby become better subjects, better neighbours, better relatives, and better christians. As far as wrong reasoning helps to spoil each of these (and a great way every one, who will reflect, must see it goes towards it), so far will putting us in a right way of thinking help to mend us. I think your book is good an help to us this way, that I shall not only recommend it to others, but use it as the best manuel of its kind myself, and intend as some have done Erasmus, or a piece of Cicero for another purpose, to read it over once a year. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

From the same to the same.

Rev. Sir, Beckar-House, Feb. 2. 1734.

AT last I have received the kind present † you so long since ordered me. I have read it over, and looked over some parts of it again. I shall lay it in my nursery, hall, and parlour, and keep it in my study. I think it a book that will be very instructive and entertaining to people of all ages and conditions. You know I am very much for the whole Bible's being looked through, and not one part of it only; or even the New Testament alone in prejudice of the rest. I think you have done very good service in giving us the Apocryphal history, as a part of the account of God's transactions with his people. But, after saying this, I must own to you I could have wished you had made your sections, especially at the beginning, not barely as historical ones, but with a view to the different dispensations of God to mankind (I mean in that part of the

† Dr. Watts's View of the whole Scripture History. book

[illegible] before the law), though still preserv[illegible] order of the Bible. The breaks, [illegible] arise from that consideration, are [illegible] are most likely to lead us into the [illegible] knowledge of the Bible. Without [illegible] the history of the Bible will be little [illegible] than the amusement of other histo[illegible]. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

From Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Doddridge, to Mr. Hughes *.

Dear Sir, Kibworth, Dec. 21, 1721.

I RECEIVED both your Letters, and had set apart this afternoon for answering them. My fond heart would easily have dictated enough to fill a sheet of paper; but Mr. Cope tells me the roads are so bad that he must set out almost immediately, if he intends to reach Duffield before to-morrow night. I am obliged therefore to be much shorter than I intended, but I hope you will put no unkind construction upon it.

I am charmed with the profession you make of your friendship; for I value it strongly that I can never think I have too many assurances of it; and yet I have not the least suspicion of your sincerity. I know the generosity of your temper, and I perceive I love you so well, that I naturally persuade myself, that I have a place in your affection. I know the last argument is not logical, but I am so well pleased with the conclusion, that I do not examine how I came by it; and especially as you have furnished me with many better arguments.

I am extremely glad to hear that you are so well recovered from the Small-pox. I could not but have a thousand tender apprehensions for your safety, and return thanks to that kind providence, which by so seasonable an interposition hath delivered you from so much danger, and still allowed you to be the joy of your friends, the glory of your family, and ornament of the church.

I am very much pleased to hear that your situation at Findern is so agreeable; especially that you have such a companion as Mr. Cater. I am charmed with the character you give me of that gentleman; and indeed when I heard of the fineness of his imagination, and the strength of his judgment, the sweetness of his temper, and character of his morals, I should have said,—this gentleman is Mr. Hughes's friend,—though I had not been told so. How glad should I be to make the third among you, and how agreeably does it flatter my nature to think, that I have sometimes the honour of being the subject of your discourse.

I never doubted but that when you came seriously to peruse the *inspired writings*, you would be sensible of the charms of them; for no man has a better relish for fine writing than yourself. I have lately been perusing Solomon's Song; and upon the whole cannot but think it an incomparable composure, and that the author was as much the noblest of poets, as the deepest of philosophers and the wisest of kings. The sixth chapter is not inferior to any of the rest of it, and I am particularly pleased with the tenth verse, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" I never read these charming words but with a double pleasure, when I remember the inimitable grace with which I have heard you repeat them.

I have lately been reading Spratt's History, and the greatest part of Sir William Temple's works; and my sentiments of them are entirely the same as yours and Mr. Cater's. I am now perusing Scott's Christian Life, and I find so many new pleasures in it, that I cannot forbear giving you the mortification of thanking you again for it.

I could add a great deal more of this nature, but Mr. Cope frees you from any further trouble by calling upon me. I conclude and subscribe myself, your affectionate friend and obliged humble servant.

LETTER XCV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

I EXPECT to see Dr. Latham † or Mr. Benyon ‡ to-morrow; and therefore

* Mr. Hughes's father was a dissenting minister [illegible] in Hertfordshire, and his grand-father, [illegible] Hughes,) was ejected from his student[illegible] Christ-Church, Oxford, by the act of uni[illegible] in 1662. I take him to have been related [illegible] Hughes, Esq. author of the Siege of Da[illegible] and who wrote several papers in the Tat[illegible] Spectator, and Guardian.

† An eminent tutor, and the author of a volume of sermons on various subjects.

‡ An ingenious young gentleman, son of Dr. Samuel Benyon, a celebrated minister and tutor at Shrewsbury.

answer

answer your letter so soon. I can hardly prevail with myself to condole with you upon your misfortunes, since I perceive that while only two or three particular persons are treating you unkindly, the rest of the world do ample justice to your merit. I have heard of you again and again by several of my acquaintance, who speak of you as the ornament of Findern: I am very glad to hear that your character is so well established, and that those who go about to attack it are likely to do themselves more mischief than they can do you. I think the Spectator somewhere tells us that *no music is so sweet to a man as his own praise*: methinks he should have excepted the pleasure that an honest and generous mind takes in hearing his friend commended. One thing I can confidently affirm, that though I passed the holidays very pleasantly, at least some of them in the company of a very agreeable lady, and you know I was always an admirer of the sex; yet nothing gave me so much satisfaction, as a few minutes conversation with Mr. Benyon, when the discourse turned upon you.

He told me among other things, that you were making yourself master of the French language. I am heartily glad to hear it, because it will give you an opportunity of entertaining yourself with some of the finest writers in the world. Many of them had certainly very great genius, and were intimately acquainted with the ancients, those great masters of eloquence and poetry. Of all their dramatic poets, I have met with none that I admire so much as Racine. It is impossible not to be charmed with the pomp, elegance, and harmony of his language, as well as the majesty, tenderness, and propriety of his sentiments. The whole is conducted with a wonderful mixture of grandeur and simplicity, which sufficiently distinguish him from the dulness of some tragedians, and the bombast of others. One of his principal faults is, that the jingle of his double rhyme is frequently offensive to the ear. I lately met with the Archbishop of Cambray's Reflections upon Eloquence, which I think one of the most judicious pieces I have ever seen. There are some fine criticisms at the end of it, which well deserve your perusal.

As for the French Sermons, they are, as far as I can judge of them, very much inferior to those of our English divines. Bourdaloue's, though much regarded, appear to me little better than empty harangues. Cheminais' are many of them very good; but I never met with any of them that are to be compared with those of Mr. Superville, the Protestant divine at Rotterdam: he especially excels in the beauty of his imagery, descriptions, and similes, and some of the most pathetic expostulations I ever saw. In short, I believe he is perfectly to your taste; only there is one thing which will displease you as much as it did me, which is, that many of his arguments are very inconclusive, though generally as good as high calvinism will bear. I hope you will not be displeased with the freedom I take, in advising you to entertain yourself with him and the other authors I have mentioned, as soon as they fall in your way. And yet perhaps there may be something of vanity in this advice too. French is a language which I have been acquainted with for many years, and you, Sir, have just began to study it; and so I am willing to improve this short interval of superiority, because I am sure it will be but a little while before you excel me in that, as much as you do in every thing else. I must not add any thing more, but that I earnestly desire you will take care that you do not impair your health, by rising so very early in the morning, for I will assure you it is one of the dearest things in the world to your affectionate friend, and obedient servant.

LETTER XCVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, Hinckley, 1722-3.

I ACKNOWLEDGE there is a great deal of spirit in the turn you give to the concluding words of my letter, though it be extremely different from the sense in which I meant them. You tell me, that I am a good preacher, but a very bad prophet, when I say that you will quickly understand French better than I do. I am very much obliged to you for giving me a character, which I should otherwise perhaps have been puzzled to make out a title to: but you must give me leave to say, that in the latter part of your sentence your hardly do me justice. It is true, I do not lay claim to the gift of prophecy; but I think I shall be very capable of supporting it, if all my predictions are as well made out as that which concerns you. I assure you, that though I judge by your own account of it, which is expressed in the

the most modest terms, you have already attained a much better acquaintance with the French language than I can possibly pretend to. It is true, I have had an opportunity of conversing with several French people, and so am not entirely a stranger to the pronunciation: but I assure you that I never read half the books that you mention. Indeed it shames me out of my own negligence, when I consider the improvement you make, and the business you dispatch, while I am afraid I am not improving my time to half so good purpose. Besides, the character that you give me of many of the writers that you mention, which I know is entirely to be depended upon, will engage me to read them whenever they fall into my hands; especially Bouhours, Patrou, Pelisson, and St. Evremond.

I do not know what character my friends may have given you of my Sermons; but I am sure if it be a very advantageous one, it will be my most prudent way to take care not to undeceive you, by preaching before you; for if I may be admitted to be any judge of my own performances, they will by no means answer your expectations. They are all upon the plainest and most practical subjects, and it is happy if they are at all calculated, as I am sure they were principally intended, to inform the judgment and awaken the consciences of the lowest of the people, and to fix their resolution for a course of rational, steady, and undissembled piety. It is not because I despise the charms of eloquence, &c. that I have entirely laid them aside. I know that I am not at all master of them, and so choose rather not to attempt them, than by an aukward imitation to darken the subject to the vulgar part of an audience, without approving myself to the better judgment of the more polite. In short, I am grown very familiar with the old puritans, and consequently I am a great favourite with the old women. Pray congratulate me upon this good fortune, which is entirely beyond my expectation and my hope.

But after all, you must not imagine that that I have entirely lost all relish for finer compositions; on the contrary, I assure you that I attended on Dr. Latham's Sermon at Leicester, with pleasure, and frequently with transport. The most rational and pathetical thoughts were delivered with such elegance, propriety, and harmony of language, as could not but charm even stupidity itself; my attention was so entirely engaged, that I had no room for reflections of any other nature, except for this one, "How much does Mr. Hughes admire Dr. Latham, and how capable is Dr. Latham of relishing the performances of Mr. Hughes!"

You cannot imagine how much I miss your company at Hinckley. Mr. Cope and Mr. —— left us at Christmas, as you very well know. Mr. Some is not returned; so that in short I have not one person in the house that I have any intimate acquaintance with. You know nature designed me for a social animal, and I am sure you will pity my misfortune. I am forced to converse with the dead, because I want agreeable company among the living; and it is happy that I can meet with entertainment in the closet, when I can find none in the hall, the parlour, or the garden.

You enquire about Mr. Scott's Poems. I only know in general, that he intends to print them by subscription; but what the price is to be, or how the subscriptions are to be obtained, I have not yet heard. However, when I know, I will not fail to inform you. I am very glad to hear that you are commencing a familiarity with the Muses, because you are very well qualified to be a favourite with them. I assure you that I will give you my opinion of your performances, with a great deal of freedom, if you will honour me so far as to make me a judge of them. I pretty well know what I have to expect, and therefore I long for a sight of them. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

P. S. My most humble respects to Dr. Latham, if he honours me so far as to remember that he saw me at Leicester.

LETTER XCVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, June 28, 1726, (Midnight.)

I RECEIVED your last of the 23d instant, the morning after it was written. I own I deserved a little of that severity with which you there complain of me, for the circumstance of the note you referred to. To have two folio pages with two lines, is indeed a very compendious, but not profitable commerce. However, you must remember that I then told you, I quickly intended you a great many more. Here you see I have began them; but when I shall end I know not. I fear you

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are in danger of three pages, and then you will be paid at the rate of more than two hundred per cent; for I have not been a quarter of a year in your debt. If you wonder at so accurate a computation, you must recollect, that a few months ago I had thoughts of matrimony, which naturally led me into some speculations of management and œconomy, which had not been before very familiar to me.

As for yours of the 20th of April, I have read it over so often that I can say a good deal of it by heart. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your correspondence. You know that I am naturally of a social temper, and you contrive, in the abundance of your humanity, not only to give me pleasure in perusing your letters myself, but in entertaining my friends with the communication of them. I read the greatest part of them to several persons of taste and politeness, with whom I am acquainted, and they all seem to be charmed with them. Though they become perfectly familiar to me, I always read them with new pleasure; and am as much transported at the twentieth, as I was at the first perusal of them. A love for my friends makes me participate with them in that elegant entertainment which they must receive from your writings; and my affection to you makes it very delightful to me, to see those whom I particularly love and value, forming such a generous idea of your genius and temper, as your letters must necessarily produce. But perhaps after all, this satisfaction in part arises from the pride of my own heart: I fancy people must needs entertain a very honourable opinion of me, when they hear a man of so bright a wit, and so amiable a character, addressing me with so much tenderness and respect.

You recommended *Pliny* to my perusal: I immediately procured him, and there is seldom a day in which I do not read two or three of his epistles. I had before heard several high encomiums upon him; but nothing gave me so lively and so just an idea of his excellencies as to observe the perfection to which you had formed yourself by the study of him. Every letter of yours is a panegyric upon Pliny, though you do not mention his name. Let me intreat you to go on thus to recommend him, and to increase the pleasure with which I always take him into my hands; however, be sure when you do, not so far to exceed him, as to spoil my relish for him. At the rate you go on, it seems highly possible that you may; and if you do, you rob me of one of the most elegant amusements of my life; nor can I imagine how you will be able to make me amends any other way, than by the frequency of your own letters. I say nothing of Henley's translation, which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I often compare with the original. I can say but little by way of commendation; and I know it would not be agreeable to the known candour of your temper to be severe upon a man, who honestly intended to entertain the world, and unveil the charms of your favourite author. However if you would know my sentiments of this, and several other pieces which I have lately read, I must refer you to a letter which I lately sent to Mr. Clark, which will save me the trouble of writing over again, what I am afraid you will think it was hardly worth while to have written at all.

Your sentiments on the head of *retirement* are very agreeable to that modesty and gentleness of temper, which make a very amiable part of your character. It is indeed an argument of the greatness of your soul that you can despise fame, and retire with indifference out of the air of popular applause, when master of all the talents that may attract and command it. But after all, my friend, you must not think of passing through the world like a *subterraneous stream*, as you beautifully express it, or of spending your life in a *hermitage*, in this learned and polite luxury. God hath endowed you with capacities, which are not always to be buried in retirement. So bright a lamp was not lighted up to consume in a sepulchre, but to be fixed on an eminence, where its rays may be diffused with public advantage, and conduct many through this gloomy desart to the regions of eternal glory. I hope therefore and believe, it is your constant care to make all your studies subservient to the views of such services. When Providence calls you to a more public appearance, I hope you will be willing to quit your *cell*, charming as it is, that you may enter upon employments at least more important, if not more delicate, than those which you now pursue. This is a piece of *self-denial*, which duty requires us to submit to; and which will be acceptable to God in proportion to our fondness for those elegancies, which we are contented to interrupt and postpone, that we may attend to the advancement of his kingdom and interest. We know the applause of our heavenly master will be an abundant recompense for all the pleasures we have given up for his sake; and before we receive that public

public remuneration, we shall find such entertainment in the exercise of benevolence to our fellow creatures, and the hope of promoting their everlasting felicity, as we shall never find in conversing with *Virgil* or *Tully*, *Pliny* or *Addison*, or any of the frivolous attendants of our solitude. Popularity is in itself a most contemptible thing; but in this view it may justly appear desirable; however you, my friend, need not be solicitous about it; do but appear in public and follow nature, and it will flow upon you without further care. I cannot but think, but that I may with the utmost propriety apply to you what *Pliny* says to *Cornius Rufus*, (*L.* i. *Ep.* 3.) *In modo scire ut tibi ipse sis tanti, quanti videberis cæteris, si tibi facris**.

I cannot but acknowledge, that I read with great pleasure your *Reflections on that period of our existence*, as you very emphatically call it, which passed before you left Mr. Jennings's. They are extremely agreeable to what I have often thought with relation to both of us at that time. It is happy for us that we see our mistakes. *Nosse et imputantur*, would be a melancholy thought indeed, if divine grace had not awakened us to improve some of our time like rational creatures and like christians; and if we did not hope by future diligence, in some measure to recover what we have lost. I was talking with Mr. Some this evening about our conduct then, and read him what you say of it. He heard it with great satisfaction, and remarked, that "the remembrance of former negligence "and mistakes is often of considerable use "throughout the remainder of life."

I have not yet seen Mr. ——. He will be very welcome whenever he comes, but doubly so if he brings you with him. If he does not make haste I may prevent him, for though I have two congregations upon my hands, on account of Mr. ——'s illness and absence, I hope to take a Tour to St. Alban's, about the beginning of September; and believe me, that except it be the pleasure of seeing so worthy a friend and so generous a benefactor as dear Mr. Clark, nothing is so great an encouragement to me to undertake the journey, as the prospect of spending a whole day with you at Childwick; when I expect most delightful entertainment from your collection of books and letters, but above all from your company.

* Do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too.
MELMOTH'S TRANSLATION.

You desire an account of my studies. I may, perhaps, some time or other, find an opportunity of laying open the whole course of them to your censure and examination, but at present have only left myself room to add that I am, dear sir, your most affectionate.

Pray give me another Name than that you propose, and let me know what your polite correspondents call you. I will not allow of Heraclitus.

N. B. This letter is more than half as long again as yours. I heartily thank you, that you were not curious in your writing, because it furnishes me with an excuse for not transcribing this, which I fear is hardly legible. Dr. Atterbury's translation of the Banishment of Cicero seems to me admirably well done. The language is exceeding beautiful, and many of his translations from Tully are as graceful as the Latin.

LETTER XCVIII.

From Mr. Hughes to Mr. Doddridge.

From my Hermitage of
Childwick, Sept. 24, 1766.

Dear Hortensius,

IT is with great impatience that I have expected the agreeable letter which I received to-day. Indeed I was afraid that the *Belles Spirituelles* of Harborough, had made you forget your poor recluse friend, till you made me sensible of the contrary, by so kind a remembrance.

I am surprised you should make such a formal preamble about your Letters, after I had so frankly declared my sentiments concerning them at St. Alban's. I shall not repeat my encomiums, because I would not encourage you to return the commendations. I find flattery is your darling sin; it is an incurable distemper;

Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

Your character of *Nigrilla* shews that you are an admirable painter, though your study seems rather to have been to draw fine than true pictures; however I make allowances for your constitution, and particular desire to please me. If she prove half as charming as you have described, her price will be above rubies: though in this case you ought to have considered how easily Lovers are imposed on, and should rather have said too little than too much, in praise of my mistress. If I am not misinformed, she is far from being per-

fectly disengaged; and if she is, yet I must expect to meet with a good deal of opposition from her friends, and I am not of a temper to struggle with difficulties; so that we must leave the issue to God and time; for at present I see no probability of success in an attempt of that nature.

The *Banishment of Cicero* is one of the best translations I have ever read; it is in an excellent style, and the composition is well laid together.—The Translation of the Georgick, I cannot commend, it is poor and spiritless, and as much inferior to Dryden's, as the songs of Tom Durfey to the odes of Horace; though the Preface is written so sensibly, that I can hardly persuade myself it is from the same hand with the versification.——*Dr. Sherlock's Discourses upon Prophecy* have given me not only a great deal of entertainment but instruction; he has thrown new light upon some of the obscurest texts and passages of scripture. I am particularly charmed with his account of the state of the earth after the deluge, and his Dissertations upon the consequences of the Fall; where his notions, though new, seem to be perfectly just as well as ingenious. I know not whether I should most admire the beauty of his imagination, the strength of his judgment, or the variety of his learning.—The poem of Thomson's upon Winter, is a noble production—I do not much relish the new Paraphrase on Job*. I would have proceeded further, and transcribed some of my *Nugæ canoræ*, but a black cloud is just arisen from the regions of spleen, which has overshadowed my mind, and incapacitated me from adding any thing but what it is almost needless to repeat, that I am your sincere friend, HERACLITUS, or if you do not like that name

ATTICUS.

P. S. I send you so good a letter of my brother's, that I am afraid you will disrelish mine. I expect you to subscribe yourself by the name I have christened you with.

LETTER XCIX.

From Mr. Warburton† (afterwards Bishop of Gloucester) to Dr. Doddridge.

London, April 19, 1738.

Rev. and worthy Sir,

I FOUND the very agreeable favour of your letter of the 13th instant in London, where I am lately come for a few days.

I can now easily forgive the *Country Clergyman*‡, as owing to him, in some measure, the acquisition of such a friendship as I flatter myself, Sir, to reap in you. And though you give so polite a turn to that occasion, I must never suffer myself to believe, that it was any merit in my book; but a generous indignation against an abandoned libeller that has procured me the honour of so considerable a patroniser.

I will assure you, Sir, that, next to the service of truth, my aim in writing was to procure myself the favour and friendship of good and learned men. So that you will not wonder that I accept the friendship you are pleased to offer me in so generous and polite a manner, with all the pleasure that gifts most esteemed amongst men are generally received with. Difference of religious persuasion, amongst sincere professors, never was, I thank God, any reason of restraining or abating my esteem for men of your character in life and learning.

I have read your proposals for the Family Expositor, and have entertained, from the specimen, so high an opinion of your notes and paraphrase, that had I any thing material on the gospels, I should be very cautious, (without affectation) of laying them before so accurate a critick, notwithstanding all the temptations I should have of appearing in so honourable a station. But the truth is, I have little of this kind on the evangelists worth your notice, and your work is already in the press: but you shall be sure to command what I have on the other parts of the New Testament on occasion, if of any service to you. In the mean time, I make it my request to be admitted into the list of your subscribers. I shall pay the subscription money to Mr.

* By Young.

† There is some account of this eminent prelate in Bishop Newton's Life, written by himself; also in Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope; and in Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer. See likewise the Westminster Magazine for 1779, and the Gentleman's Magazine for 1780; but a more particular account may be expected from his *illustrious friend* the present *Bishop of Worcester*‡, who has lately published a magnificent edition of Bishop Warburton's works in seven volumes in quarto.

‡ *Nullam absoluti præsulis dotem in eo desidero.* ERASMUS.

† In January, 1737-8, Mr. Warburton published the first volume of the Divine Legation of Moses, &c. and in March, a Vindication of the author of that work, from the aspersions of the Country Clergyman's Letter, in the Weekly Miscellany of February 14, 1737. The professed editor of the Miscellany was William Webster, D. D. of whom see an account in Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 539, 618, &c.

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Sir, but shall take no receipt, because I would have one from yourself, in order to engage you to begin a correspondence, from which I expect to receive so much benefit and pleasure.

I am greatly indebted to you, Sir, for your good prayers. I beg you would do me the justice to believe you do not want mine, being with the utmost esteem and sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

LETTER C.

From the same to the same.

Newark-upon-Trent, Feb. 12, 1738-9.

Dear Sir,

I AM much indebted for your last kind letter, and I heartily wish I could make the same excuse for not acknowledging it sooner, which you have done on the same occasion. But I live in a much less comfortable neighbourhood, and at a greater distance from the few friends whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. But the knowledge of my friends' happiness always lessened my own unhappiness. The kind flattering things you say to me would, from a courtier, very much disgust me; but coming from one whose virtues and parts I have so great an opinion of, must needs be highly agreeable to me, though I thought them no more than the effects of a partial friendship, and merely on that account.

Every thing you say concerning the dedication* to the Princess of Wales, I highly approve of: and I dare trust you in deserving the dignity that becomes an honest man and a minister of Christ.

All that relates to ——, and who he is, and his affair with Count Zinzendorf, and what that is, I am an entire stranger to, and should be glad of a little information in that matter.

I have heard indeed there are *Priests of Baal* among you, as well as you know there are among us. Last summer I was at ——, and saying there what I thought fit to you, I understood you were once expected to receive that province under your care. But Providence was kinder to you than to commit that peace, which is the reward and product of your virtues, to so violent a people; and thought fit to punish their unchristian zeal by depriving them of one, who could have regulated and reformed it.

* Of the Family Expositor.

Young — has great merit, and will make a figure in the world, and do honour to professor Blackwell, whom I have a great esteem for. A propos of this last: You may remember that Webster abused him in the libels he wrote against me. I hope his charge in that particular was false, as I know all his others were.

Manne's is a wild ridiculous notion, and you will do well to animadvert upon it†. Sir Isaac Newton's is much more plausible; though this great man, in divinity and chronology, is as much below many others, as he is above every body in mathematics and physics.

Pray how do you like Mr. C—'s Book against the Moral Philosopher? He writes by order of the A. B. C. You see he is civil to me. We should laugh about some circumstances in it were we together. Look at p. 444, and tell me, whether you do not think something has been struck out after the first word of the last line but one. You see, page 272, he goes out of his way to rectify an observation of mine, but very unluckily. He says, *that what I lately said of Arnobius, as undertaking the defence of Christianity before he understood it, must be interpreted as to doctrines and precepts; which is not to be wondered at, since he wrote before he was admitted to baptism.* Mr. C. seems to have mistaken me every manner of way. First, you see, he supposes I have left it in doubt what I meant by Arnobius's not understanding Christianity; but you know the place where I make the observation confines it to *doctrine.* Secondly, he supposes I made a wonder that he did not understand Christianity, whereas the wonder lay in his *writing* about it before he understood it. But thirdly, I made no wonder, with regard to Arnobius, at all. His case and Lactantius's were brought only by way of similitude to modern writers, who write about it before they understand it. These indeed I blame, because no one, who does not understand it, can write a good defence of it against *modern* Pagans. But I blamed not the ancient apologists, because they might, and did write good defences without understanding it. You see the reason, page 291, note (*n*). But what think you of his defence of the contested passage of Josephus? for that is against me too. Did you ever see such an interpretation put upon poor αυτω before? Do you think the world will lose much when B— and H— are gone? You see what follies, the writing

† See Doddridge's Family Expositor, V. i. 96, note (*g*) 149. (*a*) 310. (*g*) &c. &c.

ing for any men, or any cause but truth, makes people commit against honesty and charity. But all this in your ear as a friend. For I dare say the author thinks me under much obligation to him for his civilities, and I never love to suppress the least disposition towards peace and friendship.—I have seen an abstract of Mr. Leland's Answer, and it seems exactly to correspond with the character you gave of it.

Your Sermons to Young People were extremely agreeable to me on many accounts. I have a favourite nephew to whose use I particularly design them. It is my way after I have read a book to give the general character of it in some celebrated Lines or other of ancient or modern writers. I have characterized the author and his sermons, in these two lines on the blank leaf before the title page.

O Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To mend the heart, and raise the thought, be thine*.

Now we are upon poetry, my mother desires her best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge, and thanks you for the charming little hymn you sent her. She has got it transcribed, I do not know how often, into a larger hand. It is not only the language of the heart, but the language of a † heart.

You cannot oblige me more than communicating to me the most plausible objections against my scheme: which I shall be glad of, not for your instruction, but for my own.

I make no doubt but you have seen Mr. De Crousaz's ‡ Critique on Pope's *Essay on Man*. I have defended our great Poet, as you will see, in some of the late notes of the *History of the Works of the Learned*, but my name is a secret. I thought Mr. De Crousaz maliciously mistaken, and I considered it of service to religion to shew our libertines, that so noble a genius was not of their party: which delusion they have affectedly embraced.

I have nothing particular to remark to you about the texts you refer to; only as to John vii. 22. "Moses therefore gave you circumcision, (*not because it is of Moses, but of the Fathers*), and ye on the sabbath-day circumcise a man." It may be asked, why Jesus used the words in the parenthesis to the Jews who well knew, that God ordered all Abraham's posterity should be circumcised at eight days old? I reply, it was to obviate an objection that might be urged, to this effect. "How came circumcision to be ordered on a certain day, which must needs occasion a violation of that strict rest enjoined on the sabbath?" Here the answer is admirable. Had Moses enjoined both one and the other, he probably would not have fixed the day of circumcision; but it was ordered by another covenant which Moses could not *disannul*. St. Paul (Gal. iii. 17), considers these as two different covenants. This raises our idea of the wisdom of God's providence. Had *Circumcision* and the *Sabbath* been both by Moses, it would have seemed fit, in order not so apparently to contradict the law about the rest of the sabbath, to have relaxed the law about circumcision on the eighth day: but that relaxation would have been productive of great mischiefs; therefore circumcision was given by another covenant and confirmed only by this. You see, I suppose the *Sabbath* entirely a mosaical rite. I do so as *a day of rest*, not as a day of devotion‖. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate friend and brother.

P. S. I am going on, as fast as my health will permit, with my work. I desire your prayers for me, not only on this account but for my general welfare. You never want mine. When I see your book, the reading of it may perhaps awaken some hints in me which may be worth while communicating to you against a second edition.

LETTER CI.

From Mr. Warburton (afterwards Bishop of Gloucester) to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir, Cambridge, April 4, 1758.

I WRITE to you amidst a strange mixture of entertainments and study between the college-halls and libraries. The necessity of consulting books only to be met with here, has brought me to Cambridge; but my long nights in company make my mornings by myself so very short, that I am likely to return as wise as I came, which will be in a few days.

Before I left the country, I had the pleasure of receiving your Family Expositor. My Mother and I took it by turns. She, who is superior to me in every thing

* Ah, Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, or touch the heart, be thine.
Pope.

† Letter torn.

‡ Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics in the Academy of Lausanne.

‖ See Doddridge's Family Expositor, note (g) John vii. 22.

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spired to the divine learning of the Improvements, while I kept groveling in the Jamian learning in the Notes below. The result of all was, that she says she is sure you are a very good man, and I am sure you are a very learned one. I sat down to your Notes with a great deal of malice, and a determined resolution not to spare you. And let me tell you, a man who comments on the Bible affords all the opportunity a caviller could wish for. But your judgment is always so true and your decision so right, that I am as unprofitable a reader to you as the least of your flock.

A friend of mine, Dr. Taylor of Newark, (M. D.) who has seen your book, desires to be a subscriber. If you will be so good to order a book to be left for him at Mr. Gyles's, he has orders to pay for it.

I have taken the liberty to inclose two or three papers of proposals, just now offered to the public by my friend Dr. Middleton for his Life of Tully. I am, dear sir, your very affectionate friend and brother.

LETTER CII.

From the same to the same.

Burnt-Broughton,
Aug. 13, 1739.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 19th of May to acknowledge. I will take it as Tully did the Roman History, (who wanted to be at his dear Consulship), at the wrong end: and there for Tully's reason, because there is something there most interesting. And that is the agreeable news you are so good as to give me of the birth of a son, and of good Mrs. Doddridge's being in a fine way of recovery. Providence blesses you, as it blessed its prime favourites, the patriarchs. For he "knows" you, as he knew Abraham, that you "will command your children and your houshold after you to keep the way of the Lord." To such, and only such, children are a blessing.

I am sorry to hear you have been ill since I wrote my last; but am glad I heard not of it, till I heard of your recovery along with it. What you say of your success in your ministry and academical capacity gives me infinite pleasure *on your account*. And it is impossible the author of the *Free Thoughts, &c.* should meet with less: or, he who observes the directions there laid down.

As for that blasphemous fellow Morgan*, he is, I think, below my notice, any farther than to shew my great contempt of him occasionally. Besides, I ought to leave him to those who are paid for writing against him.

You judge right that the next volume of Divine Legation will not be the last. I thought I had told you, that I had divided the work into three parts. The first gives a view of Paganism; the second of Judaism; and the third of Christianity. You will wonder how this last inquiry can come into so simple an argument, as that which I undertake to inforce. I have not room at present to tell you more than this, that to leave neither doubt nor obscurity in the argument, after I have proved a future state not to be *in fact* in the mosaic dispensation, I next shew that if Christianity be true, it *could not possibly* be there. And this necessitates me to explain the nature of Christianity, with which the whole ends. But this *inter nos*. If it be known, I should possibly have somebody writing against this part too before it appears.

Your kind friendly advice *to mind my business* is very seasonable, when one naturally grows tired of an old subject, and has not met with any return from one's friends which one might expect. But I would not have you think that any of the letters against Crousaz cost me more than two or three hours in an evening. Mr. Pope has desired, they may be collected and printed together. I have therefore complied with the bookseller, who is now reprinting them in the size of Mr. Pope's duodecimo volumes, and I suppose they will come out in Michaelmas term.

I desire you would put down the Rev. Mr. Philip Younge, Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, a subscriber to your Family Expositor; and to contrive that he may have the first volume sent him, either from Northampton or London. It need only be directed as above, for he is well known, being the principal tutor in his college.

A passage in St. Luke comes into my head, which I hope will not come too late for your use. In which I think we have one of the most illustrious instances of the divine address of Jesus in his disputings with the priests; and which I do no find the commentators take notice of. (Chapter xx;) "As Jesus taught in the temple, the chief priests and the scribes came to him with the elders, and asked him by what authority he did those things?" To this Jesus replies by another question, "Was the

* Author of the Moral Philosopher.

the baptism of John of heaven, or of men? They answered they could not tell whence it was. Neither, says Jesus, tell I you by what authority I do these things." This is generally esteemed a mere evading the question, and taking advantage of their inability of answering *him* to refuse to answer *them*. A shift quite below the dignity of his divine character. It had been more decent to have denied answering at first. But the fine address seems not to be taken. The answer was a satisfactory one on the chief priests own principles. Observe how the case stands: "The chief priests and scribes came to him as he was teaching in the temple." They were, without all question, a deputation from the Sanhedrim, who either had, or were then universally allowed to have, the right of enquiring into the credentials of all who pretended to come from God; or, to try the spirits of the prophets. Here then was the dilemma. Jesus professed to submit to the established authority, and yet it was too early to own his messiahship. What was to be done? Why, with an address and presence of mind, altogether divine, he asked them about the authority of John, who pretended to be a messenger from God and his forerunner. But they, not owning his authority, and yet, for fear of the people, not daring expressly to disclaim it, they answered, "they could not tell whence his authority was." This was the point Jesus watched for; and we are to suppose him answering them in this convincing manner: "If you come from the Sanhedrim, whose authority I acknowledge, to enquire into my mission, I apprehend, that there is no necessity even on the principles of the Sanhedrim for that body to come to a determination in the point. For the mission of John, who was before me, is, it seems, a question yet undetermined in that body; why then should not mine? Besides, John professed himself the forerunner of me. Order and equity therefore require, that his pretensions be first examined, if the examination be necessary; and till these two objections be removed, I may without any disobedience to the authority of the Sanhedrim, decline telling you by what authority I do these things."*

With my humble service to Mrs. Doddridge, I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant.

I received your excellent Sermon on the Fire at Wellingborough.

* See Doddridge's Family Expositor, *note (f)* on Luke xx, 8.

LETTER CIII.

From Mr. Warburton (afterwards Bishop of Gloucester) to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir, Feb. 2, 1740-1.

I HAD the pleasure of yours of the 22d past, after a very long and unkind silence. I did not hear of your illness, and I rejoice in your recovery; I will in my turn, force you to a speedy answer. For I desire the favour of you, that you would send me all the texts in the Old and New Testament, which you know, either to be urged by others, or that you yourself think have any weight, towards proving that a future state was taught by the mosaic dispensation. It will be necessary for me to examine those texts, and I myself can find so few in the Bible, that I suspect the point I have to maintain prejudices me so as to hinder my discernment. This therefore will be of great use to me. And I do not know any one more capable of giving me this assistance. But to shorten the trouble I give you, you need only mark the texts in a list, except where the inference from the text is so fine, that you may reasonably suspect I cannot see it. The sooner you do this the greater will be the favour. Nor need you mark, who it is that employs each text in this argument, for I do not intend to take any particular notice of any one on this head.

You are the first who gives me the agreeable news of your second volume. But that it has not been yet delivered to my bookseller is very certain. Now I know it is published, I shall take care to send for it; and make no doubt but it will afford us as much delight and instruction as we received from the first. The regard you shewed to my mother in her favourite part of the work is very obliging. She had been often enquiring after the second volume with great impatience, so that the news was received with great pleasure, and she charges me to make her compliments on this occasion.

I am glad you think any hints I gave you worthy of appearing in so valuable a work. You were master of them in what manner you thought fit, and you used me with too much ceremony and deference. I have reason to ask your pardon for being freer with your name than you would chuse to be with mine: for I had occasion to quote a paragraph of yours of a passage in the evangelists. But the truth was, I wanted your authority to support what I was upon, and you had no want of mine.

I am

I am very confident your abridging the Bishop of Sarum's fourth Dissertation will be a very agreeable thing to him. For it is a favourite point with him. I have in the second volume had occasion to speak of the prohibition of cavalry, but whether in a manner he will like so well I know not: though I think I have made it appear, the Israelites could never have conquered Canaan from the seven nations by human force alone, with only infantry. But I give other momentous reasons for the prohibition, besides manifesting the divine power.

What you say about Mr. —— is extremely obliging. I could easily do much greater matters for you than forgetting the treatment I complained of. I therefore heartily forget it, and desire you would assure him of my esteem and best respects. But as nothing as what I give, and what you ask is, that you may not think it to be altogether nothing, I can assure you I have reason to be as confident of the fact, as if myself had been an eye and ear witness of it. But he is a very young man, and such a slip is pardonable enough, as soon as ever one begins to be sensible of it.

And now, dear sir, I am to thank you for your friendly and obliging concern for my reputation. What you observe of that hard account of my first volume in the *Works of the Learned*, is exactly true. I believe there never was so nonsensical a piece of stuff put together. But the Journal in general is a most miserable one; and, to the opprobrium of our country, we have neither any better, nor, I believe, any other. And that this will never grow better I dare be confident, but by such an accidental favour as this you design it*. I altogether approve of the method you propose to take in abstracting it; and Robinson, I dare say, will not presume to alter a word: I am sure I would not: and therefore my seeing it before he prints it will be needless. I will take care you shall have a copy sent you before publication. I propose to have it out about Easter: and yet, to my shame, I must tell you, though it consists of three books, the first is not yet entirely printed; and the far greatest part of the other two, I have not yet composed. To let you into this mystery, I must acquaint you with my faults and imperfections, the common occasion of all prophane mysteries. I am naturally very indolent, and apt to be disgusted with what has been any time in my hands or thoughts. When I published my first volume, I intended to set about the remainder immediately, but found such a disgust to an old subject, that I deferred it from month to month, and year to year: till at length, not being able to conquer my listlessness, I was forced to have recourse to an old expedient. That is, begin to set the press on work, and so oblige myself unavoidably to keep it a going. I began this project last year, but grew weary again before I had half got through the first book: and there it stuck till just now, when I set it a going again; and have absolutely promised the bookseller to supply him constantly with copy, till the whole volume is printed, and to get it ready by Ladyday. So that now I hurry through it in a strange manner: and you may expect to find it as incorrect as the former, and for the same reason. Yet I had resolved against serving this volume so: and still my evil nature prevailed, and I find at length it is in vain to strive with it. I take no pride, I will assure you, in telling you my infirmities. I confess myself as to a friend without any manner of affectation. And that you may see it is so, I would not have you think that natural indolence alone makes me thus play the fool. Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally melancholy habit, contribute greatly

* Extract from a Letter of Dr. Doddridge to Mr. Warburton.--- "And now, sir, I will tell you what I meant by extorting an answer. It is this. I am far from being pleased with the manner in which the extracts from books are generally made in the *Works of the Learned*, and other monthly papers of that kind. I think it would be more to the credit of our nation abroad, and the improvement of it at home, that these accounts should be a kind of *abridgment* of the most material things contained in books of importance; which might give those who never read them, some idea of their contents, and revive in those who have read them, an impression of their most material passages. This is what I would especially wish, where so valuable a work as yours is in question. And though where every thing is so charming as this second volume is, if it be like the first, it is difficult to know what to omit, and consequently how to abridge it: but if you please to trust me, I will do my best, and, as I am, will in two or three successive articles give such an abstract of it, as may do it the least hurt; and till some translation of it can be made, give the learned world abroad the justest notion of its design, which so narrow limits will permit. Now, if you think this little piece of friendship worth your acceptance, I beg you would let me know, and that you would order the second volume in sheets to be sent me as soon as it is printed off; at the same time letting the author of his paper know, that the affair is lodged in my hands, and consequently, that he is to wait for the first article from me, which I will dispatch as soon as possible."

greatly to increase my indolence, and force me often to seek in letters, nothing but mere amusement. This makes my reading wild and desultory: and I seek refuge from the uneasiness of thought from any book let it be what it will, that can engage my attention. There is no one whose good opinion I more value than yours. And the marks you give me of it make me so vain, that I was resolved to humble myself in making you this confession. By my manner of writing upon subjects you would naturally imagine, they afford me pleasure and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you, No. I have amused myself much in human learning to wear away the tedious hours inseparable from a melancholy habit. But no earthly thing gives me pleasure, but the ties of natural relation, and the friendship of good men. And for all views of happiness, I have no notion of such a thing, but in the prospects which revealed religion affords us. You see how I treat you, as if you were my confessor. You are in a more sacred relation to me: I regard you as my friend.

It gives me pleasure to hear, Mrs. Doddridge is likely to escape the small pox, and the more so, as you tell me the distemper has been so fatal. We have it now, and have had it for some time, in the village from whence I write, (for though my letters are directed to Newark, in this neighbourhood, I reside perpetually upon my rectory). About forty have had the distemper, and all recovered but two, who, without my knowledge, sent for an Apothecary, who soon did their business. But I have taken care for the future, that those who die of it shall die a natural death. The very same case happened here three years ago. The same number then had it, and but two died, and of the same distemper,—the Apothecary. You will judge by this, I am in a good air. The place stands between a low and an high country; the different airs of which are so excellently tempered, that it keeps the place in great health.

I have heard of Mr. Lowman's Book on the *Civil Government of the Hebrews*, but have not read it, and decline doing so till the present subject be out of my hands for many reasons. His Book on the Revelations I never heard of. I am much obliged to you for the recommendation of Mr. Grove's Sermons.

My Mother, I bless God, continues in a tolerable state of health.

I am glad you have been at the Princ Court. The manner of your reception not to be questioned. You did wisel providing against the offer of a pres which would have been infinitely b you.

Dr. Taylor is an eminent physician, very much you servant. I am, dea your most affectionate brother and fri and faithful humble servant.

My respects to good Mrs. Doddridg long much to see you both, and it shal hard with me, but I will see you this s mer, if it please God.

LETTER CIV.

From Mr. Warburton (afterwards Bi Gloucester) to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir, April 22, 17

I DEFERRED acknowledging your favour till both my mother and I read your second volume. The gre thing I can say of it is, that it is equa the first, and the truest thing I can sa both, that they surpass any thing of kind.

You will receive in a very little time second volume. I have wrote to Rob son as you directed concerning the Extra When you see the book you will find w a trick I have been played: in the most pudent piece of plagiarism that perh ever was known at any time. The story so ungrateful to me that I cannot think telling it twice. You will see it in an vertisement prefixed. Pray give it in so proper place one stroke of your pen. man has foolishly ruined his character. what then? The proving him a scoun is putting him in the way to thrive. a gentleman too and of condition, one ventry, author of *Philemon to Hydasp* whom I shewed some sheets, and he stolen my general plan of the *Hieroglyp* &c. in a quarto conversation just publi You will wonder I should let such a fo writer see any thing of mine. But sei your censure till I tell you the whole tory when I see you.

The author of Theophanes Cantab ensis is a young man whose name is S fellow of St. John's of that university. I have seen of Morgan is in that pamp and for my part I am amazed that any should think it worth while to answer most senseless and abandoned scribbler ever came from Bedlam or the Mint. seems Mr. Chandler either has or wi

him, being provoked and challenged by Morgan; who gets his bread by infamous practice.

You have seen Middleton's Tully. The [illegible] is a strange superficial thing. [illegible] account of the Academic Sect and Tully's sentiments are opposed to mine. For [illegible] reason he shewed it me in manuscript. [illegible] desire mine and his may be always [illegible] together. He gives an account of the [illegible] from the apologies of the Academics themselves; and by the same way I [illegible] acquit the Pyrrhonians themselves of [illegible]. I say they *pretended* to search [illegible] the *probable* in order to determine their [illegible], but never found it. He says [illegible] did find it. Lucian thought otherwise, who in his true history, speaking of the Happy Islands, and how they were peopled from this world, says, the ancient [illegible] Sects were all to be found there except the New Academy; who still stuck in [illegible] neighbourhood, and obstinately refused [illegible] one foot in the island: for truly they [illegible] yet found it *probable* whether it was [illegible] or no.

My best respects and my mother's to [illegible] Mrs. Doddridge, conclude me, dear [illegible], your most affectionate brother and [illegible].

LETTER CV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, May 12, 1741.

I HAVE a great many thanks to make you for your obliging letter of the [illegible].

I beg you would be so good to take a place for me in the Northampton coach for Wednesday the 27th instant. I propose to be at Kettering on Monday the 25th at [illegible], and should be extremely obliged to you for a seat in your chair, that I may send my horses back from Kettering.

I hope you have received the sheets from Mr. G. or the greater part of them. You will find by the conclusion, why I was so large in the beginning concerning Hieroglyphics, &c. They afford me the opportunity and means of settling two most important point, the *command to Abraham*, and the *nature of double senses of prophecies*. The first has been long the stumbling-block of infidelity. The other, on which the mesiahship of Jesus depends, has, with a strange degree of rashness and madness, been given up by some pretended advocates for Christianity: particularly by Dr. Sykes in a late book*, which I take to be in all respects the very worst he ever wrote. Besides his attack on *double senses*, which I have examined, he had a little fling at my account of the Philosophers in the first volume; which I have animadverted on in a postscript at the end of the appendix against a Lawyer who wrote a Book about a future State, believed by the Ancients†. This is a man of fortune, and it is well he is so, for I have spoiled his trade as a writer. And, as he was both very abusive, free-thinking, and anonymous, I have not spared to expose his ignorance and ill-faith. As for Dr. Sykes, I had in the first edition of my first volume hinted my disapprobation of that miserable discourse on the Demoniacs. I did not then know he was the author. Being afterwards informed of it by some of his friends, who complained of it, I struck the passage out of the second edition. It appears this did not satisfy Dr. Sykes. He would have his revenge. And you see what it is come to. I was only amazed he could not say something more plausible and more learned against my opinion of the Philosophers. It is certainly that part of the first volume against which most might be said.

When I hear you complain of the want of government in your academy, it only puts me in mind of the miser, who, as his endless stores increase, keeps terrifying himself with the fears of want. I have just received a visit from a French gentleman of Paris, whom I could not prevent giving himself the trouble of a journey into Lincolnshire by all I could say. He appears to be an extraordinary person; a man of large fortune and an advocate of the parliament of Paris, though a zealous Roman catholic, yet the most reasonable one I have ever met with. He has translated the *Alliance* and the first volume of the Divine Legation into French, under the title of ‡, *between religion, politics, and morality*, and has thrown them into ten dissertations. And what is most extraordinary, the two last contain my discourse of the *Alliance*, together with long quotations from Bossuet, &c. He tells me my principles differ very little from those of the maintainers of *liberty of the Gallican church*. This will make you laugh, and fortify you in your contempt of the principles

* The principles and connection of natural and revealed religion.

† J. Tillard, Esq. See some account of him in the Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 168.

‡ Letter torn.

ciples of the *Alliance*. How unlucky was I that the *Alliance* was not wrote when the late archbishop entertained that wise project of an union with the Gallican church, in which he and some doctors of the Sorbonne had proceeded so far as to agree on preliminary articles; one of which I remember was, leaving the matter of the real presence undetermined. One of the most remarkable effects of this project was Courayer's writings and banishment. However he has got more by coming here than than he could have got in peace at home: and much more by writing for our ordination than he would have got by writing for our faith. But to be sure he deserves it all by so much endeavouring in all his writings to give us a good opinion of *moderate French popery*; a security I suppose against our falling in love with the worst kind of popery, the *English*.

Mine and my mother's best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge concludes me, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant.

LETTER CVI.

From Mr. Warburton (afterwards Bishop of Gloucester) to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir, Feb. 14, 1742-3.

I SHOULD not have been so long in making my best acknowledgments for your last kind letter, had not my absence from home, and a late unhappy domestic affair prevented me and engrossed all my thoughts—the misfortunes of an excellent sister and her children by her husband's ill success in trade, yet attended to with the utmost honesty and sobriety; so that, to his own ruin, he has been a considerable benefactor to the public while in trade, and his creditors at last no losers, but himself undone. I do not know whether this be an alleviation or aggravation of the misfortune. But I can tell you with the utmost truth, that I share with this distressed sister and her children (who all live with me) the small revenue it hath pleased God to bless me with, with much greater satisfaction than others spend theirs on their pleasures. I do not know how it is, but though I am far from being an hero, yet I find Brutus expresses my exact sentiments, when he says to Cicero, *Aliter alii cum suis vivunt. Nihil ego possum in Sororis meæ Liberis facere, quo possit expleri voluntas mea, aut officium.* But you will reprove me I know for this false modesty in apologizing for this comparison; and say, where is the wonder, that a man who pretends to be a Christian should not come behind a pagan, how great soever in the performance of moral duties? However this may be, I can assure you my only concern on this occasion was for an incomparable mother, whom I feared the misfortunes of a favourite daughter would have too much effected. But, I thank God, religion, that religion which you make such amiable drawings of in all your writings, was more than a support to her. But I ask pardon for talking so long of myself. This is a subject I never choose to talk of, yet I could not forbear mentioning it to a man I so much esteem, and whose heart I know to be so right.

It was with great concern I found Mrs. Doddridge so ill at Bath. I know the grief this must have occasioned you. But I know your sufficiency. I trust in God she has by this time received the expected benefit from the waters. It was by accident I saw her name in Leake's book (for then I had not received your last) a little before I left Mr. Allen's. I visited her twice. The first time she was going out to drink the waters, the second time a visiting! so I had not the pleasure of much of her company. You may be assured, I would not hinder her the first time; and I made a conscience not to do it the second: for it was a new acquaintance she was going to make; a matter perhaps as useful to her amusement, while she stayed at Bath, as the other for her health.

Thus you see, my good friend, we have all something to make us think less complacently of the world. Religion will do great things. It will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable. But we must not think it will usually turn water to wine, because it once did so. Nor is it fit it should, unless this were our place of rest where we were to expect the bridegroom. I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same, if I were a mere pagan to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally take us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest Sancho Panca's is as good as any; who on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master, whether they should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone; replied, 'faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown ochre*. What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general,

general, *good brown ochre* is the complection of it.

I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a chaise with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, for two or three months. The gentleman I mentioned last is, I verily believe, the greatest private character that ever appeared in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath hospital. This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies: but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too for the consolation of the envious; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a cordiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from heaven, would they study to deserve them.

I received your agreeable present of your Pepil's sermons *, with your life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it. He is now of Jesus College in Cambridge. But I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to his excellent, though unfortunate mother.

Dr. Taylor has just now shewn me the first part of your excellent answer to Christianity not founded on argument; which he highly esteems, and we wait impatiently for the second.

Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do had I time. But now have not a moment more than to conclude with my best respects to Mrs. Doddridge, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

LETTER CVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Sir, June 15, 1750.

YOUR favour of the 17th of May was sent me to London, where I then was, and yet am till to-morrow, when I return to Prior-Park.

I am greatly flattered by your thoughts of Julian: because I know the sincerity of your professions.

Some people of consideration would persuade me to take to task at the end of the second volume of Julian a chapter of one Hume on Miracles in a rank atheistical book called *Philosophical Essays*: and as the subject of the second part may be a little ticklish, perhaps it may be prudent to conciliate warm tempers by such a conclusion.

I was very sincere in the hint, which you are pleased to call advice, of my last letter; as I am in saying that I do not know of any thing which your abilities and application are not capable of.

You are very good to enquire after my motions. I shall be in town either in June or July. Towards the decline of summer I have some thoughts of taking a journey into Lincolnshire. If I do, I may take Northampton in my way, and will take my chance of finding you at home.

As to the *disquisitions* I will only say, that the temper, candour and charity with which they are wrote are very edifying and exemplary. I wish success to them as much as you can do. But I can tell you of certain science, that not the least alteration will be made in the ecclesiastical system. The present ministers were bred up under and act entirely on the maxims of the last. And one of the principal of his was *not to stir what is at rest*. He took a medicine for the stone that killed him: and on his death-bed he said, he fell by the neglect of his own maxim. Those at the head of affairs find it as much as they can do to govern things as they are, and they will never venture to set one part of the clergy against another; the consequence of which would be, that in the brigues of political contests one of the two parties would certainly fall in with the faction, if we must call it so, against the court.

Your truly divine labours are not only more excellent, but will certainly prove more fruitful.

But above all, I join with your friends in encouraging you to a subscription; which I make no doubt will turn out a considerable benefit. Books of infinitely less importance have lately done so. And I ardently wish, that one who has deserved so greatly of our common Christianity, may not have the whole of his reward to wait for in another life.

To understand that all your good family are well, gives me extreme pleasure. My truest respects to all; and particularly to the young gentleman, who is beginning his studies. I must now begin to call him my learned friend, and have sent him a magnificent edition, which no money will buy, (I mean they are not to be sold) of the Essay on Man, and Essay on Criticism. Believe me

* By the Rev. Mr. Thomas Steffe.

me to be ever with the truest esteem, your most affectionate friend and brother.

LETTER CVIII.

From the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) to Dr. Doddridge.

Rev. Sir, Cuddesden, Sept. 29, 1743.

I RETURN you many thanks for your favourable opinion both of my sermon and its author, though expressed in a manner, which you would have forborn, if you had known me better. Plain men should be treated in a plain way: and nobody should have things said to him, which he doth not deserve; and ought not to hear if he did. Let us all endeavour to do what good we can: and give those who seem to endeavour it faithfully, the comfort of knowing we think they do: but never tempt one another to forget we are unprofitable servants. I am in no danger of transgressing this rule, when I say, that I have read your works with great satisfaction, and I hope some benefit: and both rejoice and wonder, that in the midst of your other occupations you continue able, as I pray God you long may, to oblige your fellow-christians so often and so highly from the press. Indeed it must and ought to be owned in general, that the dissenters have done excellently of late years in the service of Christianity; and I hope our common warfare will make us chiefly attentive to our common interest, and unite us in a closer alliance. I believe, on the best enquiry I can make, that what I have said in favour of our Charity-schools is true. And you do very well to propagate a sense of religion amongst your own people by the same method. I have read Dr. Watts's Essay on the subject, which fell into my hands but yesterday, with much pleasure, and a little surprise, to see in how many points we have coincided: an evidence, I presume, that we are both in the right. I congratulate you heartily on the prospect you have of success in your hospital: and as I am very sensible of what peculiar advantage it would be to have one at Oxford, so I have not only taken all opportunities of expressing and inculcating my opinion, but should long before now have made some trial what could be done in the matter; if hopes had not been given me, that Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, when his library is finished, will employ some part of the residue of his money in this excellent work. You were much to blame in not letting me see you at Gloucester: and t bishop, when he knows it, will be as sor as I am, that you passed by us in the ma ner you did. The time of my being town and that of your coming thither, I a afraid, are different. But if any occasi bring you near me, either there or here, beg you will not think you need any inte ducer: for I am with great esteem and r gard, rev. sir, your very humble servant.

LETTER CIX.

From Gilbert West, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge*

Sir, Wickham, March 15, 1747-

UPON my going to town sometime a I received from your bookseller, your orders, a present of your Memoirs Colonel Gardiner, for which mark of yo regard for me I return you my particul thanks, over and above those which a due to you from every one, who wish well to Christianity, for this, and yo many other useful and zealous labours that noble cause. Example has always greater influence upon the generality mankind then precept, though found upon the strongest reason, and enforced the highest authority: it cannot therefo but be very serviceable to the men of t world, and particularly of this age, to sh them from the instances of Colonel Ga diner, and the three excellent brothe whom you treat of in your appendix, th it is possible for a man to be a strict a sincere Christian, and at the same time

* The character of Mr. West (as one observ was truly amiable and excellent. In him Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman w happily united. His works exhibit sufficient e dence of his learning; and the influence of piety hath, it is to be hoped, been extended far his *Observations on the Resurrection*, and would de less have reached farther, had he lived to comp what he had for sometime meditated, the evide of the truth of the New Testament. His pri virtues and social qualities were such as justly e deared him to his friends and acquaintance. In manner of life he was regular and exemplary. read the prayers of the public liturgy every mo ing to his family; and on Sunday evening called his servants into the parlour, and read them first a sermon, and then prayers. Cra (as Dr. Johnson observes) is now not the maker of verses to whom may be given the venerable names of *Poet and Saint*. See Cowl verses on the death of Mr. Crashaw, which b thus:

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heav

Select Works of Mr. A. Cowley; in two vo *Vol. I. p.* 121.

fol

[illegible]er and a gentleman; characters that [illegible] too commonly thought inconsistent [illegible] that of a disciple of Christ. All I am [illegible]d of is, that the example of Colonel [illegible]iner should be looked upon as too [illegible] for imitation. Men of cool hearts [illegible]pt to suspect those degrees of zeal and [illegible], which they never felt, to be unna[illegible] and affected: for which reason, I [illegible] with that you had not inserted so [illegible] of those rapturous strains of piety, [illegible] Colonel Gardiner poured into the [illegible] of those friends to whom he opened [illegible] heart. Those Christians indeed, [illegible] piety is wound up to the same ex[illegible]d pitch, may be touched and thrilled [illegible] them, and like unisons answer in the [illegible] key; and I am persuaded there are [illegible] such. But to the generality of men, [illegible]cially men of the world, I am afraid [illegible] strains, the genuine effusions of those [illegible] only, which are smitten with the [illegible] of religion, will give the whole cha[illegible]ter of Colonel Gardiner an air of en[illegible]ism: an effect which the goodness of [illegible]r own heart, the warmth of your affec[illegible] for that excellent man, and your in[illegible]ate knowledge of him, kept you, I dare [illegible], from suspecting. This and a few pe[illegible]arities of expression, are the only ex[illegible]ptionable things in your book: but they [illegible] abundantly outweighed by the many [illegible]kes of piety and good sense, and the [illegible] instructive lessons and reflections [illegible]ich appear almost in every page. One [illegible]not help taking notice of to you upon [illegible] occasion, viz. your remarks upon the [illegible]ntage of an early education in the [illegible]ciples of religion, because I have my[illegible]f most happily experienced it. Since I [illegible] to the early care of a most excellent [illegible]man, my mother (whose character I dare [illegible] you are no stranger to), that bent and [illegible] to religion, which, with the co-ope[illegible]ing grace of God, hath at length brought [illegible] back to those paths of peace, from [illegible]ce I might have otherwise been in [illegible]ger of deviating for ever. The parallel [illegible]ent me and Colonel Gardiner was in [illegible] instance too striking not to affect me [illegible]eedingly. I hope, therefore, you will [illegible]on me for mentioning it to you. I [illegible]ld also beg your pardon for delivering [illegible] freely my sentiments of your book, [illegible]ld I imagine that speaking truth would [illegible] offensive to a lover of truth, and did I [illegible] think that general praise, or a total [illegible]ence on this occasion was inconsistent [illegible]ith the character of a friend; a character which I am ambitious of deserving at your hands.

I know you will expect to hear something from me about the work (Observations upon Celsus), which you recommended to me so earnestly, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Northampton. At present I can only say, that I intend to try what I can do upon that subject, with the assistance which you so kindly offered me, as soon as I have rid my hands of some papers, which have lain by me many years, and which I am now revising and preparing for the press: the Translations of some Odes of Pindar, and some other pieces, both in verse and prose, translated from the Greek; to all which will be prefixed a dissertation on the Olympic games, which yet wants something of being finished. Though I look upon these subjects as mere trifles in comparison with the other, yet I am sensible they have a weight, indeed too great a weight, in the opinion of the world.

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In bona, laudatum sequi, acceptumque benigne.

Works of this kind sometimes gain a man a reputation and authority, which may serve him upon better and more useful subjects. You will not think I am either too vain or sanguine in my expectations, when I tell you that these papers have passed their examination, and received the approbation of Mr. Lyttelton, the best critic, the best friend, and the best man in this world. When I was in town with him, I received a visit from Mr. Pilkington, and introduced him to Mr. Lyttelton, who, as well as myself, was much pleased with his behaviour, which was that of a modest, ingenious man: inquiring of him, I found I had been under a mistake in supposing him to be the author of a book of poems, published in Ireland, which I mentioned to you: but they, it seems, were written by another gentleman of the same name, and entirely unknown to him. I thought proper to undeceive you upon this point, because I had done him the injustice of speaking of him to you as the author of that book, which in my opinion, can be of no great credit to him. I have frequent letters from that admirable friend of ours, Mr. Jones, of Alconbury, which give me great pleasure, as they breathe the true benevolent spirit of Christianity, and shew him at the same time to be a man of parts and learning. He hath given me some insight

insight into his scheme, mentioned in a letter of his to you, communicated to me by Mr. Lyttelton, and has promised me a fuller delineation of it, which I expect with some impatience. I am glad to find that Christianity begins to be so well understood, and taught by so many men of parts and learning in all sects; the fruits of which appear in a candour and charity unknown to all the ages of the church, except the primitive, I had almost said the apostolic age. Does not this give you a prospect, though perhaps still very distant, of the completion of the famous prophecy, that speaks of the lion and the lamb lying down together in the kingdom of the Messiah. Lions there have been hitherto in all churches; but too many, fierce, greedy, and blood-thirsty lions, though often disguised like lambs: and some lambs there have been simple enough to think it expedient for the flock to assume the habits and terrors of lions. But I hope, they now begin to undeceive themselves, and to consider Christianity as intending to bring back the world to that state of innocence which it enjoyed before the fall, when in one and the same paradise, to use the words of Milton,

Frisking play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chace,
In wood or wilderness, forest or den:
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid.

To attain this happy state all Christians should unite their endeavours; and instead of looking out for and insisting upon points of difference and distinction, seek for those only in which they do or may agree. They may at least sow the seeds of peace and unity, though they should not live to reap the fruits of it in this world. Blessed are the peace-makers, says the prince of peace, for they shall be called the children of God; an appellation infinitely more honourable than that of pastor, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, cardinal or pope, and attended with a recompense infinitely surpassing the richest revenues of the highest ecclesiastical dignity. That you and all sincere Christians may deserve this character, and attain its reward, is the sincere and hearty wish of, sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

LETTER CX.

From Gilbert West, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir, Wickham, Nov. 2, 175

I WRITE this to inquire after yo health, and to inform you of my ow which I know you will be pleased to he is better, than when you saw me at Tu bridge, and even than it has been the many years. My ankles gather streng daily, and the physicians encourage me hope, that they will recover in time, a by drinking the Tunbridge waters agai to which they advise me to return the ne season. Whilst I was at Tunbridge, I w persuaded by Mr. Nash, into a resoluti of going to Bath this winter; but I ha been diverted from it by the advice of D Willmot, and another physician, whom consulted afterwards. I have hither escaped the gout, though it is used gen rally to make me a visit at this season the year; and I begin to hope, I shall g through the winter without a fit, as it ha made one or two efforts, favoured by th changes of the weather, and a violent cold but without being able to regain its ol quarters, or even so much as make a lodge ment. Upon this account of the state o my health, you will naturally ask what have been doing? to which I must answe in the negative, not writing. I have bee hitherto kept in uncertainty with relatio to my journey to Bath; and therefore hav neglected getting the books necessary fo my proceeding in my intended remarks o Celsus: to which I propose adding som upon the objections of Porphyry and Julian if upon perusing Cyprian and Eusebius, i whose works I understand they are pre served, I shall think them conducive to m design. As I doubt not but you have rea them, I shall be glad to be informed by you if you think it will be worth my while to consider them. These books the Archbishop very civilly offered to lend me from the Lambeth library, and even to bring them to Croydon for me; but as at that time I intended to go to Bath, I deferred accepting his kind offer till after my return; but I design now to write to him for them. He spoke to me very handsomely of you, and commended much your sermon on the guilt and doom of Capernaum; and upon my mentioning to him, with the approbation they deserve, your friend Mr. Barker's sermons, he in his turn recommended to me, with the highest encomiums, the

the sermons of Mr. Abernethy. Now I have mentioned Mr. Barker, I must desire you to acquaint him, in my name, that I have read his sermons with equal profit and pleasure, and that had I known how to direct to him, I would have thanked him by letter for his very acceptable present; and assure him that it was a real concern to me, that we should be so long at Tunbridge together, and yet see so little of one another. I do not remember that I had ever one quarter of an hour's conversation with him after you left Tunbridge: for he never came from the walks, at least while I was there; and I was too lame to wait upon him at his own lodgings, neither did I know what were his leisure hours. I hope for, and shall be very glad of some future opportunity of improving the small acquaintance with him, to which I am obliged to you for introducing me, as I am also for the kind, though short, visit you made me at Tunbridge, which I value as a certain evidence of your friendship and regard for me. You told me, as I remember, that there was a possibility of your being called to town towards the latter end of this year, to put the remainder of your Family Expositor to the press. Should you come, I hope you will find time enough for a visit to Wickham; from whence, I believe, I shall not stir this winter. I find by an advertisement, that you are engaged in a new work. How do you find time for the variety of business you have taken upon you? and how shall I excuse myself for interrupting you with so long a letter? I will conclude it with desiring you not to answer it, but when you find convenient leisure; which at the same time I know not how to wish you, since the public (and I among the rest) are so much benefitted by your occupations. I shall take the remaining volumes of the Family Expositor, &c. &c. as a full and sufficient answer. Believe me to be, dear Sir, very affectionately yours.

Mrs. West joins with me in compliments to yourself and Mrs. Doddridge, who I hope with the rest of your family, are in good health.

LETTER CXI.

From John Locke, to Mr. Samuel Bold, at Steeple.

SIR,

YOURS of the eleventh of April, I received not till last week. I suppose Mr. Churchill staid it till that discourse, wherein you have been pleased to defend my Essay, was printed, that they might come together; though neither of them needs a companion to recommend it to me. Your reasonings are so strong and just, and your friendship to me so visible, that every thing must be welcome to me, that comes from your pen, let it be of what kind soever.

I promise myself, that to all those who are willing to open their eyes, and enlarge their minds, to a true knowledge of things, this little treatise of your's will be greatly acceptable and useful. And for those, that will shut their eyes for fear they should see farther than others have seen before them, or rather for fear they should use them, and not blindly and lazily follow the sayings of others, what can be done to them? They are to be let alone to join in the cry of the herd they have placed themselves in, and to take that for applause, which is nothing but the noise that of course they make to one another, which way ever they are going; so that the greatness of it is no manner of proof that they are in the right. I say not this, because it is a discourse wherein you favour any opinions of mine (for I take care not to be deceived by the reasonings of my friends), but say it from those who are strangers to you, and who own themselves to have received light and conviction from the clearness and closeness of your reasonings, and that in a matter at first sight very abstruse, and remote from ordinary conceptions.

There is nothing that would more rejoice me than to have you for my neighbour. The advantage that you promise yourself, from mine, I should receive from your conversation. The impartial lovers and seekers of truth are a great deal fewer than one could wish or imagine. It is a rare thing to find any one to whom one may communicate one's thoughts freely, and from whom one may expect a careful examination and impartial judgment of them. To be learned in the lump by other men's thoughts, and to be in the right by saying after others, is the much easier and quicker way: but how a rational man, that should inquire and know for himself, can content himself with a faith or religion taken upon trust, or with such a servile submission of his understanding, as to admit all, and nothing else but what fashion makes passable among men, is to me astonishing. I do not wonder you should have, in many points, different apprehensions from what you meet with in authors; with a free mind, that unbiassedly pursues truth, it cannot be otherwise. First, All authors did not write unbiassedly for

truth ſake. Secondly, There are ſcarce any two men, that have perfectly the ſame views of the ſame thing, till they come with attention, and perhaps mutual aſſiſtance, to examine it. A conſideration that makes converſation with the living a thing much more deſirable and uſeful than conſulting the dead; would the living but be inquiſitive after truth, apply their thoughts with attention to the gaining of it, and be indifferent where it was found, ſo they could but find it.

The firſt requiſite to the profiting by books, is not to judge of opinions by the authority of the writers. None have the right of dictating but God himſelf, and that becauſe he is Truth itſelf. All others have a right to be followed as far as I, *i. e.* as far as the evidence of what they ſay, convinces; and of that my own underſtanding alone muſt be judge for me, and nothing elſe. If we made our own eyes our guides, and admitted or rejected opinions only by the evidence of reaſon, we ſhould neither embrace or refuſe any tenet, becauſe we find it publiſhed by another, of what name or character ſoever he was.

You ſay you loſe many things becauſe they ſlip from you: I have had experience of that myſelf; but for that my Lord Bacon has provided a ſure remedy: for, as I remember, he adviſes ſomewhere, never to go without pen and ink, or ſomething to write with; and to be ſure not to neglect to write down all thoughts of moment that come into the mind. I muſt own I have omitted it often, and have often repented it. The thoughts that come unſought, and as it were dropt into the mind, are commonly the moſt valuable of any we have, and therefore ſhould be ſecured, becauſe they ſeldom return again. You ſay alſo that you loſe many things, becauſe your thoughts are not ſteady, and ſtrong enough to purſue them to a juſt iſſue. Give me leave to think that herein you miſtake yourſelf and your own abilities. Write down your thoughts upon any ſubject as far as you have at any time purſued them, and then go on again ſome other time, when you find your mind diſpoſed to it, and ſo till you have carried them as far as you can, and you will be convinced that, if you have loſt any, it has not been for want of ſtrength of mind to bring them to an iſſue; but for want of memory to retain a long train of reaſonings, which the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at the pains to go over again; and ſo your connection and train having ſlipped the memory, the purſuit ſtops, and the reaſoning is neglected before it comes to the laſt concluſion. If you have not tried it, you cannot imagine the difference there is in ſtudying with and without a pen in your hand. Your ideas, if the connections of them that you have traced be ſet down, ſo that without the pains of recollecting them in your memory you can take an eaſy view of them again, will lead you farther than you can expect. Try, and tell me if it is not ſo. I ſay not this that I ſhould not be glad to have any converſation upon whatever points you ſhall employ your thoughts about. Propoſe what you have of this kind freely, and do not ſuſpect that it will interfere with my affairs.

Know, that beſide the pleaſure that it is to converſe with a thinking man and a lover of truth, I ſhall profit by it more than you. This you would ſee by the frequency of my viſits, if you were within the reach of them.

That which I think of *Deut.* xii. 15. is this, that the reaſon, why it is ſaid, *as the roebuck and the hart*, is becauſe (*Lev.* xvii.) to prevent idolatry, in offering the blood to other Gods, they were commanded to kill all the cattle that they ate at the door of the tabernacle, as a peace offering, and ſprinkle the blood on the altar; but wild beaſts that were clean, might be eaten though their blood was not offered to God (v. 13.) becauſe being killed before they were taken, their blood could not be ſprinkled on the altar; and therefore it ſufficed, in ſuch caſes, to pour out the blood wherever they were killed, and cover it with duſt. And for the ſame reaſon when the camp was broken up, where the whole people was in the neighbourhood of the tabernacle, during their forty years paſſage from Egypt to Canaan, and the people were ſcattered in their habitations through all the Land of Promiſe, thoſe who were ſo far from the temple were excuſed (*Deut.* xii. 21, 22.) from killing their tame cattle at Jeruſalem, and ſprinkling their blood on the altar. No more was required of them than in killing a roebuck or any other wild beaſt; they were only to pour out the blood and cover it with duſt, and ſo they might eat of the fleſh. Theſe are my thoughts concerning that paſſage.

What you ſay about critics and critical interpretations, particularly of the Scriptures, is not only, in my opinion, true, but of great uſe to be obſerved in reading learned commentators, who not ſeldom

make it their business to shew in what sense a word has been used by other authors; whereas the proper business of a commentator is to shew in what sense it was used by the author in that place, which in the Scripture we have reason to conclude was most commonly in the ordinary vulgar sense of the word or phrase, known in that time, because the books were written, as you rightly observe, and adapted to the people. If critics had observed this, we should have in their writings less ostentation and more truth, and a great deal of darkness now spread on the scriptures had been avoided. I have a late proof of this myself, who have lately found in some passages of Scripture a sense quite different from what I understood them in before, or from what I found in commentators; and yet it appears so clear to me, that when I see you next, I shall dare to appeal to you in it. But I read the word of God without prepossession or bias, and come to it with a resolution to take my sense from it, and not with a design to bring it to the sense of my system. How much that has made men wind, and twist, and pull the text in all the several sects of Christians, I need not tell you. "I design "to take my religion from the scripture; "and then, whether it suits or suits not "any other denomination, I am not much "concerned: for I think, at the last day, "it will not be inquired whether I was of "the church of England or Geneva, but "whether I sought or embraced truth in "the love of it?"

The proofs I have set down in my book of one infinite, independent, eternal Being, satisfy me; and the gentleman that designed others, and pretended that the next proposition to that of the existence of a self-sufficient Being should be this, that such a Being is but One, and that he could prove it antecedent to his attributes, *viz.* infinity, omnipotency, &c. I am since pretty well satisfied, pretended to what he had not, and therefore I trouble not myself any farther about the matter. As to what you say on the occasion, I agree with you, that the ideas of modes and actions of substances are usually in our minds before the idea of substance itself; but in this I differ from you, that I do not think the ideas of the operations of things are antecedent to the ideas of their existence; for they must exist before they can any way affect us, to make us sensible of their operations; and we must suppose them to be, before they operate.

The Essay is going to be printed again: I wish you were near, that I might shew you the several alterations and additions I have made, before they go to the press. The warm weather, that begins now with us, makes me hope I shall now speedily get to town. If any business draws you thither this summer, I hope you will order it so, that I may have a good share of your company. No body values it more than I, and I have a great many things to talk with you. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury (afterwards Archbishop), to a friend, who lay very ill of a languishing distemper, whereof he died.

Sir,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. T—'s letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that, God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections; but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it, for both which great allowances are to be made.

And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these, that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve, the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions which befal us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin, and punishment; and

therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but short and slight, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved; and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in the other world; that if we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to happiness, and that eternal life which God, that cannot lie, hath promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here; and yet a long life, with the usual burdens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable; it is but the same thing over again, or worse, so many more days or nights, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day; a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less patience and strength to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment, but comfort, though with great inequality of temper, at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us while we are in this world. However, by these kind of thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close up to it, without startling at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be to them that love him, and hope in his mercy.

I shall not need to advise you what do, and what use to make of this time your visitation; I have reason to believe that you have been careful in the time your health, to prepare for this evil day and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put the great work of your life to the end it; and then you have nothing now to do but, as well as you can, under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance, for all the errors and miscarriages your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation for our sins; comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and, the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and, the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land; the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters but I do heartily compassionate your case and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo and, if we be but in any good measure for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewell my good friend: and while we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, Sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant.

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LETTER CXIII.

Mrs. Rowe to her Mother.

Madam,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust. May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure.

I would collect the powers of my soul, and blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you.—It is but a short space I have to measure;—my shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: that goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fortitude is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or goodness of my own; for, oh! in my best state, I am altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpless sinner; but in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

N.B. This letter was not to be sent to her mother till she was dead.]

LETTER CXIV.

Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Croydon-House,
October 16, 1754.

Dear Sir,

I SHALL be very glad to see the work of your summer's meditation, and, if I desire it, will submit it to a friend's pen; though I had rather be excused doing that, for the reason which you suggest, it being very likely that the person I shall chuse to trust may possibly engage in the cause himself. What you are about is one out of the way of the following reason, which I am led to make by knowing that several weak pens are at work on Bolingbroke. I own I have my fears in his head, that more harm may be done than good. Lord Bolingbroke, as you justly observe, is obscured in a cloud of unintelligible metaphysics, in many parts of his works is dark and obscure, and desultory throughout; has no consistent system; is most tiresomely long; has mischievous tenets, some of them absurd (as the denial of final causes, &c.) and the poison of his book so diluted, that it cannot, I think, do much hurt. But if injudicious writers set themselves to extract the essence of it, and draw all his fire (an *ignis fatuus* as it lies) to a *focus*, the remedy should be very strong, and the operator an able chemist, to prevent its doing mischief. This work should not be trusted to bunglers.

Besides, the people in danger from Lord Bolingbroke's writings, are the loose and the wits, who will never sit down to read grave and solid answers. Irony and joke, in the literary way, are the only means to deal with him; and one cannot help wishing, that the age which produced Lord Bolingbroke, had produced such an antagonist wit as Mr. Bayle was, who could render him ridiculous while he confuted him. Dr. Warburton, you see, attempts this *; and, if he had more delicacy, it would be with more success. However, there are many excellent things in his second letter, and I think he has exposed his reasonings well upon the moral nature of the Deity.—Here your plan will coincide with him; and, though I know your heart and your talents, you will not be offended if I say, that you will combat the better, for attacking in the armour of Cicero. I am, dear sir, &c.

LETTER CXV.

M. de Voltaire to the Author of the Dialogues of the Dead.

My Lord,

I HAVE read the ingenious Dialogues of the Dead. I find "that I am an exile, "and guilty of some excesses in writing." I am obliged (and perhaps for the honour of my country) to say I am no exile, because I have not committed the excesses the author of the Dialogues imputes to me.

No body raised his voice higher than mine in favour of the rights of mankind; yet I have not exceeded even in that virtue.

I am not settled in Switzerland, as he believes. I live in my own lands in France. Retreat is becoming to old age, and more becoming in one's own possessions. If I

* In his "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philo-"sophy."

enjoy a little country house near Geneva, my manors and my castles are in Burgundy; and if my king has been pleased to confirm the privileges of my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more addicted to my king.

If I was an exile, I had not obtained from my court many a passport for English noblemen.

The service I rendered to them entitles me to the justice I expect from the noble author.

As to religion, I think, and I hope he thinks with me, that God is neither a presbyterian nor a Lutheran, nor of the low church, nor of the high church; but God is the father of all mankind, the father of the noble author, and mine. I am, with respect, his most humble servant,

VOLTAIRE,
Gentleman of the king's chamber.

At my castle of Tornex, in Burgundy.

ANSWER.

Sir,

I HAVE received the honour of your letter, dated from your castle at Tornex, in Burgundy, by which I find I was guilty of an error in calling your retirement "an "exile." When another edition shall be made of my Dialogues, either in English or in French, I will take care that this error shall be corrected; and I am very sorry I was not apprized of it sooner, that I might have corrected it in the first edition of a French translation just published under my inspection in London. To do you justice is a duty I owe to truth and myself; and you have a much better title to it than from the *passports* you say you have procured for English noblemen: you are entitled to it, Sir, by the high sentiments of respect I have for you, which are not paid to the *privileges*, you tell me, your king has confirmed to your lands, but to the *noble talents* God has given you, and the superior rank you hold in the republic of letters. The favours done you by your sovereign, are an honour to *him*, but add little lustre to the name of *Voltaire*.

I entirely agree with you "that God is "the father of all mankind;" and should think it blasphemy to confine his goodness to a sect; nor do I believe that any of his creatures are good in his sight, if they do notextend their benevolence to all his creation. These opinions I rejoice to see in your works; and shall be very happy to be convinced that the liberty of your thoughts and your pen, upon subjects of philosophy and religion, never exceeded the bounds of this generous principle, which is authorised by revelation, as much as by reason; or that you disapprove, in your hours of sober reflection, any irregular sallies of fancy, which cannot be *justified*, though they may be *excused*, by the vivacity and fire of a great genius. I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. P— at B—, to Mr. W— at L—.

July 20, 1753.

YOU are surprised, Sir, and so is all Europe, at M. Voltaire's disgrace with the King of Prussia. Nobody can yet comprehend how it hath been possible to exasperate a philosophic king against his first favourite, to whom, during sixteen years he hath behaved rather like a faithful friend than a gracious Prince. All the world knows that his Majesty, charmed with the lyre of this Orpheus, never ceased his applications to draw him to his court, that he might be more intimately acquainted with his muse, which hath so much contributed to refine his taste and to make him an author; a character of which he is as jealous as he is of that of a king. M. Voltaire had resolved not to quit his native country, but he could not resist the pressing instances of his Prussian Majesty, which were too honourable to him to be disregarded. He therefore left Paris and went to Berlin, in the summer of the year 1750. The King of Prussia immediately loaded him with his favours. Not content with assigning him a large pension, he also honoured him with the key of chamberlain, and his Order of Merit. For two years together M. Voltaire continued in high favour with his Majesty, and thought himself well established, when he began to perceive some marks of jealousy in a man whom he had before reckoned amongst his friends, and who had obtained the King's protection by the great noise he had caused to be made about the northern expedition; and when he saw the high opinion that had been conceived of his merit was upon the decline, and that he was unable to keep it up by any other extraordinary performances, endeavoured to secure the continuance of the royal favour by craft and artifice. This was M. Maupertuis, president of the academy of Berlin. It is well known to the literary world how he hath strained to obtain the character of a great man, and an inventor, by a piece which he hath published under the title of Letters. The learned, and amongst the rest M. Voltaire, found so many absurdities

in these letters, that he could not forbear writing a satire on the occasion. This satire was upon the point of being published at Potsdam, under the title of, The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia, when M. Maupertuis, being apprized of it by one of his creatures, obtained the King's orders for suppressing the work. It is probable that this suppression was only designed by his Majesty to reconcile the two compatriot courtiers, but M. Maupertuis looked upon it as a mark of his superiority in the esteem of his master, and relying upon this, he took the liberty to tell the King a thousand lies to ruin the credit and reputation of M. Voltaire.—A manuscript copy of The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia, having fallen into the hands of a bookseller in Holland, it soon appeared in print, to the great satisfaction of the public. M. Maupertuis was enraged at this, and the more so, as M. Voltaire, in this satire, had taken part with M. Koenig, counsellor and library-keeper to his most serene highness the Prince Stadtholder at the Hague, who with the strongest arguments had attacked his principle of the least action, the dispute concerning which is well known to all the learned in Europe. M. Maupertuis immediately, with all the aggravating circumstances he could think of, represented this to his Majesty as an offence against the royal authority. It was necessary to make the King consider it in this light, in order to raise his indignation to the highest pitch. It was in vain that M. Voltaire protested, and even made oath, that he did all he could to prevent the impression (and of this I myself was an eye-witness.) He was condemned: the Diatriba of Dr. Akakia was, by the King's order, burnt at Berlin, by the hands of the common executioner, and the King caused the transaction to be published in the gazettes of Berlin.

The first step which M. Voltaire took after this scene, was to return the King his key of chamberlain and his Order of Merit, and to beg leave to retire. The King immediately sent back the key and the cross, accompanied with a very courteous letter, wherein he intimated, that it would be very agreeable to him, if M. Voltaire would continue to reside at his court, and accept his pension. Out of respect to his Majesty, M. Voltaire retained the key and the cross, but persisted in desiring his dismission. To this request he could get no answer. M. Maupertuis continued his intrigues, and even obtained the King's leave to compromise his academical dispute with M. Koenig. The King published a letter, wherein he thought proper to relate all the injurious things concerning Mess. Voltaire and Koenig, that M. Maupertuis had presumed to tell him one night, after the opera was ended, when his Majesty went in his domino to M. Maupertuis's house, and conversed with him some hours in his bedchamber.

The public in general declared for M. Voltaire and M. Koenig; but notwithstanding this, M. Maupertuis found means to hinder truth from approaching the throne. M. Voltaire was disgraced, and yet could not obtain his dismission, nor even permission to go to the waters for the recovery of his health. It was even prohibited, throughout the Marquisate of Brandenburgh, to furnish M. Voltaire with horses, or to suffer him to pass. At length, however, I know not how, he obtained permission to go to the baths of Plombieres, and he took his leave of the King at Potsdam, to which place he promised to return in the month of October. But his enemy, who threatened to go to Leipsic to assassinate him, hath played his part so well, that M. Voltaire hath been disgraced afresh, as you will see by the letters herewith sent. These letters, as well as that of the King of Prussia, which I send on account of the relation it has to the others, are very authentic. I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXVII.

M. —— at Francfort upon the Maine, to Mr. —— at the Hague.

July 8, 1753.

AFTER having dispatched the last letter I wrote you, I had the honour to receive your's of the 3d of this month: and as in *that* letter I have given you all the eclaircissement you demanded concerning M. Voltaire's affair, I will confine myself in *this* to what has passed here at Francfort.

M. de Freytag, the King of Prussia's resident in this city, immediately after M. Voltaire's arrival here, redemanded of him the cross of the Order of Merit, the key of chamberlain, and also a small casket, wherein, it is said, is a manuscript in the King's own hand. M. Voltaire immediately delivered the two first, and gave his parole, that the casket, which he had sent forward with his baggage to Strasburgh, should be produced in eight days, and at the same time dispatched one of his domestics to Strasburgh to fetch it. It was accordingly brought back, and M. Voltaire having delivered

livered it to M. de Freytag, had an acquittance, and leave given him in the King's name to depart whenever he pleased. After a few days he set out for Wisbaden; but he was stopped by the guard at the gates of the city, and M. de Freytag shewed him a new order of the King of Prussia, to arrest him; but this order was not signed by the King himself. He was, however, carried back under the guard of four soldiers and a subaltern officer, to the house of a merchant called Schmidt. There M. Voltaire was very ill treated by the resident, who kept him very close, allowed his pocket to be searched, and eighty louis d'ors, found therein, to be taken from him. He was then conducted to an inn, together with his niece and secretary, under the guard of a soldier; and to affront him the more, the secretary was obliged to pass the first night in the same chamber with M. Voltaire's niece; M. Voltaire himself being shut up in another chamber with the guard. The day before yesterday he was released, and it is said that the order to arrest him at the gate was sent to the resident by one of his enemies, who had the temerity to make use of the King's name. Time must inform us of the consequences of this affair. M. Voltaire will yet go to some of the baths, but to which of them is not known. Thus I have told you all I know concerning this affair. I had it from the mouth of a person to whom M. Voltaire himself related it. I am on all occasions at your service, and have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

From the King of Prussia, in his own hand, to M. Voltaire.

August 23, 1750.

I HAVE seen the letter which your niece writes you from Paris. The friendship which she expresses for you, hath gained her my esteem. If I were Madam Denis, I should think as she does; but being what I am I think otherwise. It would be the greatest affliction to me, to be the cause of an enemy's misery; how then can I wish ill to a man whom I esteem, and who hath sacrificed to me his native country, and every thing that mankind hold most dear? No, my dear Voltaire, if I could foresee that your transplantation could possibly turn in the least degree to your disadvantage, I would be the first to dissuade you from it. Yes, I would prefer your happiness to the extreme pleasure your presence would give me. But you are a philosopher; I am one too; and can any thing be more natural, more rational, and more regular, than that philosophers, united by the same studies, the same taste, and a similar manner of thinking, and born to live together, should give themselves that satisfaction? I respect you as my master in eloquence and science; I love you as a virtuous friend: what slavery, what misfortunes, what changes, what inconstancy of fortune then have you to fear in a country where you are as much esteemed as in your native country, and with a friend who hath a grateful heart? I am not so vain as to imagine that Berlin is equal to Paris. If riches, grandeur, and magnificence, make a city delightful, we yield to Paris. If there be a place in the world, where good taste is more universally and extensively diffused, I know and agree, that it is at Paris. But do not you introduce this taste wherever you go? We have organs which suffice to applaud you, and in point of sentiment and gratitude, we yield to no country in the world. I pay regard to the friendship which attaches you to Madam du Chatelet, but after her I am one of your oldest friends. What, because you will live in my house, it will be said that this house is your prison! What, because I am your friend, I shall be your tyrant! I own to you, that I do not understand this logic, that I am firmly persuaded that you will be very happy here during my life, that you will be regarded as the father of learning and taste, and that you will find in me all the consolation that a man of your merit may expect from one who perfectly esteems him. Good night.

LETTER CXIX.

M. Voltaire to Madam Denis, his Niece.

Mayence, July 9, 1753.

THREE or four years having elapsed since I shed a tear, I flattered myself that mine eyes would not have known this weakness again till they had closed for ever. Yesterday Count de Stadian's secretary found me dissolved in tears: your departure and present situation was the cause of my affliction. The cruel severity of your sufferings lost its horror when you were present: your patience and your courage roused mine, but after your departure I had no support. I cannot sometimes help imagining that it is all a dream: I fancy these things to have been transacted in the reign of Dionysius of Syracuse. Can it be true, I ask myself, that a lady of Paris,

[illegible], travelling with a passport from the [illegible] her master, can have been dragged [illegible]gh the streets of Francfort by soldiers, [illegible]tioned without any form of trial, de[illegible] the convenience of a waiting woman [illegible]ny domestic, the door of the prison [illegible]ed by four soldiers, with their bayo[illegible] fixed to their musquets, and compell[illegible] suffer a tool of this Freytag, one of the [illegible] most abandoned villains, to pass the [illegible]t alone in her apartment? When la [illegible]villiers was confined, the executioner [illegible]ever left alone with her. So barba[illegible] an indecency is without example. [illegible] what was your crime? The having [illegible]illed 100 leagues to accompany to the [illegible]ers of Plombieres a dying uncle, whom [illegible] regard as your father. It is certainly [illegible] honour to the King of Prussia that he [illegible] not yet made reparation for such an in[illegible], committed in his name, by a man [illegible] calls himself his minister.

[illegible] additional affliction this to me. He [illegible]d me to be arrested to regain his print[illegible]ook of poems, with which he had fa[illegible]d me, and to which I had some claim. [illegible] had left it with me as the pledge of his [illegible] and as the reward of my toils. He [illegible] desirous to resume it; a single word [illegible]d have done; there was no occasion to [illegible]son an old man who was going to [illegible] the waters. He might have remem[illegible] that by his winning favours for [illegible] years, he had given me reason to [illegible] myself in his good graces; that he [illegible]en me from my country in my old [illegible] that I had assisted him, for two years [illegible], in perfecting his talents; that I [illegible]ved him faithfully, and had never [illegible] in any part of my duty; lastly, that [illegible] unworthy his rank and glory to take [illegible] an academical quarrel, and for my [illegible]compense, to end all, by ordering [illegible] to demand his poems of me. I [illegible] that sooner or later he will be con[illegible] that he has gone too far, that my [illegible] deceived him, and that neither [illegible] nor the King ought so greatly to [illegible] bittered the last days of my life. [illegible] followed the dictates of his pas[illegible] he will hereafter follow those of [illegible]on and goodness. But what will he [illegible] atone for the abominable outrages [illegible] to you in his name? My Lord [illegible] will, doubtless, be charged to es[illegible] if possible, the remembrance of the [illegible] of Freytag's treatment.

[illegible]ters have been sent me hither for you. [illegible] of them is from Madam Fontaine, and [illegible] very consolatory. It is pretended that I have been a Prussian; if by this is mea[illegible]t, that by my attachment and enthusiastic zeal I have made a return for the extraordinary favours which the King of Prussia hath conferred upon me for sixteen years running, the charge is just; but if it is designed to insinuate that I have been his subject, or ceased to be a Frenchman for a single moment, it is entirely false. The King of Prussia never proposed any such thing, and gave me the key of chamberlain only as a mark of his goodness, which he himself calls frivolous in the verses which he made when he gave me this key and the cross, both which I have laid at his feet. These ma[illegible]ks of distinction required neither oath, duty, nor naturalization. Wearing an order does not make one a subject. M. Decoville, who is in Normandy, yet retains the key of chamberlain to the King of Prussia, which he wears with the cross of the order of St. Lewis. It would be highly unjust not to regard me as a Frenchman, when I have all along kept my house at Paris, and have paid the capitation. Is it possible that the author of "The Age of Lewis XIV." should be seriously charged with not being a Frenchman? Would any one dare to say it before the statues of Henry IV.? I will add, of Lewis XV. since I am the only academician who wrote his panegyric when he gave us peace, and since he has himself this panegyric translated into six languages. His Prussian Majesty, being deceived by my enemy, and impelled by passion, may have irritated the King my master against me; but his justice and greatness of soul will gain the ascendant, and he will be the first to desire the King my master to permit me to end my days in my own country. He will call to mind that he has been my disciple, and that I have gained nothing from him, but the honour of enabling him to write better than myself. He will be contented with this superiority, and will not make use of that which his rank gives him, to oppress a stranger who hath sometimes instructed, always esteemed and respected him.

I cannot ascribe to him the letters published against me in his name. He hath too much greatness of mind to treat a private person in such an outrageous manner. He knows too well how a King ought to write, and what regard is to be paid to good manners and decency of behaviour. He is born signally to display his goodness and clemency. This was the character of our good and glorious King Henry IV.

He

He was hasty and passionate, but soon recovered himself; passion governed only for a moment, humanity all his life.

See, my dear, what an uncle, or rather a sick father, dictates to his daughter. It will be some comfort to me if you arrive in good health. My compliments to your brother and sister. Adieu! may I die in your arms, unknown to men and kings.

LETTER CXX.

The Right Honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, to a Friend in Holland.

Woolterton, Norfolk,
May 29, 1745.

Dear Sir,

I AM really ashamed of having neglected so long to return you, and my good old friend who remembers me so kindly, and so often, my grateful thanks for your generous sympathy with me in the affliction I feel from the death of my dear brother, the late Lord Orford. This heavy shock made so deep an impression upon my heart, that for a long time I could do nothing but lament my own loss.—I am very sorry to have been from home when the gentleman, recommended by our good Nestor, did me the honour of a visit: I hope to meet him this winter in town, and then to make amends for this unlucky disappointment.

As to politics, I can only tell you, that my thoughts, as well as my situation, are at a great distance from them, and my *res rustica* employs me entirely. Retired from the noise and nonsense of a public station, no man, I thank God, can have more reason than I have to be satisfied with the more solid and innocent pleasures of a private life. In this situation my mind is kept in a pleasing activity, very different from that which arises from the tumult of passions and the hurry of affairs. My house, of my own building, is not extremely large nor little; is neither to be envied nor despised. The disposition of the rooms is neither magnificent nor contemptible, but convenient. The situation is upon an eminence, that commands a most agreeable prospect of woods, intermixed with fruitful fields, and so sheltered by thick and lofty trees in the cold quarters, as not to be exposed to the inclemency of the rigorous seasons. It is encompassed with a most delightful and innocent army of vegetable striplings of my own raising, which are already (though but of twenty years growth from the seed,) with a becoming rivalship, stretching and swelling themselves into timber. They are all of noble and worthy extraction; names of their families are Oaks, Spa Chesnuts, and Beech; and I believe n of their relations in any country can more promising and hopeful than they They are so ranged and disciplined as form in some parts most agreeable li and walks, and openings: in other pla from the right and left, they discover f cious and delightful lawns. Before house, on the south, a green carpet of finest verdure gratifies the eye, and g dually leads it into a more extended pl On one side, a lake of living water cat and fills the sight, from whence a n beautiful fluid glides with a serpentine seemingly endless current, and loses it in a wood on the other. My rural w and contemplations, amidst this mild, versified, and engaging scene, afford constantly new sources of health and pl sure, and make me lament the no anxious, and tumultuous hours spent am the broils of faction, or in vain attem to serve an ungrateful public. If this scription pleases you, come, my dear frie come and partake of the beauties f whence it is drawn. Come, and let remember our friends in a modest cup smiling, home-brewed ale, forget and f give our enemies, and pray for the pe and liberties of Europe; the first of whi I am afraid, is not so near as I could wi because the last seems to be in greater d ger that ever; which, notwithstanding retirement, and my philosophical pret sions, gives me frequently uneasy m ments.

The beginning of the campaign, the successful progress of the Austrians Bavaria, and the consequent reconciliat of that Prince with the Queen of Hunga were very hopeful, and could not h been bought too dear by the marit powers, if a right use had been made them. The use I mean, would have b to have laid hold of the King of P— offers (if he had made any tolerable one and put him out of the scale against us. know the character of that Prince, I kn how little he is to be trusted, and I wo not have trusted him without good secur for the execution of his engagements. if he would have agreed to abandon Fran and would have given, by disarming, or any other means, security for his good b haviour, the difference of an hundr thousand not acting against us, while the other Princes and Electors of Germa either out of affection or fear, had in

man

ever declared for us, would have greatly strengthened the common cause, and put our operations upon a right principle, in bringing them directly against France, and against France standing alone. Such a diversion might have been made in Alsace, and such a reinforcement sent into the Low Countries, as would have given the allies a great superiority, enabled them to have recovered what they had lost, and to have pressed the French so closely as to have obliged them to grant us a safe and honourable peace. But now, my dear friend, I apprehend, that the principal object of the Court of Vienna will be (leaving the Low Countries to be defended by the maritime powers) to distract, divide, and devour the Prussian dominions. Their pride, revenge, and above all their bigotry, will naturally lead them to destroy a Protestant power that has dared to offend them. It is true, the Protestant Prince, whose hand this power is lodged, deserves to be chastised for the unworthy and perfidious use he has made of it: but I cannot wish to see that Protestant power destroyed; it may some time or other fall into better and honester hands, and may thereby prove of singular advantage for preserving the Protestant religion and the liberties of Europe. Hence it is that I have often wished to see a strict and lasting union, in peace and war, between the maritime powers and the house of Brandenburg, so as to make their mutual defence of the Protestant religion, and the balance of Europe, a common cause between them. For the late long and expensive wars have so exhausted England and Holland, as to make it impossible for them to exert themselves, as they have formerly done, for those good ends, without a supplementary power, such as Brandenburg, taking a share in it, and bearing, by men and money, some part of the necessary charge. I know the debts of England; and I need not tell you of the debts of Holland, which (in proportion to the extent and opulence of the two countries) are still more enormous. I need not tell you also, that the House of Brandenburgh is a rising house; the oeconomy of the late King of Prussia, the spirit of discipline he introduced into his army, the ambition, talents, and active genius of the present monarch, must render that house a powerful friend or formidable enemy. But can we, will you say, be allied with the Houses of Austria and Brandenburg at the same time? I answer in the affirmative; because I believe the thing possible now. How long it may be so, exceeds my foresight to determine. Perhaps these two powers may, from the *amor sceleratus habendi*, or the lust of ambition, come to look upon their interests to be so irreconcilable, that it will become scarcely possible to be well with them both. In such a case, we must chuse which of the two it will be most prudent to adhere to; and, for my part, I should not once hesitate in the choice. I may perhaps be singular in my opinion here; but I know the Court of Vienna too well ever to expect the smallest spark of gratitude, generosity, or public spirit, in their transactions with us. Their conduct in this present war, which has been undertaken more on their own behalf than ours; the state of their troops, which are, by near 40,000, inferior to the number stipulated; the timorous and indifferent conduct of troops thus deficient; all this makes me look about to see if there is any thing in the Queen of Hungary, except her fair face, that ought to make her the darling of the British nation and of the United Provinces. Besides, I cannot easily forget the perfidious plan formed by her father Charles VI. for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, and the placing of the Pretender on the throne of Great Britain: not that I would visit the iniquity of the father on the daughter, had I not good reasons to believe that the same spirit reigns in her. But I almost forget my rural character, while thus I launch again into the wide, uncertain, vague ocean of politics. You see the power of habit, and how easy it is to fall back into the old track, in which one's thoughts have run for several years together.—Adieu then, my dear friend; present my most cordial remembrance to our venerable Nestor, who is so much a better judge of all these matters than I am, that he will perhaps laugh at my political combinations. I hope, however, that the more shining and agreeable talents of Lord Chesterfield have not entirely buried my sincerity and frankness in oblivion. I never pretended to any other qualifications. And in this respect, even the foul-mouthed spirit of party here did me some sort of justice; it called me sometimes an ass, but I do not remember that it ever styled me a rogue. I am, with all affection, yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER CXXI.

Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, after his retirement, to General Churchill.

Dear Charles,

I HAVE now wrote to Capt. J—kſ—n, to give Lord Ty——ley a ticket, as you deſired, and am very glad to oblige him with it.

This place affords no news, no ſubject of amuſement and entertainment to you fine gentlemen. Perſons of wit and pleaſure about town, underſtand not the language, nor taſte the charms, of the inanimate world. The oaks, the beeches, and cheſnuts, ſeem to contend which ſhall beſt pleaſe the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I, in return, with ſincerity admire them, and have about me as many beauties as take up all my hours of dangling; and no diſgrace attends me ſince ſixty-ſeven *. Within doors we come a little to real life, and admire the almoſt ſpeaking canvas†; all the airs and graces which the proudeſt of the ladies can boaſt. With theſe I am ſatisfied, as they gratify me with all I wiſh and all I want, and expect nothing in return, which I cannot give.

If theſe, dear Charles, are any temptations, I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the ſcene, has ſometimes its recommendations; and from country fare, you may poſſibly return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainments of a court life.

Since I wrote what is above, we have been ſurpriſed with the good news‡ from abroad. Too much cannot be ſaid upon it; for it is truly matter of infinite joy, becauſe of infinite conſequence. I am, dear Charles, your's affectionately.

* The year of his age, when he reſigned, Feb. 9, 1742.

† We are told by a good judge, that there are not a great many collections of pictures left in Italy, more worth ſeeing than were thoſe at Houghton-Hall, in Norfolk, the ſeat of Lord Orford. In the preſervation of the pictures it excelled moſt of them. The pictures that hung in the houſe in Downing-ſtreet, were removed thither. That houſe belonged to the Crown: King George I. gave it to Baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian miniſter, for life. On his death, the late King offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, but he would only accept it for his office, of Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, to which poſt he got it annexed for ever. Ædes Walpolianæ, p. ix. 76.

‡ The battle of Dettingen, the news of which was received at London on the 23d of June 1743.

LETTER CXXII.

Lady Hertford (afterwards Ducheſs of Somerſet) to the Hon. Mrs. Knight.

Piercy-Lo
May 16, 17

Dear Madam,

I OUGHT, and really intended, to ha made uſe of the permiſſion you ga me, to trouble you with a letter before t time; but you do not need any thing lower your ſpirits, and my letters c hardly have any other effect upon hard hearts than your's. When I loſt my de and, by me, ever-lamented ſon §, eve faculty to pleaſe (if ever I were poſſeſ of any ſuch) died with him. I have longer any cheerful thoughts to comm nicate to my friends; but as the joy a pride of my heart withers in his grav my mind is continually haunting the manſions of the dead, and is but too i attentive to what paſſes in a world, whe I have ſtill duties and attachments, whi I ought to be, and I hope I may tru ſay I am, thankful for. I am ſure m affection for my Lord Hertford, and licitude for his welfare, are ſincere; ſin if I know my own heart, I would n deliberate a moment to lay down my li for his ſervice. Lady Betty and S Hugh Smithſon, and their children, a juſtly dear to me; and I ſtill feel t bonds of tender friendſhip: but I enj all theſe bleſſings with trembling a anxiety; for, after my dear Beaucham what human things can appear perm nent? Youth, beauty, virtue, healt were not ſufficient to ſave him from t hand of death! and who then can thi themſelves ſecure? Theſe are the m lancholy conſiderations, which general entertain my waking hours. Thou ſometimes I am able to view the brig ſide of my fate, and aſk myſelf, for who I grieve? Only for myſelf? Ho narrow an affection does this impl Could he have lived long as my fonde wiſh deſired, what could I have aſked, the end of that term, more than th aſſurance that he ſhould be placed whe I humbly hope, and confidently truſt, is, beyond the reach of ſorrow, ſin, ſickneſs? But I muſt leave a ſubje which, though I am never tired of, ought, in regard to my friends, to ſilent upon, and aſk you where y would have the Collection of Lette

§ Lord Beauchamp.

ſen

which you were so good to sub-
for at my desire? I have a letter
Mr. Collins this day, in which he
to receive your commands. My
and Mr. Cowland charge me with
compliments to you. I am, with
truth, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER CXXIII.

Countess of Hertford to Lady Luxborough.

Piercy-Lodge,
Dear Madam, May 15, 1748.

HOW long soever your letters are in coming, they never fail to assure welcome, by being more agreeable entertaining, as well as breathing of friendship, than any body's else the art of coing. I have been here a month, and find some little im-ements, which were ordered when went to London, completed; and I they are not quite unworthy of the . A piece of waste ground, on the side of the Abbey-walk, has been into a corn-field, and a turf-walk, eight feet wide, round it, close to ourishing hawthorn-hedge: on one there is a thatched seat open on sides, which pretends to no name greater dignity than justly belongs what it represents, namely a shepherd's ; before it there is an irregular piece turf, which was spared for the sake of old oaks and beeches, which are ered upon it; and as you are sitting there, you have, under these ghs, a direct view of Windsor Castle. are sweet-williams, narcissuses, campions, and such flowers as the will not eat, in little borders, round foot of every tree; and I almost flat-myself, that you would not be dis-ed with the rural appearance of the . The rains have given us the gest verdure I ever saw: our lawns meadows are enamelled with a pro-on of daisies and cowslips; and we the greatest appearance of fruit that been seen these many years. I con-you will read Mr. Thomson's Castle Indolence; it is after the manner of er, but I think he does not always so close to his style as the author of School Mistress, whose name I never till you were so good as to inform of it. I think it a charming poem; was very much pleased with his bal-of Queen Elizabeth's seeing the milk-maid. She appears, at least in my humble imagination, in a more natural light than when we hear of her bullying foreign powers, and cutting off the head of an unhappy Queen, who fled to her for protection. But to return to the Castle of Indolence; I believe it will afford you much entertainment; there are many pretty paintings in it, but I think the wizard's song deserves a preference.—"He needs no muse who dictates from his "heart." Have you met with two volumes, which contain four Contemplations, writen by a Mr. James Hervey, a young Cornish or Devonshire clergyman? The subjects are upon Walking among the Tombs, upon a Flower Garden, upon Night, and upon the Starry Heavens. There is something poetical, and truly pious. Now I have got into the impertinence of recommending books to one who is a much better judge than myself, I must name an Essay on Delicacy *, a subject which, if I were not acquainted with you, and one or two more, I should imagine had no longer an existence upon our globe.

I sincerely sympathise in the pleasure which you must feel, dear Madam, from the extreme good character which every body gives of your son, and which his behaviour to you proves he deserves. May this, with every other blessing, be long continued to you, and may you always look upon me as a sincere, though insignificant friend, as well as a most faithful and obedient, &c.

My Lord is at present in London, but I hope he will be here time enough to save the postage of this letter. I should be very glad to see any thing of Mr. Shenstone's.

LETTER CXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Piercy-Lodge,
Dear Madam, Nov. 20, 1748.

I REMEMBER Mrs. Higgons used to say, Lady Clarendon had such a power over her understanding, that she might persuade her she was a fish. You have pretty near the same ascendant over mine, yet cannot quite convince me, that eight months is not an immoderate while to keep silence, and make a chasm in a correspond-

* The Essay on Delicacy, here mentioned, was the production of Dr. Nathaniel Lancaster, many years Rector of Stanford Rivers, near Ongar, in Essex.

ence

ence with a friend, who incessantly wishes to hear of your health and happiness. I am not more easily seduced into an assent to your apology; for though I admire the beautiful language in which the fiction of your dulness is painted, I cannot mistake it for a truth. I am so bad at invention, that I will not search for an ingenious fable, to excuse myself for troubling you with an answer so soon, though my readiness to obey your commands, in subscribing for the prints you mention (if you will let me know where I must send for a receipt) might furnish me with one; but honestly own, that as my Lord has been in London since Thursday, I did not know how to employ the leisure hours his absence afforded me, more to my satisfaction.

We returned hither from Bath only Friday, the eleventh: we were there two months, the last fortnight of which we were detained, after all our things were gone, by my poor Lord's having a fit of the gout; and I believe we came away rather too soon after it, for his limbs had not recovered their strength, so that he was terribly fatigued; however, he has now recovered it, and is certainly upon the whole infinitely the better for having drank the Bath waters. If I could envy you, dear Madam, I should be tempted to do it, for being in reach of Hagley, for having Mr. West for a neighbour, and Mr. Shenstone for a friend. He has obliged me so much, in letting me see his charming Ode upon Autumn, and the honour he does Mr. Thomson's memory in that poem, and in his design to erect an urn for him in Virgil's Grove, that I am sorry I cannot agree with him in his dislike to autumn. On the contrary I draw one motive of my partiality to it, from a similar cause to what he partly ascribes his aversion; he hates it as a season which deprived him of a friend; I love it, because the latest days my heart could boast of happiness, in the best and most beloved of sons, were in that time of the year, till (as Dr. Young says)

—At Death's toll, whose restless, iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

And then,

The clouds, the winds, the rains, the falling leaves,
The naked branches, the poor shivering birds—

Every thing around me seemed to sympathise in my distress, and still at every melancholy anniversary of my ever-to lamented loss, put on the same frie appearance of social sorrow; and I say with Myra, in her poem, before Thomson's first edition of the Seasons,

To thee my gently-drooping head I bend,
Thy sigh my sister, and thy tear my friend.

Forgive me, dear Madam, for thus tinually returning to this afflicting subje but two lines of Mr. Pope's, with alteration only of one word, must pl my excuse.

Of all affliction taught a *sufferer* yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

I have done—and will now tell that our being obliged to go to Ba hindered us from undertaking any th here, so that I have nothing to talk of is new, and I am afraid there was nou here before, that would make a toler figure either in a print or a drawing; a can hardly look well upon paper tho in reality, the variety of woods and la water, grass, and gravel, may produ contrast not unpleasing to the eye. I sorry you find any defects in Mr. Her for both the design and manner of writing pleases me extremely.

I want to know what you think of Peruvian Letters, and especially of fifth in the suite. I have been very entertained lately with the two first volu of the Foundling *, written by Mr. Fi ing, but not to be published till the 22 January; if the same spirit runs thro the whole work, I think it will be m preferable to Joseph Andrews. My L is absent from London, but I hope wil here time enough to free this letter, f am sure it is not worth the postage. I dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER CXXV.

Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough

Piercy-Lo
June 27, 17

Dear Madam,

YOUR Ladyship bids me give you account of what alterations we making at present, but I feel myself m less able to describe the fabric and fu ture of a palace than a hermitage, while I am attending to all my Lord's signs there, I fancy I am no better quainted with the effect it will pro

* The History of Tom Jones, by Henry F ing, Esq.

[illegible] person would be with the beauty of [illegible] tapestry, who saw only the wrong [illegible] it. My Lord will do a good deal [illegible] front of the house, in order to make [illegible] less like a prison; he builds a [illegible] on the right-hand side of the [illegible], which will contain a library, bed-[illegible], dressing-room, and a waiting-[illegible]. I think I told you, that all the sashes, [illegible] and ceilings, in both apartments, [illegible] entirely new, and the floors in my [illegible]; the stair-case is very noble, but [illegible] as large a lanthorn to light it, [illegible] at Houghton, so much celebrated in [illegible]-papers. The chimney-pieces in [illegible] apartments are to be all new, and [illegible] them very expensive; the draughts [illegible] pretty. My Lord's bed on the [illegible] floor is crimson damask, with [illegible] hangings; the next room is fur-[illegible] with green damask, on purpose to [illegible] his pictures; the next, with a set of [illegible] old hangings of the Duke of [illegible]'s Horsemanship, with his own [illegible], on horseback, as big as life; and, [illegible] they are clean, looking neat as when [illegible]. The parlour to be hung with some [illegible] good pictures; above stairs, the great [illegible] room, with Saxon green cloth [illegible], with gilt nails, and green lutestring [illegible]-curtains, marble table, and large [illegible] between the windows; first drawing-[illegible], new crimson damask, with lutestring [illegible]-curtains, two very fine Japan tables [illegible] glasses between the windows, with [illegible] and gilt frames; inner drawing-[illegible] tapestry hangings, with small figures, [illegible] pretty, and as fresh as new. He lays [illegible] rooms together in the right wing of [illegible], on the ground floor, in order to [illegible] a chapel, with a Gothic wainscot, [illegible] and painted windows; there is to [illegible] Dutch stove in it, which is so contriv-[illegible] to represent a tomb with an urn [illegible] it. The court is to be paved, and [illegible] foot-way altered; and my Lord is in [illegible] for nine houses on the other side of [illegible], in order to pull them down and [illegible] stables (for there are none belonging [illegible] house), whose gates are intended to [illegible] directly over against those of the [illegible]; if he can agree for this purchase, [illegible] will widen the street in that part about [illegible] feet. Now, dear Madam, I have [illegible] you in the best manner I am able; [illegible] upon looking back into my letter, I [illegible] I have forgot my bed-chamber, dress-[illegible] room, and closet, which one would [illegible] should not appear least interesting to [illegible]: the first of these is to have a new bed-hanging, and chairs of crimson queen's damask; the dressing-room, which has two large sashes, will have tapestry hangings and green damask chairs; the closet, which is small, and has only one sash, exactly facing the chimney, furnished with painted paper; the chimney-piece in the dressing-room, is to be of statuary marble and *giallo di Sterin*, and just in the front of it, the fable of the stork inviting the fox to dinner, very neatly carved; there is another little waiting-room, at this end of the apartment, for the groom of the chambers to be in, in the morning, or, when I am not in form, in the evening. To return to my *bergerie*; nothing has been done in it this summer, nor have I the heart to propose any thing, for I am actually frightened with the sum my Lord is laying out about Northumberland-House; and I find, by living long in strait circumstances, one contracts a narrowness of mind, which makes launching out at once into great expence, not appear so desirable as it would be thought by young, gay people. The cold north winds have blighted and ruined the beauty of my roses for the remainder of this year, and starved all the various flowers, which used to adorn our clumps and borders. The time of our going into Sussex remains unfixed; but I fancy it will be in about a month: and we have taken a new house in Bath, for the first week in September, so that instead of enjoying my peaceful shades, as I used to do, I appear engaged in a tedious pilgrimage, and am looking (over the charms of the summer month) to a resting place in Northumberland-House, and where, perhaps, I may never come; the probability is much stronger against me than it was, this time five years, against my ever-lamented Beauchamp; and indeed I am far from well at present, having a most terrible cough and cold, with a continual head-ach and sickness at my stomach.

I am glad to hear that Mrs. Wool's seeming neglect did not proceed from her own heart, but the hardness of another's, which is a stranger to all that is gentle or humane. I am persuaded, your improvements will add great beauty to your habitation, and would make me long to see it, if I were a moveable being, but you know I never was fond of travelling, and I cannot take a journey now, but as the Rhodian Colossus might do. Among all my Lord's acquisitions, none has given me more pleasure than his chaplain, who is between sixty and seventy, very well bred, strictly pious, and

and they say is an admirable scholar; has a genius for all the polite arts, is a good judge of poetry, has read a prodigious deal, is very modest, and at the same time constantly cheerful, but naturally inclined to a solitary country life; in short, we are all fond of his company, from my Lord to the lowest servant in the house. I am sure you are tired of my obedience by this time, and will be glad to see me come to a conclusion, by subscribing myself, dear Madam, your most faithful, &c.

LETTER CXXVI.

Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.

Piercy-Lodge.

Dear Madam, January 21, 1749-50.

WHEN I look upon the date of your letter, it puts me both out of countenance and patience with myself. Your letter found me at Bath, from whence, I thank God, my Lord is returned with his health and appetite much improved; and I hope the good effects of this journey will continue longer than those of the preceding years. Our servants and goods have all been removed to Northumberland-House, since before Michaelmas, but when we shall get into it ourselves, is yet among the secrets of fate. It is still hid with scaffolds towards the street, but by the plan, and the little I could see of it when I was in London, on the King's birth-day, it will be very handsome, and indeed it should: my Lord destined ten thousand pounds for the alterations; but I believe he has by this time experienced that he deceived himself, at not setting it at above double; for though the house itself will not cost, perhaps, above fourteen thousand pounds, yet the houses he has purchased, in order to widen the street and build his stables, and the remainder of the Duke of Chandos's grant for Scotland-Yard, which he is in treaty for, in order to carry down his garden, and open a view from his house to the Thames, will cost at least as much more. Mean time, you may guess our poor *bergerie* has been neglected, and, except a very pretty and convenient hot-house for pine-apples, has had no additional ornament of any kind. We pass this winter here, which I should not regret at any other time, but as Lady Betty * is to lie in, and is already gone a month past her reckoning, I should like to be nearer to her. I was not eight and forty hours in town, when I went to be presented, my Lord's new Earldoms, and to make appearance on the birth-day; for I w from hence at seven on the Sunday mo ing, and was presented that day at no and on the Monday, as soon as the dra ing-room was over, undressed and c back directly. I lay at Sir Hugh Sm son's, for I could not have a room Northumberland-House, and I have ne seen London since. We have the n glorious weather that I believe was e seen in winter; but, alas! I can only mire it from my windows, being under Shaw's hands, for the ill consequence o fall, which I had before I went to B by a servant heedlessly taking away a ch just as I was going to sit down, and wh I took too little care of at first, so I am forbid all sort of exercise, which gives but a melancholy prospect, as to my hea for the future: but God's will be do and I hope I shall cheerfully submit to event, whatever it be.

Have you seen a little French book ed *Conseils à une Amie*, said to be written Madame de Pompadour? The name the author will not induce you to exp any very exalted sentiments of religion morality; but it contains good rules making a proper figure in high-life. have also had the letters of Monsieur Ra le Pere, and some memoirs of his life, his son, lent me; and they give me greater esteem for him as a man tha the author of *Esther* and *Athaliah*. I b you have seen my old acquaintance minister of B—'s answer to Dr. Mid ton's *Free Enquiry about Miracles*. I can imagine how he can reply to it, with owning himself a deist, or explaining so of his innuendos in a different way to w they appear at first sight. Mr. and M Wymondesold's handsome behaviour to y dear Madam, gives me a good opinion them both. I believe I shall never h reason to alter that which I have forme my Lord L— for some years past; and to that I strove to entertain of him bef it was the work of art, and a *contre-c* As to your son, I think he does not a himself. I am sorry to hear Mr. S stone has been so ill, but I hope his m has not left him; I am sure your's has I am confident she attended you very ag ably upon his bench. Mr. Lindsey, Lord's chaplain (who by the way is a good judge, and a pretty sort of man), fers his Ode on Autumn to almost ev modern performance. My Lord finds

* The late Duchess of Northumberland.

is compliments; and I am, with a very [illegible] regard, dear Madam, your Lady-[illegible]'s most obliged and faithful humble [illegible]ment.

The first of the enclosed verses are said [illegible] been written by a gentleman in [illegible] England; the second by Mr. Mar[illegible]. If you have not seen them, I hope [illegible] will serve for a minute's amusement.

LETTER CXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Piercy-Lodge,
Dear Madam, September 9, 1750.

I AM extremely sorry for the accident which prevented my having the plea[illegible] of hearing from you, and sincerely [illegible] you have overcome all the ill effects [illegible]. You are very obliging in the con[illegible] you express, for the scenes of sorrow [illegible] have passed through. I have, indeed, [illegible] deeply; but when I consider it is [illegible] will of God, who never chastises his [illegible] creatures but for their good, and re[illegible] at the same time, how unworthy I [illegible] of these blessings, which I now lament [illegible] of, I lay my hand upon my mouth [illegible] dare not repine; but I hope can with [illegible] appeal to him in the following words: "Questo affano ci fu che non si oppone [illegible] santo voler: chio gemo e gli affro [illegible] il gemiti miei chio rango & in [illegible] benedico il suo nome in mezzo al [illegible]."

You are so good as to wish my solitude [illegible] afford me some amusement; and as I [illegible] it a duty, while it pleases God to [illegible] us here, not to let ourselves sink [illegible] a stupid and unthankful melancholy, I [illegible]vour to find out such entertainments, [illegible] retirement, and my dear Lord's un[illegible] bounty, will admit of. I have [illegible] a porter's lodge at my gate, and am [illegible] turning the long drawing-room into [illegible]apel, which will be finished in the [illegible] taste, and have three fine painted [illegible]dows; these I had bespoke for Nor[illegible]berland-House, but as its present own[illegible] do not intend that their chapel shall be [illegible] the same place that we had proposed, [illegible] would not have fitted there. The [illegible] where you were so good as to break[illegible] with us, and my Lord's bed-chamber, [illegible]'d not bear to go into since my irre[illegible]ble misfortune, and therefore, with [illegible] Northumberland's advice, have laid [illegible] together, which will make a room of [illegible] by 21. I shall put up a very pretty chimney-piece in it, with paper, on which I shall hang my best pictures.

The season for some little alterations without doors is now coming on, and I intend some change in my rosary, and openings in other parts of the park. I have also erected a little hermitage in one of the woods, near the canal, whose roof is thatched, and its walls of straw. I read as usual, and have lately been much pleased with the new edition of Sully's Memoirs. Besides this, my own servant and myself have worked five cross-stitch chairs, and intend three more for my chapel; they are a Gothic mosaic, in fine crimson, and are to have Gothic frames. Thus, dear Madam, I have given you an account of my schemes and occupations. My company, at present, consists of Dr. Le Courayer, Mr. Cowslad, and my chaplain, who is a modest, sensible, and truly pious young man. The gentleman who travelled with poor Lord Beauchamp has been with me two months, but left me yesterday. What is come to Lord Luxborough, or rather to his son? And why is poor Mrs. Wymondesold to be treated as an alien? I conclude she did not marry without her father's consent.

I hear an extreme good character of your nephew, Lord St. John, which I am sure will give you pleasure. I must do Lord Egremont the justice to tell you, that it is impossible for any one to behave in a more kind and handsome manner, than he has done ever since my dreadful loss; but Mrs. Owen has never taken the least notice of me. Lord and Lady Northumberland are at present in the country, and very well. I am so near the end of my paper, that I must only add the assurance of being, dear Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and obedient.

LETTER CXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Piercy-Lodge,
Dear Madam, December 31, 1751.

APOLOGIES between friends appear so unnecessary, that if you have still the same inclination which you have formerly shewn to look upon me in that light, you will never again treat me with the ceremony of a formal acquaintance; when you write to me, you give me pleasure; when you do not, I love my own peace too well to fancy you are angry with me, while I am not conscious of my deserving to have you so. You see I do not regulate my corre-

correſpondence as poor Lady — did her viſits; which ſhe never was to return ſooner than her former ones had been repaid.

I am not in the leaſt ſuprised that you were pleaſed to return to the venerable ſeat of your anceſtors, and the abode of your firſt and happieſt days; and find nothing trivial or childiſh in the ſatisfaction you felt, in ſeeing old faces full of gratitude for obligations long ſince paſt, and by you, perhaps, forgot; or in recalling ſome little lively incidents in the earlieſt and innocent hours of youth. As for the wiſe and witty of the preſent age, I know not what they would ſay, and I do not deſign to hear it; they will ſcarce viſit my hermitage, and I ſhall not leave it to viſit them. I hope to diſpoſe of my houſe in Downing-ſtreet, which I would not do, if I ever intended to paſs ſix weeks in London, for I am fond of the ſituation. But I find myſelf happieſt in the retreat which my dear Lord's unmerited beneficence has made me miſtreſs of, and fixed my home upon the ſpot of earth I would have choſen for myſelf. Every thing, both within and without the houſe, reminds me of my obligations to him; and I cannot turn my eyes upon any object, which is not an object of his goodneſs to me. The ſatisfaction I take in adding either beauty or convenience to my habitation, is greatly enhanced by the reflection, that while I am adorning it, I at the ſame time can ſhew my value for the gift, and my gratitude to the lamented giver.

I have a regular, and, I hope, a religious family. My woman, though ſhe has not lived with me quite three years, had before lived twenty-three betwixt Lord Grantham's and Lady Cowper's; my houſekeeper has been a ſervant as long; the perſon who takes in my accounts, pays the bills, and overlooks the men within doors, has been in the family nineteen years; and the other, who has lived ten, has the care of the ſtables, and every thing without. I riſe at ſeven, but do not go down till nine, when the bell rings, and my whole family meet me at chapel; after prayers, we go to breakfaſt; any friend who happens to be there, myſelf, and my chaplain, have ours in the little library; the reſt in their reſpective eating rooms. About eleven, if the weather permits, we go to walk in the park, or take the air in the coach; but if it be too bad for either, we return to our various occupations. At three we dine; ſit perhaps near an hour afterwards; then ſeparate, till we meet at eight for prayer; after which we adjourn again to the library, where ſomebody reads aloud, unle ſome ſtranger comes who chooſes card until half an hour paſt nine, when we ſu and always part before eleven. This the fine world would ſound a melancho monaſtic life; and I cannot be ſuppoſed have choſen it from my ignorance of t ſplendour and gaiety of a court, but fro a thorough experience that they can gi no ſolid happineſs; and I find myſelf mo calmly pleaſed in my preſent way of li ing, and more truly contented, than I ev was in the bloom and pomp of my you I am no longer dubious what point to pu ſue. There is but one proper for the d cline of life, and indeed the only one wo the anxiety of a rational creature at a age: but how do the fire of youth and fl tery of the world blind our eyes, and m lead our fancies, after a thouſand imagin pleaſures, which are ſure to diſappoint in the end!

I condole with you for the loſs of M Price, as a faithful ſervant is always a luable poſſeſſion.

Mr. Shenſtone does me a great deal honour in inſcribing his Ode upon Re Elegance to me. I am perſuaded he maſter of the ſubject, for I have he from people who ſaw his gardens not l ago, that they are the moſt perfect m of it.

I dare ſay, Lady Northumberland not know how near ſhe was to you, or would not have paſſed by, without inq ing after you. The news-papers will form you, that her Lord ſupplies the p of Lord Waldegrave, in the King's b chamber. Their children, I mean the youngeſt, were both here, while they m their Warwick and Staffordſhire tour, alſo till they came from Bath. The l boy is called Algernoon, after his gr papa; and is, though leſs handſome, counterpart of his poor uncle, Lord Be champ; his innocence, his temper, his voice, are juſt the ſame, and every tion of his body: judge if I am fo him.

Books you wiſh me to name. You undoubtedly read Voltaire's Siecle de L and Madame Maintenon's Letters; I been entertained with both: he inform head; ſhe, I think, inſtructs, and ma form, the heart. I often regret that I not ſeen her writings thirty years ago have ſeen nothing in the Genie of Co except *la laide aimable*, which I think pr

pretty. But as for Jenny Jeſſamy, Betty Barnes, and their compeers, I never buy any of them, though I have looked over the two laſt I have named, in their paſſage between Lady Northumberland and Mrs. Kingdon. I hope you will prevail with Mr. Shenſtone to let me ſee his Ode. There are ſome particulars in Archbishop Tillotſon's Life, that may amuſe you, and a Dialogue upon Beauty, by Sir Harry Beaumont; theſe are the only new things I have ſeen. I have hardly room to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Madam, ever faithfully your's.

I wiſh you as many happy years as you wiſh yourſelf.

LETTER CXXIX.

Duchess of Somerset to W. Shenstone, Esq.

Piercy-Lodge, near Colnebrook,
Sir, Nov. 20, 1753.

Lady Luxborough has not been ſo poliſh as to let you know, that ſhe never delivered your two excellent poems to my hand till laſt Saturday night, you will look upon me as the moſt ungrateful and taſteleſs of all mortals. I have read them both over more than once with pleaſure: but will it not appear ſtrange, I confeſs to you, that the honour you have done me by the inſcription of the poem, and a ſtanza or two in the poem itſelf, has given me ſome pain? And I look upon it as a very great addition to the favour, if, whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodneſs to fill the blank (which leaving out thoſe words muſt occaſion) with aſterisks, daſhes, or any other mark you please, without ſuſpecting me of an affected or falſe modeſty, ſince to either of theſe accuſations I can honeſtly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a real friend, whoſe good nature may (and in this caſe certainly has) miſled her judgment. The world in general, ſince they can find no fault in the poem, will blame the choice of the perſon to whom it is inſcribed, and draw mortifying compariſons betwixt the ideal one and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which, though it may perſuade me I am not quite ſo faulty as the world would repreſent me, at the ſame time loudly admoniſhes me, that I am ſtill further from the valuable perſon Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to ſuppoſe me.

I hope you will accept theſe reaſons as the genuine and moſt ſerious ſentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the moſt grateful ſenſe of the honour you deſigned me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verſes of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Dodſley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occaſioned by the death of Mr. Thomſon. If you ſhould have miſlaid the original, I have a copy at your ſervice, which I will tranſmit either to you, in caſe you ſhould have a mind to look it over again, or tranſmit it directly to Mr. Dodſley.

I am, with unfeigned eſteem and gratitude, Sir, your moſt obliged, &c.

LETTER CXXX.

Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.

Piercy-Lodge, Nov. 23, 1753.

I DID, dear Madam, begin to deſpair of having the honour, and (what I felt more ſenſibly) the pleaſure, of hearing from you again. I am ſo ſubject to fall into errors, that I was afraid ſome unguarded expreſſion in my laſt letter might have given you offence, and yet my heart bore witneſs how far I had been from intending it.

I have been extremely ill the whole ſummer, and for ſome weeks believed in great danger; but, by the bleſſing of God, upon Dr. Shaw's preſcriptions, I am at preſent, though lean and ill-favoured, much better; yet ſtill obliged to be carried up and down ſtairs, for want of ſtrength and breath to carry myſelf: but I have great reaſon to bleſs God for the eaſe I now enjoy. When one comes to the laſt broken arches of Mirza's bridge, reſt from pain muſt bound our ambition, for pleaſure is not to be expected in this world; where I have no more a notion of laying ſchemes to be executed ſix months than I have ſix years hence; which, I believe, helps to keep my ſpirits in an even ſtate of cheerfulneſs to enjoy the ſatisfactions which preſent themſelves, without anxious ſolicitude about their duration. We have lived to an age that neceſſarily ſhews us the earth crumbling under our feet, and as our journey ſeems approaching towards the verge of life, is

it not more natural to caſt our eyes to the proſpect beyond it, than, by a retroſpective view, to recal the troubleſome trifles that ever made our road difficult or dangerous? Methinks it would be imitating Lot's wife (whoſe hiſtory is not recorded as an example for us to follow), to want to look back to the miſerable ſcene we are ſo near eſcaping from.

I have ſpent the laſt three weeks moſt agreeably. The firſt of them the Biſhop of Oxford and Mr. Talbot paſſed with us, and had the goodneſs to leave Miſs Talbot (whoſe character I think you muſt have heard) when they went away. She is all the world has ſaid of her, as to an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding: but ſhe has other charms, which I imagine you will join with me in giving the preference even to that; a mild and equal temper, an unaffected pious heart, and the moſt univerſal good-will to her fellow-creatures, that I ever knew. She cenſures nobody, ſhe deſpiſes nobody, and whilſt her own life is a pattern of goodneſs, ſhe does not exclaim with bitterneſs againſt vice. We ſpent a good deal of our time in our own rooms, except in the mornings, but our time is a good deal broken in upon. Soon after nine we meet in the chapel; as ſoon as prayers are over, we go to breakfaſt, and after that we work, during which, Mr. Cowſlad, or my chaplain, read aloud; at eleven we go, if the weather is tolerable, to take the air for two hours at leaſt, which Dr. Shaw inſiſts upon my doing. The moment we get out of the coach, we ſee no more of one another till three, when the dinner is punctually upon the table. Dinner and tea are both over by five, when we retire till eight, and then go to prayers; after which we adjourn into the little library, where we work, and the gentlemen read, as in the morning, till ſupper, a quarter before ten, and it is a rule to be all in our rooms a quarter before eleven.

We are at preſent very highly entertained with the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, which is ſo vaſtly above Pamela or Clariſſa, that I ſhall not be eaſy till you have read it, and ſent me your ſentiments upon it. Miſs Talbot received Lady Gray's [*ſomewhat omitted, perhaps ſome remarks on Grandiſon*] in a letter of ſix ſides, wrote with the greateſt good ſenſe and vivacity imaginable. I fancy ſhe is an excellent and agreeable young woman.

It is now more than time to return yo thanks for the trouble you have taken i conveying Mr. Shenſtone's admirab poem* to me. I have wrote to him th poſt, and could not do it ſooner, becau his letter was only dated Leaſowes, and could not find out his poſt-town, witho ſending to Mrs. Stanley, whom I do n viſit, and who lives twelve miles from m I have expreſſed my gratitude in the b manner I am able; but am under the n ceſſity of declining the honour he intend me, and have begged him to fill up t blanks with ſtars, or what he pleaſ whenever my name, or that of Pierc Lodge, was deſigned, and I hope he w oblige me.

You ſay, you have been in a letharg Dear Madam, this muſt have proceed from ſome oppreſſion upon your ſpiri for which I have known tar-water to b ſovereign remedy, and wiſh you would it. Poor Mrs. Ward! But ſince we ſay nothing to her honour, let us not ex tiate upon her diſgrace.

Any thing directed to be left with W liam Phillips, my porter, in Downi ſtreet, will be ſent to me directly.

I am, dear Madam, your Ladyſhi moſt obliged and obedient ſervant.

LETTER CXXXI.

Ducheſs of Somerſet to W. Shenſtone, E

Sir, Piercy-Lodge, Dec. 18, 175

I WOULD ſooner have returned you thanks for the favour of your moſt tr obliging letter, but was afraid of being troubleſome, by engaging ſo much of y time, which you know ſo well how to e ploy to better purpoſes.

The kind offer you made me, of ſe ing me any thing you occaſionally h pened to write, I look upon as the hig obligation; and you will greatly add it, if you will permit me to ſhew them a very ingenious friend of mine, wh ingenuity is her leaſt praiſe, ſince the e cheerfulneſs of her temper, the cand and integrity of her heart, *joined* the moſt unaffected and honourable pie muſt claim the eſteem of all *lovers of* tue, who have the happineſs of being quainted with her. You *may* poſſ have heard of her, as in her very yo days, ſome little things of her writing abroad, which were thought worthy

* Rural Elegance, inſcribed to the wri this letter.

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ssice, considering the age she was then d. She is a grand-daughter of old Bishop Talbot's, and niece to the Lord Chancellor of that name. She has lately spent ix weeks with me here, and went away ery last Thursday.

I take the liberty to send this letter ithout a cover, as I am conscious that othing I write is worth double postage; ince its only meaning is to express the re-ard with which I am, Sir, your most ithful, &c.

LETTER CXXXII.

Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.

Piercy-Lodge,
Dear Madam, Feb. 25, 1754.

PRAY never think excuse can be necessary to me about exactness in answering my letters; I am always glad to hear rom you when it is agreeable to you to rite, but am not one of those over-kind iends who are for ever out of humour ith those whom they rather enthral than ffige, by giving them that name. As a ent I never wish to act so by my friends, nam afraid of being treated so by them, will own to you, I am not quite sure I ould have answered your letter so soon, ere it not that I am under serious con-n to find how aukwardly I must have pressed myself to Mr. Shenstone, if I ive him room to believe I harboured a ret wish to have so fine a poem as his de suppressed. On the contrary, I should ink myself guilty of a very great crime d injustice to the public, if I were to be means of depriving them of so charm-g and rational an entertainment. I gave the true reasons in my letter, for de-ing that my own name, nor that of my ble yet peaceful dwelling, might be ented. You know I always envied lot of "*la violette, qui se cache sous herbe.*"

It is true, my dear Lady Luxborough, es are changed with us, since no walk s long enough, or exercise painful ough, to hurt us, as we childishly ima-ed; yet, after a ball or masquerade, re we not come home very well con-ed to pull off our ornaments and fine thes, in order to go to rest? Such, thinks, is the reception we naturally e to the warnings of our bodily de-s; they seem to undress us by degrees, prepare us for a rest that will refresh us more powerfully than any night's sleep ld do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow, and crying, and pains, shall be no more; we shall then, without weariness, move in our new vehicles, transport ourselves from one part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity, than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses, the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens of our approaching dissolution, with a kind of aweful pleasure. I will ingenuously own to you, dear Madam, that I experience more true happiness in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the splendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could not satisfy a rational mind; and at the most heedless time of my youth, I well remember, that I always looked forward, with a kind of joy, to a decent retreat, when the evening of life should make it practicable.

Boadicea I have read; there is an interesting scene or two in it; but there is something wanting in the management of the drama to keep up the spirits of the audience. Philoclea I have not seen, nor have heard such a character of it, as to raise my curiosity. If you have not read Deformity, an Essay by Mr. Hay, nor his *Religio Philosophi* (I do not know how that last word should end), I believe they will entertain you very well in their different ways. The Adventurer will soon be published in volumes, and will be very well worth buying. I doubt I must agree with Mr. Shenstone, that the style of Sir Charles Grandison is too prolix; and yet I do not know any of it I should be willing to part with, except Harriot Byron's conversation with the Oxonian, in the first volume, and the preparations and entertainments at Sir Charles's wedding, in the fifth.

When I came home from taking the air on Friday, I was very agreeably surprised to find Lady Northumberland ready to receive me, as I had no notion of her coming. She had been alarmed with a false report, that I had not been so well for some days as she left me. I took the opportunity of shewing her your letter, and she desired me to make her compliments to your ladyship, and tell you, she keeps no servant about Lady Elizabeth, while she is at school, and at her return will think it necessary to have a person of a middle age about her. Such a one she

now has about her little boy; a pretty sort of woman, who speaks French and English equally well; is grave and properly behaved, and, I believe, hopes for Lady Elizabeth's place, when her little angel of a master goes into the hands of the men. His mamma took him away with her on Saturday, after lending him to me for a month (though she is excessively fond of him), because she sees he is the joy of my life. He has some faint resemblance (though not a good one) of his poor uncle; but his openness and mildness of temper are the very same. Her eldest boy too is a very sensible and good one. He and Lady Greville dine with me, from Eton, every Sunday; they are here at present for two or three days, on account of their being holidays. I have hardly left myself room to make Mr. Cowslad's compliments, and subscribe myself, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Mediations the Doctor sent her, upon the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.

Sir,

I AM very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The Mediations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their heart; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, Sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time it leaves us the most comfortable assurance that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, Sir, your, &c.

ELEGANT EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

RECENT LETTERS.

SECTION I.

FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. AND MR. GRAY, TO AND FROM THEIR FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend.

From Mr. Wintle's, Perfumer,
near Temple-Bar, &c.
6th Feb. 1740.

Dear Sir,

AM now, with regard to the town, pretty much in the same state in which expect to be always with regard to the ld; sometimes exclaiming and railing gainst it; sometimes giving it a good nd, and even admiring it. A sunshiny , a tavern-supper after a play well nd, and now and then an invigorating ath of air in the Mall, never fail of ducing a cheerful effect. I do not know ether I gave you any account of Quin's ng Falstaff in my former letter; I ly imagined that I saw you tittering ve side of me, shaking your sides, and metimes scarce containing yourself. You pardon the attitude in which I placed since it was what seemed natural at circumstance of time.—Comus I have e been at, for the sake of the songs, ugh I detest it in any light: but as a matic piece, the taking of it seems a ngy; yet, indeed, such a one as was ty tolerably accounted for by a gentle- who sat by me in the boxes. This med sage, being asked how he liked the , made answer, "He could not tell— retty well, he thought—or indeed as ell as any other play—he always took , that people only came there to see nd to be seen—for as for what was said, "he owned, he never understood any thing "of the matter." I told him, I thought a great many of its admirers were in his case, if they would but own it.

On the other hand, it is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people make pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair or hackney coachman, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature. Chimney-sweepers damn the convention, and blackshoe-boys cry up the genius of Shakspeare. "The Danger "of writing Verse" is a very good thing; if you have not read it, I would recommend it to you as poetical. But now I talk of learning, I must not omit an interview which I accidentally had the other night in company with Lord D—— and one Mr. C——. We were taken to sup at a private house, where I found a person whom I had never seen before. The man behaved exceeding modestly and well; till, growing a little merry over a bottle (and being a little countenanced by the subject we were upon), he pulls out of his pocket about half a dozen ballads, and distributes them amongst the company. I (not finding at first they were of his own composition) read one over, and, finding it a dull piece of stuff, contented myself with observing that it was exceedingly well printed. But to see the man's face on this occasion would make you pity the circumstance of an author as long as you live. His jollity ceased (as a flame would do, should you pour water upon it); and, I believe, for about five minutes, he spoke not a syllable. At

length, recovering himself, he began to talk about his country-seat, about Houghton-Hall, and soon after desired a health, imagining (as I found afterwards) that Lord D— would have given Sir Robert's. But he did not, naming Sir T— L—: mine, which followed, was that of Mr. L—. Now, who do you think this should be, but honest Ralph Freeman (at least the writer of the paper so subscribed), your father's old friend and intimate, Sir Robert's right-hand, a person that lives elegantly, drives six of the best horses in town, and plays on St. John's organ (you know Mr. L— is not only Sir Robert's greatest enemy, but the Gazetteer's proper antagonist). We were invited to see him very civilly, and indeed the man behaved with the utmost good-humour, without arrogance, or any attempts at wit, which probably would not have been very successful.—Ask your father what he would say to me, if I should join in the cause with his old friend, and take a good annuity under Sir Robert, which I believe, I might have; and little encouragement, God knows, have I met with on the other side of the question. I say, I believe I might have, because I know a certain person gives pensions of three pounds a-week to porters and the most illiterate stupid fellows you can imagine, to talk in his behalf at alehouses; where they sit so long a time, and are as regularly relieved as one centry relieves another.—At least tell him that I expect in his answer to my letter (which I shall not allow him to assign to you), he write something to confirm me in my integrity, and to make me prefer him, and you, and honesty, to lace, brocade, and the smiles of the ladies,

Et Veneri, & cunis, & pluribus Sardanapali.

But I hope to keep my Hercules in view, whether in print or manuscript; and though I am as fond of pleasure as most people, yet I shall observe the rule,

Pessimum sit tergere nili.

I desire I may hear from you next post: I have a line or two, which I intend for the sons of utter darkness (as you call them) next magazine: I would send them to you, for your advice, but cannot readily find them. I like every thing in Mr. Somervile's, but the running of the last line. I think to insert them. Should be glad to have a line or two of your's, that one may make a bold attack. I look on it as fun, without the least emotion, I assure you. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago, on the Death of his Father.

Dear Mr. Jago, Leasowes, Aug. 28, 1[illegible]

I FIND some difficulty in writing to y[illegible] on this melancholy occasion. No [illegible] can be more unfit to attempt to lessen y[illegible] grief than myself, because no one ha[illegible] deeper sense of the cause of your afflicti[illegible] Though I would by no means be numb[illegible]ed by you amongst the common herd [illegible] your acquaintance that tell you they [illegible] sorry, yet it were impertinent in me [illegible] mention a mere friend's concern to a per[illegible] interested by so many more tender rega[illegible] Besides, I should be glad to alleviate y[illegible] sorrow, and such sort of condolence te[illegible] but little to promote that end. I do [illegible]chuse to flatter you; neither could I, m[illegible] especially at this time; but though I co[illegible] perhaps find enough to say to persons [illegible]less sense than you, I know of nothing [illegible] what your own reason must have sugg[illegible]ed. Concern, indeed, may have suspen[illegible] the power of that faculty; and, upon [illegible] pretence, I have a few things that I w[illegible] suggest to you. After all, it is time al[illegible] that can and will cure all afflictions [illegible] such as are the consequence of vice; a[illegible] your's, I am sure, proceeds from a cont[illegible] principle.

I heard accidentally of this sorrow[illegible] event, and accompanied you to Lon[illegible] with the utmost concern. I wished it [illegible] in my power to mitigate your grief[illegible] sharing them, as I have often found i[illegible] your's to augment my pleasures by so de[illegible]

All that I can recommend to you is, [illegible] to confine your eye to any single event [illegible] life, but to take in your whole circu[illegible]stances before you repine.

When you reflect that you have lo[illegible] of the best of men in a father, you c[illegible] to comfort yourself that you had su[illegible] father; to whom I cannot forbear app[illegible]ing these lines from Milton:

——"Since to part!
"Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger!
"Sent by whose sovereign goodness we adore!
"Gentle to me and affable has been
"Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd [illegible]
"With grateful'st memory——"

End of Book VIII. Par. L[illegible]

I would have you by all means c[illegible] over hither as soon as you can. I [illegible] endeav[illegible]

deavour to render the time you spend here as satisfactory as it is in my power; and I hope you will ever look upon me as your hearty friend, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Hugo and your brother. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds.

Dear Sir, Leasowes, Aug. 1740.

WONDERFUL were the dangers and difficulties through which I went, the night I left you at Barels; which I looked upon as ordained by fate for the temporal chastisement of obstinacy. It was very kind, and in character, for you to endeavour to deter me from the ways of darkness; but having a sort of penchant for needless difficulties, I have an undoubted right to indulge myself in them, so long as I do not call upon any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree; they would be *lenia tormenta*; and I must own, the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god, I owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little alehouse, about ten o'clock, where I lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more easily swear to than to either bed or blanket. For farther particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth.—Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to shew you the civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance; and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your interest will be but small this year, &c. The former part of this news gives you no pleasure, I assure you it gives me no pain to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle which would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power.—I saw Mr. Lyttelton last week: he is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with Lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somervile will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced Chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The Chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf, which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-half-penny piece of ribboning; but that it will

"High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
"Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
"Usurp the head, and push the wig away."

I hope it will prove omnious, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it would entirely quadrate with the sincere wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somervile, Mrs. Knight, and your family.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr.——, on his taking Orders in the Church.

Dear Sir, Leasowes, June 8, 1741.

I WRITE to you out of the abundant inclination I have to hear from you; imagining that, as you gave me a direction, you might possibly expect to receive a previous letter from me. I want to be informed of the impressions you receive from your new circumstances. The chief aversion which some people have to orders is, what I fancy you will remove in such as you converse with. I take it to be owing partly to dress, and partly to the avowed profession of religion. A young clergyman, that has distinguished his genius by a composition or two of a polite nature, and is capable of dressing himself, and his religion, in a different manner from the generality of his profession, that is, without formality, is certainly a genteel character. I speak this not with any sly design to advise, but to intimate that I think you very capable of shining in a dark-coloured coat.—You must consider me yet as a man of the world, and endeavouring to elicit that pleasure from gaiety which my reason tells me I shall never find.—It is impossible to express how stupid I have been ever since I came home, insomuch that I cannot write a common letter without six repetitions. This is the third time I have begun your's, and you see what stuff it is made up of. I must e'en hasten to matter of fact, which is the comfortable resource of

of dull people, though, even as to that, I have nothing to communicate. But I would be glad to know, whether you are under a necessity of residing on week-days; and, if not, why I may not expect you a day or two at the Leasowes very soon.—Did you make any inquiry concerning the number of my poems sold at Oxford? or did you hear any thing concerning it that concerns me to hear;—Will S—— (for that is his true name) is the excess of simplicity and good-nature. He seems to have all the industry imaginable to divert and amuse people, without any ambitious ends to serve, or almost any concern whether he has so much as a laugh allowed to his stories, any farther than as a laugh is an indication that people are delighted. This, joined with his turn of thought, renders him quite agreeable. I wish it were in my power to conciliate acquaintance with half his ease.—Pray do not delay writing to me. Adieu!

LETTER V.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend, expressing his Dissatisfaction at the Manner of Life in which he is engaged.

Dear Sir, 1741.

I WONDER I have not heard from you lately—of you indeed I have, from Mr. W——. If you could come over, probably I might go back with you for a day or two; for my horse, I think, gets rather better, and may, with indulgence, perform such a journey. I want to advise with you about several matters;—to have your opinion about a building that I have built, and about a journey which I design to Bath; and about numberless things, which, as they are numberless, cannot be comprehended in this paper. I am, your, &c.

Now I am come home from a visit—every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, "that he is forced to die in a rage, like a "poisoned rat in a hole." My soul is no more suited to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle:—I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and relish so much more than those that have them.—Nothing can give me patience but the soothing sympathy of a friend, and that will only turn my rage into simple melancholy.—I believe soon I shall bear to see nobody. I do hate all hereabouts already, except one or two. I will have my dinner brought upon my table in my absence, and the plates fetched away in my absence; and nobody shall see me: for I can never bear to appear in the same stupid mediocrity for years together, and gain no ground. As Mr. G—— complained to me (and, I think, you too, both unjustly), "I am no character."—I have in my temper some rakishness, but it is checked by want of spirits; some solidity, but it is softened by vanity; some esteem of learning, but it is broke in upon by lazinesS, imagination, and want of memory, &c.—I could reckon up twenty things throughout my whole circumstances wherein I am thus tantalized. Your fancy will present them.—Not that all I say here will signify to you: I am only under a fit of dissatisfaction, and to grumble does me good—only excuse me, that I cure myself at your expence. Adieu!

LETTER VI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ——, with an invitation to accompany him to Town.

Dear Sir, The Leasowes, Nov. 25, 1741.

THE reason why I write to you so suddenly is, that I have a proposal to make to you. If you could contrive to be in London for about a month from the end of December, I imagine you would spend it agreeably enough along with me, Mr. Outing, and Mr. Whistler. According to my calculations, we should be a very happy party at a play, coffee-house, or tavern. Do not let your supercilious friends come in upon you with their prudential maxims. Consider you are now of the proper age for pleasure, and have not above four or five whimsical years left. You have not struck one bold stroke yet, that I know of. Saddle your mule, and let us be jogging to the great city. I will be answerable for amusement.—Let me have the pleasure of seeing you in the pit, in a laughter as cordial and singular as your friendship.—Come—let us go forth into the opera-house; let us hear how the eunuch-folk sing. Turn your eye upon the lilies and roses, diamonds and rubies; the Belindas and the Sylvias of gay life! Think upon Mrs. Clive's inexpressible comicalness; not to mention

tention Hippesley's joke-abounding physiognomy! Think, I say, now; for the time to come when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them."

I am conscious of much merit in bringing about the interview betwixt Mr. L—— and Mr. S——; but merit, as Sir John Falstaff says, is not regarded in these whore-monger days.

Pray now do not write me word that your business will not allow you ten minutes in a fortnight to write to me: an excuse fit for none but a cobler, who has a children dependent upon a waxen thread. Adieu!

LETTER VII.

From the same to the same.

My good Friend, 1741.

OUR old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as I find myself on this occasion—"*Sublatum quærimus.*" I can now excuse all his foibles; impute them to age and to distress of circumstances: the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to think himself into pains of the body in order to get rid of the pains of the mind; is a misery which I can well conceive, because I may, without vanity, esteem myself his equal in point of œconomy, and consequently ought to have an eye on his misfortunes; (as you kindly hinted to me about twelve o'clock at the Feathers) I should retrench;—I will; but you shall not see me:—I will not let you know that I took your hint in good part. I will do it at solitary times, as I may: and yet there will be some difficulty in it: for whatever the world might esteem in poor Somervile, I really find, upon critical inquiry, that I loved him for nothing so much as his nocci-nauci-nihili-pili-fication of money.

Mr. A—— was honourably acquitted: Lord A——, who was present, and behaved very insolently they say, was hissed out of court. They proved his application to the carpenter's son, to get him to swear against Mr. A——, though the boy was proved to have said in several companies (before he had been kept at Lord A——'s house) that he was sure the thing was accidental. Finally, it is believed he will recover the title of A——ea.

The apprehension of the whores, and the suffocation of four in the round-house by the stupidity of the keeper, engrosses the talk of the town. The said house is re-building every day (for the mob on Sunday night demolished it), and re-demolished every night. The Duke of M——gh, J—— S——, his brother, Lord C—— G——, where taken into the round-house, and confined from eleven at night till eleven next day: I am not positive of the Duke of M——gh; the others are certain: and that a large number of people of the first fashion went from the round-house to De Veil's, to give in informations of their usage. The justice himself seems greatly scared; the prosecution will be carried on with violence, so as probably to hang the keeper, and there is an end.

Lord Bath's coachman got drunk and tumbled from his box, and he was forced to borrow Lord Orford's. Wits say, that it was but gratitude for my Lord Orford's coachman to drive my Lord Bath, as my Lord Bath himself had driven my Lord Orford. Thus they.

I have ten million things to tell you; though they all amount to no more than that I wish to please you, and that I am your sincere friend and humble servant.

I am pleased that I can say I knew Mr. Somervile, which I am to thank you for.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on Benevolence and Friendship.

The Leasowes,
Dear Mr. Graves, Jan. 19, 1741-2.

I CANNOT forbear immediately writing to you: the pleasure your last letter gave me, put it out of my power to restrain the overflowings of my benevolence. I can easily conceive that, upon some extraordinary instances of friendship, my heart might be *si fort attendri*, that I could not bear any restraint upon my ability to shew my gratitude. It is an observation I made upon reading to-day's paper, which contains an account of C. Khevenhuller's success in favour of the Queen of Hungary. To think what sublime affection must influence that poor unfortunate Queen, should a faithful and zealous General revenge her upon her enemies, and restore her ruined affairs!

Had a person shewn an esteem and affection for me, joined with any elegance, or without

without any elegance in the expression of it, I should have been in acute pain till I had given some sign of my willingness to serve him. From all this, I conclude that I have more humanity than some others.

Probably enough I shall never meet with a larger share of happiness than I feel at present. If not, I am thoroughly convinced, my pain is greatly superior to my pleasure. That pleasure is not absolutely dependent on the mind, I know from this, that I have enjoyed happier scenes in the company of some friends than I can possibly at present;—but alas! all the time you and I shall enjoy together, abstracted from the rest of our lives, and lumped, will not perhaps amount to a solid year and a half. How small a proportion!

People will say to one that talks thus, "Would you die?" To set the case upon a right footing, they must take away the hopes of a greater happiness in this life, the fears of greater misery hereafter, together with the bodily pain of dying, and address me in a disposition betwixt mirth and melancholy; and I could easily resolve them.

I do not know how I am launched out so far into this complaint: it is, perhaps, a strain of constitutional whining; the effect of the wind—did it come from the winds? to the winds will I deliver it:

"*Tradam protervis in mare Creticum,*
"*Portare ventis*—"

I will be as happy as my fortune will permit, and make others so:

"*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis*
"*Arbor æstiva recreatur aura*—"

I will be so. The joke is, that the description which you gave of that country was, that you had few trees about you; so that I should trick Fortune if she should grant my petition implicitly. But, in earnest, I intend to come and stay a day or two with you next summer.

Mr. Whistler is at Mr. Gosling's, bookseller, at the Mitre and Crown, in Fleet-street, and inquired much after you in his last letter to me. He writes to me; but I believe his affection for one weighs less with him while the town is in the other scale; though he is very obliging. I do not know whether I do right, when I say I believe we three, that is, in solitary circumstances, have an equal idea of, and affection for, each other. I say, supposing each to be alone, or in the country, which is nearly the same; for scenes alter minds as much as the air influences bodies. For instance, when Mr. Whistler is in town, I suppose we love him better than he does us; and when we are in town, I suppose the same may be said in regard to him.

The true burlesque of Spenser (whose characteristic is simplicity) seems to consist in a simple representation of such things as one laughs to see or to observe one's self, rather than in any monstrous contrast betwixt the thoughts and words. I cannot help thinking that my added stanzas have more of his manner than what you saw before, which you are not a judge of till you have read him.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

Dear Sir, 1743.

I LONG heartily to talk over affairs with you, *tête-à-tête*; but am an utter enemy to the fatigue of transcribing what might pass well enough in conversation. I shall say nothing more concerning my departure from L——, than that it was necessary, and therefore excusable.—I have been since with a gentleman upon the borders of Wales, Bishop's Castle, from whence I made a digression one day beyond Offa's Dyke: saw mountains which converted all that I had seen into mole-hills; and houses which changed the Leasowes into Hampton-Court; where they talk of a glass window as a piece of magnificence; and where their highest idea of his Majesty is that he can ride in such a coach as 'Squire Jones or 'Squire Pryce's. The woman of the inn, at one place, said, "Glass (for "windows) was very genteel, that it was, "but she could not afford such finery."

You agree with the rest of the married world in a propensity to make proselytes. This inclination in some people gives me a kind of dread of the matter. They are ill-natured, and can only wish one in their own state because they are unhappy; like persons that have the plague, who, they say, are ever desirous to propagate the infection. I make a contrary conclusion when you commend marriage, as you seem to do, when you wish Miss —— may reconcile me to more than the name of wife. I know not what you have heard of my amour; probably more than I can thoroughly confirm to you. And what if I should say to you, that marriage was not once the subject of our conversation?

——"*Nec conjugis unquam*
"*Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.*"

Do not you think every thing in nature strangely improved since you were married, from the tea-table to the warming-pan?

I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper; but she must write something in my praise. Pray ask you to it, in your next letter.

I could parodize my Lord Carteret's letter from Dettingen, if I had it by me. "Mrs. Arnold (thanks be praised!) has this day gained a very considerable victory. The scold lasted two hours. Mrs. S——e was posted in the hall, and Mrs. Arnold upon the stair-case; which superiority of ground was of no small service to her in the engagement. The fire lasted the whole space, without intermission; at the close of which, the enemy was routed, and Mrs. Arnold kept the field."

Did you hear the song to the tune of "The Cuckow?"

"The Baron stood behind a tree,
"In woful plight, for nought heard he
"But cannon, cannon, &c.
"O word of fear!
"Unpleasing to a German ear."

The notes that fall upon the word "cannon" express the sound with its echo admirably.

I send you my pastoral elegy (or ballad, if you think that name more proper), on condition that you return it with ample remarks in your next letter: I say "return it," because I have no other copy, and am too indolent to take one. Adieu!

LETTER X.

From the same to the same. Written in Hay-Harvest.

Dear Mr. Graves, July 3, 1743.

I DID not part from you without a great deal of melancholy. To think of the short duration of those interviews which are the objects of one's continual wishes, has been a reflection that has plagued me of old! I am sure I returned home with it on, more aggravated, as I foresaw myself returning to the same series of melancholy hours from which you had a while relieved me, and which I had particularly suffered under, all this last spring! I wish to God, it might happen to be settled not far from me: a day's journey distance, however; I mean, an easy one. But the odds are infinitely against me. I must only rely on my happiness on the hopes of a never-failing correspondence!

Soon after you were gone, I received my packet. The History of Worcestershire is mere stuff. T—— I am so fond of, that I believe, I shall have his part of the collection bound over again, neatly and separately. But sure Hammond has no right to the least inventive merit, as the preface-writer would insinuate. I do not think there is a single thought, of any eminence, that is not literally translated. I am astonished he could content himself with being so little an original.

Mr. Lyttelton and his lady are at Hagley. A malignant caterpillar has demolished the beauty of all our large oaks. Mine are secured by their littleness. But, I guess, the park suffers; a large wood near me being a mere winter-piece for nakedness.

At present, I give myself up to riding and thoughtlessness; being resolved to make trial of their efficacy towards a tolerable degree of health and spirits. I wish I had you for my director: I should proceed with great confidence of success; though I am brought very low by two or three fits of a fever, since I saw you. Had I written to you in the midst of my dispirited condition, as I was going, you would have had a more tender and unaffected letter than I can write at another time: what I think, perhaps, at all times; but what sickness can alone elicit from a temper fearful of whining.

Surely the "*nunc formosissimus annus*" is to be limited to hay-harvest. I could give my reasons: but you will imagine them to be, the activity of country people in a pleasing employment; the full verdure of the summer; the prime of pinks, woodbines, jasmines, &c. I am old, very old; for few things give me so much mechanical pleasure as lolling on a bank in the very heat of the sun,

"When the old come forth to play
"On a sun-shine holiday---"

And yet it is as much as I can do to keep Mrs. Arnold from going to neighbouring houses in her smock, in despite of decency and my known disapprobation.

I find myself more of a patriot than I ever thought I was. Upon reading the account of the battle, I found a very sensible pleasure, or, as the Methodists term it, perceived my heart enlarged, &c. The map you sent me is a pretty kind of toy; but does not enough particularize the scenes of the war, &c. which was the end I had in view when I sent for it.

"*O dura messorum ilia!*" About half the appetite, digestion, strength, spirits, &c. of a mower, would make me the happiest of mortals! I would be understood literally and precisely. Adieu!

LET-

LETTER XI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, after the Disappointment of a Visit.

Dear Sir, The Leasowes, Nov. 9, 1743.

I AM tempted to begin my letter as Memmius does his harangue: "*Multa me dehortantur à vobis, ni studium virtutis vestræ omnia exsuperet.*" You contrive interviews of about a minute's duration; and you make appointments in order to disappoint one; and yet, at the same time that your proceedings are thus vexatious, force one to bear testimony to the inestimable value of your friendship! I do insist upon it, that you ought to compound for the disappointment you have caused me, by a little letter every post you stay in town. I shall now scarce see you till next summer, or spring at soonest; and then I may probably take occasion to visit you, under pretence of seeing Derbyshire. Truth is, your prints have given me some curiosity to see the original places. I am grateful for your intentions with regard to giving me part of them, and impertinent in desiring you to convey them to me as soon as you can well spare them. Let me know if they are sold separately at the print-shops. I think to recommend them to my new acquaintance, Mr. Lyttelton Brown. I like the humour of the ballad you mention, but am more obliged for your partial opinion of me. The notes that fall upon the word "cannon, cannon," are admirably expressive of the sound, I dare say: I mean, jointly with its echo; and so, I suppose, you will think, if you ever attended to the Tower-guns. I find I cannot afford to go to Bath previously to my London journey; though I look upon it as a proper method to make my residence in town more agreeable. I shall, probably, be there about the first of December; or before, if I can accelerate my friend Whistler's journey. The pen I write with is the most disagreeable of pens! But I have little else to say; only this—that our good friend Jack Dolman is dead, at Aldridge, his father's benefice.

I beg, if you have leisure, you would inclose me in a frank the following songs, with the notes: "Stella and Flavia," "Gentle Jessy," "Sylvia, wilt thou waste thy prime?" and any other that is new. I should be glad of that number of the British Orpheus which has my song in it, if it does not cost above six-pence. Make my compliments to your brother and sister; and believe me, in the common forms, but in no common degree, dear Mr. Gra most affectionate friend and servant.

Do write out the whole ballad of "' "Baron stood behind a tree."

LETTER XII.

From the same to the same, with Thoug on Advice.

The Leasowe Dear Mr. Graves, Sept. 21, 17

I AM under some apprehension that dread the sight of a letter from me it seems to lay claim to the complimen an answer. I will therefore write you that shall wave its privilege, at least such time as your leisure encourages your present dissipation does not forbid, to send one. I dare now no longer ex tiate upon the affair you have in hand is enough for me if you will excuse the fr dom I have taken. I have often kn delay produce good effects in some ca which even sagacity itself could not mount; and, if I thought I did not go far, would presume to recommend it n You know I have very little of the tem of an alderman. I almost hate the ide wealthiness as much as the word. It se to me to carry a notion of fulness, stag tion, and insignificancy. It is this disp tion of mine that can alone give any wei to the advice I send you, as it proves not to give it through any partiality to f tune. As to what remains, you are hope, assured of the value I must ever h for you in any circumstances, and the gard I shall always shew for any that longs to you. I cannot like you less more.—I now drop into other matte Bergen, I see, is taken at last; pray w are the sentiments of your political com nions? I dined some time ago with M Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt, who both agree was worth twenty thousand men to French; which is a light in which I ne used to consider it. Any little intimati that you please to confer upon me, enab me to seem wise in this country for a mon particularly if I take care to adjust my fa accordingly.—As I was returning last Su day from church, whom should I meet my way but that sweet-souled bard M James Thomson, in a chaise drawn by t horses lengthways.—I welcomed him in the country, and asked him to accompa Mr. Lyttelton to The Leasowes (who h offered me a visit), which he promised do: so I am in daily expectations of th and all the world this week. I fancy th

lavish all their praises upon nature, leaving none for poor art and me. But if I ever live, and am able to perfect my scheme, I shall not despair of pleasing the world I first began with, the few friends preferred in my favour; and then "*Fico por omnes detractatores.*" Censures will not affame; for I am armed so strong in vanity, that they will pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not.—I think it pretty equal, in a country place, whether I gain the small number of taslers, or the great crowd of the vulgar. The latter are more frequently met with, and gape, stare, and stare much more. But one would wish to please a few friends of taste before lords or gentry, the great vulgar or the rabble; because therein one gratifies both one's social passions and one's pride, that is, one's self-love. Above all things, I wish to please you; and if I have a wish that projects or is prominent beyond the rest, it is to see you placed to your satisfaction near me; but Fortune must vary her usual treatment before she favours me so far. And yet there was a time, when one might probably have prevailed on you. I knew not what to do. The affair was so intricately circumstanced—your strange silence after the hint I gave. Mr. D— offering to serve any friend of mine, pressing me to use the opportunity. His other relations, his guardians, gave him with sure symptoms of a rupture in case of a refusal on their side. Mr. —solicited me if the place were sold, which it could not legally be. Friendship, propriety, impartiality, self-interest (which I regarded), endeavouring to distract me; I think I never spent so disagreeable a half-year since I was born. To close the whole, I could not foresee the event, which is almost foretold in your last letter, and I knew I could not serve you; but I could render it a necessary one. In short, when I can tell you the whole affair at leisure, you will own it to be of such a nature, that I must be ever in suspense concerning your behaviour, and of course shall never reflect on it with pleasure. Believe me, with the truest affection, your's

LETTER XIII.

From the same to the same.

It is somewhere about the 20th of Sept. 1747; and I write from The Leasowes.

Dear Sir,

I THINK I have lived to out-correspond almost all my correspondents; whether you are the last that is to be subdued, I will not say; the rest are so fatigued, that they are not able to achieve a line. Apprized of this, and being by nature disposed to have mercy on the vanquished, "*parcere subjectis,*" I seldom write a syllable more than is requisite to farther some scheme, or ascertain some interview, the latter of these being the purpose of this mine epistle. I am in great hopes I shall be at liberty to see you ere many weeks be past; and would beg of you, in the mean time, to inform me, by a letter, when I am likely, or when very unlikely, to meet with you at home. I am detained, just at present, by continual expectations of the Hagley family.

As I was returning from church on Sunday last, whom should I meet, in a chaise, with two horses lengthways, but that right friendly bard Mr. Thomson? I complimented him upon his arrival in this country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to The Leasowes, which he said he would with abundance of pleasure; and so we parted. You will observe, that the more stress I lay upon this visit, and the more I discover to you, the more substantial is my apology for deferring mine into Warwickshire. I own, I am pleased with the prospect of shewing them something at The Leasowes beyond what they expect. I have begun my terras on the high hill I shewed you, made some considerable improvements in Virgil's Grove, and finished a walk from it to the house, after a manner which you will approve. They are going to build a castle in the park round the lodge, which, if well executed, must have a good effect; and they are going likewise to build a rotund to terminate the visto. The fault is, that they anticipate every thing which I propose to do when I become rich; but as that is never likely to be, perhaps it is not of any importance;—but what I term rich, implies no great deal; I believe you are a witness to the moderation of my desires; and I flatter myself that you will believe your friend in that respect something above the vulgar:

"*Crede non illum tibi de scelesta*
"*Plebe dilectum, neque sic fidelem,*
"*Sic lucro aversum, potuisse nasci*
"*Patre pudendo.*"

If I come to your house, positively I will not go to see Mr. M——. He has been twice as near me as The Grange, with C— L—, and never deemed my place worth seeing. I doubt, you are a little too modest in praising it wherever you go.—

Why

Why do not you applaud it with both hands, "*utroque pellice?*"—"*Parcentes ego* "*dexteras odi, sparge rosas.*"—I am so very partial to my native place, that it seems a miracle to me that it is not more famous. But I complain unjustly of you; for, as you have always contributed to my happiness, you have taken every opportunity to contribute to my figure. I wish I could say the same of some who have it more in their power.

I have yet about a thousand things to say to you—not now, though.—Lady L—h's visit I reserve till I see you. A coach with a coronet is a pretty kind of phænomenon at my door—few prettier, except the face of such a friend as you; for I do not want the grace to prefer a generous and spirited friendship to all the gewgaws that ambition can contrive. I have wrote out my elegies, and heartily wish you had them to look over before I come.—I know not how to send them.—I shall bring and leave some poetry with you.—"*Thus & odores!*" or rather a proper covering for "*Thus &* "*odores, & piper & quicquid chartis amicitur* "*ineptis!*" Adieu! dear sir. Believe me ever your's.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

Dear Sir, 1747.

BEING just returned from a small excursion, it was with the utmost pleasure that I read over your letter; and, though it abounds both in wit and waggery, I sit down incontinently to answer it with none.

The agreeableness of your letters is now heightened by the surprise they give me. I must own, I have thought you in a manner lost to the amusements in which you once delighted, correspondences, works of taste and fancy, &c. If you think the opinion worth removing, you need only favour me with such a letter now and then, and I will place you (in my imagination) where you shall see all the favourites of fortune cringing at your feet.

I think I could add about half a dozen hints to your Observations on Electricity, which might at least disguise the facts; and then why will you not put it into some news-paper, or monthly pamphlet? You might discover yourself to whom you have a mind. It would give more than ordinary pleasure at this time.—Some other will take the hint.—Pity your piece should not have the advantage of nove as well as of wit!

I dined and stayed a night with E—; he was extremely obliging, ar am glad of such a friend to visit at B He asked much after you. He shewed his Ovid—I advised him to finish so one epistle highly, that he might shew —The whole will not take, though it g against me to tell him so; I should be g he could succeed at B—; and coul serve him, it would be with a safe co ence; for I take him to excel the rei B—'s physicians far in point of specula and diligence, &c.

I send you the song you asked for. request of you to write me out your edition of the election verses; and, your leisure, a copy of the poem w we altered.

THE LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
  To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
  And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
  And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her, the sounds that soo h her ear,
  To simple British birds belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
  The bird from Indian groves may shine:
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
  What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat that witless beau,
  And all his motley race, with scorn;
And heal deserving Damon's woe,
  Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

I am, Sir, your most faithful friend servant.

Have you read Watson, Martyn, Freke, on electricity? I accidentally with the two former, by which my is rendered almost giddy—Electrics, electrics, electrics *per se*, and bodies are only conductors of electricity, ha plaguy bad effect on so vortical a bra mine.

I will infallibly spend a week with perhaps about February, if it suits though I think it must be later.

I have been painting in water col during a visit I made, flowers. I w recommend the amusement to you, i can allow it the time that is expedien

I trust you will give me one entire in the spring, when my late altera may exhibit themselves to advantag

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LETTER XV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

The Leasowes,
Dear Sir, March 23, 1747-8.

I HAVE sent Tom over for the papers which I left under your inspection; having nothing to add upon this head, but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge.

I shall be very glad, if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions; in regard to which, I will receive any commands which you shall think fit to lay upon me.

I am favoured with a certain correspondence, by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate; and I find it very entertaining.

Why did you receive my answer to your letter, sent by way of London? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post, seeing as I feel a violent propensity to relate the notable incidents of my life; which amount to about as much as the ride of your little boy's hobby-horse.

I am on the point of purchasing a couple of busts for the niches in my hall; believe me, my good friend, I never taken one step in ornamenting my little place, but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it agreeable to you, and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favour me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Francourt when the trees are green; that is in May; but I would not have you trouble yourself with a single visit this year. If Mr. Hardy (to whom you make my compliments) inclines to come so far, you must calculate so as to call on him whenever he finds it convenient, though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my Lord Dudley comes down. Pray how he would like the scheme I talk of, of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish.

We have had a couple of paintings given us since you were here. One of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would not purchase at the price of five shillings. However, I am endeavouring to make out to be one of Carlo Maratt's, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonas; even so as to be nick-named "*Cartuccio delle Madonne*," by Salvator Rosa. Two letters of the cypher (CM) agree: what shall I do with regard to the third? It is a small piece and sadly blackened. It is about the size (though not quite the shape) of the Bacchus over the parlour door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry; geese, turkeys, pullets, ducks, &c. I am also somewhat smitten with a blackbird which I have purchased: a very fine one; brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not fail to send me;—but, as I said before, one may easily habituate one's self to cheap amusements; that is, rural ones (for all town amusements are horridly expensive);—I would have you cultivate your garden; plant flowers; have a bird or two in the hall (they will at least amuse your children); write now and then a song; buy now and then a book; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend, and affectionate servant.

P. S. I hope I have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter; for I am ashamed to think, that you, in particular, should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago.—She can go a little abroad, you say.—Tell her, I should be proud to shew her The Leasowes. Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. —, on his Marriage.

This was written August 21, 1748;
Dear Sir, but not sent till the 28th.

HOW little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more insignificant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you give me of

the perſon whom you have made choice of, to whom I deſire you to pay my ſincere and moſt affectionate compliments.

I ſhall always be glad to find you *præſentibus æquum*, though I ſhould always be pleaſed when I ſaw you *tentantem majora*. I think you ſhould neglect no opportunity at this time of life to puſh your fortune ſo far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarraſſed with thoſe kind of ſolicitudes towards the evening of your day;

"*Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido,*
"*Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes!*"

I would have you acquire, if poſſible, what the world calls, with ſome propriety, an eaſy fortune; and what I interpret, ſuch a fortune as allows of ſome inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in ſuſpence about the laying out a ſhilling:—this kind of advice may ſeem extremely dogmatical in me; but, if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I ſay. I have loſt my road to happineſs, I confeſs; and inſtead of purſuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which diſtinguiſh the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amuſement, and view the nobler ſcenes at a diſtance. I think I can ſee the road too that leads the better way, and can ſhew it others; but I have many miles to meaſure back before I can get into it myſelf, and no kind of reſolution to take a ſingle ſtep. My chief amuſements at preſent are the ſame they have long been, and lie ſcattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*; I ſuppoſe, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*; though, if I had money, I ſhould hardly confine myſelf to ſuch decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the conſequence is, that I long to have you ſee them.

I have not heard whether Miſs ——'s match proceeded.—I ſuppoſe your objections were grounded on the perſon's age and temper; and that they had the leſs weight, as they ſuppoſed you acted indiſcreetly yourſelf: I can ſay but little on the occaſion. You know —— better than I do. Only this I muſt add, that I have ſo great an eſteem for your ſiſter, that it will be neceſſary to my eaſe, that whoever marries her ſhe ſhould be happy.

I have little hopes that I ſhall now ſee you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as ſoon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles.

"To ſee the pooreſt of the ſons of men."

The truth is, my affairs are miſerably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe I ſhall be forced to ſeize on one next week for three years and a half's rent due laſt Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averſe, both through indolence and compaſſion. I hope, however I ſhall be always able (as I am ſure I ſhall be deſirous) to entertain a friend on a philoſophical regimen, ſuch as you and Mr. Whiſtler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is conſiderably improved ſince you were here, and they have built a caſtle by way of ruin on the high part of it, which is juſt ſeen from the wood; but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me), I believe it may be rendered a conſiderable object here.

I purpoſe to write to Mr. Whiſtler either this poſt or the next. The fears you ſeemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr. ——, habitually and ſincerely yours, &c.

My humble ſervice to your neighbour —Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publiſh a print of my grove in a ſmall collection.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Shenſtone to Mr. Jago, with an invitation to The Leaſowes.

Sept. 3, Saturday 1748.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I HARDLY know whether it will be prudent in me to own, that I have wrote you a long letter upon the receipt of your laſt, which I now have upon my hands. I condemn this habit in myſelf entirely, and ſhould, I am ſure, be very unhappy if my friends, by my example, should be induced to contract the ſame. The truth is, I had not expreſſed myſelf well to my mind, and it was full of blots, blunders, and interlinings; yet, for all it was, it had wearied my attention

given me a disinclination to begin it afresh. I am now impatient to remove any scruple you may have concerning my grateful sense of your favours, and the invariable continuance of my affection and esteem.—I find by your last obliging letter, that my machinations and devices are not entirely private.—You knew of my draught of Hagley castle, about the bigness of a barley-corn; you knew of our intended visit to Lady Luxborough's; and I must add, Mr. Thomas Hall knew of my contrivance for the embellishment of Mr. Hardy's house. Nothing is there hid that shall not be revealed.—Our visit to Barrels is now over and past.—Lady Luxborough has seen Hagley castle in the original:—and as to my desire that my draught might be shewn to no christian soul, you surely did but ill comply with it, when you shewed that drawing to a clergyman. However, you may have acted up to my real meaning, if you have taken care not to shew it to any connoisseur. I meant chiefly to guard against any one that knows the rules, in whose eyes, I am sure, it could not turn to my credit.—Pray how do you like the festoons dangling over the oval windows? —It is the chief advantage in repairing an old house, that one may deviate from the rules, without any extraordinary censure.

I will not trouble you now with many particulars. The intent of Tom's coming is, to desire your company and Mrs. Jago's this week.—I should be extremely glad if your convenience would allow you to come on Monday or Tuesday; but, if it is entirely impracticable, I would beseech you not to put off the visit longer than the Monday following; for the leaves of my groves begin to fall a great rate.—I beg once more, you would let no small inconvenience prevent your being here on Monday.—As to my visit at Leeneton, you may depend upon it soon after; and I hope you will not stand upon punctilio, when I mention my inclination that you may all take a walk through my coppices before their beauty is much impaired. Were I in a sprightly vein, I would aim at saying something genteel by way of answer to Mrs. Jago's compliment.—As it is, I can only thank you for the substance, and applaud the genteelness of it.—I postpone all other matters till I see you. I am, habitually and sincerely, your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Hardy.

P. S. I am not accustomed, my dear friend, to send you a blank page; nor can I be content to do so now.

I thank you very sensibly for the verses with which you honour me. I think them good lines, and so do others that have seen them; but you will give me leave, when I see you, to propose some little alteration. As to an epistle, it would be executed with difficulty, and I would have it turn to your credit as well as my own. But you have certainly, of late, acquired an ease in writing; and I am tempted to think, that what you write henceforth will be universally good. Persons that have seen your elegies, like "The Blackbird's" best, as it is, most assuredly, the most correct; but I, who pretend to great penetration, can foresee that "The Linnets" will be made to excel.—More of this when I see you. Poor Miss G—, J—R— says, is married; and poor Mr. Thomson, Mr. Pitt tells me, is dead.—He was to have been at Hagley this week, and then I should probably have seen him here.—As it is, I will erect an urn, in Virgil's Grove, to his memory.—I was really as much shocked to hear of his death, as if I had known and loved him for a number of years:—God knows, I lean on a very few friends; and if they drop me, I become a wretched misanthrope.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend, disappointing him of a Visit.

June, 1749.

FIE on Mr. N—! he has disappointed me of the most seasonable visit that heart could wish or desire.—My flowers in blossom, my walks newly cleaned, my neighbours invited, and I languishing for lack of your company! Mean time you are going to dance attendance on a courtier.—Would to God! he may disappoint you, according to the usual practice of those gentlemen;—I mean, by giving you a far better living than you ever expected.

I have no sooner made, than I am ready to recal that wish, in order to substitute another in its place; which is, that you may rather squat yourself down upon a fat goose living in Warwickshire, or one in Staffordshire, or perhaps Worcestershire, of the same denomination. I do

not mention Shropshire, because I think I am more remote from the main body of that county than I am from either of the others. But, nevertheless, by all means wait on Mr. N—; shew him all respect, yet so as not to lay out any of the profits of your contingent living in a black velvet waistcoat and breeches to appear before him. True merit needeth nought of this. Besides, peradventure, you may not receive the first quarter's income of it this half year. He will probably do something for you one time or other; but you shall never go into Ireland, that is certain, for less than a deanery; not for less than the deanery of St. Patrick's, if you take my advice. Lower your hopes only to advance your surprise; "*grata supervenient quæ non sperabimus.*" Come to me as you may. A week is elapsed since you began to be detained; you may surely come over in a fortnight now at farthest; —I will be at home.—However, write directly; you know our letters are long upon their journey.—I expected you the beginning of every week, till I received your last letter, impatiently.

For my part, I begin to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. —I feed my wild-ducks, and I water my carnations! happy enough, if I could extinguish my ambition quite, or indulge (what I hope I feel in an equal degree) the desire of being something more beneficial in my sphere.—Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted.

I have just read Lord Bolingbroke's three letters, which I like as much as most pieces of politics I ever read. I admire, especially, the spirit of the style. I as much admire at the editor's unpopular preface.——I know the family hitherto seemed to make it a point to conceal Pope's affair; and now, the editor, under Lord B.'s inspection, not only relates, but invites people to think the worst of it.——What collateral reasons my Lord may have for thinking ill of Mr. Pope, I cannot say; but surely it is not political to lessen a person's character that had done one so much honour. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

I have this moment received a long letter from Lady Luxborough; and you are to look on all I said concerning both Lord Bolingbroke's affair and her resentment, as premature. My Lady's daughter, and son-in-law, visit her next week.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

From The Leasowes, as it appears on a rainy Evening, June 1749.

Dear Sir,

IT would probably be so long before you can receive this letter by the post, that I cannot think of subjecting my thanks for your last, or my hopes of seeing you soon, to such an uncertainty.—I shall not now have it in my power to meet you at Mr. Wren's immediately, so would lose no time in requesting your company here next week, if you please. I hope Mrs. Jago also will accompany you, and that you will set out the first day of the week, even Monday; that you may not leave me in less than six days time, under a pretence of necessity. As to the verses you were so kind to convey, I will take occasion when you come

---"To find out, like a friend,
"Something to blame, and mickle to commend."

So I say no more at present on this head.

I love to read verses, but I write none. "*Peti, nihil me sicut ante juvat scribere!*" —I will not say none; for I wrote the following at breakfast yesterday, and these are all I have wrote since I saw you. They are now in one of the root-houses of Virgil's Grove, for the admonition of my good friends, the vulgar; of whom I have multitudes every Sunday evening, and who very fortunately believe in fairies, and are no judges of poetry:

"Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,
"We tripping fawns and fairies dwell:
"Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
"Oft as the moon, ascended high,
"Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beam,
"We frisk it near this crystal stream.

"Then fear to spoil these sacred bow'rs;
"Nor wound the shrubs, nor crop the flow'rs;
"So may your path with sweets abound!
"So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
"But ill-betide or nymph or swain,
"Who dares these hallow'd haunts profane."

Ogilvie.

I suppose the rotund at Hagley is completed, but I have not seen it hitherto; neither do often journey or visit anywhere, excep twhen a shrub or flower is upon the point of blossoming near the walks.—I forget one visit I lately made in my neighbourhood, to a young clergyman of taste and ingenuity. His name is Pixell; he plays finely upon the viol

d very well upon the harpsichord; has t many things to music, some in the soft r, with which I was much delighted. e is young, and has time to improve nself. He gave me an opportunity of ing acquainted with him, by frequently ing, and introducing company to my lks.—I met him one morning with an lan in my grove, and our acquaintance s been growing ever since.—He has a e in an estate that is near me, and lives re at present; but I doubt will not do long;—when you come, I will send for m. Have you read my Lord Bolingbroke's Essays on Patriotism, &c.? and re you read Merope? and do you take e *Magazin des Londres?* and pray how es your garden flourish? I warrant you not yet know the difference betwixt a nculus and an anemone.—God help —Come to me, and be informed of nature of all plants, "from the cedar n Mount Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."—Pray do fail to decorate your new garden, nce you may transplant all kinds of ers into your verses. If by chance make a visit at I—— fifty years hence, n some distant part of England, shall forget this little angle where you used muse and sing? "*En unquam, &c. et aliquet, tua regna videns mirabere, ylas.*"

expect, by the return of Tom, to re- e a trifle that will amuse you. It is a l gold seal of Vida's head, given by me to a relation of mine, who pub- d Vida, and introduced Vertue into ce.—Perhaps you remember Mr. ham, of Hampton, and the day we e there from school; it was his. I very cordially, your's.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Shenstone to —— W——, Esq.

ear Sir, The Leasowes, Nov. 2, 1750.

ever can be that I owe you for three ers; as to two I will agree with you; that I received together with my s, and the other soon after; but that indebted for more than these—

"*Credat Judæus Apella,*
"*Non ego.*"

that same "*Judæus Apella*" who s me this very opportunity of sending compliments to you and Mrs. W—, of assuring you, that if I had not ced to have seen you, I had wrote to ong ago.

Master Harris talks very respectfully of your garden; and we have no dispute, save only in one point—he says, that you labour very hard in your vocation; whereas I am not willing to allow that all the work you ever did, or will do in it, is worth a single bunch of radishes. However, I dare not contradict him too much, because he waits for my letter.

How happy are you that can hold up your spade, and cry, "Avaunt Satan!" when a toyman offers you his deceitful vanities! Do not you rejoice inwardly, and pride yourself greatly in your own philosophy?

"'Twas thus---
"The wise Athenian cross'd a glitt'ring fair:
"Unmov'd by tongues and sights he walk'd the "place,
"Thro' tape, tags, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and "lace;
"Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
"And, 'What a world I never want!' he cries."
PARNELL.

Mean time do not despise others that can find any needful amusement in what, I think, Bunyan very aptly calls Vanity Fair; I have been at it many times this season, and have bought many kinds of merchandise there. It is a part of philosophy, to adapt one's passions to one's way of life; and the solitary unsocial sphere in which I move, makes me think it happy that I can retain a relish for such trifles as I can draw into it. Mean time, I dare not reason too much upon this head. Reason, like the famous concave mirrour at Paris, would, in two minutes, vitrify all the Jew's pack: I mean, that it would immediately destroy all the form, colour, and beauty, of every thing that is not merely useful.—But I ramble too far, and you do not want such speculations. My intent when I sat down, was to tell you, that I shall probably see you very soon, and certainly remain in the mean time, and at all times, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother.

The Leasowes,
Dear Mr. Graves, Feb. 14, 1752.

YOU will be amazed at my long silence; and it would reasonably excite some disgust if my days had passed of late in the manner they used to do: but I am not the man I was; perhaps I never shall be. Alas! my dearest friend! I have lost my only brother! and, since the fatal clo e

of November, I have had neither peace nor respite from agonizing thoughts!

You, I think, have seen my brother; but perhaps had no opportunity of distinguishing him from the groupe of others whom we called good-natured men. This part of his character was so visible in his countenance, that he was generally beloved at sight; I, who must be allowed to know him, do assure you, that his understanding was no way inferior to his benevolence. He had not only a sound judgment, but a lively wit, and genuine humour. As these were many times eclipsed by his native bashfulness, so his benevolence only suffered by being shewn to an excess. I here mean his giving too indiscriminately into those jovial meetings of company, where the warmth of a social temper is discovered with least reserve; but the virtues of his head and heart would soon have shone without alloy. The foibles of his youth were wearing off; and his affection for me and regard to my advice, with his own good sense, would soon have rendered him all that I could have wished in a successor. I never in my life knew a person more sincere in the expression of his love or dislike. But it was the former that suited the propensity of his heart; the latter was as transient as the starts of passion that occasioned it. In short, with much true genius and real fortitude, he was, according to the English acceptation, "a truly "honest man;" and I think I may also add, a truly English character; but "*habeo, dixi? immo habui fratrem & ami-* "*cum, Chrome!* All this have I lost in him. He is now, in regard to this world, no more than a mere idea; and this idea, therefore, though deeply tinged with melancholy, I must, and surely ought to, cherish and preserve.

I believe I wrote you some account of his illness last spring; from which, to all appearance, he was tolerably well recovered. He took the air, and visited about with me, during the warmer months of summer; but my pleasure was of short duration. "*Hæsit lateri letbalis arundo!*" The peripneumony under which he laboured in the spring, had terminated in an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura, so that he could never lie but upon his right side; and this, as the weather grew colder, occasioned an obstruction that could never be surmounted.

Though my reason forewarned me of the event, I was not the more prepared for it.—Let me not dwell upon it.—It is altogether insupportable in every respect; and my imagination seems more assiduous in educing pain from this occasion, than I ever yet found it in administering to my pleasure.—This hurts me to no purpose—I know it; and yet, when I have avocated my thoughts, and fixed them for a while upon common amusements, I suffer the same sort of consciousness as if I were guilty of a crime. Believe me, this has been the most sensible affliction I ever felt in my life; and you, who know my anxiety when I had far less reason to complain, will more easily conceive it now than I am able to describe it.

I cannot pretend to fill up my paper with my usual subjects.—I should thank you for your remarks upon my poetry, but I despise poetry: and I might tell you of all my little rural improvements; but I hate them.—What can I now expect from my solitary rambles through them, but a series of melancholy reflections and idle some anticipations?—Even the pleasure I should take in shewing them to you, the greatest they can afford me, must be not greatly inferior to what it might formerly have been.

How have I prostituted my sorrow on occasions that little concerned me! I am ashamed to think of that idle "Elegy "upon Autumn," when I have so much more important cause to hate and to condemn it now; but the glare and gaiety of the spring is what I principally dread, when I shall find all things restored to my poor brother, and something like the lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

"Thus, with the year,
"Seasons return; but not to me returns
"A brother's cordial smile, at eve and morn;

I shall then seem to wake from amusements, company, every sort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief asleep, as from a dream, and I shall feel as if I were, that instant, despoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together; of all my future prospects. The melody of birds, which I no more must hear; the cheerful beams of the sun, of which he no more must partake; every wonted pleasure will produce that sort of pain to which my temper is most obnoxious. Do not consider this as poetry—Poetry on such occasions is no more than literal truth. In the present case it is less for half the tenderness I feel is altogether shapeless and inexpressible.

A

After all, the wisdom of the world may perhaps esteem me a gainer. Ill do they judge of this event, who think that any shadow of amends can be made for the death of a brother, and the disappointment of all my schemes, by the accession of some fortune, which I never can enjoy!

This is a mournful narrative: I will not, therefore, enlarge it.—Amongst all changes and chances, I often think of you; and pray there may be no suspicion or jealousy betwixt us during the rest of our lives. I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Shenstone to C— W—, Esq.

Dear Mr. W—, July 22, 1752.

I DO not know why I made you a promise of a pretty long letter. What I now write will be but a moderate one, both in regard to length and style; yet write I must, *par maniere d'acquit*, and you have brought four-pence expence upon yourself for a parcel of nonsense, and to no manner of purpose. This is not tautology, you must observe; for nonsense sometimes answers very considerable purposes. —In friendship, therefore, by all the rules of sound logic, you must allow it to be something; what I cannot say, "*nequo demonstrare, & sentio tantum.*" The principal part of a correspondence betwixt two idle men consists in two important inquiries —what we do, and how we do; but as all persons ought to give satisfaction before they expect to receive it, I am to tell you in the first place, that my own health is tolerably good, or rather what I must call good, being, I think, much better than it has been this last half year.—Then as touching my occupation, alas! "Othello's occupation's gone!" I neither read nor write aught besides a few letters; and I give myself up entirely to scenes of dissipation; lounge at my Lord Dudley's for near a week together; make dinners; accept of invitations; sit up till three o'clock in the morning with young sprightly married women, over white port and *vin de Malvoisie*; ramble over my fields; issue out orders to my hay-makers; foretell rain and fair weather; enjoy the fragrance of hay, the cocks, and the wind-rows; admire that universal lawn which is produced by the scythe; sometimes inspect, and draw moulds for my carpenters; sometimes paper my walls, and at other times my cielings; do every social office that falls in my way, but never seek out for any.

"*Sed vos quid tandem? quæ circumvolitas* "*agilis thyma? non tu corpus eras sine pectore.* "*Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum* "*est!*" In short, what do you? and how do you do?—that is all.

Tell my young pupil, your son, he must by all manner of means send me a Latin letter: and if he have any billet in French for Miss Lea at The Grange, or even in Hebrew, Coptic, or Syriac, I will engage it shall be received very graciously. Thither am I going to dinner this day, and there "*implebor veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.*"

All this looks like extreme jollity; but is this the true state of the case, or may I not more properly apply the

"*Spem vultu simulat, premit atrum corde dolorem?*"

Accept this scrawl in place of a letter, and believe me your's, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. G—, on the Receipt of his Picture.

The Leasowes,
Dear Mr. G—, Oct. 3, 1752.

I AM very unfeignedly ashamed to reflect how long it is since I received your present, and how much longer it is since I received your letter. I have been resolving to write to you almost daily ever since you left me; yet have foolishly enough permitted avocations (of infinitely less importance than your correspondence) to interfere with my gratitude, my interest, and my inclination. What apology I have to make, though no way adequate to my negligence, is in short as follows. After the receipt of your letter, I deferred writing till I could speak of the arrival of your picture.—This did not happen till about a month or five weeks ago, when I was embarrassed with masons, carvers, carpenters, and company, all at a time. And though it were idle enough to say, that I could not find one vacant hour for my purpose, yet in truth my head was so confused by these multifarious distractions, that I could have written nothing satisfactory either to myself or you; not worth a single penny, supposing the postage were to cost no more. The workmen had not finished my rooms a minute, when Lady Luxborough, Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Outing arrived, with five servants and a set of horses, to stay with me for some time. After a nine days visit, I returned with them to Barrels, where I continued

tinued for a week; and whither (by the way) I go again with Lord Dudley in about a fortnight's time. Other company filled up the interstices of my summer; and I hope my dear friend will accept of this apology for so long a chasm of silence, during which I have been uniformly at his service, and true to that inviolable friendship I shall ever bear him.

I proceed now to thank you for the distinction you shew me, in sending me your picture: I do it very sincerely. It is assuredly a strong likeness, as my Lady Luxborough with all her servants that have seen you pronounce, as well as I; consequently more valuable to a friend than a face he does not know, though it were one of Raphael's. The smile about the mouth is bad; as it agrees but ill with the gravity of the eyes, and as a smile ever so little *outré* has a bad effect in a picture where it is constant, though it may be ever so graceful in a person where it is transitory. However, this may be altered, when I can meet with a good painter. I have no other objection, but to the prominence of the belly. The hair, I think, is good; and the coat and band no way exceptionable. I have given it all the advantage I can: it has a good light, and makes part of an elegant chimney-piece in a genteel, though little breakfast room, at the end of my house.

Mr. Whistler and I are now upon good terms, and two or three friendly letters have been interchanged betwixt us. He presses me to come to Whitchurch, and I him to come over to The Leasowes; but the winter cometh, when no man can visit. —The dispute is adjusted by time, whilst we are arguing it by expostulation —No uncommon event in most sublunary projects!

Lady Luxborough said very extraordinary things in praise of Mrs. G—, after you left us at Barrels; yet I sincerely believe no more than she deserves. I took the liberty of shewing her your letter here, as it included a compliment to her which I thought particularly genteel.—She will always consider you as a person of genius, and her friend.

During most of this summer (wherein I have seen much company either here or at Lord Dudley's), I have been almost constantly engaged in one continued scene of jollity. I endeavoured to find relief from such sort of dissipation; and, when I had once given into it, I was obliged to proceed; as, they say, is the case when persons disguise their faces with paint. Mine was a sort of painting applied to my temper—"*Spem vultu simulare, premere atrum* "*corde dolorem.*" And the moment I left it off, my soul appeared again all haggard and forlorn. My company has now deserted me; the spleen-fogs begin to rise; and the terrible incidents of last winter revive a pace in my memory. This is my state of mind, while I write you these few lines; yet, I thank God, my health is not much amiss.

I did not forget my promise of a box, &c. to Mrs. G—, I had a dozen sent me, one or two of which I could have liked, had they been better finished. They were of a good oval, white enamel, with flowers, &c. but horribly gilt, and not accurately painted. I beg my best service to her, and will make a fresh essay. My dearest friend, accept this aukward letter for the present.—In a few posts, I will write again. —Believe me your's from the bottom of my soul.

I will send you a label for made-wine, after my own plan. It is enamel, with grapes, shepherd's pipe, &c. The motto "*Vin de Paysan.*"

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

The Leasowes.
Nov. 15, 1352.

Dear Mr. Jago,

COULD I with convenience mount my horse, and ride to Harbury this instant, I should much more willingly do so than begin this letter. Such terrible events have happened to us, since we saw each other last, that, however irksome it may be to dwell upon them, it is in the same degree unnatural to substitute any subject in their place.

I do sincerely forgive your long silence, my good friend, indeed I do; though it gave me uneasiness. I hope you do the same by mine. I own, I could not readily account for the former period of your's any otherwise than by supposing that I had said or done something, in the levity of my heart, which had given you disgust; but being conscious to myself of the most sincere regard for you, and believing it could never be discredited for any trivial inadvertencies, I remember, I continued still in expectation of a letter, and did not dream of writing till such time as I had received one. I trusted you would write at last, and that by all my past endeavours to demonstrate my friendship, you would believe the tree was rooted in my heart, whatever ir-

ıegularity you might obſerve in the ıreaches.

This was my ſituation before that dread-ıl era which gave me ſuch a ſhock as to ıeith my beſt friends for a time out of me-ıry. And when they recurred, as they ıd the firſt of any thing, I was made ac-ıainted with that deplorable misfortune of ıer's! Believe me, I ſympathiſed in your ıction, notwithſtanding my own; but ıs! what comfort could I adminiſter, who ıd need of every poſſible aſſiſtance to ſup-ıt myſelf? I wrote indeed a few letters ıh difficulty; amongſt the reſt, one to my ıd Graves; but it was to vent my com-ıint.—I will ſend you the letter, if you ıe, as it is by far my leaſt painful me-ıd of conveying you ſome account of my ıation. Let it convince you, that I ıld have written nothing at that time, ıh could have been of any ſervice to ı: let it afford you, at leaſt, a faint ıch of my deareſt brother's character; ı let it not appear an oſtentatious diſplay ſorrow, of which I am by no means ıy. I know but too well that I diſco-ıd upon the occaſion, what ſome would ı an unmanly tenderneſs; but I know ı, that ſorrow upon ſuch ſubjects as theſe ıry conſiſtent with virtue, and with the ı abſolute reſignation to the juſt decrees Providence—"*Hominis eſt enim affici do-ı, ſentire; reſiſtere tamen & ſolatia ad-ıire, non ſolatiis non egere.*" Pliny.—ıank, purchaſed amuſements, never ſuf-ıd myſelf to be a minute without com-ıy, no matter what, ſo it was but conti-ı. At length, by an attention to ſuch ıreflection and ſuch amuſements as I could ıher times deſpiſe, I forgot ſo far as to ıheerful.—And after this, the ſummer, ıgh an almoſt conſtant ſucceſſion of ıy and agreeable viſitants, proved even ıne of jollity.—It was inebriation all, ıgh of a mingled nature; yet has it ıained a ſort of truce with grief, till ı can aſſiſt me more effectually by throw-ıback the event to a diſtance.—Now, ıd, that my company has all forſaken ı and I am delivered up to winter, ſi-ı, and reflection, the incidents of the ıyear revive apace in my memory; and ı even aſtoniſhed to think of the gaiety ıy ſummer. The fatal anniverſary, the "ſæpe ſemper acerbum, &c." is begin-ıto approach, and every face of the ſky ıes the ideas of laſt winter.—Yet I ıyſelf cheerful in company; nor would ıommend it to you to be much alone.—You would lay the higheſt obligation upon me by coming over at this time.—I preſſed your brother, whom I ſaw at Birmingham, to uſe his influence with you; but if you can by no means undertake the journey, I will take my ſpeedieſt opportunity of ſeeing you at Harbury.—Mr. Miller invited me ſtrenuouſly to meet Dr. Lyttelton at his houſe; but I believe my moſt convenient ſeaſon will be, when my Lord Dudley goes to Barrels; for I can but ill bear the penſiveneſs of a long and lonely expedition. After all, if you could come hither firſt, it would afford me the moſt entire ſatisfaction.—I have been making alterations in my houſe that would amuſe you; and have many matters to diſcourſe with you, which it would be endleſs to mention upon paper.—Adieu! my dear friend! May your merit be known to ſome one who has greater power to ſerve you than myſelf; but be aſſured, at the ſame time, that no one loves you better, or eſteems you more.

LETTER XXV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

The Leaſowes,
Dear Mr. Jago, Feb. 27, 1753.

I WROTE you ſome account of myſelf, and incloſed ſome trivial criticiſms, in a letter I ſent you about a fortnight ago, which I hope you have received.—Tom comes now to inquire after your health, and to bring back my "Ode to Colonel "Lyttelton;" in regard to which, I deſire that you will not be ſparing of your animadverſions. I whiſpered my difficulties to Mr. Miller at Hagley, how delicate I found the ſubject, and how hard it was to ſatisfy either myſelf or others; in all which points he agreed with me. Nevertheleſs, having twice broken my promiſe of ſending a corrected copy to Sir George, I was obliged to make my peace by a freſh one, which, I ſuppoſe, I muſt of neceſſity perform.—Give me your whole ſentiments hereupon, I beſeech you; in particular and in general, as a critic and as a friend.—The bad ſtate of ſpirits which I complained of in my laſt, for a long time together made me utterly irreſolute: every thing occaſioned me ſuſpenſe; and I did nothing with appetite —This was owing in a great meaſure to a ſlow nervous fever, as I have ſince diſcovered by many concurrent ſymptoms. It is now, I think, wearing off by degrees. I ſeem to anticipate a little of that "ver-

"nal

"nal delight" which Milton mentions, and thinks

"Able to chase
"All sadness, but despair."

At least, I begin to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations; which I know, however, will not guide me to any thing more satisfactory than before.

I have read scarce any new books this season. Voltaire's new tragedy was sent me from London; but what has given me the most amusement, has been the "Lettres de Madame de Maintenon." You have probably read them already in English, and then I need not recommend them. The "Life of Lord Bolingbroke" is entirely his public life, and the book three parts filled with political remarks.

As to writing, I have not attempted it this year and more; nor do I know when I shall again.—However, I would be glad to correct that "Ode to the Duchess of "Somerset," when once I can find in whose hands it is deposited. I was shewn a very elegant letter of her's, the other day; wherein she asks for it with great politeness: and as it includes nothing but a love of rural life, and such sort of amusements as she herself approves, I shall stand a good chance of having it received with partiality. She lives the life of a *religieuse*. She has written my Lady Luxborough a very serious letter of condolence upon the misfortune in her family; and need enough has Lady Luxborough of so unchangeable a friend! for sure nothing could have happened to a person in her situation more specifically unfortunate.—Mr. Reynolds has been at Barrels, I hear, and has brought her a machine that goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of "a jack for boots, "a reading-desk, a cribbage-board, a pair "of snuffers, a ruler, an eighteen-inch-"rule, three pair of nut-crackers, a lemon-"squeezer, two candlesticks, a picquet-"board, and the Lord knows what beside."—Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose, when a paltry bit of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to these exploits, it performs nothing well; and therein I agree with it. So true it is, with regard to me, what I told you long ago,

"*Multa & præclara minantem*
"*Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter!*"

We have a turnpike-bill upon the point of being brought into the House of Commons: it will convey you about half t way betwixt Birmingham and Hales, a from thence to Hagley; but, I trust, the will be a left-hand attraction, which w always make you deviate from the str line.

I should be ashamed to reflect how mu I have dwelt upon myself in this letter, l that I seriously approve of egotism in l ters; and were I not to do so, I should have any other subject. I have not a l gle neighbour, that is either fraught w politeness, literature, or intelligence; mu less have I a tide of spirits to set my inv tion afloat: but the less I am able to am you, the more desirous am I of your l ters; which afford me the truest entert ment, even when my spirits are ever much depressed.

That universal cheerfulness which is lot of some people, persons that you ar may envy at the same time that we desp is worth all that either fortune or nat can bestow. I am, with entire affecti your's.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the De of Mr. Whistler.

The Leasow

Dear Mr. Graves, June 7, 175

THE melancholy account of our friend Whistler's death was conve to me, at the same instant, by your's by his brother's letter. I have writte his brother this post; though I am ver able to write upon the subject, and wo willingly have waved it longer, but for cency. The triumvirate, which was greatest happiness and the greatest prid my life, is broken! The fabric of an in nuous and disinterested friendship has lo noble column! yet it may, and wil trust, endure till one of us be laid as l In truth, one can so little satisfy one's with what we say upon such sad occasi that I made three or four essays befo could endure what I had written to brother.—Be so good as excuse me to l as well as you can, and establish me in good opinion of him and Mr. Walker.

Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our tle strifes and bickerments appear to u this time! yet we may with comfort flect, that they were not of a sort t touched the vitals of our friendship; I may say, that we fondly loved and este ed each other, of necessity—"*Tales cu*
"*gn*

...gentuit esse concordes." Poor Mr. Whistler! not a single acquaintance have I made, not a single picture or curiosity have I purchased, not a single embellishment have I given to my place, since he was last here, but I have had his approbation and his encouragement in my eye. I will assuredly inscribe my larger urn to his memory; nor shall I pass it without a pleasing melancholy during the remainder of my days. We have each of us received a pleasure from his conversation, which no other conversation can afford us at our present time of life.

Adieu! my dear friend! may our remembrance of the person we have lost be the strong and everlasting cement of our affection! Assure Mr. John Whistler of the regard I have for him, upon his own account, as well as his brother's. Write to me; directly if you have opportunity. Whether you have or no, believe me to be your most affectionately your's.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Graves.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same to the same, on hearing that his Letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed.

The Leasowes,
October 73, 1754.

Dear Mr. Graves,

It is certainly some argument of a peculiarity in the esteem I bear you, that I feel a readiness to acquaint you with more of my foibles than I care to trust with any other person. I believe nothing shews us more plainly either the different degrees or kinds of regard that we entertain of our several friends (I may also add the difference of their characters), than the ordinary style and tenor of the letters we address to them.

I confess to you, that I am considerably mortified by Mr. John W——'s conduct in regard to my letters to his brother; and, rather than they should have been so unnecessarily destroyed, would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef d'œuvres*; and, had I be supposed to have the least pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must appear, principally, in my letters to his brother, and one or two more friends. I considered them as the records of a friendship that will be always dear to me, and as the history of my mind for these twenty years last past. The amusement I should have found in the perusal of them would have been altogether innocent; and I would gladly have preserved them, if it were only to explain those which I shall preserve of his brother's. Why he should allow either me or them so very little weight as not to consult me with regard to them, I can by no means conceive. I suppose it is not uncustomary to return them to the surviving friend. I had no answer to the letter which I wrote Mr. J. W——. I received a ring from him; but as I thought it an inadequate memorial of the friendship which his brother had for me, I gave it to my servant the moment I received it; at the same time I have a neat standish, on which I caused the lines Mr. W—— left with it to be inscribed, and which appears to me a much more agreeable remembrancer.

I have read your new production with pleasure; and as this letter begins with a confession of foibles, I will own, that through mere lazinesS I have sent you back your copy in which I have made some erasements, instead of giving you my reasons on which those erasements were founded. Truth is, it seems to me to want mighty few variations from what is now the present text; and that, upon one more perusal, you will be able to give it as much perfection as you mean it to have. And yet, did I suppose you would insert it in Dodsley's Collection, as I see no reason you have to the contrary, I would take any pains about it that you should desire me. I must beg another copy, at your leisure.

I should like the inscription you mention upon a real stone-urn, which you purchase very reasonable at Bath: but you must not risque it upon the vase you mention, on any account whatever.

Now I mention Bath, I must acquaint you, that I have received intelligence from the younger Dodsley, that his brother is now there, and that none of the papers I sent him are yet sent to press; that he expects his brother home about the fourth or fifth of November, when he proceeds with his publication. Possibly you may go to Bath whilst he is there, and, if so, may chuse to have an interview.

I shall send two or three little pieces of my own, in hopes that you will adjust the reading, and return them as soon as you conveniently can. All I can send to-night is this "Ode to Memory." I shall in the last place desire your opinion as to the manner of placing what is sent. The first pages of his Miscellany must be already fixed. I think to propose our's for the last; but

but as to the order, it will depend entirely upon you.

Adieu! in other words, God bless you!—I have company at the table all the time I am writing. Your ever most affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ-church, Nov. 14, 1735.

YOU use me very cruelly: you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to your's, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively, * a history of your own time.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

PERMIT me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty, and forgive my brevity, when I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called gratitude, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet it will, however, be the greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c. for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress, as he gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the reformation†. However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him. I send you my translation*, which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I mispend my days.

Third in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;

* Alluding to his grandfather's history.

† Carrying on the allusion to the other Life written by Mr. West's grandfather.

* This consisted of about 110 lines, which was sent separately, and as it was Mr. Gray's first attempt in English verse, it is a curiosity not to be entirely withheld from the reader.

Ar-

[illegible] strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
[illegible] warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
[illegible]wood, and this to emulate.
[illegible]us arm he try'd before he flung,
[illegible] his nerves, and every sinew strung;
[illegible] a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
[illegible] cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
[illegible] on high, tenacious of its course,
[illegible] the mighty arm that gave it force,
[illegible] all bound, and joys to see
[illegible] lord secure of victory.
[illegible]tre's green height and woody wall
[illegible] precipitates its fall,
[illegible]rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
[illegible], and woods, and echoing hills rebound.
[illegible] Ætna's smoking summit broke,
[illegible] Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
[illegible] Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
[illegible] surges round the vessel roar;
[illegible] he aim'd the meditated harm,
[illegible] Ulysses 'scap'd his giant arm.
[illegible] the victor bore away,
[illegible] spots and artful labour gay,
[illegible] round the margin roll'd,
[illegible] the terrors of his claws in gold, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ-church, May 24, 1736.

GREE with you that you have broke [illegible]'s head, but it is in like manner [illegible] broke Hyacinth's, you have [illegible] him infinitely at his open weapon: [illegible] insist on seeing the rest of your [illegible], and then I will examine it [illegible] and compare it with the Latin, [illegible] very wise and severe, and put on [illegible] face, such as becomes the [illegible] of a true son of Aristarchus, of [illegible] critical memory. In the mean while,

[illegible] the terrors of his claws in gold,

[illegible] Statius —*Summos auro manſuetos*. I never knew before that [illegible] fangs on hammer-cloths were [illegible] fashion. Your Hymeneal † I was [illegible] the best in the Cambridge Col[illegible] before I saw it, and, indeed, it is no [illegible] compliment to tell you I thought it [illegible] I had seen it, but sincerely it [illegible] me best. Methinks the college [illegible] have run into a *strange taste on this* [illegible]. Such soft unmeaning stuff about [illegible] and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, [illegible]phyrs and Dryads, was never read. [illegible] my poor little Eclogue, it has been [illegible]ned and beheaded by our West[illegible] judges; an exordium of about [illegible] lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender, who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world, "*ac dulce* "*otium & pæne omni negotio pulchrius.*" I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.

† [illegible]d in the Cambridge Collection of [illegible] Prince of Wales's Marriage.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Peter-house, Dec. 1736.

YOU must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the Prophet spoke when he said, "the "wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, "and their houses shall be full of doleful "creatures, and owls shall build there, and "satyrs shall dance there; their forts and "towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of "wild asses; there shall the great owl "make her nest, and lay and hatch and "gather under her shadow; it shall be a "court of dragons; the screech-owl also "shall rest there, and find for herself a "place

"place of rest." You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too, in no small degree, own her sway,

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own, at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than your's most sincerely, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ-church, Dec. 22, 1736.

I CONGRATULATE you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have you dignified, and I not, for the world, you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like your's, are neither metaphysical nor mathematical; I have, nevertheless, a great respect for your connoisseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals pleased me much; but Oxford, I can assure you, has her owls that match your's, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well, you are leaving this dismal land of bondage, and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you, but what will you do with your classic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dulness as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like "a nauseous weed away:" cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law: *misce stultitiam conciliis brevem, dulce est desipere in loco*; so said Horace to Virgil, those two sons of Ana poetry, and so say I to you, in this de nerate land of pigmies,

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasur
Each day of business has its hour of leisur

In one of these hours I hope, dear Sir, will sometimes think of me, write to and know me your's,

Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω·

that is, write freely to me and openly I do to you; and to give you a proof I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus tr lated. Tibullus, you must know, is my vourite elegiac poet; for his languag more elegant and his thoughts more n ral than Ovid's. Ovid excels him onl wit, of which no poet had more in my nion. The reason I choose so melanch a kind of poesie, is because my low sp and constant ill health (things in me imaginary, as you surmise, but too alas! and, I fear, constitutional) "t "tun'd my heart to elegies of woe;" this likewise is the reason why I am most irregular thing alive at college you may depend upon it I value my he above what they call discipline. A this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, criticise it unmercifully, for I send it that intent. Indeed your late transl of Statius might have deterred me, know you are not more able to others, than you are apt to forgive the of excellence, especially when it is f in the productions of your most fa friend.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Peter-house, Dec. 23, 1

YOU can never weary me with the r tition of any thing that makes me sible of your kindness; since that has the only idea of any social happiness I have almost ever received, and (begging your pardon for thinking so ferently from you in such cases) I by no means have parted with for a emption from all the uneasinesses with it: but it would be unjust to im my taste was any rule for your's; for reason my letters are shorter and less quent than they would be, had I any rials but myself to entertain you Love and brown sugar must be a poo gale for one of your *gôut*, and, alas!

:r I am by trade a grocer*. Scandal (had any) is a merchandise you do not ffs dealing in; now and then, indeed, to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip tle out of your pocket, as a decayed dewoman would a piece of right mech-, or a little quantity of run tea, but this row and then, not to make a practice it. Monsters appertaining to this cli- you have seen already, both wet and . So you perceive within how narrow nds my pen is circumscribed, and the le contents of my share in our corre- dence may be reduced under the two ds of 1st, You, 2dly, I; the first is, in- d, a subject to expatiate upon, but you ght laugh at me for talking about what o not understand; the second is so tiny, dresome, that you shall hear no more of im that it is ever your's.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ-church, July 4, 1737.

HAVE been very ill, and am still hardly recovered. Do you remember Elegy , Book the 3d, of Tibullus, *Vos tenet*, and do you remember a letter of Mr. e's, in sickness, to Mr. Steele? This ancholy elegy and this melancholy let- I turned into a more melancholy epistle my own, during my sickness, in the way imitation; and this I send to you and friends at Cambridge, not to divert m, for it cannot, but merely to shew n how sincere I was when sick: I hope sending it to them now may convince m I am no less sincere, though perhaps re simple, when well †.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, Aug. 22. 1737.

FTER a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cam- ge, I am come to town, and to better es of seeing you. If what you sent me be the product of your melancholy, t may I not expect from your more erful hours? For by this time the ill lth that you complain of is (I hope) e departed; though, if I were self- rested, I ought to wish for the continu- ance of any thing that could be the occa- sion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I be- lieve they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spite of am- ber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's window, should persuade me to part with them: but, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of Lady Wal- pole's death on Saturday night last. For- give me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account, obliges me to have done, in reminding you that I am your's, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

September, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagina- tion; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this pre- sent writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were

i. e. A man who deals only in coarse and or- y wares.

See the poem [Ad Amicos] in Elegant Ex- s in Verse.

* At Burnham, in Buckinghamshire.

were more dangerous: both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always, dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate,
In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on ev'ry bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me I *(il pensroso)*, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old *, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole †.

Burnham, Sept. 1737.

I SYMPATHIZE with you on the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part, I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more, I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather chuse to converse with the living dead, that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; prefer a picture of still life to the rea of a noisy one; and, as I guess, will in what you prefer, and for an hour or at noon will stick yourself up as form if you had been fixed in your fram these hundred years, with a pink or ro one hand, and a great seal ring on other. Your name, I assure you, has propagated in these countries by a co of your's, one——; he has brought his whole family to you; they were be pretty good Whigs, but now they are solute Walpolians. We have hardly body in the parish but knows ev the dimensions of the hall and salo Houghton, and begin to believe that lanthern ‡ is not so great a consum the fat of the land as disaffected pe have said: for your reputation, we kee ourselves your not hunting nor dri hogan, either of which here would be ficient to lay your honour in the To-morrow se'nnight I hope to be in to and not long after at Cambridge. I &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ-church, Dec. 2, 17

RECEIVING no answer to my last ter, which I writ above a month I must own I am a little uneasy. slight shadow of you which I had in to has only served to endear you to me more. The moments I past with you m a strong impression upon me. I sing you out for a friend, and I would have y know me to be your's, if you deem worthy.—Alas, Gray, you cannot imag how miserably my time passes away. health, and nerves, and spirits are, th my stars, the very worst, I think, in Oxfo Four-and-twenty hours of pure unalloy health together, are as unknown to me the 400,000 characters in the Chinese v cabulary. One of my complaints has late been so over-civil as to visit me re larly once a month—*jam certus com* This is a painful nervous head-ach, wh perhaps you have sometimes heard me spe of before. Give me leave to say, I k no physic comparable to your letters. as it is said in Ecclesiasticus. "Friendsh "be the physic of the mind," prescribe me, dear Gray, as often and as much you think proper, I shall be a most o dient patient.

* He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eight-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragicomedy.

† Mr. Walpole was at this time with his father at Houghton. Mr. Gray writes from his uncle's house in Buckinghamshire.

‡ A favourite object of Tory satire at the time.

Non ego
Vitis irascar medicis, offendar amicis.

I venture here to write you down a Greek epigram *, which I lately turned into Latin, and hope you will excuse it.

Ludentem in margine rivi
Pupilla vitreae limpidus error aquae:
Mater mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Ora, & amplexu furtus inane fovet;
Pater in deliciis pellere, somno
Lassatus, aeternum lumina compescuit.

Adieu! I am going to my tutor's lecture on one Pufendorff, a very jurisprudent author as you shall read on a summer's day. Believe me your's, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Dartmouth-street, Feb. 21, 1737-8.

OUGHT to answer you in Latin, but I find I dare not enter the lists with you—*Tu, pater optime, vires deficiunt.*—Seriously, you write in that language with a grace and an Augustan urbanity that amazes me; your Greek too is perfect in its kind. Here let me wonder that a man, *longè omnium doctissimus*, should be at a loss for the title and chapter whence my epigram is taken. I am sorry I have not my Aldus with me, that I might satisfy your curiosity; but he with all my other literary treasures are left at Oxford, and therefore you must still rest in suspense. I thank you over and again for your medical prescription. I know very well that those "*risus, jocunditates & facetiae*" would contribute very much to my cure, but then you must be an apothecary as well as physician, and make up the dose as well as direct it; send me therefore, an electuary of these drugs, made up *secundum artem*, "*et eris mihi magnus Apollo*," in both his capacities as a patron of arts and god of physicians. Wish me joy of leaving my college, and leave it as fast as you can. I shall be settled in the Temple very soon.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

August 1738.

Dear Sir, I should say Mr. Inspector General of the exports and imports †; that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non bene conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas & amor.

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house. However, by what style, title, or denomination soever you chuse to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a burr, and you can no more get quit of these and your christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or (Dr. Longically ‡ speaking) oscillatory. I swing from chapel or hall home, and from home to chapel or hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journies and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around. The country is exceedingly fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but, not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude your's, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Sept. 1738.

I AM coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me, without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbitch fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all is one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little procterlings to see its order executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley § and his gilt tub should come to the fair and seduce

* Pendippus. *Vide* Anthologia, H. Steph. p. 220.

† Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, but exchanged soon after for that of Usher of the Exchequer.

‡ Dr. Long, the master of Pembroke Hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.

§ Orator Henley.

seduce their young ones: but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in *Pastor Fido* that begins, *Care selve beati.*

LETTER XLII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Sept. 17, 1738.

I THANK you again and again for your two last most agreeable letters. They could not have come more a propos; I was without any books to divert me, and they supplied the want of every thing: I made them my classics in the country, they were my Horace and Tibullus—*Non ita loquor assentandi causâ ut probè nosti si me noris, verum quia sic mea est sententia.* I am but just come to town, and, to shew you my esteem of your favours, I venture to send you by the penny-post, to your father's, what you will find on the next page; I hope it will reach you soon after your arrival, your boxes out of the waggon, yourself out of the coach, and tutors out of your memory.

Adieu; we shall see one another, I hope, to-morrow.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

Temple, Sept. 28, 1739.

IF wishes could turn to realities, I would fling down my law books, and sup with you to-night. But, alas! here am I doomed to fix, while you are fluttering from city to city, and enjoying all the pleasures which a gay climate can afford. It is out of the power of my heart to envy your good fortune, yet I cannot help indulging a few natural desires; as for example, to take a walk with you on the banks of the Rhône, and to be climbing up mount Fourviere;

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari:
Jam lati fluvii pedes vigescunt.

However, so long as I am not deprived of your correspondence, so long shall I always find some pleasure in being at home. And setting all vain curiosity aside, when the [illegible] is over, and my reason begins to come [illegible] herself, I have several other powerful motives which might easily cure me of my restless inclinations: amongst these, my mother's ill state of health is not the least, which was the reason of our going to Tunbridge, so that you cannot expect much description or amusement from thence. Nor indeed is there much room for either; for all diversions there may be reduced to two articles, gaming and going to church. They were pleased to publish certain Tunbrigiana this season; but such ana! I believe there were never so many vile little verses put together before. So much for Tunbridge. London affords me as little to say. What! so huge a town as London? Yes, consider only how I live in this town. I never go into the gay world, high world, and consequently receive no thing from thence to brighten my imagination. The busy world I leave to the busy; and am resolved never to talk politics till I can act at the same time. To tell old stories, or prate of old books, seems a little musty; and *tojours Cibouilli*, will not do. However, for want of better fare, take another little mouthful of my poetry.

O meæ jucundæ comes quietis!
Quæ ferè ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ab! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas:
Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gaudes, quando hâc reducem sodalem
Glaucum gaudere simul videbis*
Mêque sub umbâ?

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to the same.

Popes, March 28, 17[illegible]

I WRITE to make you write, for I have not much to tell you. I have recovered no spirits as yet; but, as I am not pleased with my company, I sit purring the fire-side in my arm-chair with no [illegible] satisfaction. I read too sometimes, I have begun Tacitus, but have not yet [illegible] enough to judge of him; only his Pannian sedition in the first book of his annals, which is just as far as I have got, seems to me a little tedious. I have no more to say, but to desire you will write letters of a handsome length, and always answer

* He gives Mr. Gray the name of Glaucus frequently in his Latin verse, as Mr. Gray calls Favonius.

within a reasonable space of time, which I leave to your discretion.

P. S. The new Dunciad! *qu'en pensez vous?*

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

TRUST to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to give you your health and spirits; and I do not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fire-side, will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had I been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that any of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think I may venture to say, that if those Panopian affairs are tedious in his hands, in others's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon mend, and he will make ample amends. For who could join the brilliancy of wit and concise sententiousness peculiar to that with the truth and gravity of better days, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his Agricola that (close as it is) I always admired for saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will and testament, where he had made him heir with his wife and daughter, "*Satis declarat latratum eum, velut honore, judicio tam cæca & corrupta mens assiduis adulationibus erat, ut nesciret a bono patre posse haredem, nisi malum principem.*" As to the Dunciad, it is greatly admirable. The Genii of operas and schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the Virtuosos and Florists, and the yawn of Dulness in Ireland, are as fine as any thing he has written. The Metaphysician's part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-turned lines, and some hardly intelli-

ake the liberty of sending you a long ode of Agrippina; much too long, but I shall be glad you would retrench it. Agrippina, you may remember, had been in quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which had twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

LETTER XLVI.

From the same to the same.

London, April, Thursday.

YOU are the first who ever made a muse of a cough; to me it seems a much more easy task to verify in one's sleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for *) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had seen it; if you have not, do you choose I should get and send it to you? I have myself, upon your recommendation, been reading Joseph Andrews. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shews himself well read in stage coaches, country squires, inns, and inns of court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things (I mean such as characterize and paint nature), yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind †, the passions, and what not. Now as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the trouble to read and find fault with my

* At Eton School.

† He seems here to glance at Hutchinson, the disciple of Shaftesbury; of whom he had not a much better opinion than of his master.

long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse you treating me any otherwise; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. As to matter of style, I have this to say: the language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one, that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives; nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakspear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue. Full of *museful mopings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his *mood*—with knots and *knares* deformed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—*disarray* and shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field—the *foiled doddered* oaks—*disherited*—*smouldering* flames—*reckless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-hag*—*villanize* his father's fame.——But they are infinite: and our language not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakspear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern dramatics;

But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glass:
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up---

And what follows. To me they appear untranslateable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakspear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suit or speeches ill-timed, which I believe little the case with me. I guess the faulty expressions may be these—*silken* of *dalliance*—*drowsier* pretensions—wri led *beldams*—*arched* the hearer's brow *rivetted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. Th are easily altered or omitted; and ind if the thoughts be wrong or superflu there is nothing easier than to leave out whole. The first ten or twelve lines I believe, the best *; and as for the I was betrayed into a good deal of it Tacitus; only what he has said in words, I imagine I have said in fifty li such is the misfortune of imitating the mitable. Now, if you are of my opini *una litura* may do the business, better a dozen; and you need not fear unrav ing my web. I am a sort of spider; have little else to do but spin it over ag or creep to some other place and spin th Alas! for one who has nothing to do amuse himself. I believe my amusem are as little amusing as most folks. no matter; it makes the hours pass; is better than ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμείᾳ κατα Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

TO begin with the conclusion of you ter, which is Greek, I desire that will quarrel no more with your mann passing your time. In my opinion irreproachable, especially as it pro such excellent fruit; and if I, like a bird, must be pecking at it, you oug consider that it is because I like it. *una litura* I beg you, no unravellin your web, dear Sir! only pursue it a further, and then one shall be able to j of it a little better. You know the of a play is in the first act; its damn or salvation wholly rests there. Bu that first act is over, every body sus his vote; so how do you think I can as yet, any just idea of the speeches gard to their length or shortness? the nection and symmetry of such little with one another must naturally escap as not having the plan of the whe my head; neither can I decide abou thoughts, whether they are wrong perfluous; they may have some futur

* The lines which he means here are f *thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection*---to *lives*. For the part of the scene, which he his former letter, began there.

ger which I perceive not. The style was free to me, and there I find we pretty much of the same sentiment: you say the affectation of imitating Shakspear may doubtless be carried too; I say as much and no more. For words we know are old gold, provided are well chosen. Whatever Ennius I do not consider Shakspear as a mill in the least: on the contrary, he mine of ancient ore, where all our modern poets have found their advantage. I do not know how it is; but old expressions have more energy in than ours, and are even more adapt- to poetry; certainly, where they are chiefly and sparingly inserted, they add main grace to the composition; in the manner as Poussin gave a beauty to pictures by his knowledge in the an- proportions: but should he, or any painter, carry the imitation too far, neglect that best of models, Nature, I should it would prove a very flat per- ance. To finish this long criticism: this further notion about old words d, (is not this a pretty way of finish- ; I think them of excellent use in ; they add a certain drollery to the , and a romantic gravity to the seri- which are both charming, in their ; and this way of charming Dryden indeed very well. One need only read to acknowledge the dignity they the Epic. But now comes my opi- that they ought to be used in tragedy sparingly than in most kinds of poe- Tragedy is designed for public re- tation, and what is designed for that be certainly most intelligible. I half the audience that come to r's plays do not understand the for what they hear.—But *finissons enfin*. one word more.—You think the ten twelve first lines the best, now I am for fourteen last; add, that they contain one word of ancientry.

I rejoice you found amusement in Joseph . But then I think your concep- of Paradise a little upon the Ber- *Les Lettres du Seraphim R. a Ma- la Cherubineffe de Q.* What a piece of gance would there be!

And now you must know that my body weak and enervate. And for my spirits, they are in perpetual fluc- : some whole days I have no relish, ation for any thing; at other times , and am capable of writing a long as you see; and though I do not write speeches, yet I translate them. When you understand what speech, you will own that it is a bold, and perhaps a dull attempt. In three words, it is prose, it is from Tacitus, it is of Germanicus. Peruse, perpend, pronounce.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, April 1742.

I SHOULD not have failed to answer your letter immediately, but I went out of town for a little while, which hindered me. Its length (besides the pleasure naturally accompanying a long letter from you) affords me a new one, when I think it is a symptom of the recovery of your health, and flatter myself that your bodily strength returns in proportion. Pray do not forget to mention the progress you make continually. As to Agrippina, I begin to be of your opinion; and find myself (as women are of their children) less enamoured of my productions the older they grow. She is laid up to sleep till next summer; so bid her good night. I think you have translated Tacitus very justly, that is freely; and accommodated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our language; which, though I commend your judgment, is no commendation of the English tongue, which is too diffuse, and daily grows more and more enervate. One shall never be more sensible of this, than in turning an author like Tacitus. I have been trying it in some parts of Thucydides (who has a little resemblance of him in his conciseness), and endeavoured to do it closely, but found it produced more nonsense. If you have any inclination to see what figure Tacitus makes in Italian, I have a Tuscan translation of Davanzati, much esteemed in Italy; and will send you the same speech you sent me; that is, if you care for it. In the mean time accept of Propertius *.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Popes, May 5, 1742.

WITHOUT any preface I come to your verses, which I read over and over with excessive pleasure, and which are at least as good as Propertius. I am only sorry you follow the blunders of

* A translation of the 1st elegy of the 2d book in English rhyme.

Broukhusius, all whose insertions are nonsense. I have some objections to your antiquated words, and am also an enemy to Alexandrines; at least I do not like them in Elegy. But after all, I admire your translation so extremely, that I cannot help repeating I long to shew you some little errors you are fallen into by following Broukhusius. Were I with you now, and Propertius, with your verses lying upon the table between us, I could discuss this point in a moment; but there is nothing so tiresome as spinning out a criticism in a letter; doubts arise, and explanations follow, till there swells out at least a volume of undigested observations: and all because you are not with him whom you want to convince. Read only the Letters between Pope and Cromwell in proof of this; they dispute without end. Are you aware now that I have an interest all this while in banishing criticism from our correspondence? Indeed I have; for I am going to write down a little Ode (if it deserves the name) for your perusal, which I am afraid will never stand that test.

LETTER L.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, May 8, 1742.

YOU see, by what I sent you, that I converse, as usual, with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. I have finished the Peloponnesian war much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you. I have drank and sung with Anacreon for the last fortnight, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus. Besides, to quit my figure (because it is foolish), I have run over Pliny's Epistles and Martial ἐν παρέργῳ; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is sometimes very tender and natural. I must needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expression seems to me inimitable. He is describing hair as he would have it painted.

> Ἑλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι
> Πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνδεῖς
> Ἀφεῖς ἵν' ὦμοις κεῖσθαι.

Guess, too, where this is about a dimple.

> *Sigillo in mente impressa Amoris digitus*
> *Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.*

LETTER LI.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Popes, May 11, 1742.

YOUR fragment is in Aulus Gellius and both it and your Greek delicious. But why are you thus melancholy? I am so sorry for it, that you see I cannot forbear writing again the very first opportunity; though I have little to say, except to expostulate with you about it. I fear you converse much with the dead, and I do not blame you for that; I converse with them too, though not indeed with the Greek. But I must condemn you for your longing to be with them. What are there no joys among the living? I could almost cry out with Catullus, "*Amabo, "phene immemor, atque unanimis falsi "dalibus!*" But to turn an accusation thus upon another, is ungenerous; so I will take my leave of you for the present with a "*Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis.*"

LETTER LII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, May 27, 1742.

MINE, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part; which though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser*. The only fault of it is insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile est*; it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society; so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens: "*Poulets à la "broche, poulets en ragôut, poulets en bâtons, "poulets en fricasées.*"—Reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then; for though that be reading too, yet

is a very different flavour. The May [illegible] to be come since your invitation; [illegible] propose to bask in her beams and dress [illegible] her roses:

Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.

I shall see Mr. —— and his wife, nay, [illegible] child too, for he has got a boy. [illegible] add to consider one's cotemporaries [illegible] the grave light of husband and [illegible]? There is my Lords —— and —, they are statesmen: do not you [illegible] them dirty boys playing at [illegible]? As for me, I am never a but the [illegible], nor the bigger, nor the wiser than [illegible] than: no, not for having been be[illegible]. Pray how are you?

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton *.

Cambridge, Dec. 27, 1742.

OUGHT to have returned you my [illegible] a long time ago, for the pleasure I should say prodigy, of your letter; [illegible] a thing has not happened above [illegible] this last age to mortal man, [illegible] one here can conceive what it may [illegible]. You have heard, I suppose, [illegible] I have been employed a part of the [illegible] how, by my own indefatigable application for these ten years past, and by [illegible] and vigilance of that worthy man, [illegible] the man in blue † (who, I assure [illegible] has not spared his labour, nor could [illegible] done more for his own son), I am [illegible] half way to the top of jurisprudence‡, [illegible] as fair as another body to open a [illegible] of impotency with all decency and [illegible]. You see my ambition. [illegible] not doubt but some thirty years [illegible] I shall convince the world and you [illegible] I am a very pretty young fellow; [illegible] may come to shine in a profession, [illegible] the noblest of all except man[illegible]. As for you, if your distem[illegible] and you can but agree about going [illegible] London, I may reasonably expect in a [illegible] shorter time to see you in your three [illegible] villa, doing the honours of a [illegible] furnished table with as much dignity, [illegible] a mien, and as capacious a belly, as Dr. Mead. Methinks I see Dr. ——, at the lower end of it, lost in admiration of your goodly person and parts, cramming down his envy (for it will rise) with the wing of a pheasant, and drowning it in neat burgundy. But not to tempt your asthma too much with such a prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy and as great as this even in the country. But you know best, and I should be sorry to say any thing that might stop you in the career of glory; far be it from me to hamper the wheels of your gilded chariot. Go on, Sir Thomas; and when you die (for even physicians must die) may the faculty in Warwick-lane erect your statue in the very niche of Sir John Cutler's.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your illness, but I hope it is too late now: I can only say that I really was very sorry. May you live a hundred Christmasses, and eat as many collars of brawn stuck with rosemary. Adieu, &c.

LETTER LIV.

From the same to the same.

Peterhouse, April 26, 1744.

YOU write so feelingly to Mr. Brown, and represent your abandoned condition in terms so touching, that what gratitude could not effect in several months, compassion has brought about in a few days; and broke that strong attachment, or rather allegiance, which I and all here owe to our sovereign lady and mistress, the president of presidents and head of heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her name, that ineffable Octogrammaton), the power of Laziness. You must know she had been pleased to appoint me (in preference to so many old servants of her's who had spent their whole lives in qualifying themselves for the office) grand picker of straws and push-pin player to her Supinity (for that is her title). The first is much in the nature of Lord President of the Council; and the other like the groom porter, only without the profit; but as they are both things of very great honour in this country, I considered with myself the load of envy attending such great charges; and besides (between you and me), I found myself unable to support the fatigue of keeping up the appearance that persons of such dignity must do; so I thought proper to decline it, and excused myself as well as I could. However, as you see such an affair must take up a good deal of time, and it has always

* Of Old-park, near Durham. With this [illegible] Mr Gray contracted an acquaintance [illegible] and though they were not educated [illegible] at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, [illegible] Doctor was Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, [illegible] became intimate friends, and continued so [illegible] time of Mr. Gray's death.

† A servant of the Vice-Chancellor's for the [illegible], usually known by the name of Blue [illegible] whose business it is to attend Acts for De[illegible] &c.

‡ [illegible] Batchelor of Civil Law.

ways been the policy of this court to proceed slowly, like the Imperial and that of Spain, in the dispatch of business, you will, on this account, the easier forgive me, if I have not answered your letter before.

You desire to know, it seems, what character the poem of your young friend bears here *. I wonder that you ask the opinion of a nation, where those, who pretend to judge, do not judge at all; and the rest (the wiser part) wait to catch the judgment of the world immediately above them; that is, Dick's and the Rainbow coffee-houses. Your readier way would be to ask the ladies that keep the bars in those two theatres of criticism. However, to shew you that I am a judge, as well as my countrymen, I will tell you, though I have rather turned it over than read it (but no matter; no more have they), that it seems to me above the middling; and now and then, for a little while, rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible; and too much infected with the Hutchinson jargon. In short, its great fault is, that it was published, at least, nine years too early. And so methinks in a few words, "*à la mode du Temple*," I have very pertly dispatched what, perhaps, may for several years have employed a very ingenious man, worth fifty of myself.

You are much in the right to have a taste for Socrates; he was a divine man. I must tell you, by way of news of the place, that the other day a certain new professor made an apology for him an hour long in the schools; and all the world brought in Socrates guilty, except the people of his own college.

The muse is gone, and left me in far worse company; if she returns, you will hear of her. As to her child † (since you are so good as to inquire after it), it is but a puling chit yet, not a bit grown to speak of; I believe, poor thing, it has got the worms that will carry it off at last. Mr. Trollope and I are in a course of tar-water; he for his present, and I for my future distempers. If you think it will kill me, send away a man and horse directly; for I drink like a fish. Your's, &c.

* Pleasures of the Imagination: from the posthumous publication of Dr. Akenside's Poems, it should seem that the author had very much the same opinion afterwards of his own work, which Mr. Gray here expresses; since he undertook a reform of it, which must have given him, had he excluded it, as much trouble as if he had written it entirely new.

† He here means his Poem "*De Principiis Cogitandi.*"

LETTER LV.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, Dec. 11, 1741

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave any credit to myself in these cases; but I know they are new true. Nothing so silly as indolence wh it hopes to disguise itself: every o knows it by its saunter, as they do Majesty (God bless him) at a masquera by the firmness of his tread, and the e vation of his chin. However, somew I had to say that has a little shadow reason in it. I have been in town (I s pose you know) flaunting about at kind of public places with two frie lately returned from abroad. The we itself has some attractions in it to a s tary of six years standing; and agree well-meaning people of sense (thank H ven there are so few of them) are my p culiar magnet. It is no wonder then i felt some reluctance at parting with th so soon; or if my spirits, when I retur back to my cell, should sink for a ti not indeed to storm and tempest, b good deal below changeable. Besi Seneca says (and my pitch of philoso does not pretend to be much above S neca) "*Nunquam mores, quos extulit, re* "*Aliquid ex eo quod compositi, turbatur:* "*quid ex his, quæ fugavi, redit.*" it will happen to such as us, mere imp science. Well it may, when Wisdom h self is forced often

in sweet retired solitude
To plume her feathers, and let grow her win
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

It is a foolish thing that without mo one cannot either live as one pleases, where and with whom one pleases. S somewhere says, that money is liber and I fear money is friendship too society, and almost every external bl It is a great, though an ill-natured, co fort, to see most of those who have it plenty, without pleasure, without liber and without friends.

I am not altogether of your opinion to your historical consolation in tim trouble: a calm melancholy it may p duce, a stiller sort of despair (and t only in some circumstances, and on so constitution

...tations); but I doubt no real com-...or content can ever arise in the hu-...mind, but from hope.

...ake it very ill you should have been ...e twentieth year of the war *, and ...nothing of the retreat before Sy-... is it, or is it not, the finest thing ...ever read in your life? And how ...Xenophon or Plutarch agree with ...? For my part I read Aristotle, his ...ics, politics, and morals; though I ...not well know which is which. In the ...place, he is the hardest author by far ...ever meddled with. Then he has a dry ...ofe...ss, that makes one imagine one is ...a table of contents rather than a ...it tastes for all the world like ...hay, or rather like chopped lo-... he has a violent affection to that ...ng in some sort his own invention; ...he often loses himself in little tri-...distinctions and verbal niceties; and, ...worse, leaves you to extricate him ...well as you can. Thirdly, he has suf-...vastly from the transcribblers, as all ...of great brevity necessarily must. ...ly and lastly, he has abundance of ...uncommon things, which make him ...worth the pains he gives one. You ...what you are to expect from him.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, 1747.

HAD been absent from this place a few ...s, and at my return found Cibber's ...upon my table: I return you my ...k for it, and have already run over a ...derable part; for who could resist ...Letitia Pilkington's recommenda-...? (By the way, is there any such ...woman ‡? or has somebody put on ...style of a scribbling woman's panegy-...to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He ...s to me full as pert and as dull as ...d. There are whole pages of com-...place stuff, that for stupidity might ...been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any ...grave divine, did not the flirting ...phrase give them at a distance an air ...youth and gaiety: it is very true, he ...often in the right with regard to Tully's ...faults; but was there any one that ...not see them? Those, I imagine, ...would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's; and as to reason and truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels and dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include every thing that requires invention or judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book; though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best-bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *friends* one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance. I rejoice to hear there is such a crowd of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. Agrippina can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or shewed to any body, that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all * * * §.

This is all I can any where find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved any body, or judged of any thing rightly, might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that heaven had granted him a longer life, and a mind more at ease.

I send

* Thucydides, l. vii.

† Intitled "Observations on Cicero's Character."

‡ This lady made herself more known some ...after the date of this letter.

§ What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry, then in Mr Gray's hands.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject *; it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the three first verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical license.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

AS one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know, for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima; (Selima, was it? or Fatima?) or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or, if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

"*Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris.*"

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours †. This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a free-mason, or a gormogon at least.—Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feue Mademoiselle Selime*, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows * * * * * ‡. There's a Poem for you, it is rather too long for an Epitaph.

* The admirable apostrophe to Mr. West.

† Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

‡ The reader need hardly be told, that the 4th Ode in the Collection of his Poems was inserted in the place of these asterisks.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, June 5, 1748.

YOUR friendship has interested itself in my affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you a little with a detail of them †. * * * * * * * * * And now my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a thing so contrary to my own wishes and your's? I believe it is impossible for me to see you in the North, or to enjoy any of those agreeable hours I had flattered myself with. This business will oblige me to be in town several times during the summer, particularly in August, when half the money is to be paid; besides, the good people here would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should take such a journey at this time. The only satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you, and particularly at this time when I was bid to expect the good news of an increase of your family. Your opinion of Diodorus is doubtless right; but there are things in him very curious, got out of better authorities now lost. Do you remember the Egyptian history, and particularly the account of the gold mines? My own readings have been cruelly interrupted: what I have been highly pleased with, is the new Comedy from Paris by Gresset, called *le Méchant*; if you have it not, buy his works all together in two little volumes; they are collected by the Dutch booksellers, and consequently contain some trash; but then there are the Vervet, the Epistle to P. Bougeant, the Chartreuse, that to his sister, an Ode on his country, and another on Mediocrity, and the Sidnei, another Comedy, all which have great beauties. There is also a Poem lately published by Thomson, called the Castle of Indolence, with some good stanzas in it. Mr. Mason is my acquaintance; I liked that Ode ‡ much, but have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; I take him for a good and well meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body

† The paragaph here omitted contained an account of Mr. Gray's loss of a house by fire in Cornhill, and the expence he should be at in rebuilding it. Though it was insured, he could at this time ill bear to lay out the additional sum necessary for the purpose.

‡ Ode to a Water Nymph, published about this time in Dodsley's Miscellany.

meet with: he reads little or nothing; has abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and your family: does that name include any body I have not yet acquainted with?

LETTER LIX.

From the same to the same.

Stoke, August 19, 1748.

I AM glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset: he seems to me a truly elegant and charming writer; the Mechant is the best Comedy I ever read; his Edward I scarce get through; it is puerile; tho there are good lines, such as this example:

"Le jour d'un nouveau règne est le jour des ingrats."

A good lines will make any thing rather like a good play: however, you are to consider this is a collection made up by the booksellers; many things unfinished, or writ on in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make his friends laugh, as the *Lutrin vivant*, &c. There are some noble lines, which, as they are in the middle of an Ode to the King, may perhaps have escaped you:

"Là où d'un peuple heureux est la seule eloquence,
"Qui peut parler des Rois:"

which is very true, and should have been hint to himself not to write Odes to the King at all.

As I have nothing more to say at present, I fill my paper with the beginning of an Essay; what name to give it I know not; but the subject is the Alliance of Education and Government: I mean to show that they must both concur to produce great and useful men. I desire your judgment upon it before I proceed any farther.

LETTER LX.

From the same to the same.

Cambridge, March 9, 1748-9.

YOU ask for some account of books. The principal I can tell you of is a work of President Montesquieu, the labour of twenty years; it is called L'Esprit des Loix, 2 vol. 4to, printed at Geneva. He lays down the principles on which are founded the three sorts of government, despotism, the limited monarchy, and the republican; and shews how from these are deduced the laws and customs by which they are guided and maintained; the education proper to each form; the influence of climate, situation, religion, &c. on the minds of particular nations and on their policy. The subject, you see, is as extensive as mankind; the thoughts perfectly new, generally admirable as they are just, sometimes a little too refined. In short, there are faults, but such as an ordinary man could never have committed. The style very lively and concise (consequently sometimes obscure); it is the gravity of Tacitus, whom he admires, tempered with the gaiety and fire of a Frenchman. The time of night will not suffer me to go on; but I will write again in a week.

LETTER LXI.

From the same to the same.

Cambridge, April 25, 1749.

I PERCEIVE that second parts are as bad to write as they can be to read; for this, which you ought to have had a week after the first, has been a full month in coming forth. The spirit of laziness (the spirit of the place) begins to possess even me, who have so long declaimed against it; yet has it not so prevailed, but that I feel that discontent with myself, that ennui, that ever accompanies it in its beginnings. Time will settle my conscience; time will reconcile me to this languid companion: we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together: we shall have our little jokes like other people, and our old stories: brandy will finish what port began; and a month after the time you will see in some corner of a London Evening-Post, "Yesterday died the Reverend Mr. John "Gray, Senior Fellow of Clare-Hall, a "facetious companion, and well respected "by all that knew him. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by a fit "of an apoplexy, being found fallen out of "bed with his head in the chamber-pot."

In the mean while, to go on with my account of new books. Montesquieu's work, which I mentioned before, is now publishing anew in 2 vols. 8vo. Have you seen old Crebillion's Catalina, a tragedy, which has had a prodigious run at Paris? Historical truth is too much perverted in it, which is ridiculous in a story so generally known; but if you can get over this, the sentiments and versification are fine, and most of the characters (particularly the principal one) painted with great spirit.

Mr. Birch, the indefatigable, has just put out a thick octavo of original papers of

of Queen Elizabeth's time; there are many curious things in it, particularly letters from Sir Robert Cecil (Salisbury) about his negotiations with Henry IV. of France, the Earl of Monmouth's odd account of Queen Elizabeth's death, several peculiarities of James I. and Prince Henry, &c. and above all, an excellent account of the state of France, with characters of the King, his court, and ministry, by Sir George Carew, ambassador there. This, I think, is all now worth mentioning, that I have seen or heard of; except a Natural History of Peru, in Spanish, printed at London, by Don —— something, a man of learning, sent thither by that court on purpose.

You ask after my Chronology. It was begun, as I told you, almost two years ago, when I was in the midst of Diogenes Laertius and his philosophers, as a procemium to their works. My intention in forming this table was not so much for public events, though these too have a column assigned them, but rather in a literary way to compare the time of all great men, their writings and their transactions. I have brought it from the 30th Olympiad, where it begins, to the 113th; that is, 332 years*. My only modern assistants were Marsham, Dodwell, and Bentley.

I have since that read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias; for I take verse and prose together like bread and cheese.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, Aug. 8, 1749.

I PROMISED Dr. Keene long since to give you an account of our magnificence here†; but the news-papers and he himself in person, have got the start of my indolence, so that by this time you are well acquainted with all the events that adorned that week of wonders. Thus much I may venture to tell you, because it is probable nobody else has done it, that our friend ——'s zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvio in an eruption was not more violent than [illegible] utterance, nor (since I am at my mo[illegible] tains) Pelion, with all its pine-trees i[illegible] storm of wind, more impetuous than [illegible] action; and yet the senate-house still stoo[illegible] and (I thank God) we are all safe and [illegible] at your service. I was ready to sink for h[illegible] and scarce dared to look about me, wh[illegible] was sure it was all over; but soon fou[illegible] might have spared my confusion; all p[illegible] ple joined to applaud him. Every t[illegible] was quite right; and I dare swear not th[illegible] people here but think him a model [illegible] oratory; for all the Duke's little co[illegible] came with a resolution to be pleased; [illegible] when the tone was once given, the [illegible] versity, who ever wait for the judgmen[illegible] their betters, struck into it with an [illegible] mirable harmony: for the rest of the p[illegible] formances, they were just what they usu[illegible] are. Every one, while it lasted, was [illegible] gay and very busy in the morning, [illegible] very owlish and very tipsy at night: I m[illegible] no exceptions from the Chancellor to bl[illegible] coat. Mason's Ode was the only en[illegible] tainment that had any tolerable elegan[illegible] and, for my own part, I think it (with fe[illegible] little abatements) uncommonly well [illegible] such an occasion. Pray let me know y[illegible] sentiments; for doubtless you have seen [illegible] The author of it grows apace into my g[illegible] graces, as I know him more; he is [illegible] ingenious, with great good-nature [illegible] simplicity; a little vain, but in so ha[illegible] less and so comical a way, that it does [illegible] offend one at all; a little ambitious, [illegible] withal so ignorant in the world and [illegible] ways, that this does not hurt him in o[illegible] opinion; so sincere and so undisgui[illegible] that no mind, with a spark of generos[illegible] would ever think of hurting him, he [illegible] so open to injury; but so indolent, tha[illegible] he cannot overcome this habit, all his g[illegible] qualities will signify nothing at all. A[illegible] all, I like him so well, I could wish y[illegible] knew him.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Gray to his Mother.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1[illegible]

THE unhappy news I have just recei[illegible] from you equally surprises and a[illegible] me‡. I have lost a person I loved v[illegible]

* This laborious work was formed much in the manner of the President Henault's "*Histoire de France.*" Every passage consisted of nine columns; one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the three next for the philosophers, and the three last for poets, historians, and orators.

† The Duke of Newcastle's installation as Chancellor of the University.

‡ The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antr[illegible] who died the 5th of November, and was [illegible] a vault in Stoke church-yard near the ch[illegible] door, in which also his mother and himself [illegible] cording to the direction in his will) were a[illegible] wards buried.

...and have been used to from my in-... but am much more concerned for ...loss, the circumstances of which I ... to dwell upon, as you must be too ...of them yourself; and will, I fear, ...e and more need a consolation that no ...can give, except He who has preserv... to you so many years, and at last, ...as it was his pleasure, has taken her ...to himself: and perhaps, if we re... upon what she felt in this life, we may ...upon this as an instance of his good... both to her, and to those that loved ... She might have languished many ...before our eyes in a continual in... of pain, and totally helpless; she ...have long wished to end her misery ...out being able to attain it; or perhaps ...lost all sense, and yet continued to ...; a sad spectacle to such as must ...felt more for her than she could have ...for herself. However you may de...your own loss, yet think that she is ...easy and happy; and has now more ...to pity us than we her. I hope, ...beg, you will support yourself, with ...resignation we owe to Him, who gave ...our being for our good, and who de...us of it for the same reason. I would ...come to you directly, but you do not ...whether you desire I should or not; if ...do, I beg I may know it, for there is ...to hinder me, and I am in very ...health.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, Aug. 9, 1750.

ARISTOTLE says (one may write Greek to you without scandal) that ...οἱ διαλύουσι τὴν Φιλίαν ἁπλῶς, ἀλλὰ ...χρόνιοι· ἐὰν δὲ χρόνιος ἡ ἀπουσία γίνηται ...τῆς Φιλίας δοκεῖ λήθην ποιεῖν· ὅθεν ἔρηται ...ἡ Φιλίας ἀπροσηγορία διέλυσεν.

...Aristotle may say whatever he pleases, ...not find myself at all the worse for it. ...I indeed wish to refresh my Ἐνέργεια ...at Durham by the sight of you, but ...is there a probability of my being so ...? It concerned me greatly when I ...the other day that your asthma con...ed at times to afflict you, and that you ...often obliged to go into the country ...breathe; you cannot oblige me more ...by giving me an account both of the ...of your body and mind: I hope the ...is able to keep you cheerful and easy ...spite of the frailties of its companion. ...to my own, it can neither do one nor the other; and I have the mortification to find my spiritual part the most infirm thing about me. You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge: for my part I find a friend so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it; and though I do not approve the spirit of his books, methinks it is pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer.

My studies cannot furnish a recommendation of many new books to you. There is a defence "*de l'Esprit des Loix*," by Montesquieu himself; it has some lively things in it, but is very short, and his adversary appears to be so mean a bigot that he deserved no answer. There are 3 vols. in 4to of "*Histoire du Cabinet du Roy*, by "Messrs. Buffon and d'Aubenton;" the first is a man of character, but I am told has hurt it by this work. It is all a sort of introduction to natural history; the weak part of it is a love of system which runs through it; the most contrary thing in the world to a science entirely grounded upon experiments, and which has nothing to do with vivacity of imagination. However, I cannot help commending the general view which he gives of the face of the earth, followed by a particular one of all the known nations, their peculiar figure and manners, which is the best epitome of geography I ever met with, and written with sense and elegance; in short, these books are well worth turning over. The Memoirs of the Abbé de Mongon, in 5 vols. are highly commended, but I have not seen them. He was engaged in several embassies to Germany, England, &c. during the course of the late war. The President Henault's "*Abregè Chronologique de l'Hist-*"*toire de France*," I believe I have before mentioned to you as a very good book of its kind.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.

AS you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hand: they tell me that an ingenious poem,

poem, called Reflections in a Country Church-yard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the excellent author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his indulgence, but the honour of his correspondence, &c. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be,—Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Dec. 19, 1752.

HAVE you read Madame de Maintenon's Letters? They are undoubtedly genuine; they begin very early in her life, before she married Scarron, and continue after the king's death to within a little while of her own: they bear all the marks of a noble spirit (in her adversity particularly), of virtue and unaffected devotion; insomuch, that I am almost persuaded she was actually married to Lewis the XIVth and never his mistress; and this not out of any policy or ambition, but conscience: for she was what we should call a bigot, yet with great good sense: in short, she was too good for a court. Misfortunes in the beginning of her life had formed her mind (naturally lively and impatient) to reflection and a habit of piety. She was always miserable while she had the care of Madame de Montespan's children; timid and very cautious of making use of that unlimited power she rose to afterwards, for fear of trespassing on the king's friendship for her; and after his death not at all afraid of meeting her own.

I do not know what to say to you w regard to Racine; it sounds to me a any body should fall upon Shakspear, w indeed lies infinitely more open to critic of all kinds; but I should not care to the person that undertook it. If you not like Athaliah or Britannicus, there no more to be said. I have done.

Bishop Hall's satires, called Virgidem are lately republished. They are full spirit and poetry; as much of the first Dr. Donne, and far more of the late they were written at the university w he was about twenty-three years old, a in Queen Elizabeth's time.

You do not say whether you have re the Crito*. I only recommend the d matic part of the Phædo to you, not t argumentative. The subject of the Er is good; it treats of that peculiar char ter and turn of mind which belongs t true philosopher, but it is shorter than o would wish. The Euthyphro I would n read at all.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Stoke, Jan. 17

I AM at present at Stoke, to which pl I came at half an hour's warning up the news I received of my mother's illn and did not expect to have found i alive; but when I arrived she was m better, and continues so. I shall therefo be very glad to make you a visit at Stra berry-Hill, whenever you give me noti of a convenient time. I am surprised the print, which far surpasses my idea London graving: the drawing itself w so finished, that I suppose it did not requ all the art I had imagined to copy it tole ably. My aunts seeing me open your le ter, took it to be a burying-ticket, a asked whether any body had left me a rin and so they still conceive it to be, ev with all their spectacles on. Heaven forb they should suspect it to belong to a verses of mine, they would burn me for poet. On my own part I am satisfied, this design of your's succeed so well as yo intend it; and yet I know it will be accom panied with something not at all agreeab to me.—While I write this, I receive yo second letter.—Sure, you are not out o your wits! This I know, if you suffer m head to be printed, you will infallibly p me out of mine. I conjure you immed

* Of Plato.

to put a ſtop to any ſuch deſign. at the expence of engraving it, I ; but if it be Dodſley, I will the loſs to him. The thing as it I know, will make me ridiculous , but to appear in proper perſon, head of my works, conſiſting of half a ballads in thirty pages, would be than the pillory. I do aſſure you, had received ſuch a book, with ſuch ſuſpice, without any warning, I be- would have given me a palſy: I rejoice to have received this and ſhall not be eaſy till you tell thoughts of it are laid aſide. I am in earneſt, and cannot bear even a.

had written to Dodſley if I had not your's, to tell him how little I the title which he meant to prefix; your letter has put all that out of my If you think it neceſſary to print explanations for the uſe of people have no eyes, I ſhould be glad they a little altered. I am, to my ſhame, debt for a long letter; but I can- think of any thing elſe till you have at eaſe on this matter.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Maſon.

Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.

LITTLE while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been inform- Mr. Charles Aviſon of one of the events you mention *. I know what it loſe perſons that one's eyes and heart long been uſed to; and I never de- to part with the remembrance of that or would wiſh you ſhould. It is thing that you had a little time to ac- yourſelf with the idea before-hand; that your father ſuffered but little pain, only thing that makes death terrible. I have ſaid this, I cannot help ex- my ſurpriſe at the diſpoſition he made of his affairs. I muſt (if you ſuffer me to ſay ſo) call it great weak- and yet perhaps your affliction for heightened by that very weakneſs; know it is poſſible to feel an additio- ſorrow for the faults of thoſe we have even where that fault has been injurious to ourſelves.—Let me de- you not to expoſe yourſelf to any further danger in the midſt of that ſcene of ſickneſs and death; but withdraw as ſoon as poſſible to ſome place at a little diſtance in the country; for I do not, in the leaſt, like the ſituation you are in. I do not attempt to conſole you on the ſituation your fortune is left in; if it were far worſe, the good opinion I have of you tells me, you will never the ſooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourſelf; and conſequently I cannot pity you on this account, but I ſincerely do on the new loſs you have had of a good and friendly man, whoſe memory I honour. I have ſeen the ſcene you deſcribe, and know how dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtleſs things, and have no ſenſe, no uſe in the world any longer than ſad impreſſion laſts; the deeper it is engraved the better.

* The death of Mr. Maſon's father, and of Dr. Mathew Pricket, a young phyſician of his own with whom he was brought up from infancy, died of the ſame infectious fever.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, Sept. 18, 1754.

I AM glad you enter into the ſpirit of Strawberry-Caſtle; it has a purity and propriety of Gothiciſm in it (with very few exceptions) that I have not ſeen elſewhere. My Lord Radnor's vagaries I ſee did not keep you from doing juſtice to his ſituation, which far ſurpaſſes every thing near it; and I do not know a more laughing ſcene than that about Twickenham and Richmond. Dr. Akenſide, I perceive, is no conjurer in architecture; eſpecially when he talks of the ruins of Perſepolis, which are no more Gothic than they are Chineſe. The Egyptian ſtyle (ſee Dr. Pocock, not his diſcourſes, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek; and there is ſuch a ſimilitude between the Egyptian and thoſe Perſian ruins, as gave Diodorus room to affirm, that the old buildings of Perſia were certainly performed by Egyptian artiſts. As to the other part of your friend's opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Mooriſh, he has a great authority to ſupport him, that of Sir Chriſtopher Wren; and yet I cannot help thinking it undoubtedly wrong.—The palaces in Spain I never ſaw but in deſcription, which gives us little or no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have ſeen, which is in the Arabeſque manner: and the houſes of Barbary you may ſee in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other Eaſtern buildings in Turkey, Perſia, &c. that we have views of; and they ſeem plainly to be corruptions of the

the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from that which we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy; and that is the cupolas which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitchens; yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola? It is a thing plainly of Greek original. I do not see any thing but the slender spires that serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets on their mosques.

I take it ill you should say any thing against the Mole; it is a reflexion I see cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers, which have lived in London and its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring and tumbling about like your tramontane torrents in the North? No, they only glide and whisper.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, March 9, 1755.

I DO not pretend to humble any one's pride; I love my own too well to attempt it. As to mortifying their vanity, it is too easy and too mean a task for me to delight in. You are very good in shewing so much sensibility on my account; but be assured my taste for praise is not like that of children for fruit; if there were nothing but medlars and black-berries in the world, I could be very well content to go without any at all. I dare say that Mason, though some years younger than I, was as little elevated with the approbation of L— and Lord —, as I am mortified by their silence.

With regard to publishing, I am not so much against the thing itself, as of publishing this Ode alone*. I have two or three ideas more in my head. What is to come of them? Must they too come out in the shape of little sixpenny flams, dropping one after another till Mr. Dodsley thinks fit to collect them with Mr. This's song, and Mr. Tother's epigram, into a pretty volume? I am sure Mason must be sensible of this, and therefore cannot mean what he says. Neither am I quite of your opinion with regard to strophe and antistrophe: setting aside the difficulty of execution, methinks it has little or no effect on the ear, which scarce perceives the regular turn of metres at so great a distance f one another: to make it succeed, I am p suaded the stanzas must not consist of ab nine lines each at the most. Pindar several such odes.

* His Ode on the Progress of Poetry.

LETTER LXXI.

From the same to the same.

Pembroke-Hall, March 25, 17

THOUGH I had no reasonable ex for myself before I received your letter, yet since that time I have ha pretty good one; having been taken u quarrelling with Peter-house †, and in moving myself from thence to Pembro This may be looked upon as a sort of in a life so barren of events as mine; I shall treat it in Voltaire's man and only tell you that I left my lodg because the rooms were noisy, and the p ple of the house uncivil. This is would choose to have said about it; b you in private should be curious enou enter into a particular detail of facts minute circumstances, the bearer, who witness to them, will probably satisfy All I shall say more is, that I am for present extremely well lodged here, a quiet as in the Grand Chartreuse; that every body (even Dr. Long him are as civil as they could be to Ma Valens ‡ in person.

With regard to any advice I can you about your being Physician to Hospital, I frankly own it ought to way to a much better judge, especia disinterested a one as Dr. Heberde love refusals no more than you do. as to your fears of effluvia, I ma that one sick rich patient has more of stilence and putrefaction about him t whole ward of sick poor.

† The reason of Mr. Gray's changing his lege, which is here only glanced at, was t words this: Two or three young men of fo who lived in the same stair-case, had for a intentionally disturbed him with their n carried their ill behaviour so far as frequ awaken him at midnight. After having with their insults longer than might reasonably been expected even from a man of less w temper, Mr. Gray complained to the g part of the Society; and not thinking that th monstrance was sufficiently attended to, qui College. The slight manner in which he m this affair, when writing to one of his m mate friends, certainly does honour to the p lity of his disposition.

‡ Foundress of the College.

The similitude between the Italian re-[illegible] and those of ancient Greece has [illegible]ck me, as it does you. I do not [illegible] that Sully's Memoirs have highly [illegible]ained you; but cannot agree with [illegible] thinking him or his master two of [illegible] men in the world. The King was [illegible] one of the best-natured men that [illegible]ved; but it is owing only to chance [illegible] his intended marriage with Madame [illegible]ces, or with the Marquise de Ver-[illegible], did not involve him and the king-[illegible] the most inextricable confusion; and [illegible] design upon the Princess of Condé (in [illegible] age) was worse still. As to the [illegible], his base application to Concini, [illegible] murder of Henry, has quite ruin-[illegible] in my esteem, and destroyed all the [illegible] of that honest surly pride for which [illegible]ured him before; yet I own that, as [illegible] and Ministers go, they were both [illegible]ordinary men. Pray look at the end [illegible]ch's State Papers of Sir J. Edmonds, [illegible] character of the French Court at [illegible] time; it is written by Sir George [illegible].

[illegible]ou should have received Mason's pre-[illegible] last Saturday. I desire you to tell [illegible] your critical opinion of the new Odes [illegible] also whether you have found out two [illegible] which he has inserted in his third to [illegible] which are superlative †. We do [illegible] the world, which is just going [illegible]vaded, will bestow much attention [illegible], if you hear any thing, you will [illegible].

LETTER LXXII.

From the same to the same.

June 14, 1756.

OUGH I allow abundance for your [illegible]ness and partiality to me, I am [illegible] pleased with the good opinion [illegible] to have of the Bard: I have not, [illegible]er, done a word more than the little [illegible] seen, having been in a very lift-[illegible] and *inutile* state of mind [illegible] long time, for which I shall beg [illegible] prescribe me somewhat strengthen-[illegible] agglutinant, lest it turn to a con-[illegible]ptionis.

[illegible]commend two little French books to you, one called Memoires de M. de la Porte; it has all the air of simplicity and truth, and contains some few very extraordinary facts relating to Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarine. The other is in two small volumes, "Memoires de Ma-"dame Staal." The facts are no great matter, but the manner and vivacity make them interesting. She was a sort of confidante to the late Duchess of Maine, and imprisoned a long time on her account during the regency.

I ought before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, which I mean soon to accept, for a reason which, to be sure, can be none to you and Mrs. Wharton; and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. I have told you already of my mental ailments; and it is a very possible thing also that I may be bodily ill again in town, which I would not choose to be in a dirty inconvenient lodging, where, perhaps, my nurse might stifle me with a pillow; and therefore it is no wonder if I prefer your house: but I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frightened at the thoughts of a sick body, you may make a handsome excuse, and save yourselves this trouble. You are not, however, to imagine my illness is *in esse*; no, it is only *in posse*; otherwise I should be scrupulous of bringing it home to you. I think I shall be with you in about a fortnight.

† [illegible] four Odes which Mr. Mason had just [illegible] separately.

[illegible] thro' the west, where sinks the crim-[illegible] day,
[illegible] slowly sails, and waves her banners [illegible].

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I FEEL a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a mercer's wife, that imitates people who go a-visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form, and void; sometimes almost as black as the

moral of Voltaire's Lisbon*, which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will not expect, therefore, I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall inquire after your's, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other critics) am something a better judge than all the men-midwives and presbyterian parsons † that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too:) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all, either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *ave's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive your's, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you ‡. I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern Bishops at this distance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time. and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.

* His Poem "sur la Destruction de Lisbon," published about that time.

† The Reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.

‡ Mr. Mason had sent him his first idea of **Caractacus**, drawn out in a short argument.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Cambridge, May, 175[illegible]

YOU are so forgetful of me that I shou[illegible] not forgive it, but that I suppose C[illegible]ractacus may be the better for it. Ye[illegible] hear nothing from him neither, in spite [illegible] his promises: there is no faith in man, [illegible] not in a Welchman; and yet Mr. Par[illegible] has been here, and scratched out s[illegible] ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of [illegible] thousand years old, with names enough [illegible] choak you, as have set all this learned bo[illegible] a-dancing, and inspired them with due [illegible]verence for my old Bard his countrym[illegible] whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, [illegible] must know, has put my Ode in mo[illegible] again, and has brought it at last to a c[illegible]clusion. It is to him, therefore, that [illegible] owe the treat which I send you inclos[illegible] namely, the breast and merry-thou[illegible] and rump too, of the chicken whic[illegible] have been chewing so long, that I w[illegible] give the world for neck-beef or cow-[illegible]

You will observe, in the beginnin[illegible] this thing, some alterations of a few wo[illegible] partly for improvement, and partly [illegible] avoid repetitions of like words and th[illegible] yet I have not got rid of them all; th[illegible] last lines of the fifth stanza are new; [illegible] me whether they will do. I am well a[illegible] of many weakly things towards the [illegible]clusion, but I hope the end itself will [illegible] give me your full and true opinion, [illegible] that not upon deliberation, but forth[illegible] Mr. Hurd himself allows that *Lion* [illegible] not too bold for Queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch Ballad [illegible] which Douglas was founded; it is di[illegible] and as long as from hence to Aston. [illegible] you never seen it? Aristotle's best [illegible] are observed in it, in a manner that [illegible] the author had never read Aristotle. [illegible] begins in the fifth act of the play; [illegible] may read it two thirds through wi[illegible] guessing what it is about; and yet, [illegible] you come to the end, it is impossible [illegible] understand the whole story. I send [illegible] the two first stanzas.

* * * *

§ A capital performer on the Welch ha[illegible] who was either born blind, or had been [illegible] his infancy.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Hurd *.

Stoke, August 25, 1757.

I DO not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to†; but attribute it to the excess of your politeness; and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to come, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty* things to ask. Another (a peer) believes that the last stanza of the second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but an actor and a doctor of divinity that profess their esteem for them. Oh yes, a lady of quality (a friend of Mason's), who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakspear or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what it were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have heard from him these two months. I shall be sure to scold in my own name, as much as in your's. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours in public and private, but for your's too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuse, my health (which you have so kindly inquired after) is not extraordinary ever since I came hither. It is no one malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet uglinesse of Cambridge.

* Now Bishop of Worcester.

† Applicat of his two Pindaric Odes just then [illegible].

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.

A LIFE spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniencies, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it), does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see Caractacus completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter: but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutes

nutely on particulars: but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid-stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the Elegy* as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it. It is flat; it is prose; whereas, that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apothegm; stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say further than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

I hope you couched my refusal † to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it; and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe, was, I think the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

February 21, 1758.

WOULD you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employments cheap enough; but every one must judge of his own capability, and cut his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, painting, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it does or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say this is the object of all antiquaries; but pray when antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for like reason? In short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my list is finished you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the freezing point; and for some hours of the day this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a few degrees higher.

I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary bird will not be the ruin of Agis: it is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it is by the author of Douglas.

† Of being Poet Laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his Lordship had commissioned Mr. Mason (then in town) to write to him concerning it.

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LETTER LXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

IT is indeed for want of spirits, as you suspect, that my studies lie among the cathedrals, and the tombs, and the ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to make a catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing, perhaps, what is not half so well worth while. As to posterity, I may say (with somebody whom I have forgot), what has it ever done to oblige me?

To make a transition from myself to as poor a subject, the tragedy of Agis; I am to think that it should be by the author of Douglas: why, it is all modern Greek; Agis is an antique statue painted white and red, frized, and dressed in a negligée, made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker. Then here is the Miscellany (Mr. Dodsley has sent me the whole set, gilt and lettered, I thank him). Why, the two last volumes are worse than the four first; particularly Mr. Akenside is in a deplorable way. Pain signifies learning and the ancients (Mason will say triumphantly); why should people read Greek to lose their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue? But then there is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better? He goes jogging along his own gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost.

I have read Dr. Swift, and am disappointed *. There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not seen better in Mr. Lorry before. The manner is careless, has little to distinguish it from common writers. I meet with nothing to please me but the spiteful characters of the other party and its leaders. I expected no more secret history.

* His History of the four last Years of Queen Anne.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonhewer.

Cambridge, August 18, 1758.

I AM as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, with equal conviction, that we are not merely such; that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call habit; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong) to that least material of all agents, a thought. I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full licence for doing whatever we please; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been); their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on any body that hurt them, was nothing mitigated: in short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek sophist that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: 1st, he was a lord; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to be-

lieve what they do not understand; 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks but with commoners: vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road is become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of ruffs and farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked: primness and affectation of style, like the good breeding of Queen Anne's court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Wharton.

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I AM equally sensible of your affliction*, and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment; would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour: what, indeed, is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered worse; or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune at times, and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your only support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father: I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce; but I think you must own the other to be a stronger and a more overwhelming sorrow. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of spirits, which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days; as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you; and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know: the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure we have great power over our own minds, when we choose to exert it; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible, and still more so to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, which we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton or your own state of health: I will not talk to you more upon this subject till I hear you are both well: for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing I can do†, could at all alleviate the just concern your loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to my friend on this head, and in this way, much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty in question, is by no means voluntary; it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt for a long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life may easily give credit to what I say.

* Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at the time his only) son.

† His friend had requested him to write an Epitaph on the child.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Palgrave.*

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I DO not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice, near me to send you; they do not grow in the south: but only say the word, and you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, thick with honey-suckles round a bason of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; you shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the savage, the rude, and the tremendous. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (and almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the world has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last north, being in a very insipid situation myself: and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It shall be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than lead-pencil: half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture the objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accuracy and particular observation, it is but shadow at first, the outlines are soon effaced, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination. God forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and missed many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality), is it so much warmer on the other side of the Tweed (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vast old oaks and thick groves in Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my inquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melross, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

LETTER LXXXII.

From the same to the same.

London, July 24, 1759.

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by Broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniencies.

I this day past through the jaws of a great leviathan, into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only fourscore; that they have 900l. a-year income, and spend 1300l. and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. **'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

London, June 22, 1760.

I AM not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you; and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's self business, I am persuaded, is the great art of life; I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself: I say a man; for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper, they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies); a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As to myself, I have again found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room *, and hope that you will find at least an equal satisfaction at Old-Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you, and only wish you may brew no worse than I bake.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses: I know I am no conjurer in these things; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined; and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason, when he tells me that he understands these things. The prophetic eye of taste (as Mr. Pitt called it) sees all the beauties, that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Cross-fall or Warden-law.

I am much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipped here and there) and it is strange to me that people, who would give thousands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts, of their ancestors done on the spot, and in strong, though simple colours. In the succeeding century, Froissard, I find, was read with great satisfaction by every body that could read, and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin; not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic historians; to so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth. Pray, are you come to the four Irish Kings that went to school to King Richard the Second's Master of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's purgatory?

The town are reading the King of Prussia's poetry (*Le Philosophe sans Souci*) and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am: it is all the scum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the crambe-recocta of our worst free-thinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. Tristram Shandy is still a great object of admiration, the man as well as the book; one is invited to dinner, when he dines, a fortnight before: as to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his sermons, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and shew a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal estate at Old-Park, near Durham.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonhewer.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of you, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves*. It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you such a satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the discourses on Elocution, and on the liberty of Music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though the author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the house of a chief (himself a principal bard); each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest-month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night:
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
Their songs are of other worlds!

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the wind is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror, I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides.
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come;
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?

LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Clarke†.

Pembroke-Hall, August 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) doing something, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill‡ like Clifton, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be professed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. —— (one of its nuisances) is not expected here

* Mr. Stonhewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring in the Bishoprick of Durham, attending his sick father, rector of that parish.

† Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

‡ Near Henley.

again

again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity-Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off.—They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Cambridge, August 20, 1760.

I HAVE sent Musæus back as you desired me, scratched here and there. And with it also a bloody satire, written against no less persons than you and I by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and of fashion, especially as to odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the Connoisseur, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their finger ends), letters come out in Lloyd's Evening-Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it, well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible. The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

London, 1761.

I REJOICE to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: it is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent-Garden. I will not, however, believe in the vocality of Old-Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust to my own ears.

The Nouvelle Heloise cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, amongst which are Mason and Mr. Hurd; for me, I admire nothing but Fingal (I conclude you have seen it, if not Stonehewer can lend it you); yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable; *je m'y perd.*

I send you a Swedish and English calendar; the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus: the second by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old-Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about is a dead flat: you see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place); and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a very honest man: his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves

ersélves acquainted with the climate, ...ction, and natural history of the ...ry, that we may understand Aristotle, ...ophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen ...ks to us for so many ages; and this he ...get proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely ...on to put it into execution, as he is ...self a botanist.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

August 1761.

...assured your York Canon never will ...die; so the better the thing is in value, ...worse for you*. The true way to im...rtality is to get you nominated one's ...cessor: age and diseases vanish at your ...me; fevers turn to radical heat, and fis...s to issues: it is a judgment that waits ...your insatiable avarice. You could not ...the poor old man die at his ease, when ...was about it; and all his family (I sup...se) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to Lord —— on his recovery; ...he answers me very cheerfully, as if ...illness had been but slight, and the ...ainty were no more than a hole in one's ...ding. He got it (he says) not by ...mpering, racketing, and riding post, as ...u supposed; but by going with ladies to ...ail. He is the picture (and pray so ...him, if you see him) of an old alder...n that I knew, who, after living forty ...rs on the fat of the land (not milk and ...ey, but arrack punch and venison), ...losing his great toe with a mortifica...n, said to the last, that he owed it to ...o grapes, which he ate one day after ...ner. He felt them lie cold at his ...ach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your insti...tion) has earnestly desired me to write ...e lines to be put on a monument, which ...means to erect at Bellisle. It it a task ...do not love, knowing Sir William ...liams so slightly as I did: but he is ...r endly a person, and his affliction seem...d to me so real, that I could not refuse ...m. I have sent him the following verses, ...ch I neither like myself, nor will he, I ...ht: however, I have shewed him that ...wished to oblige him. Tell me your ...l opinion.

* This was written at a time, when, by the ...r of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, Mr. ... expected to be made a residentiary in his ...ral.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

I FEEL very ungrateful every day that I continue silent; and yet now that I take my pen in hand I have only time to tell you, that of all the places which I saw in my return from you, Hardwicke pleased me the most †. One would think that Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her anti-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, foot-stool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them: a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable: and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter.

When I arrived in London I found Professor Turner ‡ had been dead above a fortnight; and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather the latest) I got my name suggested to Lord Bute. You may easily imagine who undertook it, and indeed he did it with zeal §. I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his desire to serve me on future occasions, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason: so you see I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead. This nothing is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now. To-day I hear Mr. E. Delaval ‖ has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will think I have my expectations still. All I know is, that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke both say it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

† A seat of the Duke of Devonshire, in Derbyshire.

‡ Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Cambridge.

§ This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

‖ Fellow of Pembroke-hall, and of the Royal Society.

LET-

LETTER XC.

From the same to the same.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a-piece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small), as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry-grounds, hop-gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-Down*. In these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholomew fair by the sea-side), Ramsgate, and other places there: and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is no means a shipless sea, but every wi peopled with white sails, and vessels of sizes in motion: and take notice (exce in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and very little inclosure) there are in all plac hedge-rows, and tall trees even withi few yards of the beach. Particula Hithe stands on an eminence covered w wood. I shall confess we had fires at nig (ay, and at day too) several times June; but do not go and take advanta in the north at this, for it was the m untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton a all your family; I will not name the left I should affront any body.

* At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq. late member for Canterbury, then resided.

LETTER XCI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

March 28, 1767.

I BREAK in upon you at a momen when we least of all are permitted disturb our friends, only to say, that you a daily and hourly present to my thoug If the worst be not yet past, you will n glect and pardon me: but if the last strug gle be over; if the poor object of yo long anxieties be no longer sensible to yo kindness, or to her own sufferings, all me (at least in idea, for what could I d were I present, more than this?) to sit b you in silence, and pity from my heart t her, who is at rest, but you, who lose he May He, who made us, the Master of o pleasures and of our pains, preserve a support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little y had to hope.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham, August 12, 1767.

I RECEIVED from Mr. Williamson, th very obliging mark you were pleased t give me of your remembrance: had I re entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you chuse to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good

ed as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and trifles may suspend or banish them at first) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained: not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is ——.

I see, Sir, I take the liberty you invited me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Brockett's book. There are uncommon marks of eloquence in it: and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention: his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times, and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the favour Lord Gray is pleased to do me *: but if his Lordship chooses to own me, it surely is not my business to deny it. I own this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I really envied in him, was his ability of riding all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I perfected, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton.

My Lord, Cambridge, July, 1768.

YOUR Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my Lord, your Grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

* Lord Gray had said that Mr. Gray was related to his family.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls *.

Jermyn-street, Aug. 3, 1768.

THAT Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers: and also that I, your humble servant, have kissed the King's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday: on Wednesday following his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant Professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to transcribe: so on Thursday the King signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body, that goes to court, does so; besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu. I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

LETTER XCV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

IT is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by

* Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

Mr.

Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expence he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me Regius Professor of Modern History in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is 400l. per ann; but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear sir, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.

I WAS absent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me but to accident: to sympathize with you in such a loss* is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy: can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved hi self so kind a friend to you? He who k knows our nature (for he made us what are), by such afflictions recalls us fr our wandering thoughts and idle me ment; from the insolence of youth prosperity, to serious reflection, to duty, and to himself; nor need we ha to get rid of these impressions; time appointment of the same Power) will c the smart, and in some hearts soon b out all the traces of sorrow: but suc preserve them longest (for it is partly in our own power) do perhaps best quiesce in the will of the chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden I see them well, and I think, in a like ation, could fortify my mind, so as to port them with cheerfulness and g hopes, though not naturally inclined to things in their best aspect. When have time to turn yourself round, you m think seriously of your profession; know I would have wished to see you the livery of it long ago: but I will dwell on this subject at present. To obliged to those we love and esteem i pleasure; but to serve and oblige the a still greater; and this, with independ (no vulgar blessing) are what a profe at your age may reasonably promise: w out it they are hardly attainable. member I speak from experience.

In the mean time, while your pr situation lasts, which I hope will not long, continue your kindness and co dence in me, by trusting me with whole of it: and surely you hazard thing by so doing: that situation does appear so new to me as it does to y You well know the tenor of my co sation (urged at times perhaps a little ther than you liked) has been intended prepare you for this event, and to f liarize your mind with this spectre, w you call by its worst name: but rem that "*Honesta res est læta paupertas*" see it with respect, and so will every whose poverty is not seated in their m There is but one real evil in it (take word who know it well), and that is, you have less the power of assisting o who have not the same resources to port them. You have youth: you many kind well-intentioned people bei ing to you; many acquaintances of own, or families that will wish to you. Consider how many have had same, or greater cause for dejection,

* The death of his uncle Governor Floyer.

one of these resources before their eyes. Adieu. I sincerely wish your happiness.

P.S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytic disorder, in such state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his death, perhaps for years to come; think how many things may befal a man far worse than poverty or death.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.

Pembroke-College, June 24, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are busy and amused! Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, not ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like those of a lodger on three pair of stairs in Petticoat-lane, or Camomile-street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garden*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and a harbour: have a care of sore throats and the *ague*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate *, and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a forty pound prize in the lottery, and God knows what arrears in the treasury, I am a rich fellow enough, go to; and know that hath had losses, and one that has two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window-curtains: are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie on.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again, and the scholars have got scraps of it: I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the North-Britain before it is long. If you will come you shall see it, sung in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great masters there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first-thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself, (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

"*Dear Sir,*

"After so long silence, the hopes of "pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, "might seem entirely extinct, or at least "very remote, was I not truly sensible of "your goodness and candour, which is "the only asylum that my negligence can "fly to, since every apology would prove "insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships "of so rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the same to the same.

Nov. 19, 1764.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat every body according to their own rule and measure of good-breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So

* Consisting of houses on the west-side of Chancery-Alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and from whom he procured this annuity. She died in a few months before her nephew.

Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone-walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gentle-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from prophane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettely abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still decending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury. Wilton, and Stonehenge: but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreathes and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Pembroke-Hall, July 2, 1770.

I REJOICE to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books and to your muse once again. That force dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) a secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem *: on the contrary if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somewhat imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) since as no General, no Statesman, no Monarch could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations: besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite art.

* The Minstrel.

celestial science. And lastly, (what weighs most with me) it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to take the subject. Your ideas are new, unborrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark * * *.

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides, I am partial; for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious man, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without study at all. Is not that *naïveté* and humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that happily has been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, of course, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.

LETTER C.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, while I had then wrote to you only to tell you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing little known, which is, that in one's life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think it obvious, and (what you call) a trite reflection. You are a green gosling! I am of the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, it seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart *. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine I am quite ashamed; but no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

LETTER CI.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

May 24, 1771.

MY last summer's tour was through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near forty miles from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties; one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whately, in his Observations on Gardening, under the

* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them; it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

name of the New-Weir: he has alſo touched upon two others, Tinterne Abbey and Perſfield, both of them famous ſcenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the ſame river, in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very ſeat of pleaſure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland, and Chepſtow caſtles; Ludlow, Malvern-Hills, Hampton-Court, near Leinſter; the Leaſowes, Hagley, the three cities and their cathedrals; and laſtly Oxford (where I paſſed two days on my return with great ſatisfaction), were the reſt of my acquiſitions, and no bad harveſt in my opinion; but I made no journal myſelf, elſe you ſhould have had it: I have indeed a ſhort one written by the companion of my travels *, that ſerves to recall and fix the fleeting images of theſe things.

I have had a cough upon me the three months, which is incurable. The approaching ſummer I have ſometimes had thoughts of ſpending on the continent, but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promiſe, and can anſwer for nothing; my own employment ſo ſticks in my ſtomach, and troubles my conſcience: and yet travel I muſt, or ceaſe to exiſt. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low ſpirits were, but now I even tremble at an eaſt wind.

* Mr. Nicholls.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

RECENT LETTERS.

SECTION II.

FROM THE LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE, AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Sterne to Miss L——.

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly love!—what could tempt me to it! but a beggar was to knock at thy gate, and thou not open the door, and be [illegible] with compassion?—I know thou [illegible], for Pity has erected a temple in [illegible] bosom.—Sweetest, and best of all human passions! let thy web of tenderness [illegible] the pensive form of affliction, and [illegible] the darkest shades of misery! I [illegible] considered this apology, and alas! [illegible] will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the [illegible] of things—very true—so a truce [illegible] them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a [illegible] accident, and what is worse, he has [illegible] a widow and five young children to [illegible] this sudden stroke.—If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have [illegible] him from this, his friends would [illegible] be mourning his untimely fate.—[illegible] dark and seemingly cruel dispensa[illegible] of Providence often make the best of [illegible] hearts complain.—Who can paint [illegible] distress of an affectionate mother, made [illegible] in a moment, weeping in bitter[illegible] for a numerous, helpless, and father[illegible] orphaning!—God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious [illegible]dence.

[illegible]ve me this digression, and allow [illegible] drop a tear over a departed friend; [illegible] what is more excellent, an honest man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of ——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over.—At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge.—In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy," &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy steps hither!—Solitude at length grows tiresome.—Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with.—I think I see you looking twenty times a-day at the house—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them, at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence?

absence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

LETTER II.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F——.

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

Dear Madam,

YOUR kind inquiries after my health deserve my best thanks.—What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value?—I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water—it has been of infinite service to me.—I suppose, my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy "writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain-head of all chit-chat news—and —no matter.—Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.—I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst——, and—till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it.—Laugh I am sure you will at some passages.—I have hired a small house in the Minister Yard for my wife and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c.: if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education. —As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady; believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Sterne to J—H— S—, Esq.

Dear H——, Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

I SYMPATHISED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations—and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured, that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise), will have left you better than it found you—Need one go to D—, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary), opening, saponacious, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations, death and destruction—if you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber salts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off —nitre, brimstone, and charcoal (which is blackness itself), all at one blast—'twas well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty * is mistaken, I quarrel with no one —There was that coxcomb of —— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship the brazen image of learning and eloquence which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers—I sat down upon *his chair* and whistled in the time of his divine service—and broke down his carved work and kicked his incense pot to the D— so he retreated, *sed non sine selle in corde*. —I have wrote a clerum, whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Tristram—I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase dog cheap—as many good—and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here—why do not you transport yours to town but I talk like a fool.—This will just catch you at your spaw—I wish you *indeed apud Londinum*—do you go there for good and all—or ill?—I am, dear cousin, your affectionately,

LETTER IV.

From the same to the same.

Coxwould, [about August] 1761.

Dear H——,

I REJOICE you are in London—safe there in peace; here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet.—I wish you back again, as you told me I should but not because a thin, death-doing, fa

* The Reverend Mr. R---- L----.

ferous, north-east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-castle turret full upon me in this cuckoldly retreat (for I value the north-east wind and all its powers not a straw),—but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent.—I should have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through, before I entered upon my rest.—I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man—and if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured forth the spirit of Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else, just now lie down and die—die—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey—and as mischievous too, and forget it all—so that this is but a copy of the present train running across my brain.—And so you think this cursed stupid—but that, my dear H., depends much upon the *tempus horâ* of your shabby clock, if the minute of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—give it up—or if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or foul weather, I am still lost—but who knows that it may be five—and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the creation of Sodom—and peradventure my honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your individuals into a placidulish and a blandu-amalgama—to bear nonsense, so much for that.

'Tis as cold and churlish just now, as (if I had not pleased it to be so) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are and where (I repeat it again) I wish I also—Curse of poverty, and absence from those we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things—and yet of the first I am not haunted much.—As for matrimony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy—but the world is—and had I staid from her a second time, it would have been a burning shame—else she declares herself happier with me—but not in anger is this decision made—but in pure sober good-sense built on sound experience—she hopes she will be able to strike a bargain for me at this time twelve-month, to lead a tour round Europe: and from this hope I know you, I verily believe it is, that you are high in her favour at present—She swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold*—how do you like the smile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting, sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and said, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"—'Tis well the spirit does not make the same at Coxwould—for unless for the few sheep left me to take care of, in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—When we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *vale of Jehosophat?*—As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face—so tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them—present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace—why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy—I care not a curse for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods he sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see in its true dimensions, that we despise it—no bad rant!—God above bless you! You know I am your affectionate cousin.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet —— and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

LETTER V.

Mr. Sterne to Lady ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his Lordship, and he has sufficiently requited me.——'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to

have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his Lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife.—Lyd* has a poney which she delights in.—Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. —These two volumes are, I think, the best. —I shall write as long as I live; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse: and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. —My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his Majesty (whom God preserve!) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town—and feast your eyes with a sight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again——for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his Majesty.—And now, my dear friend, I must finish this—and with every wish for your happiness, conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.

My dear Friend, Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

THINK not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to—by the bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands—My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh—the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue! than you will do.—This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *Sçavans* who are no wits —keeps open house three days a week—his house is now, as your's was to me, my own—he lives at great expence.—Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire—I found him reading Tristram—this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments, into the Palais Royal, to view the Duke of Orleans' collections every day I have time.—I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from the delights of this place, which, in the *sçavoir vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Monf. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical, declamation—I have bought anecdotes in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, who he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in *Iphigene*—the extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but 'tis too much —Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.---By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke, this week, the *Frenchman in London*, in which Preville to send us home to supper, all happy—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature---In a post or two, I will write again---Foley is an honest soul---I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene, since these fourteen days---but more of this hereafter.---We are all going into mourning, nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *ramp*—

* His daughter.

[illegible]eth! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, [illegible]!

LETTER VII.

Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.

London *, Feb. 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyship's kind inquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs—hard writing in the summer, [illegible] with preaching, which I have not begun for, is ever fatal to me—but I [illegible] avoid the latter yet, and the former [illegible] pleasurable to be given up—I believe I'll try if the south of France will not [illegible] service to me—his G. of Y. has most [illegible] given me the permission for a [illegible]—I shall set off with great hopes [illegible] efficacy, and shall write to my wife [illegible] daughter to come and join me at Paris, [illegible] they could not be so long—"Le [illegible]'s story has beguiled your Ladyship of your tears," and the thought of [illegible] spirit flying up to heaven's [illegible] with the oath, you are kind [illegible] to say is sublime—my friend Mr. [illegible] thinks so too, and I am most vain [illegible] approbation—your Ladyship's opi[illegible] not a little to my vanity.

[illegible] I had time to take a little excur[illegible] to Bath, were it only to thank you [illegible] the obliging things you say in your [illegible]—but 'tis impossible—accept at least [illegible] thanks—If I could tempt my [illegible] Mr. H. to come to France, I should [illegible] happy—If I can be of any ser[illegible] you at Paris, command him who [illegible] will be, your Ladyship's faith[illegible].

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.

My dear, Paris, May 16, 1762.

[illegible] a thousand to one that this reaches [illegible] before you have set out—however [illegible] chance—you will receive one [illegible] night, the moment you get to [illegible] to wish you joy of your arrival [illegible]—to that letter which you will [illegible], I have nothing to add that I think on—for I have almost drained my [illegible] dry upon the subject.—For God's [illegible] early and gallop away in the cool [illegible] always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post-chaises.—You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—give the Custom-house officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of mischief.—I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately your's.

* This Letter, though dated from *London*, was [illegible] at *Paris*.

LETTER IX.

From the same to the same.

My Dear, Paris, May 31, 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts, so I expected, with great impatience, a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still—I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before, and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-house office at Calais—it shall be sent you next post.—You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as your's, we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall

shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your pass-port, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation——and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive.—For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—present my respects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the inclosure at Rascal, they must be inclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will, I hope, do for us—so Heaven preserve you both—believe me your affectionate, &c.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

LETTER X.

Mr. Sterne to Lady D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your Ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, Shandean-like, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, his master, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that he had neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled, as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero—being not understood, because of its purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—n common thing, by the way, in France.— My wife and daughter are arrived—the la ter does nothing but look out of the wi dow, and complain of the torment of be ing frizled.—I wish she may ever remai a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your Ladyship we —and that you will be kind enough to di rect to me at Toulouse, which place I sha set out for very soon. I am, with tru and sincerity, your Ladyship's most faith ful, &c.

LETTER XI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. E.

Dear Sir, Paris, July 12, 1762.

MY wife and daughter arrived here sa and found on Thursday, and are i high raptures with the speed and pleasan nesses of their journey, and particularly of a they see and meet with here. But in the journey from York to Paris, nothing ha give them a more sensible and lasting pleasur than the works of kindness they receive from you and Mrs. E.—The friendship, an good-will, and politeness of my two friends never doubted to me, or mine, and I retur you both, all a grateful man is capable o which is merely my thanks. I have take however, the liberty of sending an Indi taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the ho nour to wear for my wife's sake, wh would have got it made up, but that M Stanhope, the Consul of Algiers, who s off to-morrow morning for London, h been so kind (I mean his lady) as to ta charge of it; and we had but just time procure it: and had we missed that oppo tunity, as we should have been obliged have left it behind us at Paris, we kno not when or how to get it to our friend.— I wish it had been better worth a paragrap If there is any thing we can buy or pr cure for you here (intelligence included) you have a right to command me—for am your's, with my wife and girl's kin love to you and Mrs. E.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, August 14, 1762.

My dear Foley,

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digre sions), to say nothing of downrig overthrows, stops, and delays, we ha arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, a are now settled in our houses with servan &c.

ſt about us, and look as compoſed as if we had been here ſeven years.—In our journey we ſuffered ſo much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it.—I never ſaw a cloud from Paris to Niſmes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols piece.—Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, grilled, ſtewed and carbonaded on one ſide or other all the way—and being all done enough (*ſatiz cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unſwept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of poſſeſſion gives right) of every inn we lay in—Can you conceive a worſe accident than that in ſuch a journey, in the hotteſt day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we ſhould break a hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged, in conſequence, to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or poſſibility of getting any?—To mend the matter, my two poſtilions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horſe, and ride like two devils to the next poſt for a cart to carry my baggage, and a chaiſe to carry ourſelves.—Our luggage weighed ten quintals—'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were aſked by every ſoul who paſſed by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raiſon, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſhed, and elegant beyond any thing I looked for—'Tis built in the form of an hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the beſt garden in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent—"the more the merrier."—The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs joining to the very great *ſalle d'entrepagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing-rooms to them—below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the other to ſee company.—I have, moreover, cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the ſame landlord I have bargained to have the uſe of a country-houſe which he has two miles out of town, ſo that myſelf and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.——My landlord is, moreover, to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or leſs than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—ſo we ſhall live for very very little.—I dined yeſterday with Mr. H——; he is moſt pleaſantly ſituated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookſeller was a fool not to ſend the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wiſh you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils, ghoſtly and bodily—but this, like many other wiſhes, both for you and myſelf, muſt have its completion elſewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reaſon, for I am moſt truly your's.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My beſt reſpects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that ſociety—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Eſq.

My Dear H. Toulouſe, Oct. 19, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday—ſo it has been travelling from Crazy Caſtle to Toulouſe full eighteen days—If I had nothing to ſtop me, I would engage to ſet out this morning, and knock at Crazy Caſtle gates in three days leſs time—by which time I ſhould find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone—the ſeaſon I moſt wiſh and like to be with you—I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have ſnatched ſo many happy and ſunſhiny days out of the hands of the blue devils—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give theſe gentry a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their uſurped citadel—ſome legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this laſt campaign—and I hope to have a hand in diſperſing the remainder the firſt time my dear couſin ſets up his banners again under the ſquare tower——But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers?—"I know the pride and the naughtineſs of thy heart," and thou loveſt the ſweet

viſions

visions of architraves, friezes, and pediments with their tympanums, and thou hast found out a pretence, *à raison de cinq cent livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the d——l as a bait) to justify thyself unto thyself—It may be very wise to do this—but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without, and rumours of wars within. St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat—and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with—Now those *quatre ans consecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy life to come (in this world), and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts—for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance—But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have sometime supposed it on account of your generosity, "that you "are never to be a monied man," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your castle, and line it with cedar, and paint it within side, and without side with vermillion, or not—*et cela etant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishments of all thy lunary and sublunary projects.—For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many stories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me—The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature—She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be—and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love. I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I trust as I wish in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse—I cannot see I have any thing more to do with it; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I shall return from whence I came ——Now my wife wants to stay another year to save money, and the opposition of wishes, though it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar-candy.—I wish T— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France—for my own part, 'tis not to my taste—but I believe, the ground work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French character—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cause—for they are very civil—but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death—If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious—Miss Shandy is hard at it with music, dancing, and French speaking, in the last of which she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean mountains. If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres, but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expences—which wicked propensity (though not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer—though by the bye laudable enough—But she may talk—I will do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject. Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Pshaw! I trow. M—— is out of town vintaging—so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne, gentilhomme Anglois*—'twill find me—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope—so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then, to me—in which say nothing but what may be shewn (though I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not), for you must know, a letter no sooner arrives from England, but curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents.——Adieu, dear H. believe me your affectionate, &c.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days—which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noses—'tis a dear article—but every thing else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe, bouilli, roti*—&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

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LETTER XIV.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse,
My dear Foley, Nov. 9, 1762.

I HAVE had this week your letter on my uncle, and hope you will forgive my not seeing it sooner—and even to-day I but write you ten lines, being engaged Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one more acknowledging the favour—In [illegible] I will write you a long one gratis for love—Thank you for having what I desired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur [illegible]'s—I receive all letters through more punctual and sooner than when the post-house.

H——'s family greet you with mine—much together, and never forget—forget me not to the Baron—and all circle—nor to your domestic circle—

I am got pretty well, and sport much my uncle Toby in the volume I am fabricating for the laughing part of world—for the melancholy part of it, nothing but my prayers—so God them. I shall hear from you in a post at least after you receive this—in mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and no man wishes or esteems you more your, &c.

LETTER XV.

From the same to the same.

Toulouse, Wednesday,
Dear Foley, Dec. 3, 1762.

I HAVE for this last fortnight every post-gone to Messrs. B—— and sons, expectation of the pleasure of a letter you with the remittance I desired you me here. When a man has no half a dozen guineas in his pocket and a thousand miles from home--and country, where he can as soon raise as a six livre piece to go to market, in case he has changed his last—you will not envy my situation—bless you—remit me the balance due the receipt of this. We are all at H--'s, a play we are to act here this holidays—all the Dramatis Personæ are of the English, of which we have happy society living together like brothers and sisters. Your banker here has sent me word, the tea Mr. H. wrote is to be delivered into my hands—'tis one into whose hands the treasure falls ---we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it. We join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly your's.

LETTER XVI.

From the same to the same.

Toulouse,
My dear Foley, Dec. 17. 1762.

THE post after I wrote last, I received your's with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you—There are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses, and preparing some of our best comedies—Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*—and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body—and the Journey to London the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation—and making it the Journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear F. for want of something better, we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My kind love and friendship to all my true friends—My service to the rest. H——'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us—they will be with me all the holidays.—In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. Adieu, your's most truly.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

Toulouse,
Dear Foley, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does Tristram do?" you say, in your's to him—faith but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that

that is a second lie—for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand *per cent.*—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshly banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*, P— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice—My kind respects to Baron D'Holbach, and all his household—Say all that's kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am your's.

I have not five louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Dear Foley, Toulouse, April 18, 1763.

I THANK you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of Lord * * * * * being obliged to give way—and for the rest, all follows in course.—I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters—at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself—which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here—he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me—in a short time he proceeds to Italy.—The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents, for three months, at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— sets out, at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Coutray—from whence to Italy—This is the general plan of operation here—except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday—On all days of the week, believe me your's, with unfeigned truth.

P. S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

Toulouse, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid by your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you, we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres—and so little distrust had I, that such civility would be refused me, that we had actually had all our things packed up this eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have trusted to my honour—that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing that is not.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London.—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R— of Monpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. I am, dear F—, your friend and hearty well-wisher.

I saw the family of the H—— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living—They said yea—for they had just received a letter from you—After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness—All compliments to ——. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XX.

From the same to the same.

Toulouse, June 9, 1763.

My dear Foley,

I THIS moment received your's—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now

[illegible] believe me I had never wrote you [illegible] a letter, had I not both loved and [illegible] you—and it was merely in vindi- [illegible] of the rights of friendship, that I [illegible] a way as if I was hurt—for ne- [illegible] in your heart, I knew you could [illegible] cause; which my heart told [illegible] had—or will ever give you:— [illegible] the best of friends with you that ever [illegible] my life, before my letter had got [illegible], and pleaded the true excuse for [illegible] "That he was oppressed with [illegible] of business." Go on, my [illegible] and have but that excuse (so much [illegible] your interest) that I would be [illegible] to suffer a real evil without future [illegible]—but in truth, my disappoint- [illegible] partly chimerical at the bottom, [illegible] a letter of credit for two hundred [illegible] from a person I never saw, by me [illegible] which, out of a nicety of temper, I [illegible] make any use of—I set out in [illegible] for Bagnieres, but direct to me [illegible], who will forward all my letters. [illegible] F—, adieu.—Believe me your's [illegible].

LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

Montpellier,
Jan. 5, 1764.

My dear Friend,

[illegible] I cannot pass over the fifth of [illegible] month without thinking of you, [illegible] to you—The last is a periodi- [illegible]—the first is from my heart, and [illegible] sener than I remember—however, [illegible] motives together I maintain I [illegible] right to the pleasure of a single line [illegible] to tell me how your watch [illegible] know how much happier it [illegible] make me to know that all things [illegible] to you went on well—You are [illegible] have them all to yourself (I hear) [illegible] Mr. S—— is true to his first in- [illegible] of leaving business—I hope this [illegible] you to accomplish your's in a [illegible], that you may get to your [illegible] for retreat of tranquillity and [illegible]—When you have got to your fire- [illegible] into your arm-chair (and, by the [illegible] another to spare for a friend) [illegible] much a sovereign as to sit in [illegible] cap, if you like it, though I [illegible] (for a man's idea's are at least [illegible] for being dressed decently), [illegible] it will be a miracle if I do not [illegible] like a ghost upon you—and in a [illegible]-like fashion, help you off with [illegible] of your best wine.

Jan. 15.—It does not happen every day, that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness—I wish the vulgar, high and low, do not say it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with ghosts—Be it as it may—I took a ride, when the first part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a shivering fit, tho' I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him—This, quoth I, is inhuman—No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home—so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot.—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly—but unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me—I shall not die, but live—in the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but as innocently as we can—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishopric to me—and I desire no other—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me your's.

Please to give the inclosed to Mr. T—, and tell him, I thank him cordially from my heart, for his great good-will.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it—That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick.—I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so my physicians told me, when they had me under their hands for above a month—if you stay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you—And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I with my girl in England.—The states of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-show, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shows. I believe I shall step into my post-chaise with more alacrity, to fly from these sights, than Frenchman would fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little flut, I shall

I shall be in high spirits; and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourself.—My wife chooses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truly passive.—If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfil your commissions—and so adieu—Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever your's.

P. S. My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they called *bouillons rafraichissants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve—There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told, it must be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

My dear Lydia, Paris, May 15, 1764,

BY this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable, were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guittar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an subject your mother will say). There a concourse of all nations, and relig too.—I shall leave Paris in a few da am lodged in the same hotel with T——; —they are good and gen souls—Tell your mother, that I hope will write to me, and that when the so, I may also receive a letter from Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and bel me your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.

September 4, 176

NOW, my dear, dear Anthony—I do think a week or ten days playing good fellow (at this very time) at Sc brough so abominable a thing—but if man could get there cleverly, and en soul in his house in the mind to try w could be done in furtherance thereof, have no one to consult in this affair—th fore, as a man may do worse things, English of all which is this, that I am ing to leave a few poor sheep here in wilderness for fourteen days—and f pride and naughtiness of heart to go what is doing at Scarborough—stedf meaning afterwards to lead a new life, strengthen my faith.—Now some folk there is much company there—and i say not—and I believe there is neither one nor the other—but will be both, if would will have but a month's patience so.—No, my dear H——, I did not d sending your letter directly to the po As there are critical times, or rather t and revolutions in *** humours, I b not what the delay of an hour might zard—I will answer for him, he has fo ty times seven forgiven you—and as o wished you at the d—l.—After many cillations, the pendulum will rest fix ever.——

I send all kind compliments to Sir D—— and G—s. I love them from soul.—If G——t is with you, him al I go on, not rapidly, but well enough my uncle Toby's amours—There is no ting, and cudgelling one's brains w the sun shines bright—'twill be all ov six or seven weeks, and there are months enow after to endure suffocati a brimstone fire-side.—If you can ge Scarborough, do.—A man who makes tons of alum a week, may do any thi

Lord Granby is to be there——what a temptation! Your's affectionately, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

York,
My dear Friend, September 29, 1764.

HAVING just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind offices to her; I will not believe these [illegible] from the D. of A——'s letters nor [illegible]. Surely she needed no recommend[illegible]——the truest and most honest com[illegible] I can pay you, is to say, they [illegible] from your own good heart, only you [illegible] introduced to the object—for the rest [illegible]ed in course—However, let me cast [illegible] mite of thanks to the treasury which [illegible] to good-natured actions. I have [illegible] with Lord G—y these three weeks [illegible]arborough—the pleasures of which I [illegible] somewhat more exalted than those [illegible] Bagnieres last year.—I am now return[illegible] to my philosophical hut to finish Tris[illegible], which I calculate will be ready for [illegible] world about Christmas, at which time [illegible]camp from hence, and fix my head[illegible]ters at London for the winter—unless [illegible]ough pushes me forward to your me[illegible]—or that I can persuade some *gros* [illegible] Lord to take a trip to you—I'll try if [illegible] make him relish the joys of the *Tuil*[illegible] *Opera Comique*, &c.

[illegible] this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne [illegible] Montauban, in which she tells me she [illegible] occasion for fifty pounds immediately. [illegible] you send an order to your corre[illegible]dent at Montauban, to pay her so much [illegible]—and I will, in three weeks, send as [illegible] to Becket--But as her purse is low, [illegible] God's sake write directly. Now you [illegible] do something equally essential--to [illegible] a mistake in the mind of your cor[illegible]ondent there, who, it seems, gave her [illegible], not long ago, "that she was sepa[illegible]ed from me for life." Now, as this [illegible] true in the first place, and may give [illegible]advantageous impression of her to [illegible] she lives amongst——'twould be un[illegible]ful to let her, or my daughter, suffer [illegible]; so do be so good as to undeceive [illegible]—for, in a year or two, she proposes [illegible] indeed I expect it with impatience [illegible]) to rejoin me—and tell them, I [illegible] all the confidence in the world, she [illegible] spend more than I can afford, and [illegible]y mentioned two hundred guineas a [illegible]—because 'twas right to name some certain sum, for which I begged you to give her credit. I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother; so excuse me, dear Foley. God bless you—Believe me your's affectionately.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, d'Holbach, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed. You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it, drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. O! how I congratulate you, for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you. The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with Glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel

Fowel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire---There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am your's (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house, with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—"*l'amour*" (say they) "*n'est rien sans sentiment.*"— Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annex'd to it—And so much for that same subject called love. —I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune, in France, who took a liking to my daughter—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word, that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand "pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five "thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least "think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, "plays upon the guittar, and, as I fear, "you play upon no instrument whatever, "I think you will be happy to take her "at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."— I do not suppose but he will take this as mean, that is—a flat refusal.—I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the careleslness of my curate's wife—as soon as I can, I must rebuild it, I trow—but I have the means at present—yet I am never happier, than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible. Your's sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

My dear Girl, Naples, February 3, 1765.

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry —Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and, by all means, I wish you both to come from Tours—because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore, for the same reason, go not to Bourges en Berrie—'tis as a vile place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope I have added at least ten years to my life, by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to—but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in Italy. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Beloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then.——The account you give me of Mrs. C—— truly amiable, I shall ever honour her. Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be your's—If fate refers me not that—the humane and good, pray for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with you to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—with

[illegible]ers at York—you know my publica[illegible] call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]—are still at Tours, thank them from [illegible], for their cordiality to my wife and [illegible]ghter. I have purchased you some lit[illegible]odies, which I shall give you when we [illegible], as proofs of affection from your fond [illegible]her.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.

My dear H. Naples, February 5, 1766.

[illegible]IS an age since I have heard from you —but as I read the London Chronicle, [illegible] no tidings of your death, or that [illegible] are even at the point of it, I take it, [illegible] have got over thus much of the [illegible]r free from the damps, both of cli[illegible] and spirits; and here I am, as hap[illegible] a King after all, growing fat, sleek, [illegible] liking—not improving in stature, [illegible] breadth.—We have a jolly carnival [illegible]—nothing but operas—punchinelloes [illegible], and masquerades—We (that is, [illegible]) are all dressing out for one this [illegible] the Princess Francavivalla, which [illegible] be superb.—The English dine with [illegible] (exclusive)—and so much for small [illegible]—except that I saw a little comedy [illegible] last week with more expression and [illegible], and true character, than I shall see [illegible] again.—I stay here till the holy [illegible], which I shall pass at Rome, where [illegible] myself a month—My plan was to [illegible] from thence, for a fortnight, to [illegible]—and then by Leghorn to Mar[illegible] directly home—but I am diverted [illegible], by the repeated proposals of ac[illegible] a gentleman, who is return[illegible] Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, [illegible] the Spaw, and thence through [illegible] to England—'tis with Mr. E. I [illegible] him these three years, and [illegible] with him ever since I reached [illegible] and as I know him to be a good-[illegible] gentleman, I have no doubt [illegible] it answer both his views and [illegible] that I am persuaded we shall re[illegible] together, as we set out, with [illegible] and good-will.—Write your next [illegible] me at Rome, and do me the fol[illegible] favour, if it lies in your way, which [illegible] it does—to get me a letter of Re[illegible]dation to our Ambassador (Lord [illegible]) at Vienna. I have not the [illegible] to be known to his Lordship, but P—— or H——, or twenty you bet[illegible], would write a certificate for me, [illegible], that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it in your next letter to me at Belloni.—You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within these three weeks, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. —Give my kind services to my friends—especially to the household of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S——, to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel—Dear cousin Anthony, receive my kindest love and wishes. Your's affectionately.

LETTER XXX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Antony, May 25, near Dijon, 1766.

MY desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turned me out of my road towards a delicious chateau of the Countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies—her ladyship has the best of hearts—a valuable present not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—so I hope to sup with you the king's birth-day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing.—Never a man has been such a wildgoose chase after a wife as I have been—after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Comté*—Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so—my Lydia pleases me much—I found her greatly improved in every thing I wished her—I am most unaccountably well, and most accountably nonsensical——'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days, that I must take up again the pen—In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows

upon the mountains, which terminate our lands here.—Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Castle, before I reach town.—The summer here is set in in good earnest—'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you—and all your undertakings.——I am, my dear cousin, most affectionately your's.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.

Reverend Sir, [1766.]

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people, whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable uncle Toby!—I declare, I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope, have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse is this very affecting passage—"Consider "how great a part of our species, in all "ages, down to this—have been trod un-"der the feet of cruel and capricious "tyrants, who would neither hear their "cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consi-"der slavery—what it is—how bitter a "draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear, in favour of my miserable black brethren——excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You, who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Gri (you pathetically observe) is eloquent figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply, in which hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. Sterne to Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as the great ones) of this world: for I have been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my c had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why her brethren, or your, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by finest tints, and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest of about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of it is it, that the ties of blood are to cease and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to banish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half the world to use the other half of it brutes, and then endeavour to make so.—For my own part, I never look forward (when I am in a pensive mood least) but I think of the burthens w our brothers and sisters are there carrying and could I ease their shoulders from ounce of them, I declare I would set this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca their sakes—which, by the bye, Sa exceeds your walk of ten miles in a the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However you meant my uncle Toby, more h your debtor.—If I can weave the t have wrote, into the work I am abo 'tis at the service of the afflicted—a much greater matter; for, in serious t it casts a sad shade upon the world, so great a part of it are, and have b so long bound in chains of darkness, in chains of misery; and I cannot but

respect and felicitate you; that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me, I will not forget your letter. Your's, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.

Coxwould, December 20, 1766.

THANKS, my dear W. for your letter—I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink-standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps—I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength—I shall go to Naples, and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself—and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am sure it would be unpleasurable—Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—so shall be back by the king's birth-day—what a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the sake of society—nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road.—If the humour of my uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken—and so with a droll story I will finish this letter—A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)—the latter asked him how he did? why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of Attic salt, that I am in a fever—Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt,—I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c.—Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt—I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he knows not what he takes himself—I fancy I see you smile—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the rest of the joyous set.—As to the females—no, I will not say a word about them—only I have borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am your's &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Old Bond-street, February 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts—I envy you the sweet situation.—Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to ——the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful—I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in such a neighbour—I am glad he is so good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work—but why not the House of Mourning? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the answer the Marquis made the Abbé—'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any christian patience—But to the subject of your letter—I do not wish to know who was the busy fool, who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. ——; 'tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to discern her's, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer—"that "she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject."—Why do you say, that your mother wants money? whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have ninepence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.—I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track.—I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—not Mrs. ——, but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both.—He possesses every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him

him nobly in several instances—I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired—and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.—Mrs. J—— is kind—and friendly—of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in—Just God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose, has created different beings—I wish my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter—write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones—write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the bark. I will order you a guittar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am your's affectionately.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Bond-Street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it—I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me—I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience?—Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution?—For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation—and whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping, when I tell her the cause that now affects me—I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered—she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks—I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman, without bursting into tears—I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess—our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy.—'Tis expressive of her modest worth—but may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe;
The sweet companion and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine.
'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be thy affectionate father.

As to Mr. ——, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being—Send me some *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. J.

Old Bond-street, April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J——, by your friendly inquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am unable to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.—My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till some favourable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday—but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me—I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead; but this friendly inquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope still, (and next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with—I continue mending, it will yet be so

time before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage—my first visit will be a visit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to guess where—a thousand blessings go along with this, and may heaven preserve you both—Adieu, my dear sir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Sterne to Ignatius Sancho.

Bond-street, Saturday, April 25, 1767.

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my list of subscribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks. —But you have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will also on this account, and that is, to send me the subscription-money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body or mind); and so, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M. the Duchess of M. and Lord M. for their subscriptions, and lay the sin, and money with it too, at my door—I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Sterne to J. D——n, Esq.

Old Bond-street, Friday Morning.

I WAS going, my dear D n, to bed before I received your kind inquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal tenement.—I am ill, very ill—I languish most affectingly—I am sick both soul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D. whilst I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yesterday with Lord and Lady S——; we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury-Hill is so pleasant a situation.—You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots—and I go bootless home! and I fear I shall go bootless all my life—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls—adieu. I am your's most affectionately.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.

Newark, Monday ten o'clock in the morn.

My dear Cousin,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby-Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be overset this bout.—My love to G.—We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few.—I am, dear H. truly your's.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Sterne to A. L——e, Esq.

Dear L—e, Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to inquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even howd'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return—at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton-Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me.

me. If solitude would cure a love sick heart, I would give you an invitation—but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my post chaise, with two long tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other! Your's truly.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Sterne to Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good-will and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised—we only want it to be sincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as your's. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflection along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuse it), all together do wonders.—I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits, as are sufficient to carry my pen through the task I have set it this summer.—But I am a resigned being, Sancho, and take health and sickness, as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons—that is, just as it pleases God to send them—and accommodate myself to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befals me in this silly world—not to lose my temper at it.—This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy—for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes.—Farewel—I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the mean time, I am very cordially, my honest friend Sancho, your's.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. J.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; bu for this last instance of their humanity an politeness to me, I must ever be thei debtor—I never can thank you enoug my dear friends, and yet I thank you fro my soul—and for the single day's happi ness your goodness would have sent me, wish I could send you back thousands;— cannot, but they will come of themselv —and so God bless you—I have ha twenty times my pen in my hand since came down, to write a letter to you be in Gerrard-street—but I am a shy kind a soul at the bottom, and have a jealou about troubling my friends, especiall about myself.—I am now got perfect well, but was, a month after my arri in the country, in but a poor state—m body has got the start, and is at prese more at ease than my mind—but th world is a school of trials, and so heaven will be done!—I hope you have both e joyed all that I have wanted—and to co plete your joy, that your little la flourishes like a vine at your table, which I hope to see her preferred by re winter.—I am now beginning to be tr busy at my Sentimental Journey— pains and sorrows of this life having tarded its progress—but I shall make my lee-way, and over-take every bod a very short time.

What can I send you that York produces? tell me—I want to be of us you, for I am, my dear friends, with truest value and esteem, your ever oblig &c.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

Coxwould, August [illegible]

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J— are infinitely kind to me, in [illegible] now and then a letter to inquire after —and to acquaint me how they are You cannot conceive, my dear lady, truly I bear a part in your illness.— Mr. J— would carry you to the south France in pursuit of health—but why I wish it, when I know his affection make him do that and ten times as m to prevent a return of those symp which alarmed him so much in the spri —Your politeness and humanity are ways contriving to treat me agreea and what you promise next winter, wi perfectly so—but you must get well— your little dear girl must be of the p with her parents and friends, to give

—I am sure you shew no partiality, [illegible] is natural and praise-worthy, in [illegible] of your daughter; but I wonder [illegible] friends will not find her a play fellow; [illegible] both hope and advise them not to [illegible] along through this warfare of life [illegible] two strings at least to their bow.—[illegible] letters from France by last night's [illegible], by which (by some fatality) I find [illegible] of my letters has reached Mrs. [illegible]. This gives me concern, as it [illegible] the aspect of unkindness, which she [illegible] means merits from me.—My wife [illegible] dear girl are coming to pay me a visit [illegible] few months; I wish I may prevail [illegible] them to tarry longer.—You must [illegible] me, dear Mrs. J., to make my [illegible] known to you, if I can prevail with [illegible] wife to come and spend a little time in [illegible]don, as she returns to France. I ex[illegible] a small parcel—may I trouble you, [illegible] you write next, to send to my lodg[illegible] to ask if there is any thing directed [illegible] that you can inclose under cover?—[illegible] but one excuse for this freedom, [illegible] I am prompted to use, from a par[illegible] that it is doing you pleasure to give [illegible] opportunity of doing an obliging [illegible]—and as to myself, I rest satisfied, [illegible] only scoring up another debt of [illegible] to the millions I owe you both al[illegible].—Receive a thousand and a thousand [illegible], yes and with them ten thousand [illegible] wishes for all you wish in this [illegible]—May my friend Mr. J. continue [illegible] with good health, and may his [illegible] lady get perfectly well, there being [illegible] woman's health or comfort I so ardent[illegible] for.—Adieu, my dear friends—[illegible] me most truly and faithfully your's.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Coxwould, August 24, 1767.

[illegible] truly surprised, my dear Lydia, [illegible] my last letter has not reached thy [illegible], and thyself—it looks most un[illegible] on my part, after your having wrote [illegible] word of your mother's intention of [illegible] to England, that she has not re[illegible] my letter to welcome you both—[illegible] though in that I said I wished you [illegible] defer your journey till March, for [illegible] that time I should have published [illegible] sentimental work, and should be in [illegible] to receive you—yet I will shew you [illegible] real politesses than any you have [illegible] with in France, as mine will come [illegible] from the heart.—I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but so so here—You are right—he studies nature more than any, or rather most, of the French comedians—if the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of staying till after twelve for supper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat! "his conscience would not let it be served "before."—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it.—I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing.—As to my pleasures, they are few in compass.—My poor cat sits purring beside me—your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused—in short, I will have nothing devilish about me—a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as —— —— did her silver seringue or glister equipage which she lost in a certain river—but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a spitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute ***** came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, hallooed in my ear—Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish have you brought yourself to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice, I bad him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner.—Tell your mother I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occasion not to be lost—so write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever shall be, your affectionate father.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Sterne to Sir W.

Dear Sir, Coxwould, Sept. 27. 1767.

YOU are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter—You wish me to come to Scarbrough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finished—besides, I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness—but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London, where you generally are in Spring—and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you, that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds—praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir, ever your's.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. J—.

Coxwould, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight, to send a letter of inquiries after the health and well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——; and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper, not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of, but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrained.—Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard-street!—My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out, that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, "God bless you."—May you have every blessing he can send you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place, whilst I have a tongue to repeat it. And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reasons assigned for it—I thank you for it kindly—though you have not told me what they were; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess.—I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops; who, as he kept house there, pressed me to be with him——and his household consisted of a gentleman and two ladies—which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party, that we kept much to ourselves.—I made at this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland—However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted——Now it was supposed (and I have since heard) that I had went on with the party to London, and this I suppose was the reason assigned for my being there.——I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out, that 'twas on the score of one and perhaps both of the ladies—and will excuse charity on that head, for heart disengaged could not well have done better.—I have been hard write ever since—and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends.—I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon this account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finished this Sentimental Journey—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am, my dear friends, your ever obliged and grateful, &c.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France—My wife has returned an elegant accomplished little slut—my wife——but I hate to praise my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter.—I suppose they will return next summer to France——They leave me in a month to winter at York for the winter—and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F——.

Dear Madam, Coxwould, Friday.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me—I got cold last summer, very much worn out—and much worse at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now ten stone—and in a fortnight's time, shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that my wife and daughter are arrived from France. I shall be in town to meet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear Madam—Believe me your's sincerely.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troublesome in writing something resembling a letter and a card, to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, for 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of ——I think so, however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem much, as I do now, when I can hear things of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its good possessors, but the hopes before me, of being at it by Christmas. I long sadly to see you—and my friend Mr. J——. I am here at Coxwould—my wife and girl here. She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and genteel in body, and mind—she is the even could give me in a daughter—but, like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and a dear part of me must be torn from my side to follow her mother, who seems resolved to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.—I must smile at my weakness, when I say I shall wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a lady as France can produce. You will excuse all this—if you won't, I desire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one. With what pleasure I embrace your dear little pledge—and I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart.——No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does—few so much, for I am, with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honest affection, my dear Mrs. J——, your ever faithful, &c.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J——, and my Lydia—I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past—I told you my design in it was, to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Sterne to A. L——e, Esq.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

YOU make yourself unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might shun, instead of putting yourself in the way of. Would not any man, in his senses, fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand. The Duke of —— has long sighed in vain—and can you suppose a woman will listen to you, that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribbands?—Her heart (believe me, L——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches—if it should ever feel a preference, it will choose an object for itself, and it must be a singular character, that can make an impression on such a being—she has a Platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addresses to Miss ——; she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment, which has taken so deep a root in your heart.——I pity you from my soul—but we are all born with passions, which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to different objects—and the best advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of your's another way. I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwould. I am in earnest at my sentimental work—and intend being

being in town soon after Christmas—in the mean time, adieu, Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L. your's, &c.

LETTER L.

Mr. Sterne to A. L—e, Esq.

Dear L. Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind, not to reply to so interesting a letter as your's—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promises—he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department—If his Lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east, or the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs.——I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have consulted with you, and my other friends. I have great offers too in Ireland—the Bishops of C—— and R—— are both my friends—but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. ——and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the sake of my girl, and, with her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow. Mrs. S——'s health is insupportable in England. She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul and body—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakness—but I cannot help it—for she is a dear, disinterested girl—As a proof of it—when she left Coxwould, I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purse, and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures—her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have straitened you—I would rather put an hundred guineas in your pocket than take to out it."—I burst into tears—but why do practise on your feelings—by dwelling o a subject that will touch your heart?—is too much melted already by its own s ferings, L—e, for me to add a pang, o cause a single sigh. God bless you—I sha hope to greet you by New-year's-day i perfect health—Adieu, my dear friend—am most truly and cordially your's.

LETTER LI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. J.

York, December 23, 1768.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or M J——, or their little blossom, was d ing—or that some of you were ill, by having the pleasure of a line from yo and was thinking of writing again, to i quire after you all——when I was c down myself with a fever, and bleeding my lungs, which had confined me to room near three weeks—when I had t favour of your's, which, till to-day, I ha not been able to thank you both kind for, as I most cordially now do—as w as for all your professions and proofs good-will to me.—I will not say, I ha not balanced accounts with you in this All I know is, that I honour and value y more than I do any good creatures u earth—and that I could not wish your ha piness, and the success of whatever co duces to it, more than I do, was I y brother—but, good God! are we not brothers and sisters, who are friendly, v tuous, and good? Surely, my dear frie my illness has been a sort of sympathy your afflictions upon the score of your little one. I am worn down to a shado but, as my fever has left me, I set o latter end of next week, with my fr Mr. Hall for town. I need not tell friends in Gerrard-street, I shall do m the honour to visit them, before e Lord —— or Lord ——, &c. &c. I t you, my dear friend, for what you say kindly about my daughter—it shews y good heart, for, as she is a stranger, a free gift in you—but when she is kno to you,—she shall win it fairly—but, a when this event is to happen, is in clouds. Mrs. S—— has hired a ho ready furnished at York, till she return France, and my Lydia must not leave he

What a sad scratch of a letter!—but am weak, my dear friends, both in bo and mind—so God bless you—you will

pear like a ghost—so I tell you before hand not to be frightened. I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever your's.

LETTER LII.

From the same to the same.

Old Bond-street, January 1, 1768.

NOT knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my dear friends in Gerrard-street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to begin all the good wishes, compliments, and respects, I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best. I send all compliments to your fire-sides this Sunday night—Miss Sheeleigh the wife, Miss Pigot the witty, and daughter the pretty, and so on.—If Mr. O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will present the inclosed to him——he will add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.——I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season and deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the description——but I am just going to call about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, unbespoke of, from some of my Soho friends; and if I can succeed, I will either send or call upon you with it by half an hour after three to morrow—if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends. If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow invited to Gerrard-street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bless you all—I am, with the most sincere regard, ever obliged, &c.

LETTER LIII.

From the same to the same.

Thursday, Old Bond-street.

THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you: By a second note I am astonished I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——s, in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (never over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard-street. My books will be to be had on Thursday, but possibly on Wednesday, in the afternoon. I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament, I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!—The Sunday following, I will assuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light, to see Mrs. J——'s picture. I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good-will. Adieu, my dear friends—I am truly yours.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

February 20,
Old Bond-street.

My dearest Lydia,

MY Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you, that it is no less admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast—this vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.—The subject of thy letter has astonished me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that, under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend, whom I have so often talked and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account.—I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the

the ſame to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wiſh, that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot, in juſtice, be leſs kind to thy mother.—I am never alone——The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame—I wiſh though I had thee to nurſe me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at leaſt.—God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. J——.

Tueſday.

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write —he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy—I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſter'd on Friday.—The phyſician ſays I am better—God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly w ong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength.—Before I have gone through half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J—— was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoyed me, by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe—that I ſhall beg of you, if, in this wreſtling, I come off conqueror—my ſpirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to ſhed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Dereſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids!—If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if ſhe is left parentleſs) take her to your boſom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon, for ſuch a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago *, and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you.—Mr. J—— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword, which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to th Being, who takes under his care the go and kind part of the world. Adieu— grateful thanks to you and Mr. J— Your poor affectionate friend.

* From this circumſtance it may be conjectured, that this Letter was written on Tueſday the 8th of March 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

LETTER LVI.

*Mr. Sterne to **********.*

——I BEHELD her tender look— pathetic eye petrified my fluids— the liquid deſolution drowned thoſe onc bright orbs—the late ſympathetic feature ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now bla ed—withered—and are dead;—her char are dwindled into a melancholy which d mands my pity. Yes—my friend— once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is th very object that muſt thrill your ſoul. How abandoned is that heart, which bu the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſp leſs ſoul, and plunging the yet-untain mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repenta —Though born to protect the fair, d not man act the part of a demon?— alluring by his temptations, and then umphing in his victory—when villany g the aſcendency, it ſeldom leaves the wre till it has thoroughly polluted him— T*******, once the joyous compa of our juvenile extravagances, by a de laid ſcheme, ſo ingratiated himſelf into good graces of the old man—that even with all his penetration and experience which old folks generally pique themſelv could not perceive his drift, and, like goodneſs of his own heart, believed h honourable:—had I known his preten —I would have flown on the wing friendſhip—of regard—affection—and cued the lovely innocent from the hand the ſpoiler:—be not alarmed at my claration—I have been long bound to in the reciprocal bonds of affection;— it is of a more delicate ſtamp, than the materials nature has planted in us for creation—I hope ever to retain the ide innocence, and love her ſtill:—I w love the whole ſex were they equally ſerving.

——————taking her by the hand the other thrown round her waiſt— an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms— a look deceitfully pleaſing, the vi poured out a torrent of proteſtations— though oaths are ſacred—ſwore, wit the fortitude of a conſcientious man— depth of his love—the height of his e —the ſtrength of his attachment;—

ks, and other artful means to answer abandoned purpose (for which you he is but too well qualified)—gained the open inexperienced heart of the Harriot, and robbed her of her jewel.—Oh, England! where your senators?—where are your laws? Heavens! where rests your deadly ?—why are your bolts restrained overwhelming, with vengeance, this seducer ——I,—my friend,—I, was minister sent by justice to revenge her —revenge—I disclaim it—to re- her wrongs.—The news of affliction —I heard it, and posted to ****, forgetting my character—this is the of the enthusiast—it most became my acter—I saw him in his retreat—I flew of the chaise—caught him by the col- —and in a tumult of passion—demanded: re, if anger is excusable, it must be it is exerted by a detestation of vice demanded him to restore:—alas! was not in his power to return— geance!—and shall these vermin— spoilers of the fair—these murderers mind—lurk and creep about in , secure to themselves, and pillage all them?—Distracted with my rage— rged him with his crime—exploded baseness---condemned his villany— coward guilt sat on his sullen brow, like a criminal conscious of his deed, ingly pronounced his fear. --He means might be found for a sufficient ment---offered a tender of his hand satisfaction, and a life devoted to her , as a recompense for his error.— humiliation struck me---'twas the only he could have contrived to assuage anger.——I hesitated---paused— --and still must think on so im- a concern;---a'list me---I am half of trusting my Harriot in the hands man, whose character I too well to be the antipodes of Harriot's— fire and dissipation;---she all meek- and sentiment! nor can I think there hopes of reformation;---the offer more from surprise or fear, than and sincerity.---The world---the will exclaim, and my Harriot be a from society---Let her---I had ra- her thus, than miserably linked to a lump of vice—She shall re- some corner of the world, and there out the remainder of her days in —forgetting the wretch who has her confidence, but ever remem- the friend who consoles her in retirement.—You, my dear Charles, shall bear a part with me in the delightful task of whispering "peace to those who are in "trouble, and healing the broken in "spirit." Adieu.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Sterne to **********.

Sir,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendship has laid upon me, and if it should never be in my power to make you a recompense, I hope you will be recompensed at the "resurrection of the "just."—I hope, Sir, we shall both be found in that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even "against hope." —I think there is, at least, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "haven where we would be," as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife.—There is not any person living or dead, whom I have so strong a desire to see and converse with as yourself: —indeed I have no inclination to visit, or say a syllable to but a few persons in this lower vale of vanity and tears besides you; —but I often derive a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and speak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think me often alone,—and yet at such times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes—each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs—quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by uttering of words.—They always keep the distance from me which I direct,—and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I please. —I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like: —they never complain of ill-usage,—and when dismissed from my presence,—though ever so abruptly—take no offence.—Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor such liberty to be taken—with the living:—we are bound—in point of good-manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and dispense with all the non-sense or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently opposing their sentiments without exciting their disgust, and being in danger of their splenetic representation after they have left us.

I am

I am weary of talking to the many,—who, though quick of hearing—are so "slow of heart to believe"—propositions which are next to self-evident;—you and I were not cast in one mould,—corporal comparison will attest it,—and yet we are fashioned so much alike, that we may pass for twins:—were it possible to take an inventory of all our sentiments and feelings—just and unjust—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between instinct and reason,—or—wit and madness: the barriers which separate these—like the real essence of bodies—escape the piercing eye of metaphysics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a strait line; which is said to have length without breadth.——O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to instruct other aggregates! be as candid as the sage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

——I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different subjects—my mountain will be in labour till I see you—and then—what then?—why you must expect to see it bring forth—a mouse.—I therefore beseech you to have a watchful eye to the cats;—but it is said that mice were designed to be killed by cats—cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c.—This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of sound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or—you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the most perfect affection and esteem, your humble servant, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Sterne to ****.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely for half a day together: sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, especially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the solemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon Death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by me. Mr. F—, whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of critics and well-wishers, preaches da to me on the same text: "Get your pr ferment first, Lory," he says, "and th "write and welcome." But suppose pr ferment is long a-coming—and, for aug I know, I may not be preferred till t resurrection of the just—and am all th time in labour, how must I bear my pain Like pious divines? or, rather, like a philosophers, knowing that one passion only to be combated with another? I to be serious (if I can), I will use all re sonable caution,—only with this cauti along with it, not to spoil my book, that the air and originality of it, which m resemble the author; and I fear it is t number of these slighter touches, whi make the resemblance, and identify it fr all others of the same stamp, which t under-strapping virtue of prudence wo oblige me to strike out.—A very able c tic, and one of my colour too, who read over Tristram, made answer, u my saying I would consider the colour my coat as I corrected it, that that idea my head would render my book not wo a groat.—Still I promise to be cautio but deny I have gone as far as Swift keeps a due distance from—Rabelais keep a due distance from him. Swift said a hundred things I durst not say, less I was Dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "*ambitiosa re* "*ornamenta.*" As I revise my boo will shrive my conscience upon that and whatever ornaments are of that k shall be defaced without mercy. Or justly censured for being "*ingenii jac* "*tor*;" and it is a reasonable hint to as I'm not sure I am clear of it. To too much with your wit, or the game t wit has pointed out, is surfeiting; toying with a man's mistress, it may very delightful solacement to the inamor but little to the by-stander. Thoug plead guilty to part of the charge, y would greatly alleviate the crime if readers knew how much I have suppre of this device. I have burnt more than I have published, on that very count, since I began to avoid the fau fear, I may yet have given proofs of i I will re-consider Slop's fall, and my minute description of it; but, in gene I am persuaded that the happiness of Cervantic humour arises from this w thing,—of describing silly and tri events with the circumstantial pom great ones. Perhaps this is overdo and I can ease it.—I have a proje

ging Tristram put into the hands of the Archbishop, if he comes down this autumn, which will ease my mind of all trouble upon the topic of discretion.

I am, &c.

LETTER LIX.

David Hume, Esq. to ——————.

Sir, Edinburgh, Aug. 16, 1760.

I AM not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these Fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shewn the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator. The two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn; when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar, and a man of taste, had his curiosity excited; and asked whether he had ever translated any of them. Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and asked whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language: but to Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day; which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson till he insensibly produced that whole volume which has been published.

After this volume was in every body's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, which the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question: for their antiquity is a point which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every old man's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition: in the family of every Highland chieftain there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished; the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated professor in Glasgow, told me, that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty.——Major Mackay, Lord Rae's brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists so strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient; as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and imprinted on every memory.

Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest, sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Graham of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have therefore set about a subscription of a guinea, or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these Fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon, somewhere in Lochaber, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and, as he is somewhat old, and the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded;

garded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of Genius and Passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate, or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

I remember, Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident, which put this matter in a remarkable light —A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected; makes a new one; hurries back to the action; pierces his enemy, while the iron, which was yet red-hot, hisses in the wound. This imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention, as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes, Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Oscan, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector; or the French that of Marlborough.

It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these Fragments, as it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it: There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

> Ye shepherds, so careless and free,
> Whose flocks never carelessly roam, &c.

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish? Your's, most sincerely.

LETTER LX.

David Hume, Esq. to Dr. Campbell.

Dear Sir, Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1762.

IT has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, while I have reason to give you thanks, for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments and to retain my former opinion in a point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice in regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps in strictness you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I have fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherwise my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

It may perhaps amuse you to learn the [illegible] which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloysters [illegible] Jesuits College of La Fleche, a [illegible] in which I passed two years of my [illegible], and engaged in a conversation [illegible] a Jesuit of some parts and learning, [illegible] was relating to me, and urging some [illegible] miracle performed in their con[illegible] when I was tempted to dispute against [illegible], and as my head was full of the topics [illegible] Treatise of Human Nature, which [illegible] at this time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I [illegible] it very much gravelled my com[illegible]; but at last he observed to me, that [illegible] impossible for that argument to have [illegible], because it operated equally [illegible] the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, [illegible] consideration I thought proper to ad[illegible] a sufficient answer. I believe you [illegible] the freedom at least of this [illegible] makes it somewhat extraordinary [illegible] been the produce of a convent of [illegible], though perhaps you may think the [illegible] of it savours plainly of the place [illegible] bath.

LETTER LXI.

[illegible]mollett to Daniel Mackercher, Esq.*

[illegible] Sir, Chelsea, Feb. 23, 1753.

[illegible]ALL take it as a particular favour [illegible] you will peruse the inclosed rough [illegible]pt of a letter which I intend to send [illegible] Hume Campbell, provided you [illegible] it contains nothing actionable. I [illegible] will excuse this trouble, and be[illegible]me to be with equal sincerity and [illegible]rnest, dear sir, your very humble [illegible].

Sir,

I HAVE waited several days in hope [illegible]ceiving from you an acknowledg[illegible] [illegible]tening those harsh, unjustifiable [illegible] let me add), unmannerly expressions [illegible] you annexed to my name, in the [illegible] King's Bench, when you opened [illegible] depending between me and Peter [illegible]; and as I do not find that you [illegible]covered the least inclination to re[illegible] what you said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentlemen injured as I am has a right to claim.

The business of a Counsellor is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his Client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and aspersé the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed this unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion. —First of all, in order to inspire the Court with horror and contempt for the Defendant, you gave the Jury to understand that you did not know this Dr Smollett; and, indeed, his character appeared in such a light from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him.—I should be glad to learn of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the Defendant, or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him?—Sir, this was a pitiful personality calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an abandoned fellow who had feed you to speak in his cause.—Did I ever seek your acquaintance, or court your protection? I had been informed, indeed, that you was a lawyer of some reputation, and, when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had not I been anticipated by the Plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your invidious declaration, until I had put it in your power to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are.—Yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the Jury against me.—You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse; as a barbarous ruffian, who in a cowardly manner had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark, with intent to murder. —Such an horrid imputation publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you could hardly miss to know, is an outrage, for which, I believe, I might find reparation

* This gentleman's name is familiar to the public, from the account of his life inserted in the memoirs of Peregrine Pickle, as from the [illegible] in the celebrated Anglesea Cause.

from the law itself, notwithstanding your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying, provided the facts can be proved. This low subterfuge may, for ought I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit you in that Court which every man of honour holds in his own breast. I say, you must have known my innocence from the weakness of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was or ought to have been previously acquainted; as well as from my general character and that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned.—I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in your heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my charge.—Surely, I do not over-rate my own importance in affirming, that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hume Campbell; and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world to prove one instance in which my integrity was called, or at least left, in question.—Have not I therefore reason to suppose that, in spight of your own internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose ingratitude, villany, and rancour are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom; that you magnified a slight correction bestowed by his benefactor, in consequence of the most insolent provocation, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of assassination; and endeavoured, with all the virulence of defamation, to destroy the character, and even the life, of an injured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profession? In favour of whom, and in consequence of what, was all this zeal manifested, all this slander exhausted, and all this scurrility discharged? Your Client, whom you dignified with the title of Esquire, and endeavoured to raise to the same footing with me in point of station and character, you knew to be an abject miscreant, whom my compassion and humanity had lifted from the most deplorable scenes of distress; whom I had saved from imprisonment and ruin; whom I had clothed and fed for a series of years; whom I had occasionally assisted with my purse, credit, and influence.—You knew, or ought to have known, that, after having received a thousand marks of my benevolence, and prevailed upon me to indorse notes for the support of his credit, he withdrew himself into the verge of the Court, and took up his habitation in a paltry alehouse, where he not only set me and the rest of his creditors at defiance, but provoked me by scurrilous and insolent letters and messages to chastise him in such a manner as gave him an handle for this prosecution, in which you signalized yourself as his champion, for a very honourable consideration.—There is something so palpably ungrateful, perfidious, and indeed diabolical, in the conduct of the prosecutor, that, even in these degenerate days, I wonder how he could find an Attorney to appear in his behalf. *O tempora! O mores!*—After having thus sounded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumstance of the plaintiff's evidence to my detriment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ridicule of the Court, by asking a question of my first witness, which had no more relation to the cause, than if you had desired to know the name of his grandmother.—What title had you to ask of a tradesman, if he had ever me to be an author? What affinity had this question with the circumstances of the assault? Was not this foreign to the purpose? Was it not impertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of countenance, and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expence? There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself remarkable. Though I do not pretend to possess that superlative degree of effrontery by which some people make a figure at the bar, I have assurance enough to stand the mention of my works without blushing, especially when I despise the taste, and scorn the principles, of him who would turn them to my disgrace.—You succeeded, however, in one particular, I mean, in raising the indignation of the witness; of which you took all imaginable advantage, puzzling, perplexing, and hurrying beating him with such artifice, eagerness and insult, as overwhelmed him with confusion, and had well nigh deprived me of the benefit of his evidence.—Luckily for me, the next gentleman who was called confirmed what the other had sworn, and proved to the satisfaction of the Judge and Jury, and even to your own conviction that this terrible deliberate assassination was no more than a simple blow given to a rascal after repeated provocation, and that in the most flagrant kind; that no advantage was taken in point of weapons; and that two drabs, whom they had picked up for the purpose, had affirmed upon oath a downright falsehood, with a view to

my reputation.—You yourself was so conscious of this palpable detection, that you endeavoured to excuse them by a forced explanation, which, you may depend upon it, shall not screen them from a prosecution for perjury.—I will not say, that this was like patronizing a couple of gypsies who who had so sworn themselves, consequently forfeited all title to the countenance, or indeed forbearance, of the Court; but this I will say, that your tenderness for them was of a piece with your whole behaviour to me, which I think was equally insolent and unjust: for, granting that you had really supposed me guilty of an intended adulteration, before the trial began, you saw me in the course of evidence acquitted of that suspicion, and heard the Judge insist upon my innocence in his charge to the Jury, who brought in their verdict accordingly. Then, Sir, you ought in common justice to have owned yourself mistaken, or to have taken some other opportunity of expressing your concern for what you had said to my disadvantage; though even such an acknowledgement would not have been a sufficient reparation; because, before my witnesses were called, many persons left the Court with impressions to my prejudice, conceived from the calumnies which they heard you espouse and encourage. On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolical impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body observed you was more than ordinarily interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret by the strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words Ferdinand Count Fathom. Then I discovered the source of your good will towards me, which is no secret in the history of a law-suit inserted in this performance, where the author has occasion to observe, that the Counsel have like men of consummate abilities in their profession; exerting themselves in their industry, eloquence, and erudition in their endeavours to perplex the witnesses, puzzle the evidence, puzzle the Bench, and mislead the Jury.—Did any part of this character come home to your conscience? or did you resent it as a reflection on the whole Bench without distinction? I take it for granted, this must have been the origin of your enmity to me; because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I scarce knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute, or indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy compliment to your own integrity, by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honest man, and give the world a handle to believe, that our Courts of Justice stand greatly in need of reformation. Indeed, the petulance, license, and buffoonery of some lawyers in the exercise of their function, is a reproach upon decency and a scandal to the nation; and it is surprising that the Judge, who represents his Majesty's person, should suffer such insults upon the dignity of the place.—But, whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the Counsel, no sort of freedom, it seems, must be allowed to the evidence, who, by the bye, are of much more consequence to the cause.—You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expence of a witness, by impertinent allusions to some parts of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him as an impudent fellow who fails in his respect to the Court.—It was in this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first provoked into a passion by injurious insinuations; then you took an advantage of the confusion which you had intailed upon him; and lastly, you insulted him as a person who had shuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradesman, had he not been luckily known to the whole Jury, and many other persons in Court, as a man of unquestionable probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a title as you have to the protection of the Court; and ought to have more, because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth; whereas the aim of a Lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similies? or, have you really so miserably mistaken your own talents, as to set up for the character of a man of humour?—For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more pregnant subject of ridicule than your own appearance and behaviour; but, as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwise I will in four days put this

this letter in the press, and you shall hear in another manner—not from a ruffian and an assassin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself.

Dear Sir, Monday Morning.

I am much mortified that my unfeeling situation will not at present permit me to send more than the trifle inclosed, as nothing could give me more pleasure than an opportunity of shewing with how much friendship and esteem, I am dear Sir, most faithfully, &c.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Lady, on the Method of Reading for Female Improvement.

Madam,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects, of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

History,
Morality,
Poetry.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse; so reading being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark, with a pencil, whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others, which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. The

This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which will many passes for sublime; for smooth verses, which run off the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised that could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view, besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am, Madam, your faithful humble servant,

LETTER LXIII.

From Glen Garden to Archbishop Secker.

Brechin, April 24, 1767.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,

May it please your Grace,

I AM a layman, content with the fruit of my labour, and have nothing to ask for myself. I am a Scots Whig and Presbyterian; not quite so rigid indeed, but I could conform to the church of England, were it by law established: but I shall never wish to see it so here: our country is too barren and poor, and, from the experience I have had of the clergy here, I never wish to see them possessed of power, the constant concomitant of great wealth: for they are to domineer, or to side with those, who are disposed to do so, when they can see their own interest in it.—This I am sensible, is no very plausible introduction, in addressing one of your station; but plain truth tells best, and is always more prevalent than fiction.

I have lately read a book, published this year at Edinburgh, titled, Principles Potical and Religious, by Mr. N. Sievwright, minister of the authorised Episcopal congregation here, to be sold at A. Donaldson's shop, London. I am pleased with the performance; the more so, as an essay of its nature, from one of his profession, in this country, would have been looked upon as quite exotic some years ago.—The design is certainly laudable, to open the eyes of, and introduce loyalty among, a blind, deluded, and disaffected people; a design wherein the interest and happiness of Great Britain is not a little concerned, and of consequence worthy of your Grace's attention, whom kind Providence has placed at the head of the church of England.

I am absolutely unconnected with the author, either by blood or alliance, but I know him to be a good man and a loyal subject; and that the character I give will be confirmed by every honest man that knows him; and though altogether unknown to your Grace, and even void of the improper and presumptuous ambition of being so, I have, without Mr. Sievwright's knowledge or participation, from the mere motive of public spirit, ventured to address you in this way, and under your correction, to suggest, that the countenance your Grace may be pleased to shew him, and your approbation of his design, will be a spur on him and others, to exert themselves strenuously in the same way, and cannot miss to have a tendency to make us, in this country, more unanimous, if not in religious, at least in political, matters; which would be no small point gained: two rebellions, in my time, demonstrate the truth of this.—Though my acquaintance and Mr. Sievwright's is of pretty long standing, sixteen years or thereby, I was yesterday in his house for the first time; I saw his wife, a grave genteel woman, big with child, and six young children, all clean and decently dressed, and every thing orderly. Mr. Sievwright was not at home. He has only forty pounds annually to support all this. Great must be the economy, considering the enormous price to which every thing has risen; for cold, I know is the charity of the place. I never heard Mr. Sievwright complain; and I believe no man else ever did. I own I was moved at the decent solemnity which I observed; and, upon consideration, nothing could have hindered me from giving that relief,

which a good God and generous nature prompted, but want of ability. To whom shall I pour forth the emotions of my soul so properly, on this affecting subject, as to him who, next to our amiable king, is God's vicegerent for good in the island of Britain?——The humanity, generosity, and godlike disposition of soul, for which you are famed, even in this remote corner, leaves no room to doubt, that you will unexpectedly send Mr. Sievwright that relief, which, upon due consideration, you shall find his merit deserving of, either by calling him to some small benefice in England, or otherways, as to your great wisdom shall seem most meet.—These prudential and charitable suggestions are submitted to you with all humility.—Begging pardon for this great and uncommon piece of presumption, I have, with the most profound regard, the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble servant.

LETTER LXIV.

Archbishop Secker to John Garden, in answer to the above.

Sir, Lambeth, May 25, 1767.

I BEG your pardon, that I have suffered your letter, in this busy time, to lie so long unanswered. And I hope the plain speaking of an English Episcopal Whig will be as acceptable to you, as that of a Scots Presbyterian is to me. Your established church hath as much power, I believe, as ours hath, or more, though less wealth. And its wealth, perhaps, is not so much less as you may imagine, allowing for the different prices of things; only with you the shares are nearly alike. I wish the incomes of your ministers were somewhat greater, and those of ours somewhat more equally divided. I wish too, that all your Episcopal clergy were friends to the government; and that all the Presbyterians were as candid as you towards such of them as are. But, however vain it may be to form wishes about others, each person may endeavour to act rightly himself. My business is, not to abuse either my power, by lording it over God's heritage, or my wealth to the purposes of luxury or covetousness, but to do as much good as I can with both. One part of it I am sure you have done, by recommending Mr. Sievwright to me. I have heard of a performance of his, relative to the Hebrew language, for which I am inquiring. I have got his Principles, Religious and Political; a work that shews much good sense and reading, and hath given me much information concerning the state of Episcopacy in Scotland. I should be glad to see him rewarded in proportion to his merit; but one half of the preferments in my gift are no better, all things considered, than what he hath already; and there are, amongst the English clergy, thrice as many claimants, on good grounds, for the other half, as I shall live to gratify. Besides, I should do Scotland an injury, by taking such a man out of it. I must therefore content myself, with desiring you to put the inclosed little note into his hands, and to tell him, that if I live another year, and do not forget, which last I hope you will prevent, notice shall be taken of him again, by your friend and servant.

LETTER LXV.

John Garden to Archbishop Secker, in return to the above.

May it please your Grace, June 5, 1767.

I AM instantly favoured with your's of the 25th ult. and have communicated the same to Mr. Sievwright. The honour you have conferred on me, by your speedy and effectual reply, though far beyond what I could have hoped for, is at present swallowed up in the more substantial joy which I feel, in living in those days, when one is found at the head of the church of England, who knows so well to make a proper use of that power, and those riches, which Almighty Goodness, out of mercy to mankind, has been graciously pleased to bestow upon so much merit. Methinks at present I feel, and fully understand what St. Paul meant, when he said, "that for "a good man one would even dare to die." What Mr. Sievwright's feelings are, your Grace will best understand from himself, for he also is to write to you. Sure I am, I surprised him. From the experience I have of him, I have reason to think, the more your Grace knows of him, the better you will be pleased with him, and the less you'll think your favours misplaced. He is a man of learning, and one whose walk and conversation seem worthy of his calling. He has now got the seventh child, and the wife is presently on the [illegible] so that the ten pound note came seasonably. May those sensations, that a good man feels upon doing a generous action, be your Grace's constant attendant; in one word, may God bless you, and preserve you long a

to bless others! With the greatest regard and affection, I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

Archbishop Secker to a Clergyman, who applied to him for Advice on his Son's becoming a Calvinist.

I AM very sorry that your son hath given you cause of uneasiness. But as a zeal of God, though in part not according to knowledge, influences him, his present state is far better than that of a profane or vicious person; and there is ground to hope, that, through the divine blessing on your mild instructions and affectionate expostulations, he may be gradually brought into a temper every way Christian. Perhaps you and he differ, even now, less than you imagine: for I have observed, that the Methodists and their opposers are apt to think too ill of each other's notions. Our clergy have dwelt too much upon mere morality, and too little on the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel: and hence they have been charged with being more deficient in this last respect than they are; and even with disbelieving, or however slighting, the principal points of revelation. They, in their turns, have reproached their accusers with enthusiastic imaginations, irrational tenets, and disregard to the common social duties, of which many of them perhaps are little, if at all, guilty. Who the Author of the Address to the Clergy *, &c. is, I am totally ignorant; he seems a pious and well-meaning man, but grievously uncharitable, in relation to the clergy, without perceiving it, and a little tinctured with Antinomianism—I hope without being hurt by it himself. God grant, that nothing which he hath written may hurt others! As Mr. P—— mentions Mr. B——t to your son, I send you some letters relative to him, which will shew you, more fully, my way of thinking about Methodists, and persons considered as a-kin to them: you will be pleased to return them. For the same purpose, I add a copy of an unpublished, though printed, Charge, which you may keep as a present from your loving brother, &c.

Since Mr. B——t left my diocese, I have never heard of him till now.

* This was a pamphlet entitled, "An Address "to the Clergy, concerning their Departure from "the Doctrines of Reformation," dedicated to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. By a Member of the Established Church, 8vo. 1767.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVE, RECENT, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTION III.

FROM THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, LORD CHESTERFIELD, DR. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of —.

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself (dear sister) that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear or seasickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam, presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers doors, are placed seats of various coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that I'll assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teized with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that chuse to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here, are more nicely clean, than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear sister, and, if I continue to like travelling, as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland, that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough, in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

LET-

LETTER II.

Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. S. ——.

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear Madam, that after all the dreadful fatigues you reatened me with, I am hitherto very ell pleased with my journey. We take are to make such short stages every day, at I rather fancy myself upon parties of easure, than upon the road, and sure thing can be more agreeable than tra-elling in Holland. The whole country ppears a large garden; the roads as well ned, shaded on each side with rows of ees, and bordered with large canals, full f boats, passing and repassing. Every enty paces gives you the prospect of ne villa, and every four hours, that of a rge town, so surprisingly neat, I am e you would be charmed with them. he place I am now at, is certainly one the finest villages in the world. Here several squares finely built, and (what link a particular beauty) the whole set th thick large trees. The *Voor-hout* is, the same time, the Hyde Park and Mall the people of quality; for they take air in it both on foot and in coaches. ere are shops for wafers, cool liquors, I have been to see several of the st celebrated gardens, but I will not e you with their descriptions. I dare ar you think my letter already long ugh. But I must not conclude without ging your pardon, for not obeying r commands, in sending the lace you ered me. Upon my word, I can yet l none, that is not dearer than you may it in London. If you want any India ds, here are great variety of penny-ths, and I shall follow your orders with at pleasure and exactness, being, dear dam, &c. &c.

LETTER III.

The same to Mrs. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 15, O. S. 1716.

AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that our fears of disobliging your relations, their fears for your health and safety, hindered me from enjoying the hap-s of your company, and you the plea-of a diverting journey. I receive degree of mortification from every eable novelty, or pleasing prospect, he reflection of your having so un-ily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower, they call Julius Cæsar's, has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trent-field, Adboulton, places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war, bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidera, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all. I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of, what d'ye call him, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff, as t'other talked to his puppets. However the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed, by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me, and be assured, I can never forget you, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Lady M. W. Mo'agie to the Lady ——.

Cologne, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

IF my lady ——— could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room, not at all better then a hovel; for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undress where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six, this morning, came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits church, which is the neatest, was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me, having never before seen any thing of that nature. I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all massy silver), and the enchasures of the relics, though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth, and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver, a great St. Christopher, which I imagined would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of tr veilers so far, as to give you a list of the being persuaded, that you have no mann of curiosity for the titles given to j bones and bits of worm-eaten wood. Adieu, I am just going to supper, w I shall drink your health in an admira sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure the same you call Burgundy in Lond &c. &c.

LETTER V.

The same to the Countess of B—.

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1

AFTER five days travelling po could not sit down to write on other occasion than to tell my dear L that I have not forgot her obliging co mand of sending her some account of travels. I have already passed a la part of Germany; I have seen all tha remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, We burg, and this place. 'Tis impossible to observe the difference between the f towns, and those under the governme absolute princes, as all the little sovere of Germany are. In the first there app an air of commerce and plenty. T streets are well built and full of peo neatly and plainly dressed. The sh are loaded with merchandize, and the co monalty are clean and chearful. In other you see a sort of shabby finery number of dirty people of quality tawde out; narrow nasty streets out of rep wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and ab half of the common sort asking alms. cannot help fancying one, under the fig of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and other like a poor town lady of pleas painted, and ribboned out in her b dress, with tarnished silver-laced sleev ragged under-petticoat, a miserable ma ture of vice and poverty.—They h sumptuary laws in this town, which d guish their rank by their dress, preven excess which ruins so many other co and has a more agreeable effect to the of a stranger, than our fashions. I not be ashamed to own, that I wish t laws were in force in other parts of world. When one considers impart the merit of a rich suit of clothes in places, the respect and the smiles of fa it procures, not to speak of the envy the sighs it occasions (which is very o the principal charm to the wearer), o forced to confess, that there is need of a common understanding to resist the te

ion of pleasing friends and mortifying ...; and that it is natural to young ...ple to fall into a folly, which betrays ...m to that want of money, which is the ...ce of a thousand basenesses. What ...mbers of men have begun the world ...generous inclinations that have after...ds been the instruments of bringing ...ry on a whole people, being led by a ...expence into debts that they could ...r no other way, but by the forfeit of ...honour, and which they never could ...contracted, if the respect the multi...pays to habits, was fixed by law, only ...particular colour or cut of plain cloth. ...se reflections draw after them others ...are too melancholy. I will make ...to put them out of your head by the ...of relics, with which I have been ...tained in all Romish churches.

...e Lutherans are not quite free from ...follies. I have seen here, in the ...ipal church, a large piece of the ...let in jewels, and the point of the ..., which, they told me, very gravely, ...the same that pierced the side of our ...ur. But I was particularly diverted ...the Roman catholic church which is ...ed here, where the professors of ...religion are not very rich, and conse...ly cannot adorn their images in so ...a manner as their neighbours. For ...be quite destitute of all finery, they ...dressed up an image of our Saviour ...the altar, in a fair full bottomed wig, ...well powdered. I imagine I see ...ladyship smile at this article, of which ...very much doubt the veracity; but, ...my word, I have not yet made use ...the privilege of a traveller, and my ...le account is written with the same ...sincerity of heart, with which I as...you that I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The same to Mrs. P. ——.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

...AD the pleasure of receiving your's ...the day before I left London. I ...you a thousand thanks for your good ...s, and have such an opinion of their ...cy, that, I am persuaded, I owe, in ... to them the good luck of having ...eded so far on my long journey with...y ill accident. For I don't reckon ..., to have been stopped a few days in ...an by a cold, since it has not only ...me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame ——, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here. You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different States. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquisites of his employment. You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important piques, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They chuse rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them, the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I was to stay amongst them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and what is very hard, will give it to no body. For my part, I could not forbear advertising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis publicly whispered

as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days. I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relics and images, are most of them false; though they tell you, that many of the crosses and madonas, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt indeed but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass amongst these relics. They shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin, and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest, that shewed it, whether the griffin was a saint? The question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, they only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalized at a large silver image of the Trinity, where the Father is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on the cross, and the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him. Madam ——— is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

LETTER VII.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniencies of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness, that, in the same day, you have the pleasure of a vast variety prospects, and within the space of a hours, you have the pleasure of seeing populous city, adorned with magnific palaces, and the most romantic scen which appear distant from the commerce mankind, the banks of the Danube b charmingly diversified with woods, ro mountains covered with vines, fields of c large cities, and ruins of ancient c I saw the great towns of Passau and L famous for the retreat of the Imp Court, when Vienna was besieged. town, which has the honour of being emperor's residence, did not at all a my expectation, nor ideas of it, much less than I expected to find it. streets are very close, and so narrow, cannot observe the fine fronts of the though many of them very well de observation, being truly magnificent They are all built of fine white stone, are excessive high. For as the town little for the number of the people that fire to live in it, the builders seem to projected to repair that misfortune, clapping one town on the top of anot most of the houses being of five, and of them six stories. You may easily gine that, the streets being so narrow, rooms are extremely dark, and what inconveniency much more intolerable my opinion, there is no house has fo as five or six families in it. The ap ments of the greatest ladies, and even the ministers of state, are divided, be a partition, from that of a taylor or maker, and I know nobody that has two floors in any house, one for their use, and one higher for their serv Those that have houses of their own, out the rest of them to whoever will them, and thus the great stairs (which all of stone) are as common and as as the street. 'Tis true, when you once travelled through them, nothing be more surprisingly magnificent than apartments. They are commonly a of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, doors and windows richly carved and and the furniture such as is seldom see the palaces of sovereign princes in countries. Their apartments are all with hangings of the finest tapestry or fels, prodigious large looking-glasses silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, canopies and window curtains of the Genoa damask or velvet, almost co with gold-lace or embroidery. All made gay by pictures and vast jars of

china, and large lustres of rock-cry-. I have already had the honour of be-ted to dinner by several of the first rs of quality, and I must do them the e to say, the good taste and magnifi-e of their tables very well answer to of their furniture. I have been more ce entertained with fifty dishes of all served in silver, and well dressed; dessert proportionable, served in the ina. But the variety and richness their wines, is what appears the most ing. The constant way is, to lay a of their names upon the plates of the along with the napkins, and I have d, several times, to the number of en different sorts, all exquisite in their . I was yesterday at Count Schoon-e vice-chancellor's garden, where ed to dinner. I must own, I a place so perfectly delightful as ng of Vienna. It is very large, ll wholly composed of delicious . If the emperor found it proper the gates of the town to be laid t the Fauxbourgs might be join-t, he would have one of the larg-best-built cities in Europe. Count Kaunitz's villa is one of the most ficent; the furniture all rich bro-s, so well furnished and fitted up, no-g can look more gay and splendid; not ck of a gallery, full of rarities of mother of pearl, and throughout the house a profusion of gilding, carv-fine paintings, the most beautiful por-, statues of alabaster and ivory, and range and lemon trees in gilt pots. dinner was perfectly fine and well-or-d, and made still more agreeable by good humour of the Count. I have not been at court, being forced to stay n, without which there is no g on the empress; though I am not great impatience to see a beauty has been the admiration of so many n nations. When I have had the , I will not fail to let you know my thoughts, always taking a particular ure in communicating them to my filler.

LETTER VIII.

The same to Mr. P———.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

RHAPS you'll laugh at me, for thank-s you very gravely for all the oblig-ncern you express for me. 'Tis cer-that I may, if I please, take the fine s you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to take you in earnest, as I am at present, and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much encreased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that 'tis hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house can hold such large decorations; but the ladies, all sitting in the open air, expose them to great inconveniencies; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.—But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitrion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understood enough of that language, to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady, that had

had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant was, the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis, for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but, instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitrion's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias' very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me, this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier. I won't trouble you with farewel compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as curtsies at leaving the room, when the visit has been too long already.

LETTER IX.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ——

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise, in giving you an account of my first going to court. In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget, and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy rib[illegible] The foundation of this structure is a [illegible] they call a *bourlé*, which is exactly of [illegible] same shape and kind, but about four ti[illegible] as big as those rolls our prudent milk-m[illegible] make use of to fix their pails upon. [illegible] machine they cover with their own [illegible] which they mix with a great deal of f[illegible] it being a particular beauty to have [illegible] heads too large to go into a moderate [illegible] Their hair is prodigiously powdered [illegible] conceal the mixture, and set out with [illegible] or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully [illegible] that stick out two or three inches from [illegible] hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, g[illegible] and yellow stones, that it certainly re[illegible] as much art and experience to carr[illegible] load upright, as to dance upon Ma[illegible] with the garland. Their whalebone p[illegible] coats outdo ours by several yards cir[illegible] ference, and cover some acres of gr[illegible] You may easily suppose how this extr[illegible] dinary dress sets off and improves the [illegible] tural uglinesS, with which God Almi[illegible] has been pleased to endow them, gen[illegible] speaking. Even the lovely empre[illegible] self is obliged to comply, in some de[illegible] with these absurd fashions, which [illegible] would not quit for all the world. I [illegible] private audience (according to cere[illegible] of half an hour, and then all the [illegible] ladies were permitted to come and [illegible] their court. I was perfectly charmed [illegible] the empress; I cannot however tell [illegible] that her features are regular; her ey[illegible] not large, but have a lively look, f[illegible] sweetness; her complexion the finest I [illegible] saw; her nose and forehead well made, [illegible] her mouth has ten thousand charms, [illegible] touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis [illegible] a beauty and sweetness, that forces a[illegible] tion. She has a vast quantity of fine fair [illegible] but then her person!—one must speak [illegible] poetically, to do it rigid justice; all [illegible] the poets have said of the mien of j[illegible] the air of Venus, come not up to the [illegible] The Graces move with her; the f[illegible] statue of Medicis was not formed [illegible] more delicate proportions; nothing ca[illegible] added to the beauty of her neck and b[illegible] Till I saw them, I did not believe [illegible] were any in nature so perfect, and I [illegible] almost sorry, that my rank here di[illegible] permit me to kiss them; but they are [illegible] ed sufficiently, for every body, that [illegible] on her, pays that homage at their en[illegible] and when they take leave. When the [illegible] dies were come, she sat down to quinz[illegible] could not play at a game I had never [illegible] before, and she ordered me a seat a[illegible]

right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the [illegible] where to come in to pay my court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand master, who comes to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His Imperial Majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never speaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that is something very formal in it. The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two arch-duchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their Imperial Majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the ladies had the permission of paying their court. The arch-duchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no duty but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in brilliants. The three first of them are Ladies of the Key, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, in the fashion, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her Majesty is served by no married women but the [illegible], who is generally a widow of the quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole and mother of the maids. The dressers are as all in the figure they pretend to in [illegible], being looked upon no otherwise than as right chamber-maids. I had the honour the next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on her devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, not having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go abroad; but she herself never quits mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears and side of the face are covered with a plaited peice of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear over and above, a crape forehead cloth, and in this solemn weed, go to all the public places of diversion without scruple. The next day I was to wait on the Empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in her garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-duchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands, and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, "'Tis easy to be valliant here." The second a Fortune, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, "For her whom Fortune favours." The third was a Sword with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, "Here is no shame to the vanquished." —Near the empress was a gilded trophy, wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring, set round with diamonds, in a gold snuff-box. There was, for the second, a little Cupid, set with brilliants; and besides these, a set of fine china for the tea-table, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the arch-duchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the Æneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun. My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion.

clusion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I shall never conclude at all.

LETTER X.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady R—.

Vienna, Sept. 20, 1716. O. S.

I AM extremely rejoiced, but not at all surprized, at the long, delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return, and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me. I have compassion for the mortifications, that you tell me befal our little, old friend, and I pity her much more, since I know, that they are, only, owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself, a young fellow of five and twenty, ogling my Lady S—ff—k with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of O———d from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprized at them but myself. A woman till five and thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter, but 'tis a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women, and I am content to be insignificant at present in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, who if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties.

LETTER XI.

*The same to Mrs. J***.*

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprized than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem, that I tell you so, and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent, and I believe I should be obliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones. Yet in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they shew all their passions, and 'tis not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot rather than yield, in a point of this importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs, exactly at the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty, that the pas was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they don't only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own, and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can reckon amongst their ancestors, Counts of the Empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands. 'Tis true as to money, 'tis false

any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have besides remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are however obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions. I am sure you, that know my lazinesS and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pas before them all. They, indeed, so revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shewed to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I could be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said so much on so dull a subject, which however employs the whole care of the people here. I need not after this, tell you how insensibly time slides away with me, you know as well as I do the taste of, your's, &c.

LETTER XII.

The same to the Lady X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands, but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff, that ever was read or printed, without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the most regular deversion, the operas being only at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has an assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess—such a one. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and, whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquett, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw t'other day the Gala for Count Altheim, the Emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastinesses must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone-gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they assured me, spoke, during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all visits

of women, and play at ombre in their chambers with permission of their Abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me, as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the Abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family. and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprize at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me (said she, sighing), but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I begun to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me, that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason. I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprized that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are some or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are set up almost in every street. The procession I see very often are a pageantry, as offensive, and apparently contradictory to common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly spirit of contradiction that works in me, but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of, dear Madam, &c. &c.

LETTER XIII.

Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. ——.

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is no that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements, to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you, that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say, you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment, that I am sure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you. I have seen every thing that was to be seen, with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly, the late Prince Lichtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hand. 'Tis true, the Emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his Treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above two hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, having a very long gallery filled, on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a great quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures, but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, there being Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me there a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet, full of curiosities of clockwork, only one of which I thought worth observing; that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural that it was hard to distinguish it from life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and fine

vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprized to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that they were ancient enough, for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years; but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, through which I was desired to observe a curiosity, that they assured me had spoke very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I don't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber, but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone, that lifts up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee, that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you, to be good-natured enough to judge the dulness of it, on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of your, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

The same to the Countess of —.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proof of my sincere affection for her; I am sure if you do, I could not give a stronger than writing at this time, three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.—The kingdom of Bohemia is the desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation is to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not somewhere find a place to set it up in; and rather chose to travel all night, as cold as I was, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian King, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, chuse to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially, the best wild fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a woman," for the information of travellers, as ever sign post painter had to write, "This is a bear." I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

The same to the Countess of —.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty four hours post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife not to wake Mr. W———y, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon, our postillions nodding on horse-

horse-back, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W——y, and he was much more surprized than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me, that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that 'tis common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but thank God that was not our destiny, and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large place on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the Elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir ——, our King's Envoy, came to see me here, and Madam de L ——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was Minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more, than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have, generally, pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civility and good nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence, and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.—She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most, but she consented to leave her husband and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as by their laws permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but 'tis certain the King had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a Queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his Majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed, and has, at last provoked the King to confine her perpetually to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which 'tis supposed will soon put an end to her life: I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman, that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W—— business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the protestant religion, but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness, than I have found in other places. *Leipsic*, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for trade, and I take this opportunity of buying page's liveries, gold stuffs for my wife, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna, partly by reason of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people

who make no one sort of thing there, so that the ladies are obliged to send, even for their shoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you'll willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels. I dare swear you would ask me what is a ravelin? and what is a bastion? Adieu, my dear sister.

LETTER XVI.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of —.

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two Empresses to Germany. I have not forgot to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey, and I declare to you, that if you don't send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances amongst our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

LETTER XVII.

The same to the Countess of B.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the pacquet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the letters of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leaves me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young Prince, has all the accomplishments that 'tis possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said, joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the Princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James. The King has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, 'tis very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to day with the Portuguese Ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the Tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common among us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nurenburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness makes it one of the most agreeable places in the world. Dear Madam, your L. &c.&c.

LETTER XVIII.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady R —.

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady R——, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. W—— is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.—I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do, when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have, literally, rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great-Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too near approaching the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though 'tis now such excessive cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial. The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their *traineaus*. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made, and when there are many of them together, 'tis a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our King, and uncle to the remaining empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the Imperial Court for the loss of the arch-duke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she begun to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression), and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter. Adieu, dear Lady R——, continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

The same to the Countess of —.

Blanckenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure. I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress, and carry a message from her Imperial Majesty to the Duchess of Blanckenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the Duke and Duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took my quarters in a miserable inn; but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their Highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had been ever enough to do to draw us up the steep high hill on which the castle is situated. The Duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The Duke *tailles* at *hazard* every night, and the Duchess tells me, she is well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church

where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it. You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder, that night at the King's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe *Ananas*, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very near the same; I am surprised we do not practise, in England, so useful an invention. This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold, five mo ths in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniencies of life. Besides, they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shape of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of, dear sister, your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it; but I must beg you to be a little more particular in your's; you fancy me at twenty miles distance, and forget, that, after so long an absence, I can't understand hints.

LETTER XX.

The same to the Lady ———.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your Ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover. You see, Madam, all things that are asserted with confidence, are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world, in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself, that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnaval is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years. I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months labour to make them comprehend them. Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded

ſuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholeſome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all ſorts of proviſions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and 'tis not very expenſive to keep a ſplendid table. 'Tis really a pleaſure to paſs through the markets, and ſee the abundance of what we ſhould think rarities, of fowls and veniſon, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but ſhell fiſh, and are ſo fond of oyſters, that they have them ſent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, ſtink or not ſtink. Thus I obey your commands, Madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be ſatisfied with it. You chide me for my lazineſs in not telling you a thouſand agreeable and ſurpriſing things, that you ſay you are ſure I have ſeen and heard. Upon my word, Madam, 'tis my regard to truth, and not lazineſs, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers uſe to divert their readers with. I might eaſily pick up wonders in every town I paſs through, or tell you a long ſeries of Popiſh miracles, but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know, that prieſts will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are ſo inquiſitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people), that the Prince of —— has forſaken the Counteſs of ——? or that the Prince ſuch a one has an intrigue with Count ſuch a one? Would you have me write novels like the Counteſs of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth, that I am, &c.?

LETTER XXI.

Lady M. W. Montague to the Counteſs of —.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear ſiſter, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, deſigning, to-morrow, to begin my journey through Hungary in ſpite of the exceſſive cold and deep ſnows, which is enough to damp a greater courage than I am miſtreſs of. But my principle of paſſive obedience carries me through every thing. I have had my audience of leave of the Empreſs. His Imperial Majeſty was pleaſed to be preſent, when I waited on the reigning Empreſs, and, after a very obliging converſation, both their Imperial Majeſties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, ſo great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Ducheſs of Blanckenburg. I ſtaid but a few days at that court, though her Highneſs preſſed me very much to ſtay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curioſity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empreſs have two of theſe little monſters, as ugly as devils, eſpecially the female; but they are all bedawbed with diamonds, and ſtand at her Majeſty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the Ducheſs of Blanckenburg is not without hers, but indeed the moſt proportionable I ever ſaw. I am told the King of Denmark has ſo far improved upon this fathion, that his dwarf is his chief miniſter. I can aſſign no reaſon for their fondneſs for theſe pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the abſolute princes have, that 'tis below them to converſe with the reſt of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to ſeek their companions among the refuſe of humanity, theſe creatures being the only ones of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at preſent confined to my chamber by a ſore throat, and am really glad of the excuſe to avoid ſeeing people that I love well enough, to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. 'Tis true, the Auſtrians are not commonly the moſt polite people in the world, nor the moſt agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myſelf a little ſociety of ſuch as were perfectly to my own taſte. And though the number is not very great, I could never pick up in any other place, ſuch a number of reaſonable agreeable people. We were almoſt always together, and you know I have often been of opinion, that a choſen converſation, compoſed of a few that one chuſes, is the greateſt happineſs of life. There are ſome Spaniards of both ſexes, that have all the vivacity and generoſity of ſentiments anciently aſcribed to their nation; and could I believe that the kingdom were like them, I ſhould wiſh nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have ſhewn much goodneſs for me, they cry when they ſee me, ſince I am determined to

deſert

d take this journey. And indeed I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water, assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such, as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and no body can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe, that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite with a great vivacity. All the officers are wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.——Adieu, my sister, this is the last account you shall have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses, I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady ——, that I believe she won't like; and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; for I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of things which I keep to myself out of malice. She is very angry that I don't lie like other travelers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the Anthropophagie, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

LETTER XXII.

The same to Mr. Pope.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in all the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity, as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sort of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable escorte, so that, possibly, I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle. How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.——Pray be so good as to tell Mr. ——— I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady R———.

LETTER XXIII.

The same to the Countess of ———.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

AT length, dear sister, I am safely arrived with all my family in good health at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter. Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to give you a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed, even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally chuse to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own

own coaches fixed upon traineaus, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. W— sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. W ———, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The Bishop of Temeswar came to visit us, with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day, which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey; he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle — Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks under the command of Bassa Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred ninety-four. The governor being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the Emperor's command. The Counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise 1598, since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town. Leaving Comora on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the Emperor; and the more cruel civil war, occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protestant religion, by the Emperor Leopold. That Prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace there was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, and part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the governor general Rabutin, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained. This city is situated upon a little hill, on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me it would have twelve thousand fighting men. The towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear, at a little distance, like old-fashioned thatched roofs. They consist, every one of them, of a hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand the First, King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of king John of Hungary, to whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raised the siege; but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburgh, in the

1542; Count Schwartzenburgh, in 1598; General Rosworm, 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the Emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded, in 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach, with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet the fourth the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through Salan and Todowar, both considerable towns, when in the hands of the Turks, are now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns, shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild fowl there are, which often live here to a good age,——and undisturbed by guns, in their sleep.—We came the five and twentieth to Mohatch, and were shewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young king of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Ibrahim, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary. —I don't name to you the little villages, which I can say nothing remarkable; but I assure you, I have always found a very civil reception and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of game. The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money; but the woods and plains afford them common in great abundance; they were ordered to give us all things necessary, on what horses we pleased to demand, for; but Mr. W—— would not oppress the poor country people, by making use of this order, and always paid them to the worth of what we had. They were so surprized at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, and cap and boots of the same stuff. You easily imagine this lasts them many years; and thus they have very little occasion for money. The twenty-sixth we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met, on the other side, General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarce passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we stayed a day, to dispatch a courier with letters to the Bassa of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces, and was built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes by the Count Lesly in 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who however abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took possession of it for the Emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary. The twenty eighth we went to Bocorvar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel ——, who would not suffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his neice and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses, cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country. They are generally very fair and well shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur. They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way. The twenty-ninth we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by

by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr W——'s courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the Bassa's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. 'Tis to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy. He has dispatched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway, between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer. Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading, that has made me to tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through. I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world, which I believe quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

LETTER XXIV.

Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. Pope.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days, but the Bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. W——— had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses, they rather look like vagabond gypsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports, signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In many other points they follow the Greek church. ——This little digression has interrupted my telling you, we passed over the field of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder, not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a little spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable, but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being thus established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbs, that the state of nature, is a state of war; but then I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Bassa had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snow making the ascent to it very difficult.

seems a strong city, fortified, on the east-side, by the Danube; and on the south, by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and since, by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison, of their bravest Janizaries, commanded by a Bassa *Seraskier* (i. e. General); though this last expression is not very just; for to say truth, the Seraskier is commanded by the Janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the Governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him, at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their Bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this: The late Bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason, but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming soon enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and, by force, dragged their Bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the Infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The Bassa, easily guessing their purpose, coolly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scymitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and, in few moments cut him in pieces. The present Bassa has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money amongst the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town, which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery.—— We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the Bassa detains us, till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host Achmet-beg, a title something like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Bassa, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *Effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers, not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first, he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him, concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him.——He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman

Roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, any where, but in Greenland.——We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and the windows of the room are frozen on the inside —God knows, when I shall have an opportunity of sending this letter; but I have written it, for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Lady M. W. Montague to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales *.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE now, Madam, finished a journey, that has not been undertaken by any Christian, since the time of the Greek Emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's Ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. W—— was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage. We crossed the desarts of Servia, almost quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the Janizaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day, to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.——After seven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain, on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house, weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your R. H. how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the Aga, who would have taken it from them without remorse. After four days journey from this place over the mountains we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain, on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. 'Tis hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large and extremely populous. Here are the baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues ——Four days journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges, between the mountains of Haemus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground, near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks; here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop, and several of the richest Greeks live here, but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniencies) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople, is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills, and the perpetual spring they enjoy, makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king, who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon, as their father than their master. ——This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible, I have already tired your R. H.'s patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it. I am, Madam, with the greatest respect.

* The late Queen Caroline.

LETTER XXVI.

The same to the Lady ——.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see, appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping at least, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish Empire, and famous for the hot baths, that are resorted to both for pleasure and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them; and designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish bath. These voitures are not at all like them, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that coaches would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden cages painted and gilded; the inside lined, also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not dressed.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the Bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these rooms joined together, the outmost being larger than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impossible to stay there with one's cloaths on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion.

LETTER XXVII.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

Dear Doctor, Spa, July 4, N. S. 1741.

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill; and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: that virtue which makes you fit, and it may be willing, to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it; and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them; and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which

which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear Doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I PUT nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear Doctor* would now become me; because I hope that, by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my Lord of Clonfort. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the King, for the bishopric of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it; therefore do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are till you hear further from me. I assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me; and what I value still more, your own merits and virtues. Your's sincerely.

LETTER XXIX.

The same to the same.

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

Dear Doctor,

I TOLD you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation; and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now, for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishopric of Clonfort, or a better thing, or else I will not be Lord Lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision*. Good-night to you. Your's.

* When the King refused his consent to the making me a bishop, he directed Lord Harrington, then secretary of state, to acquaint Lord Chesterfield that he would comply with his application in favour of any one, except me. His Lordship's answer was, that he would not continue lord lieutenant of Ireland, except I had the vacant bishopric. One of the reasons given by his Majesty was, because he was told I wrote political pamphlets against the administration, which was absolutely false; for I declare in the most solemn manner, that I never wrote any pamphlet whatever, and I further declare, that Lord Chesterfield never employed me to negociate for him any private transaction, though Sir Robert thought so, because I used to go to his Lordship every morning at eight o'clock, and had the honour to stay with him till he was dressed. In consequence of this I was informed, upon the best authority, that a person used to follow me upon my going out of his Lordship's house; and as I sometimes went from Lord Chesterfield to Lord Scarborough, Sir Robert thought I carried messages from one to the other, which I never did. There was no occasion for my doing it, as Lord Scarborough made no secret of his going to Lord Chesterfield; for I have seen him myself go from his Lordship to Sir Robert, as living opposite to each other, in St. James's Square. Another reason the King gave for his refusal was, because Lord Scarborough had complained to him, with some warmth, of the little regard that had been shewed to his recommendation in my favour.

Perhaps another reason was, that his Majesty was glad to cross his Lordship's recommendation in my favour, knowing the great regard and affection he was so good as to have for me.

From the Bishop of Waterford.

† That scheme, intended for the encouragement of French Protestants, did not answer the expectation of those who had formed it.

LETTER XXX.

The same to the same.

Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

My good Lord,

NOW you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfort, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and could not refuse myself the pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluys for England. Adieu. Your's.

LETTER XXXI.

The same to the same.

My dear Lord, London, June 18, 1747.

I THANK you for your letter and for your kind hint, and am heartily glad to hear that you have made up your affair with your predecessor's widow.

What becomes of your intended establishment at Waterford for the reception of foreigners †? Does it go on?

...ld be of great advantage to the town, ...a good example to others. How does ...Smith's linen manufacture flourish with ...? If it prospers, I should think it ...ld both invite and employ foreigners. ...with my country people, for I look upon ...elf as an Irishman still, would but at... half as much to those useful objects, ...they do to the glory of the militia and ...purity of their claret. Drinking is a ...beastly vice in every country, but it ...really a ruinous one to Ireland: nine ...gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impove...ed by the great quantity of claret, ...h, from mistaken notions of hospita...and dignity, they think it necessary ...be drunk in their houses; this ex... leaves them no room to improve ...estates, by proper indulgence upon ...conditions to their tenants, who ...pay them to the full, and upon the ...day, that they may pay their wine ...ants.

...ere was a law in one of the ancient ...nments, I have forgot which *, that ...wered a man to kill his wife if she ...of wine. I most sincerely wish that ...was a law in Ireland, and better exe... than most laws are, to empower the ...to kill their husbands in the like case; ...ld promote sobriety extremely, if ...ects of conjugal affection were fully ...ered.

...you grow fat? Are Mrs. Chenevix ...your children all well? Are you as ...el and as happy as your good con...e ought to make you? I hope them ..., upon my word, no body loves and ...you more than your faithful friend ...vant, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

...Chesterfield to Dr. R. C ——.

...dear Lord, 1747†.

...very glad to hear of your safe ar...al upon Irish ground, after your dis... upon the Irish seas; escapes always ...people either much bolder or more ...than they were before; your's, I ...will have the former of these effects, and encourage you rather to visit your friends in England.

I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is; for I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay there three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* (garden-madness) has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey. Be as well and as cheerful as you can; and believe me most faithfully and truly yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, Bath, March 1, 1748.

I THANK you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life: indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and withdraw from them *uti conviva satur* (as a satisfied guest). This conviction, from experience, secured me from regret: those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations, languish for their hidden charms, which, in my mind, soon satiate after possession ‡.

I am very glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family here this summer; I know that I cannot see a truer nor a warmer friend, which, I assure you, you may say too when you see me. I suppose that you will stop in your way in Nottinghamshire to see your son, whom, as you return, you will probably take with you to Ireland.

I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters, not that I had any great occasion for them; but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being talked to, and talked of, while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town.

Adieu, my dear Lord: I cannot tell you how sincerely and affectionately I am your's, &c.

* ...of the ancient Romans: that law, ...not subsist long in all its severity; but ...the ladies had obtained the permission ...wine, they were punished for abusing ..., and the wife of a senator having ...of drunkenness, was deprived of ...

...is not in the hand of Lord Ches... I suspect it to be faulty.

‡ When I had the honour to see Lord Chesterfield, some time after his resignation, one reason he told me why he was glad he had resigned, was because it was very difficult, in the public station he was in, to be entirely free from doing things that were not quite right.

Bishop of Waterford.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C.——.

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 28, 1749.

THIS is to most people, and in most places, the season of lies, dignified and distinguished by the name of compliments; with me it is a season of truth, when I assure you that I wish you, and all who belong to you, whatever you wish for yourselves or for each other, more particularly health, with which no body need be unhappy.

Though you would not tell me how soon, and how generously, you provided for Dr. Young's son *, he did, and with all the professions of gratitude which he owed you. I am as much obliged to you as he can be; I am glad that the young man has a good character, which you know I made a *conditio sine quâ non* of my request; and I hope that my recommendation interfered with no views of your own in favour of any other person.

Lord Scarborough's picture will be finished this week, and sent to Mrs. Chenevix; I think it is very well done, and indeed ought to be by the time Barret has taken to do it in; but he has taken it into his head, and I cannot say that I have discouraged him, that a great painter should also be a poet; that the same warmth of imagination equally forms both; and consequently, when I expect him to bring me home a very good copy of a picture, he frequently brings an execrable copy of verses instead of it. The melon seeds shall go by the same opportunities of the picture and candlesticks, which I suppose will be time enough, since they are not to be sown till February.

I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town; and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them; for I am now full of them at Blackheath, where I am adding a gallery. *Il ne faut jamais faire les sottises à demi.* (Foolish things should never be done by halves.) I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully your's, &c.

* I must observe here, that Lord Chesterfield never recommended any one to the ecclesiastical preferments in my gift but Mr. Young. When he did, it was in the handsomest manner, by telling me twice in his letter, "Remember that I do "not recommend, but if you approve of his "character, you will do a good-natured action."
Bishop of Waterford.

LETTER XXXV.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, November 30, 175[illegible]

MY reproach by Dr. Thomas, I in[illegible] upon it, was a very just one, a[illegible] your excuse a very lame one: indifferen[illegible] as I am grown about most things, y[illegible] could not suppose that I was become [illegible] where the health and happiness of y[illegible] and your family were concerned; on t[illegible] contrary, I find, that in proportion as [illegible] renounces public, one grows more sensi[illegible] to private, social cares. My circle, th[illegible] God, is so much contracted, that my [illegible] tention can, and does, from its centre [illegible] tend itself to every point of the circ[illegible] ference. I am very glad to hear that y[illegible] son goes on so well; and as he does [illegible] on so well, why should you move hi[illegible] The Irish schools and universities are [illegible] disputably better than ours, with this [illegible] ditional advantage, that having him w[illegible] in your reach will be much better for [illegible] than a better place out of it: a man [illegible] more liveth by Latin and Greek, than [illegible] bread alone; but a father's care of [illegible] son's morals and manners is surely m[illegible] useful, than the critical knowledge [illegible] Homer and Virgil, supposing that it [illegible] which it very seldom is, acquired at th[illegible] I do not, therefore, hesitate to advise [illegible] to put your son to the best school, th[illegible] the nearest to your usual place of [illegible] dence; that you may see and examine [illegible] often and strictly, and watch his progr[illegible] not only in learning, but in morals [illegible] manners, instead of trusting to interes[illegible] accounts of distant school-masters.

His Grace of Tuam's recovery hi[illegible] find, delayed, if not broke, a long c[illegible] of ecclesiastical promotions, of which [illegible] first link is the only one I interest my[illegible] in; I mean the translation of that g[illegible] man and citizen, the Bishop of Me[illegible] to Tuam; the more he gets, the [illegible] Ireland gets; that being your case [illegible] pray, how goes the copper mine? I [illegible] ful, and yet inexhaustible, I hope [illegible] it will but supply you with riches, I [illegible] answer for your making the best [illegible] them.

I hear, with great pleasure, that Ire[illegible] improves daily, and that a spirit of [illegible] dustry spreads itself, to the great inc[illegible] of trade and manufactures. I think I [illegible] terest myself more in that country th[illegible]

† Dr. Maul.

this; this is paſt its perfection, and ſeems gradually declining into weakneſs and caducity; that ſeems but tending to its vigour and perfection, and engages one's expectations and hopes; one loves a promiſing youth, one only eſteems an old man; the former is a much quicker ſentiment than the latter: both thoſe ſentiments conſpire, I aſſure you, in forming that friendſhip with which I am, my dear Lord, your moſt faithful humble ſervant, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

My dear Lord, London, May 22, 1752.

I AM doubly concerned at Mrs. Chenevix's illneſs, for, while ſhe is ſo ill, am ſure you cannot be well: though in me caſes I would take Ward's remedy yſelf, I cannot recommend it to others; has certainly done a great deal of good many caſes, in others it has ſometimes ce harm; he gives it indiſcriminately all, and conſequently improperly in me; it is all one and the ſame medicine, ough he gives it in different ſhapes, and ls it by different names, of drop, pill, d powder: the principle is known to antimony; but in what manner pre-ed, no body yet has been able to diſ-ter.

You are engaged in a moſt uſeful and ritable deſign, and I think that you l my friend, the Biſhop of Meath, have ged very ſucceſsfully for the time; he n old experienced beggar, and you not learn the mendicant trade under a er maſter; this undertaking is worthy oth your characters, and becomes you men, citizens, and biſhops. I deſire I may be upon your liſt of contribu-; therefore pray lay down fifty pounds me, and draw upon me for it by the firſt opportunity. Private ſubſcrip-can never extend this excellent me ſo far as it ought to be carried, gh nothing but private ſubſcriptions diligence could have laid the founda-of it. You have made a beginning, is often the greateſt difficulty; and k it is now impoſſible but that the nment and parliament muſt carry it I will venture to ſay, that they have ject which ſo well deſerves their at-n. Could the government and par-nt be brought to adopt this affair ly, and puſh it effectually, a conſi-e ſum ought to be granted for that particular purpoſe, as was done in England, at the time of the great *réfuge* upon the revocation of the *édit de Nantes*. Lands too might be purchaſed, and houſes and néceſſaries provided, for the refugees in Kerry and in Connaught, near and under the protection of ſome of the barracks, which would greatly improve and civilize, and in time enrich, thoſe two, at preſent, inhoſpitable and almoſt barbarous counties. The opportunity is now extremely favourable, while the weakneſs of the French government ſuffers the rage and fury of the clergy to drive ſuch numbers of its ſubjects into other countries. I wiſh we could get them all into England and Ireland; that would be the true and juſtifiable way of promoting the Proteſtant intereſt, inſtead of following the example of the Papiſts, by perſecuting them. *Eſt aliquid prodire tenus* (there is ſome merit in breaking the ice); you have that merit, and I dare ſay theſe new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain degree, even ſhould the government not think them worth its attention: but I hope it will.

I have been now confined near a month by a fall from my horſe, which, though by good luck it neither broke nor diſlocated any bone, bruiſed the muſcles ſo much, that I have yet very little uſe of my leg; I can juſt hobble acroſs my room with a ſtick, and that is all: but I have had, and ſtill have, a much worſe complaint, which is my deafneſs, for which I have yet found no relief, though I have tried a thouſand infallible remedies: as ſoon as my lameneſs will allow me, I will go to Blackheath, and ſeek the refuge of a deaf man, reading and walking.

Lady Cheſterfield ſends her compliments to you and Mrs. Chenevix, at whoſe illneſs ſhe is much concerned; ſhe has ſent you, from Briſtol, a buſto of your humble ſervant, caſt from a marble one done by Mr. Hoare at Bath, for Mr. Adderly: it is generally thought very like. Adieu, my dear Lord. I am, faithfully, your's, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

My dear Lord, London, July 14, 1752.

I KNOW the gentleneſs, the humanity, and the tenderneſs of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it* too well to blame it; no,

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the Biſhop's wife.

in ſuch caſes it is a commendable, not a blameable paſſion, and is always inſeparable from a heart that is capable of friendſhip or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of conſolation; but as any ſtrong and prevailing paſſion is apt to make us neglect or forget, for the time, our moſt important duties, I muſt remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, inſtead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your dioceſe as a biſhop. Your care of your children muſt be doubled, in order to repair, as faſt as poſſible, their loſs; and the public truſt of your flock muſt not ſuffer from a perſonal and private concern. Theſe incumbent and neceſſary duties will ſometimes ſuſpend, and at laſt mitigate, that grief, which I confeſs mere reaſon would not: they are equally moral and Chriſtian duties, which I am ſure no conſideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your aſſiduous diſcharge of them inſenſibly leſſen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it muſt be vain and unavailing to her, whoſe loſs you juſtly lament! I am, with the greateſt truth and affection, my dear Lord, your moſt faithful friend and ſervant, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lord Cheſterfield to Dr. R. C——.

My dear Lord, Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

THIS is only to aſk you how you do, and what you do, in both which I need not tell you how truly I intereſt myſelf. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed, and agreeably amuſed, you will probably, conſidering your ſobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to anſwer both thoſe ends. Their eſtabliſhment ſhould excite your attention; and their converſation and progreſſive improvement amuſe your leiſure hours. Your ſon is of an age to enable you to gueſs a little at his turn and diſpoſition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you muſt certainly ſend him to ſome great ſchool; but if you would have him be a better thing, a very honeſt man, you ſhould have *à portée* of your own inſpection. At thoſe great ſchools, the heart is wholly neglected by thoſe who ought to form it, and is conſequently left open to temptations and ill examples: paternal care and inſpection, attended by proper firmneſs and authority, may prevent great part of that miſchief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond; by which I find, with great pleaſure, that both the collection and the objects of it, the refugees, increaſe daily. If the receiving and retrieving thoſe poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and a political duty, what muſt be the guilt and madneſs of thoſe, who, by perſecution for matters of mere ſpeculation, force thoſe poor people to carry their induſtry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries. I wonder the French government does not rather chuſe to burn them at home, than perſecute them away into other countries; it would be full as juſt, and much more prudent.

Theſe waters, which I have now uſed ſix weeks, in every way that it is poſſible to uſe them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing ſome good, but not enough to refit me for ſocial life. I ſtay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my phyſician promiſes me ſtrongly; as I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philoſophy and religion enough to ſubmit to my fate, without melancholy or murmur; for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or phyſical evil in the world, yet, conſcious of the narrow bounds of human underſtanding, and convinced of the wiſdom and juſtice of the eternal divine Being, who placed them here, I am perſuaded, that it is fit and right that they ſhould be here.

Adieu, my dear Lord; believe me most truly and affectionately your faithful friend and ſervant, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 19, 1752.

I AM extremely glad to find, by your laſt very friendly letter, that you enjoy the greateſt bleſſing of this life, the health of body and mind: proper exercise is neceſſary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and paſtoral functions once ſhare and improve the health of your mind. The mind muſt have ſome worthy objects, to excite its attention; otherwise it will ſtagnate in indolence, ſink into melancholy, or riſe into viſions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they ſeem to be

at present: your son learns what a boy should learn; and your daughters read what girls should read, history; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest, which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse, than when I wrote to you last; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am, my dear Lord, sincerely yours, &c

LETTER XL.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, Bath, Nov. 14, 1754.

KNOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health, than I could then have done. I had, just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say, revive me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and stomach are entirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope, that the three weeks more, which I purpose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter at least, for, at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not sillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here as an old decayed vessel, by long wear and tear, brought into the dock, to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

I hope that you, your young family, *cum tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am, my dear Lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XLI.

From the same to the same.

Blackheath, June 26, 1755.

My dear Lord,

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who, I am sure, never meaned any to me or any man living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you entertained of any body; and I am the more concerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasiness. I confess myself four letters in your debt; but, to tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so many debts of that kind, that I am very near a bankruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word; for I will honestly declare my circumstances; and then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with me upon reasonable terms. White told you true, when he told you that I was well, by which he meaned all that he could know, which was that I had no immediate illness; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London, I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed by such weakness and langours, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiæ* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself, that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some essays and historical tracts. I was soon disappointed; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let-blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked, among my fellow vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This, upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence; I begin to gain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear Lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth; but I am now come to a time of life, both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence, without thinking of the eternal Author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes, without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true, we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us; but, according to the best notions which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate. Your quotation from Archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion; and, had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion. *Un esprit de corps* is too apt, though, I believe, often unperceived, to bias their conduct, and inflame an honest, though too intemperate, zeal. It is the same in every society of men; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by example and numbers: you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to this world, and particularly to that part of it, where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted; and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much; and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honester, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word; I mean, trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which, I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence; and, if they will be quiet, no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expence of the other, and who have started points, that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you; but, I am sure, that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear Lord; and be convinced that, while I am at all, I shall be, with the truest esteem and affection, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

LETTER XLII.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C——.

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 30, 1755.

I CONFESS myself, in every respect, a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty; but my head and hand often refuse to do theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable enough to every body, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides, I must acquaint you, that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands, than I either cared or was fit for. *L'académie des belles lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body; in return for this unexpected and undeserved compliment, I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *académie en corps*, (academic body) which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long disused to compliments and declamation.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, though by no means good; and, if I can but weather the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath; for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However, *c'est autant de gagné* (it is so much clear gain) and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well. But I have neither read, nor intended to read, those which are meant to prove the existence of God; because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence, than those which the whole and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence

istence, I must believe his: it cannot be proved *à priori*, as some have idly attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *à posteriori*. Cato says very justly, *And that he is, all nature cries aloud.*

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to increase. However, I cannot help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next session of parliament. The castle will, I take it for granted, some how or other, procure a majority, which, when the patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may; for I am very sure that, while these squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness! your's most faithfully, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, Bath, Oct. 1, 1755.

I RECEIVED your last kind letter but the day before I was to leave Blackheath, and set out for this place, where I have now been just a fortnight. In one respect, I am the better for that fortnight, I mean with regard to my stomach, or more properly my digestion, for I do not care two-pence whether I eat or not; but I care much to digest what I do eat, which I have not done the last three months, and now do. *D'ailleurs*, I am, what you call in Ireland, and a very good expression, I think it is, *unwell*. This *unwellness* affects the mind as well as the body, and gives them both a disagreeable inertness. I force my body into action, and take proper exercise; but there is no forcing the mind, and all attempts of that kind are at least ineffectual, but oftener disgraceful.

You will be convinced of that truth, when I send you a copy of my letter to *l'académie des belles lettres*. It was wrote *invita Minerva*, and is the poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind. I had not time to have it copied for you before I came here, and forgot to bring it with me, but when I return to London, I will send you a copy.

I am heartily glad, that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other people's. I am glad of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either of the belligerant parties. The triumph of the patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury: let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and above all, the protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a king, and a government, three things to which they are at present utter strangers. These, and other such kind of measures, would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation. They have got their own sops, and have now no leisure to think of the public, if they please.

I propose staying here a month or six weeks longer, or even more, if I think that the waters will do more for me. All places are now alike to me, as I carry my own solitude with me wherever I go. Adieu, my dear Lord. Yours most faithfully.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 15, 1755.

I BROUGHT with me from Bath rather a little more health than I carried with me there, but full as much deafness; and this is all the answer I can make to your last kind inquiries. This, you see, is a state, rather of suffering, than enjoying life; and indeed I am very weary of it; but, thank God, *ennui* is not, as it commonly is, attended with melancholy; and, during the rest of my journey, I shall rather sleep in the *voiture* (carriage) than be restless and uneasy, as most travellers are.

I cannot find here the only copy which I had kept of my letter to *l'académie des belles lettres*; but Mr. Bristow took one over with him to Ireland, which I dare say he will readily shew you, and you may signify my consent to it, by shewing him this part of my letter. When you do see it, you will find that its only merit is its being pretty correct French, and that it has no intrinsic right to be reckoned among *les belles lettres*.

Que le chien mange le loup, ou que le loup mange le chien, (let the dog devour, or be devoured by, the wolf,) either in Ireland

or here, is to me matter of great indifference, provided that those who govern either kingdom would but, at their leisure moments, and when they have nothing better to do, a little consider the public good; for after all, there is such a thing as public good, though in general people seem not to think so. I am not Utopian enough to propose, that it should interfere with private interest; but, perhaps, if duly considered, it might appear in some few cases to coincide with, and promote it.

Sheridan has lately published here an excellent book, entitled *British Education*. Warmed with this subject, he pushes it rather too far, as all authors do the particular object that has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse; but, upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication, to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations which I have been in, having made me long the *plastron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery, as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong, to quit his present commission of lieutenant-colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment of foot, which, with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke. The extravagant and groundless, though general, fears of an invasion from France, justify to the timid public, the present military phrenzy; but, as I am convinced, that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped, the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay.

Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured, that I am most faithfully and sincerely your's, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C——.

My dear Lord, Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

IT is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing, I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance; but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world, in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought to complain of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: that you may have that, and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of your faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

I SHALL make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and solicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago, I had a very strong attack of my usual illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought myself the better for the waters, which I have drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c.! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, as yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in my best.

I read with more pleasure than ever, perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company, by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead, whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their three hours of audience. Solid *folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, which other considerations hinder me from hastening it.

Dear

Does Lord Clanbrazil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be, in my opinion, a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the Protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly, at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the Protestant charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæc tibi erunt artes.
(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous letter to King William:

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden your faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, London, Jan. 22, 1760.

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and scarcely to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have, within the few months, more than once seen death very near; and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without any great terrors; but at the same time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives comfort, cannot make us forget, nor hide it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago; but, however, still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but, whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow-creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 9, 1771.

I AM sure you will believe me, when I tell you, that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some philosophy,) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear Lord. May this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Your's most affectionately and sincerely, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

From Dr. Johnson to Joseph Baretti.

SIR, London, July 20, 1762.

HOWEVER justly you may accuse me for want of punctuality in correspondence, I am not so far lost in negligence, as to omit the opportunity of writing to you, which

which Mr. Beauclerk's passage through Milan affords me.

I suppose you received the Idlers, and I intend that you shall soon receive Shakespeare, that you may explain his works to the ladies of Italy, and tell them the story of the editor, among the other strange narratives with which your long residence in this unknown region has supplied you.

As you have now been long away, I suppose your curiosity may pant for some news of your old friends. Miss Williams and I live much as we did. Miss Cotterel still continues to cling to Mrs. Porter, and Charlotte is now big of the fourth child. Mr. Reynolds gets six thousands a year. Levet is lately married, not without much suspicion, that he has been wretchedly cheated in his match. Mr. Chambers is gone this day, for the first time, the circuit with the judges. Mr. Richardson is dead of an apoplexy, and his second daughter has married a merchant.

My vanity, or my kindness, makes me flatter myself, that you would rather hear of me, than of those whom I have mentioned; but of myself I have very little which I care to tell. Last winter I went down to my native town, where I found the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I had left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, and forced me to suspect, that I was no longer young. My only remaining friend has changed his principles, and has become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, has lost the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the first convenient opportunity of returning to a place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart.

I think, in a few weeks, to try another excursion; though to what end? Let me know, my Baretti, what has been the result of your return to your own country: whether time has made any alteration for the better, and whether, when the first raptures of salutation were over, you did not find your thoughts confessed their disappointment.

Moral sentences appear ostentatious and tumid, when they have no greater occasions than the journey of a wit to his own town: yet such pleasures and such pains make up the general mass of life; and as nothing is little to him that feels it with great sensibility, a mind, able to see common incidents in their real state, is disposed by very common incidents to very serious contemplations. Let us trust that a time will come, when the present moment shall be no longer irksome; when we shall not borrow all our happiness from hope, which at last is to end in disappointment.

I beg that you will shew Mr. Beauclerk all the civilities which you have in your power; for he has always been kind to me.

I have lately seen Mr. Stratico, professor of Padua, who has told me of your quarrel with an Abbot of the Celestine Order, but had not the particulars very ready in his memory. When you write to Mr. Marsili, let him know that I remember him with kindness.

May you, my Baretti, be very happy at Milan, or some other place nearer me. Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, &c.

LETTER L.

Dr. Johnson to Joseph Baretti.

SIR, Dec. 21, 1[illegible]

YOU are not to suppose, with all my conviction of my idleness, that I have passed all this time without writing to Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk, who, in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he was stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him.

I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestic life; we all have good and evil, which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of public miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your disappointment, with which you seem more touched than I could expect a man of your resolution and experience to have been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied to particular occasions; and that the fallacy of our hopes love extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every man believes his mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron. We have all learned that this greatness is negligent and contemptuous, and that in courts, life is a [illegible]

anguished away in ungratified expectation; at he that approaches greatness, or glitters n a court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from the common lot.

Do not let such evils overwhelm you thousands have suffered, and thousands ve surmounted; but turn your thoughts ith vigour to some other plan of life, and ep always in your mind, that, with due bmission to Providence, a man of genius s been seldom ruined but by himself. our patron's weakness or insensibility will lly do you little hurt, if he is not assist- by your own passions. Of your love I ow not the propriety, nor can estimate power; but in love, as in every other ion, of which hope is the essence, we ght always to remember the uncertainty events. There is indeed nothing that so ch seduces reason from her vigilance, as thought of passing life with an ami- e woman; and if all would happen that er fancies, I know not what other ter- ial happiness would deserve pursuit. love and marriage are different states. se who are to suffer the evils together, to suffer often for the sake of one an- r, soon lose that tenderness of look and benevolence of mind, which arose n the participation of unmingled plea- and successive amusement. A woman, are sure, will not be always fair; we not sure she will always be virtuous; man cannot retain, through life, that ect and assiduity, by which he pleases a day or for a month. I do not how- pretend to have discovered that life ny thing more to be desired than a ent and virtuous marriage; therefore w not what counsel to give you.

you can quit your imagination of love greatness, and leave your hopes of pre- ent and bridal raptures, to try once the fortune of literature and industry, way through France is now open. We r ourselves, that we shall cultivate, great diligence, the arts of peace; every man will be welcome among us, can teach us any thing we do not . For your part, you will find all old friends willing to receive you.

ynolds still continues to encrease in ation and in riches. Miss Williams, very much loves you, goes on in the ay. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. r. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean s, and has three children. Mr. Le- as married a street-walker. But the te of my narration must now arrive ll you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

I know not whether I have not sent you word, that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget, that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever. I pray God to bless you, and am, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, Sam. Johnson. Write soon.

LETTER LI.

Mrs. Thrale to Mr. —— on his marriage.

My dear Sir,

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us, that this is impossible, and experience informs us, that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sounds, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth;

you

you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that, from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself, that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common, to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation.—This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones, the orientalist, leads up the ball.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less for that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our amusements, all our arts are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves, that she means to make her amends by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain, at least, a general civility towards his own wife, which he is so willing to pay to every one; and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company treat her with more complaisance, than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young married man should be indulged in every wild whim of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for wit and good sense, than for gaiety and fashion, where the conversation of the evening may afford comment for the evening, is the most rational pleasure this great city can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should not shine her husband in nothing, nor even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that riches can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are [illegible]

tlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transfered their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port-wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teize her: tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuse it. And now, farewel; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER LII.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, June 10, 1780.

YOU have ere now heard and read enough to convince you, that we have had something to suffer, and something to fear, and therefore I think it necessary to quiet the solitude which you unhappily feel, by telling you that our calamities and terrors are now at an end. The troops are stationed so as to be every where within call; there is no longer any fear of rioters, and the individuals are retired to their holes, and led to prison; the streets are safe and quiet; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day with a party of soldiers in my neighbourhood, to seize the publisher of a seditious paper. Every body walks, and eats, and sleeps in security. But the history of the last week would fill you with amazement; it is without any modern example.

Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered, but the high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security; and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

LETTER LIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, June 12, 1780.

ALL is well, and all is likely to continue well. The streets are all quiet, and the houses are all safe. This is a true answer to the first inquiry which obtrudes itself upon your tongue at the reception of a letter from London. The public has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number; and like other thieves, with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried, irrecoverably, away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares, that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is however now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue riband is any longer worn.

——— ——— called on Friday at Mrs. Gardiner's, to see how she escaped or what she suffered; and told her that she had herself too much affliction within doors,

to

to take much notice of the disturbances without.

It was surely very happy that you and Mr. Thrale were away in the tumult; you could have done nothing better than has been done, and must have felt much terror, which your absence has spared you.

We have accounts here of great violences committed by the Protestants at Bath; and of the demolition of the mass-house. We have seen so much here, that we are very credulous.

Pray tell Miss Burney that Mr. Hutton called on me yesterday, and spoke of her with praise; not profuse but very sincere, just as I do. And tell Queeney, that if she does not write oftener, I will try to forget her. There are other pretty girls that perhaps I could get, if I were not constant.

My Lives go on but slowly. I hope to add some to them this week. I wish they were well done.

Thus far I had written when I received your letter of battle and conflagration. You certainly do right in retiring; for who can guess the caprice of the rabble? My master and Queeney are dear people for not being frighted, and you and Burney are dear people for being frighted. I wrote to you a letter of intelligence and consolation; which, if you staid for it, you had on Saturday; and I wrote another on Saturday, which perhaps may follow you from Bath, with some atchievement of John Wilkes.

Do not be disturbed; all danger here is apparently over: but a little agitation still continues. We frighten one another with seventy thousand Scots to come hither with the Dukes of Gordon and Argyle, and eat us, and hang us, or drown us; but we are all at quiet.

I am glad, though I hardly know why, that you are gone to Brighthelmstone rather than to Bristol. You are somewhat nearer home, and I may perhaps come to see you. Brighthelmstone will soon begin to be peopled, and Mr. Thrale loves the place; and you will see Mr. Scrase; and though I am sorry that you should be so outrageously unroosted, I think that Bath has had you long enough.

Of the commotions at Bath there has been talk here all day. An express must have been sent; for the report arrived many hours before the post, at least before the distribution of the letters. This report I mentioned in the first part of my letter, while I was yet uncertain of the fact.

When it is known that the rioters are quelled in London, their spirit will sink in every other place, and little more mischief will be done. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, June 14, 1780.

EVERY thing here is safe and quiet. This is the first thing to be told; and this I told in my last letter directed to Brighthelmstone. There has indeed been an universal panic, from which the king was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrate, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such as a rabble's government must naturally produce.

Now you are at ease about the public, I may tell you that I am not well; I have had a cold and cough some time, but it is grown so bad, that yesterday I fasted and was blooded, and to-day took physic and dined: but neither fasting, nor bleeding, nor dinner, nor physic, have yet made me well.

No sooner was the danger over, but the people of the Borough found out how foolish it was to be afraid, and formed themselves into four bodies for the defence of the place; through which they now march, morning and evening, in a martial manner.

I am glad to find that Mr. Thrale continues to grow better; if he is well, I hope we shall be all well: but I am very weary of my cough, though I have had much worse. I am, &c.

LETTER LV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, July 10, 1780.

IF Mr. Thrale eats but half his usual quantity, he can hardly eat too much. It were better however to have some rule and some security. Last week I saw him but twice, and, I think, fish once, the rule was peace.

You are afraid, you say, lest I exercise myself too fast, and are an enemy to violence: but did you never hear nor read, dear Madam, that every man has his genius, and that the great rule by which all [illegible]

pre-ence is attained, and all ſucceſs pro-ſed, is, to follow genius; and have you not obſerved in all our converſations that my genius is always in extremes; that I am very noiſy, or very ſilent; very ſoomy, or very merry; very ſour, or very kind? And would you have me follow my genius, when it leads me ſometimes to voracity, and ſometimes to abſtinence? You know that the Oracle ſaid, follow your genius. When we get together again, (but when, alas, will that be?) you can manage me, and ſpare me the ſolicitude of managing myſelf.

Poor Miſs O —— called on me on Saturday, with that fond and tender application which is natural to miſery, when it flies to every body for that help which no body can give. I was melted; and pitied and counſelled her as well as I could, and am to viſit her to-morrow.

She gave a very honourable account of your dear Queeney; and ſays of my maſter, that ſhe thinks his manner and temper are altered than his looks, but of this alteration ſhe could give no particular account; and all that ſhe could ſay, ended in this, that he is now ſleepy in a morning. I do not wonder at the ſcantineſs of her narration, ſhe is too buſy within to mind her eyes abroad.

I am glad that Pepys is come, but hope his reſolute temperance will make him unneceſſary. I doubt he can do no good to poor Mr. Scrafe.

I ſhall at home to work, and yet do not work diligently: nor can tell when I ſhall be done, nor perhaps does any body but Miſs with me to have done; for what they hope I ſhall do better? yet I wiſh the work was over, and I was at liberty. But what would I do if I was at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aſton and Mrs. Ly, and ſee the old places, and ſigh to think that my old friends are gone? Would I recal plans of life which I never brought to practice, and hopes of excellence which I once preſumed, and never have tried? Would I compare what I now with what I once expected to have been? Is it reaſonable to wiſh for ſuggeſtions of ſhame and opportunities of ſorrow?

If you pleaſe, Madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive ſome other wiſhes. Wiſh I had you in an evening, and I wiſh for you in a morning; and I wiſh I could have a little talk, and ſee a little more. For all this I muſt ſtay, but life does not ſtay.

I will end my letter and go to Blackmore's life, when I have told you that I am, &c.

LETTER LVI.

Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnſon.

August 20.

I WILL try, my dear Sir, to make you ſome amends, by writing at leaſt one very long letter; but indeed I can think only of one thing, whatever I may ſay.

Do you recollect our laughing fifteen years ago at a gawky girl of ſeventeen? who, when her toaſt was called for at a city table crowded with coarſe men—they were drinking ſentiments—Is not, ſays ſhe, this a pretty health—*What we think on moſt, and talk on leaſt.* I am come pretty much to her caſe: for it is not right to ſpeak of that which never fails to keep preſſing upon my ſpirits, and preying upon my mind. Without frequent bleedings, there is however danger on one ſide, and by bleeding frequently, we induce as certain a danger on the other.—We had a viſit yeſterday from Mr. R——; whom perhaps you remember, perhaps not: but our morning converſation with him will not be eaſily forgotten by me, I thought it would drive me wild upon the ſpot. In ſuch a caſe, can there be any fears of my ſtealing away to Italy without you? when I ſhould not think you, nor twenty more ſuch friends, if I could find them, ſufficient to guard us from the hazard of wild exploits. Whoever is ſick, is ſurely ſafeſt at home; and have we not mortifications enough already, without going where one might be amuſed, in order to be miſerable? Oh no, let us be miſerable in the old places, and not pollute ſcenes of pleaſure with objects of ſorrow.

Well! as you ſay, Queeney is beginning life, and ſo far very happily, as it is begun under your tuition: ſhe appears to me proud of your partiality; and, I dare ſay, will try long to deſerve it. You are getting quite well as it appears; and when we meet, we ſhall ſee *victor annorum.* The Lives will be a ſtanding proof of your powers after the grand climacteric; and you make gay impromptus upon the boys, inſtead of ſitting down like common mortals at ſeventy, and letting the boys make gay impromptus upon you.

Blackmore's life is admirable; who ſays I don't like it? I like all the Whig lives prodigiouſly: Akenſide's beſt of the little ones, for the ſake of a pretty diſquiſition

ſition upon Ridicule, that pleaſed me particularly, and that elegant ſtricture on the Pleaſures of Imagination; which will probably be much read and admired by every one. It is my ſincere opinion, that Milton, and Blackmore, and Thomſon, would have been all contented with what you have ſaid of them, though the admirers of Lycidas will be angry no doubt.

The cenſures of Milton's republican ſpirit would ſcarce have ſhocked him: he knew himſelf to be acrimonious and ſurly; like Young's Buſiris, who called himſelf the Proud, and gloried in it.

Your account of his domeſtic behaviour, however, puts me in mind of the fierce fellow in a droll book, called Pompey the Little, who comes home from the public houſe, where he had been vapouring and ſtorming away about liberty of ſpeech—and treats his poor wife with the moſt brutal tyranny, only becauſe ſhe juſt ſays, Indeed, my dear, I don't underſtand politics. Your harſh expreſſions of wrath againſt the author are, after all, ſo buried under the majeſtic praiſes beſtowed upon Paradiſe Loſt, that even I am forced to forgive them. Poor dear Dr. Collier uſed always to bring that poem forward as a teſtimony to the excellence of Toryiſm; for, ſays he, you may obſerve that it is wholly formed upon our principles of obedience and ſubordination; and I half wiſh, for the ſake of my firſt friend, whoſe memory I ſhall for ever revere, that his remark had been preſerved in this work of your's, which will doubtleſs be diſſeminated far and wide; and, for aught I know, take poſſeſſion of the lands on which it lights, as Don Sebaſtian ſaid of the duſt that his body, when dead, would be dried into.

And now if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for ſince you lions have no ſkill in dandling the kid, we kids can expect but rough returns for careſſes beſtowed upon our haughty monarch—So be diligent, dear Sir, and have done with theſe men that have been buried theſe hundred years, and don't ſit making verſes that never will be written, but ſit down ſteadily and finiſh their lives who did do ſomething; and then think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you teize me ſo concerning the pleaſures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the preſent diſtreſs, and ſometimes I am angry when I read ſuch ſtuff. That your two Sultanas are ſick is very uncomfortable for you; may be Dr. Turton may do them good: I never ſaw Dr. Turton, but my heart, like Clariſſa's, naturally leans towards a phyſician. *Le medicin e le curè*, as the French themſelves, who have gayer hearts than mine, confeſs, are the laſt earthly objects on which the human hopes and human eyes are to be fixed: and it is ſomewhat unfair not to let them take up a little of our affections beforehand.

If we do go to Michelgrove, Hetty will write all one; ſhe is very attentive to her father, very dutiful, and very wise. I hope my anxiety is concealed from her pretty well; it would be exceedingly wrong to depreſs her ſpirits, and very dangerous to her health. I am, moſt ſincerely, dear Sir, your faithful ſervant.

The converſation you incloſed I could have written myſelf; as Juliet ſays, Yes, but all this did I know before.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. Johnſon to Mrs. Thrale, on the Death of Mr. Thrale.

London,
April 5, 1781.

Dereſt Madam,

OF your injunctions, to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobſerved; and I hope to find you willing, in a ſhort time, to alleviate your trouble, by ſome other exerciſe of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death, ſince that of my wife, has ever oppreſſed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him, who knows when to give, when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy, through all our variations of exiſtence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the paſt, and ſupport for the future. He that has given you happineſs in marriage, to a degree of which, without perſonal knowledge, I ſhould have thought the deſcription fabulous, can give you another mode of happineſs as a mother; and at laſt, the happineſs of loſing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reaſon yourſelf into tranquillity. We muſt firſt pray, and then labour; firſt implore the bleſſing of God, and thoſe means which he puts into our

our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind occupied by lawful business, has little room for useless regret.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commended it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expences, and two thousand pounds a year, with both the houses, and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall yet be granted us, may be well spent; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin, which shall never end. I am, Dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, April 7, 1781.

I HOPE you begin to find your mind grow clearer. My part of the loss hangs upon me. I have lost a friend of boundless kindness, at an age when it is very unlikely that I should find another.

If you think change of place likely to relieve you, there is no reason why you should not go to Bath; the distances are unequal, but with regard to practice and business they are the same. It is a day's journey from either place; and the post is more expeditious and certain to Bath. Consult only your own inclination, for there is really no other principle of choice. God direct and bless you.

Mr. C—— has offered Mr. P—— money, but it was not wanted. I hope we shall all do all we can to make you less unhappy, and you must do all you can for yourself. What we, or what you can do, will for a time be but little; yet certainly the calamity which may be considered as doomed to fall inevitably on half mankind, is not finally without alleviation.

It is something for me, that as I have the decrepitude I have not the callousness of old age. I hope in time to be less afflicted. I am, &c.

LETTER LIX.

From the same to the same.

London,
Dearest Madam, April 9, 1781.

THAT you are gradually recovering your tranquillity, is the effect to be humbly expected from trust in God. Do not represent life as darker than it is. Your loss has been very great, but you retain more than almost any other can hope to possess. You are high in the opinion of mankind; you have children from whom much pleasure may be expected; and that you will find many friends, you have no reason to doubt. Of my friendship, be it worth more or less, I hope you think yourself certain, without much art or care. It will not be easy for me to repay the benefits that I have received; but I hope to be always ready at your call. Our sorrow has different effects; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have lost. I never had such a friend before. Let me have your prayers and those of my dear Queeney.

The prudence and resolution of your design to return so soon to your business and your duty, deserves great praise; I shall communicate it on Wednesday to the other executors. Be pleased to let me know whether you would have me come to Streatham to receive you, or stay here till the next day. I am, &c.

LETTER LX.

From the same to the same.

London,
Dear Madam, April 11, 1781.

I AM glad to hear from my dear Miss, that you have recovered tranquillity enough to think on bathing; but there is no disposition in the world to leave you long to yourself. Mr. P—— pretends that your absence produces a thousand difficulties which I believe it does not produce. He frights Mr. C***. Mr. C—— is of my mind, that there is no need of hurry. I would not have this importunity give you any alarm or disturbance; but, to pacify it, come as soon as you can prevail upon your mind to mingle with business. I think business the best remedy for grief, as soon as it can be admitted.

We met to-day, and were told of mountainous difficulties, till I was provoked to

tell them, that if there were really so much to do and suffer, there would be no executors in the world. Do not suffer yourself to be terrified.

I comfort you, and hope God will bless and support you; but I feel myself like a man beginning a new course of life. I had interwoven myself with my dear friend; but our great care ought to be, that we may be fit and ready, when in a short time we shall be called to follow him.

There is, however, no use in communicating to you my heavinesf of heart. I thank dear Miss for her letter. I am, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

London,
Dearest Madam, April 12, 1781.

YOU will not suppose that much has happened since last night, nor indeed is this a time for talking much of loss and gain. The business of Christians is now for a few days in their own bosoms. God grant us to do it properly. I hope you gain ground on your affliction. I hope to overcome mine. You and Miss must comfort one another. May you long live happily together. I have no body whom I expect to share my uneasiness, nor, if I could communicate it, would it be less. I give it little vent, and amuse it as I can. Let us pray for one another. And, when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us.

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will, by me at least, be thought worthy of esteem. My next letter will be to Queeney. I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, April 14, 1781.

MY intention was to have written this day to my dear Queeney; but I have just heard from you, and therefore this letter shall be your's. I am glad that you find the behaviour of your acquaintance such as you can commend. The world is not so unjust or unkind as it is peevishly represented. Those who deserve well seldom fail to receive from others such services as they can perform; but few have much in their power, or are so stationed as to have great leisure from their own affairs, and kindness must be commonly the exuberance of content. The wretched have no compassion, they can do good only from strong principles of duty.

I purpose to receive you at Streatham, but wonder that you come so soon.

I sent immediately to Mr. Perkins to send you twenty pounds, and intended to secure you from disappointment by inclosing a note in this; but your's written on Wednesday 11th, came not till Saturday the 14th, and mine written to-night, will not come before you leave Brighthelmstone, unless you have put Monday new for Monday sevennight, which I suspect as you mention no alteration of your mind. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson.

Dear Sir, Nov. 1.

THERE was no need to be enraged because I thought you might easily forget a transaction not at all pleasing to remember; nor no need that I should be enraged if you had indeed forgotten it—but you was always suspicious in matters of memory. Cummins don't forget it however, as I can tell you more at large. My health is growing very bad to be sure. I will starve still more rigidly for a while and watch myself carefully; but more than six months will I not bestow upon that subject; you shall not have in me a valetudinary correspondent, who is always writing such letters, that to read the list tied on bottles by an apothecary's boy would be more eligible and amusing; nor will I live like Flavia, in Law's Serious Call, who spends half her time and money on herself, with sleeping draughts and waking draughts, and cordials and brocks. My desire is always to determine against my own gratification, so far as shall be possible for my body to co-operate with my mind, and you will not suspect me of wearing blisters, and living wholly upon vegetables for sport. If that will do, the disorder may be removed; but if health is gone, and gone for ever, we will do as Zachary Pearce the famous bishop of Rochester did, when he lost the wife he loved so—call for one glass to the health of her who is departed, never more to return——and so go quietly back to

useful duties of life, and forbear to mention her again from that time till the last day of it——Susan is exceedingly honoured, I think, by Miss Seward's inquiries, and I would have Susan think so too: the humbler one's heart is, the more one's pride is gratified, if one may use so apparently Irish an expression, but the meaning of it does not lie deep. They who are too proud to care whether they please or no, lose much delight themselves, and give none to their neighbours. Mrs. Porter is in a bad way, and that makes you melancholy; the visits to Streathil will this year be more frequent than ever. I am glad Watts's Improvement of the Mind is a favourite book among the Lichfield ladies; it is so pious, so wise, so easy a book to read for any reason, and so useful, nay necessary, are its precepts to us all, that I never cease recommending it to our young ones. 'Tis *la verité de chacun* so, yet never vulgar; Mr. Law beats him for wit; and the times are never happy in Watts some-

I fancy there was no comparison between the scholastic learning of the two writers; but there is prodigious knowledge of the human heart, and perfect acquaintance with common life, in the Serious Call. You used to say you could not trust me with that author upon the dressing-room shelf, yet I would half wish I had never followed any steps but his. Our lasses, indeed, might possibly object to the education given her daughters by Law's Eusebia. That the ball did so little towards diverting you, I do not wonder: what can it do towards diverting any one who has not other hopes and other designs than barely to see people dance, or even dance himself? They who are entertained at the ball are never much amused at the ball I believe, yet I love the dance at Queeney's birth-day and your's, where there is but very honest and very praiseworthy passions, if passions they can be called, heighten the mirth and gaiety. It has been thought by many wise folks, that we fritter our pleasures all away by amusement, and when one reads Goldsmith's works, either verse or prose, one sees that in corrupt life there is more amusement—yet *we* should find little more from alehouse merriment or cottage festals, whatever *the best wrestler on the green* might do I suppose; mere brandy and brown sugar *liquear*, like that which Foote presented the Cherokee kings with, and won their hearts from our fine ladies, who treated them with spunge biscuits and Frontiniac. I am glad Queeney and you are to resolve so stoutly, and labour so violently; such a union may make her wiser, and you happier, and can give me nothing but delight.

We read a good deal here in your absence, that is, I do: it is better we sate all together than in separate rooms; better that I read than not: and better that I should never read what is not fit for the young ones to hear: besides, I am sure they *must* hear that which I read *out* to them, and so one saves the trouble of commanding what one knows will never be obeyed.—I can find no other way as well.

Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you; Sir Philip and Mr. Selwin call very often, and are exceedingly kind. I see them always with gratitude and pleasure; but as the first has left us now for a month, come home therefore. You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another. My health, flesh, and complexion are quite lost, and I shall have a red face if I live, and that will be mighty detestable—a humpback would be less offensive vastly.

This is the time for fading: the year is fading round us, and every day shuts in more dismally than the last did. I never passed so melancholy a summer, though I have passed some that were more painful; privation is indeed supposed to be worse than pain.

Instead of trying the Sortes Virgilianæ for our absent friends, we agreed after dinner to-day to ask little Harriet what they were doing now who used to be our common guests at Streatham. Dr. Johnson (says she) is very rich and wise, Sir Philip is drown'd in the water—and Mr. Piozzi is very sick and lame, poor man! What a curious way of deciding! all in her little soft voice. Was not there a custom among the ancients in some country—'tis mentioned in Herodotus, if I remember right—that they took that method of inquiring into futurity from the mouths of infants under three years old? but I will not swear to the book I have read it in. The scriptural expression, however, *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings*, &c. is likely enough to allude

to it, if it were once a general practice. In Ireland, where the peasants are mad after play, particularly back gammon, Mr. Murphy says, they will even, when deprived of the necessaries for continuing so favourite a game, cut the turf in a clean spot of green sward, and make it into tables for that amusement, setting a little baby boy behind the hedge to call their throws for them, and supply, with his unconscious decisions, the place of box and dice.

Adieu, dear Sir, and be as cheerful as you can this gloomy season. I see no body happy hereabouts but the Burneys; they love each other with uncommon warmth of family affection, and are beloved by the world as much as if their fondness were less concentrated. The Captain has got a fifty gun ship now, and we are all *so* rejoiced.—Once more farewel, and do not forget Streatham nor its inhabitants, who are all much your's—and most so of all, your faithful servant.

We never name Mr. Newton, of Lichfield: I hope neither he nor his fine China begin to break yet——of other friends there the accounts get very bad to be sure.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, Ashbourne, Nov. 12, 1781.

I HAVE a mind to look on Queeney as my own dear girl; and if I set her a bad example, I ought to counteract it by good precepts; and he that knows the consequences of any fault is best qualified to tell them. I have through my whole progress of authorship honestly endeavoured to teach the right, though I have not been sufficiently diligent to practise it, and have offered mankind my opinion as a rule, but never professed my behaviour as an example.

I shall be very sorry to lose Mr. ——; but why should he so certainly die? * * * needed not have died if he had tried to live. If Mr. ——— will drink a great deal of water, the acrimony that corrodes his bowels will be diluted, if the cause be only acrimony; but I suspect dysenteries to be produced by animalcula, which I know not how to kill.

If the medical man did me good, it was by his benevolence; by his pills I never mended. I am, however, rather better than I was.

Dear Mrs. ——, she has the courage becoming an admiral's lady, but courage is no virtue in her cause.

I have been at Lichfield persecuted with solicitations to read a poem; but I sent the author word, that I would never review the work of an anonymous author; for why should I put my name in the power of one who will not trust me with his own? With this answer Lucy was satisfied, and I think it may satisfy all whom it may concern.

If C——y did nothing for life but add weight to its burden, and darkness to its gloom, he is kindest to those from whom he is furthest. I hope, when I come, not to advance, perhaps, your pleasures, though even of that I shall be unwilling to despair; but at least not to increase your inconveniencies, which would be a very unsuitable return for all the kindness that you have shewn to, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXV.

From the same to the same.

Ashbourne, Nov. 14, 1781.

Dearest Madam,

HERE is Doctor Taylor, by a resolute adherence to bread and milk, with a better appearance of health than he had for a long time past; and here am I living very temperately, but with very little amendment. But the balance is perhaps very unequal: he has no pleasure like that which I receive from the importunity with which you invite my return. There is no danger of very long delay. There is nothing in this part of the world that can counteract your attraction.

The hurt in my leg has grown very slowly, according to Hector's prognostic, and seems now to be almost healed: but my nights are very restless, and the days are therefore heavy, and I have not much conversation to cheer them.

I am willing however to hear that there is happiness in the world, and delight to think on the pleasure diffused among the Burneys. I question if any ship upon the ocean goes out attended with more fervent wishes than that which carries the family Burney. I love all of that breed whom I can be said to know, and one or two whom I hardly know, I love upon credit. I love them because they love each other. Of this consanguineous unanimity I have had never much experience; but it appears to me one of the great lenitives of life; but it has this deficience, that it

never found when distress is mutual—He that has less than enough for himself has nothing to spare, and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what, in truth, they cannot give. He that has his foot firm upon dry ground may pluck another out of the water; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

We do not hear that the deanery is yet given away, and, though nothing is said, I believe much is still thought about it. *Hope travels through* ——

I am, dearest of all dear ladies, your, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson.

Dear Sir, Streatham, June 14.

I AM glad you confess yourself peevish, for confession must precede amendment. Do not study to be more unhappy than you are, and if you can eat and sleep well, do not be frighted, for there can be no real danger. Are you acquainted with Dr. Lee, the Master of Baliol College? And are you not delighted with his gaiety of manners and youthful vivacity now that he is eighty-six years old? I never heard a more perfect or excellent pun than his, when some one told him how in a late dispute among the Privy Counsellors, the Lord Chancellor struck the table with such violence that he split it: No, no, no, replied the Master, dryly, I can hardly persuade myself that *he split the Table*, though I believe *he divided the Board*. Will you send me any thing better from Oxford than this? for there must be no more fastidiousness now; no more refusing to laugh at a good quibble, when you so boldly profess the want of amusement and the necessity of diversion. How the people of this age do cry for rattles is indeed little to its credit, for knowledge is diffused best certainly, if not increased, and that might to stand instead of perpetual variety we would think. Apropos to general improvement: I was reading the Spectator Sophy, while my maid papered my rooms yester-morning, it was the 3d vol. 7. where the man complains of an indentate mistress, who said, on some occasion, that her stomach ached, and lamented how her teeth had got a seed stuck between them.—The woman that dressed me was astonished at this grossness, though common enough in Addison's time one sees, that she cried, Well, Madam! surely that could never have been *a lady* who used expressions like those.

I much wonder whether this refinement has spread all over the continent, or whether 'tis confined to our own island: when we were in France we could form little judgment, as our time was passed chiefly among English; yet I recollect that one fine lady, who entertained us very splendidly, put her mouth to the tea-pot, and blew in the spout when it did not pour freely. My maid Peggy would not have touched the tea after such an operation. Was it convenient, and agreeable, and wise, and fine, I should like to see the world *beyond sea* very much;

> But fate has fast bound her
> With Styx nine times round her.

So your friend must look on the waves at Brighthelmstone without breathing a wish to cross them.

Mean time let us be as *merry* as reading Burton upon *Melancholy* will make us. You bid me study that book in your absence, and now, What have I found? Why, I have found, or fancied, that he has been cruelly plundered: that Milton's first idea of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso were suggested by the verses at the beginning; that Savage's Speech of Suicide in the Wanderer, grew up out of a passage you probably remember towards the 216th page: that Swift's Tale of the Woman that holds water in her mouth, to regain her husband's love by silence, had its source in the same farrago; and that there is an odd similitude between my Lord's trick upon Sly the Tinker, in Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew, and some stuff I have been reading in Burton.

And now, dear Sir, be as comfortable as you can, and do not dun me for that kindness which has never been withheld, only because it is cold weather and you want employment: but be gentle and tranquil like Dr. Adams, or gay and flashy like Dr. Lee, and then——what then? Why then you will deserve Miss Adams's good will, and Miss More's esteem, added to the humble service and attentive regard of your ever equally faithful, &c.

Sir Richard asks after you with very tender care indeed: what would you have of us all that you cannot command? He is among those who would do any thing in the world to oblige you.

LETTER LXVII.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, May-day, 1783.

I AM glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl. I loved her, for she was Thrale's and your's, and by her dear father's appointment in some sort mine: I love you all, and therefore cannot without regret see the phalanx broken, and reflect that you and my other dear girls are deprived of one that was born your friend. To such friends, every one that has them, has recourse at last, when it is discovered, and discovered it seldom fails to be, that the fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity are at the mercy of a thousand accidents. But we must still our disquiet with remembering that, where there is no guilt, all is for the best. I am glad to hear that Cecily is so near recovery.

For some days after your departure I was pretty well, but I have begun to languish again, and last night was very tedious and oppressive. I excused myself today from dining with General Paoli, where I love to dine, but I was griped by the talons of necessity.

On Saturday I dined, as is usual, at the opening of the exhibition. Our company was splendid, whether more numerous than at any former time I know not. Our tables seem always full. On Monday, if I am told truth, were received at the door one hundred and ninety pounds, for the admission of three thousand eight hundred spectators. Supposing the shew open ten hours, and the spectators staying one with another each an hour, the rooms never had fewer than three hundred and eighty justling against each other. Poor Lowe met some discouragement, but I interposed for him, and prevailed.

Mr. Barry's exhibition was opened the same day, and a book is published to recommend it, which, if you read it, you will find decorated with some satirical pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. I have not escaped. You must however think with some esteem of Barry for the comprehension of his design. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson.

Bath, June 15, 1783.

I BELIEVE it is too true, my dear Sir, that you think on little, except yourself and your own health, but then they are subjects on which every one else would think too—and that is a great consolation.

I am willing enough to employ all my thoughts upon *myself*, but there is nobody here, who wishes to think with or about me, so I am very sick and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say, like king David, *My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance are out of my sight*. If the last letter I wrote shewed some degree of placid acquiescence in a situation which, however displeasing, is the best I can get at just now;—I pray God to keep me in that disposition, and to lay no more calamity upon me, which may again tempt me to murmur and complain. In the mean time, assure yourself of my undiminished kindness and veneration; they have been long out of accidental power either to lessen or increase.

So Mr. Seward is going abroad again. I see no harm in his resolution, though the manner of expressing it was likely enough to offend you: yet he is not a man whom any one can justly reproach with negligence of duty; he does more good than almost any person of twice his fortune, and while he is looking at the works of Claude Loraine, he will certainly be doing no mischief.

The professors of *ennui* are a very dangerous race of mortals; for, preferring any occupation to none, they are liable to make many people unhappy by their officious assiduities, while to themselves they stand perfectly exculpated by the remark that *a man must do something—or be tired with ennui*: how fortunate for society when, like Seward, they seek only to give away their money all winter, to persons who want it, and go to Flanders in summer, to look at the Claude Loraines.

What Miss H—— had suffered before our acquaintance began, I know not. She now endures much from real, and more from fancied illness. Her talents are too common for work, and she is a proof that work will not suffice to keep the imagination quiet. She feels like Pekuah, that *the mind will easily* straggle from *the figure* and

and that *misery of heart cannot be much solaced by silken flowers.*

Poor Dr. Lawrence and his son are dead then: I am very sorry; he was among the few parents I have known, who preferred the virtue and happiness of their children to the delight of seeing them grow rich and splendid; and you once told me, that one of his sons (I never heard which) was early bent on obtaining that opulence, which is as seldom sought for by youth—Is it that boy who is now dead?

That you should be solitary is a sad thing, and a strange one too, when every body is willing to drop in, and for a quarter of an hour at least, save you from a *tête à tête* with yourself: I never could catch a moment, when you were alone, whilst we were in London, and Miss Thrale says the same thing. It would have been a fine advantage indeed, could she have seen Oxford now in your company; when we enjoyed it, she was too young to profit of the circumstance. 'Tis so throughout the world I believe: nothing happens of good to us, while we can fully use it: every little felicity, which does come, comes at a time, when waiting for it has spoiled our appetite——

> When youth and genial years are flown,
> And all the life of life is gone.

Could I however flatter myself with the hopes of a fine clear evening after my various day, I would bear the afternoon storms better than I do—and who knows that it is yet impossible?

Farewel, dear Sir: had I health and spirits as I used to have, I would write as I used to do; but I had then a husband and sons, and for a long time after I knew you, a mother, such as no one ever had but me, and such as I sincerely wish my daughters were likely to have in your truly faithful servant.

LETTER LXIX.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Bolt-court, Fleet-street,
Dear Madam, June 19, 1783.

I AM sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative, which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will perhaps pass over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard, however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know, and I do not blame myself, who have, for a great part of human life, done you what good I could, and have never done you evil.

I had been disordered in the usual way, and had been relieved by the usual methods, by opium and cathartics, but had rather lessened my dose of opium.

On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered, that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy, which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty; my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden, and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly and very disinterested, and give me great hopes, but you may imagine my situation.

tuation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

How this will be received by you, I know not. I hope you will sympathise with me; but perhaps

My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, Is he dumb? 'Tis time he shou'd.

But can this be possible? I hope it cannot. I hope that what, when I could speak, I spoke of you, and to you, will be in a sober and serious hour remembered by you; and surely it cannot be remembered, but with some degree of kindness. I have loved you with virtuous affection; I have honoured you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearments be forgotten, but let me have, in this great distress, your pity and your prayers. You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend; do not, do not drive me from you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred.

To the girls, who do not write often, for Susy has written only once, and Miss Thrale owes me a letter, I earnestly recommend, as their guardian and friend, that they remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

I supposed you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have two on now of my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence, but am satisfied that what can be done is done for me.

O God! give me comfort and confidence in Thee: forgive my sins; and if it be thy good pleasure, relieve my diseases for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written, let it go. I am, &c.

LETTER LXX.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, July 3, 1783.

DR. Brocklesby yesterday dismissed the cantharides, and I can now find a soft place upon my pillow. Last night was cool, and I rested well, and this morning I have been a friend at a poetical difficulty. Here is now a glimpse of day-light again; but how near is the evening—none can tell, and I will not prognosticate; we all know, that from none of us it can be far distant; may none of us know this in vain!

I went, as I took care to boast, on Tuesday, to the club, and hear that I was thought to have performed as well as usual. I dined on fish, with the wing of a small Turkey chick, and left roast beef, goose, and venison-pye untouched. I live much on peas, and never had them so good, for so long a time, in any year that I can remember.

When do you go to Weymouth? and why do you go? only I suppose to a new place, and the reason is sufficient to those who have no reason to withhold them.

* * * knows well enough how to live on four hundred a year, but where is he to have it? Had * * * any thing of his own unsettled?

I am glad that Mrs. Seward talks of me, and loves me, and have, in this full scene of life, great comfort, in reflecting, that I have given very few reason to hate me; I hope scarcely any man has known me closely but for his benefit, or curiously but to his innocent entertainment. Tell me, you that know me best, whether this be true, that according to your answer I may continue my practice, or try to mend it.

Along with your kind letter yesterday, came one likewise very kind, from the Astons at Lichfield; but I do not know whether, as the summer is so far advanced, I shall travel so far, though I am not without hopes, that frequent change of air may fortify me against the winter, which has been, in modern phrase, of late years very *inimical* to, Madam, your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Susanna Thrale.

Dearest Miss Susy,

WHEN you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done or suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning, or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to your, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Sophia Thrale.

London,
Dearest Miss Sophy, July 24, 1783.

BY an absence from home, and for one reason and another, I owe a great number of letters, and I assure you, that I sit down to write your's first. Why you should think yourself not a favourite, I cannot guess; my favour will, I am afraid, never be worth much; but be its value more or less, you are never likely to lose it, and less likely, if you continue your studies with the same diligence as you have begun them.

Your proficience in arithmetic is not only to be commended, but admired. Your master does not, I suppose, come very often, nor stay very long; yet your advance in the science of numbers is greater than is commonly made by those who, for so many weeks as you have been learning, spend six hours a day in the writing school.

Never think, my sweet, that you have arithmetic enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries. A thousand stories, which the ignorant tell and believe, die away at once, when the computist takes them in his gripe. I hope you will cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical inquiries; they will give you entertainment in solitude, by the practice; and reputation in public, by the effect.

If you can borrow *Wilkin's Real Character*, a folio, which the bookseller can perhaps let you have, you will have a very curious calculation, which you are qualified to consider, to shew that Noah's ark was capable of holding all the known animals of the world, with provision for all the time in which the earth was under water. Let me hear from you soon again. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Susanna Thrale.

London,
Dear Miss Susan, July 26, 1783.

I ANSWER your letter last, because it was received last; and when I have answered it, I am out of debt to your house. A short negligence throws one behind hand. This maxim, if you consider and improve it, will be equivalent to your parson and bird, which is however a very good story, as it shews how far gluttony may proceed, which, where it prevails, is, I think more violent, and certainly more despicable than avarice itself.

Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

A friend of mine, who courted a lady, of whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat, and if she was voluptuous at table, to forsake her. He married her however, and in a few weeks came

came to his adviser with this exclamation, "It is the disturbance of my life, to see "this woman eat!" She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal, and after some years of discord they parted, and I believe came together no more.

Of men, the examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned and the witty world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment, with such contortions of delight as he exhibited, when he talked of eating the young ones.

When you do me the favour to write again, tell me something of your studies, your work, or your amusements. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, Aug. 13, 1783.

YOUR letter was brought just as I was complaining, that you had forgotten me.

I am glad that the ladies find so much novelty at Weymouth. Ovid says, that the sun is undelightfully uniform. They had some expectation of shells, which, both by their form and colours, have a claim to human curiosity. Of all the wonders, I have had no account, except that Miss Thrale seems pleased with your little voyages.

Sophy mentioned a story, which her sisters would not suffer her to tell, because they would tell it themselves, but it has never yet been told me.

Mrs. Ing is, I think, a baronet's daughther, of an ancient house in Staffordshire. Of her husband's father mention is made in the life of Ambrose Philips.

Of this world, in which you represent me as delighting to live, I can say little. Since I came home, I have only been to church, once to Burney's, once to Paradise's, and once to Reynolds's. With Burney I saw Dr. Rose, his new relation, with whom I have been many years acquainted. If I discovered no reliques of disease I am glad, but Fanny's trade is fiction.

I have since partaken of an epidemical disorder, but common evils produce no dejection.

Paradise's company, I fancy, disappointed him; I remember nobody. With Reynolds was the Archbishop of Tuam, a man coarse of voice, and inelegant of language.

I am now broken with disease, without the alleviation of familiar friendship or domestic society; I have no middle state between clamour and silence, between general conversation and self-tormenting solitude. Levet is dead, and poor Williams is making haste to die: I know not if she will ever more come out of her chamber.

I am now quite alone, but let me turn my thoughts another way. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

From the same to the same.

Madam, London, August 20, 1783.

THIS has been a day of great emotion: the office of the Communion of the Sick has been performed in poor Mrs. Williams's chamber. She was too weak to rise from her bed, and is therefore to be supposed unlikely to live much longer. She has, I hope, little violent pain, but is wearing out by torpid inappetence and wearisome decay; but all the powers of her mind are in their full vigour, and when she has spirits enough for conversation, she possesses all the intellectual excellence that she ever had. Surely this is an instance of mercy much to be desired by a parting soul.

At home I see almost all my companions dead or dying. At Oxford I have just left Wheeler, the man with whom I most delighted to converse. The sense of my own diseases, and the sight of the world sinking round me, oppress me perhaps too much. I hope that all these admonitions will not be vain, and that I shall learn to die as dear Williams is dying, who was very cheerful before and after this awful solemnity, and seems to resign herself with calmness and hope upon eternal mercy.

I read your last kind letter with great delight; but when I came to *love* and *honour*, what sprung in my mind?—How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not.

I sat to Mrs. Reynolds yesterday for my picture, perhaps the tenth time, and I sat near three hours with the patience of a man *born to bear*; at last she declared it quite finished, and seems to think it fine. I told her it was *Johnson's grimly Ghost*. It is to be engraved, and I think *in gliss*, &c. will be a good inscription. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Sept. 22, 1783.

HAPPY are you that have ease and leisure to want intelligence of air balloons. Their existence is I believe indubitable; but I know not that they can possibly be of any use. The construction is this. The chymical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which, dissolved by an acid, emits a vapour lighter than atmospherical air. This vapour is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder, compressed upon the bottle in which the dissolution is performed; the vapour rising swells the bladder, and fills it. The bladder is then tied and removed, and another applied, till as much of this light air is collected as is wanted. Then a large spherical case is made, and very large it must be, of the lightest matter that can be found, secured by some method, like that of oiling silk, against all passage of air. Into this are emptied all the bladders of light air, and if there is light air enough it mounts into the clouds, upon the same principle as a bottle with water will sink in water, but a bottle filled with æther would float. It rises till it comes to air of equal tenuity with its own, if wind or water does not spoil it on the way. Such, Madam, is an air baloon.

Meteors have been this autumn very often seen, but I have never been in their way.

Poor Williams has I hope seen the end of her afflictions. She acted with prudence, and she bore with fortitude. She has left me.

> Thou thy weary task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Had she had good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all that knew her. She left her little to your charity school.

The complaint about which you inquire is a sarcocele: I thought it a hydrocele, and heeded it but little. Puncture has detected the mistake: it can be safely suffered no longer. Upon inspection three days ago it was determined *extrema ventura*. If incision should be delayed there is danger of a gangrene. You would not have me for fear of pain perish in putrefaction. I shall I hope, with trust in eternal mercy, lay hold of the possibility of life which yet remains. My health is not bad; the gout is now trying at my feet. My appetite and digestion are good, and my sleep better than formerly: I am not dejected, and I am not feeble. There is however danger enough in such operations at seventy-four.

Let me have your prayers and those of the young dear people. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Write soon and often.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 13, 1783.

SINCE you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished, but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen, recals some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved, against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurrey as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells me of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced, in having *no* park? he could not disoblige his neighbours, by sending them *no* venison.

The

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dr. Johnson to Miss S. A. Thrale.

Dear Miss, Nov. 18, 1783.

HERE is a whole week, and nothing heard from your house. Baretti said what a wicked house it would be, and a wicked house it is. Of you, however, I have no complaint to make, for I owe you a letter. Still I live here by my own self, and have had of late very bad nights; but then I have had a pig to dinner, which Mr. Perkins gave me. Thus life is chequered.

I cannot tell you much news, because I see nobody that you know. Do you read the Tatlers? They are part of the books which every body should read, because they are the sources of conversation, therefore make them part of your library. Bickerstaff, in the Tatler, gives, as a specimen of familiar letters, an account of his cat. I could tell you as good things of Lily, the white kitling, who is now at full growth, and very well behaved; but I do not see why we should descend below human beings, and of one human being I can tell something that you will like to hear.

A friend, whose name I will tell when your mamma has tried to guess it, sent to my physician to inquire whether this long train of illness had brought me into any difficulties for want of money, with an invitation to send to him for what occasion required. I shall write this night to thank him, having no need to borrow.

I have seen Mr Seward since his return only once; he gave no florid account of my mistress's health. Tell her, that I hearken every day after a letter from her, and do not be long before you write yourself to, my dear, your, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 20, 1783.

I BEGAN to grieve and wonder, that I had no letter, but not being much accustomed to fetch in evil by circumspection or anticipation, did not suspect that the omission had so dreadful a cause as the sickness of one of my dears. As her physician thought so well of her, when you wrote, I hope she is now out of danger. You do not tell me her disease; and perhaps have not been able yourself fully to understand it. I hope it is not of the cephalic race.

That frigid stillness with which my pretty Sophy melts away, exhibits a temper very incommodious in sickness, and by no means amiable in the tenor of life. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centered, and neglects the interchange of that social officiousness, by which we are habitually endeared to one another. They that mean to make no use of friends, will be at little trouble to gain them; and to be without friendship, is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state. To have no assistance from other minds, in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution. If therefore my loves have this silence by temper, do not let them have it by principle; shew them, that it is a perverse and inordinate disposition, which must be counteracted and reformed. Have I said enough?

Poor Dr. Taylor represents himself as ill; and I am afraid is worse than in the summer. My nights are very bad; but of the sarcocele I have now little but the memory. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 29, 1783.

THE life of my dear, sweet, pretty, lovely, delicious Miss Sophy is safe; let us return thanks to the great Giver of existence, and pray that her continuance amongst us may be a blessing to herself, and to those that love her. *Multos et felices*, my dear girl.

Now she is recovered, she must write me a little history of her sufferings, and im-

pri

part her schemes of study and improvement. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they begin, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.

She will go back to her arithmetic again; a science which will always delight her more, as by advancing further, she discerns more of its use, and a science suited to Sophy's ease of mind; for you told, in the last winter, that she loved metaphysics more than romances. Her choice is certainly as laudable as it is uncommon; but I would have her like what is good in both.

God bless you and your children; so says, dear Madam, your old friend.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson.

Nov. 30, 1783.

I AM very ill indeed, my dear Sir, but our pretty Sophy being now so *near* at least to recovery, my fingers are grown more steady, and I will endeavour to write without agitation once again. She has had a severe illness; so severe, that few men, however wise or strong, would have endured it with greater resolution. The sullen courage you speak of in the letter dated twenty, is certainly not pleasing; but the more one lives on to see softness seduced, flexibility despised, and gentleness insulted, the more contentedly one bears with a disposition so different from one's own. There is a good deal of body too in all this; a good deal of this temper I mean seems connected with corporeal causes, and cephalic disorders seem to haunt people of that turn more than others; who, though they may be tortured by various maladies, are seldom afflicted with those dreadful head-achs that enchain the faculties, as if by magic, and render complaint nearly as difficult as recovery. Sophia will return to her study of arithmetic in proper time; it appears to me a study well suited to one who has a distaste of fiction, because it resembles falsehood. If truth can be found in any sublunary science, numbers will produce it, for to that, at last, almost all other sciences refer for confirmation.

Were the mother as likely to enjoy life and health again as the daughter is, we should perhaps struggle to obtain the advantage of Mr. Herschel's acquaintance. This famous astronomer, whose discoveries, or whose hope of future discoveries, begin to fill the mouths of our Bath talkers, and I fancy my friend Mrs. Lewis could introduce me, though, God knows, she, as well as myself, have nearer concerns to puzzle about, than lunar ones; and indeed when I think upon the desperate state of oblivion, into which are fallen the wonders promised by Helvetius, and that *selenography* which I believe procured him a pension too from Lewis the Fourteenth, my heart recoils at the name of astronomical discoveries, and trembles lest the star of King George should, in some future age, be consigned to keep company with the firmament of John Sobieski. In the mean time, who can help smiling at the expressions used by Derham, Ray, and others, who write on these subjects, and fancy they are exalting the glory of God, when they tell us in what a *workman-like* manner he has made the world, &c.? You hate all notion of national character I know, yet 'tis difficult to deny, that none but a *true Briton* could think in such a manner, when praising his Creator; as it is impossible not to discern the Frenchman in Archbishop Fenelon's latter conversations, when he says, *Si j'aurai l'honneur de voir Dieu, je ne manquerai guères de lui raccommander bien l'ame du* Roi de France. I have not his life with me here, but have a notion these are the very words.

You will not suspect me of wanting respect for these worthies: what Christian lives, who can refuse his reverence to Cambray's piety or Derham's learning? But you will have me write, and I am miserably ill, very peevish and very perverse, and 'twere better you quarrelled with me about departed philosophers, than that you accused me of wanting good-will towards you, of whom no person living can think more highly than does, dear Sir, your faith humble servant.

The girls will write soon, and tell you all our conjectures.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, Dec. 27, 1783.

THE wearisome solitude of the long evenings did indeed suggest to me the convenience of a club in my neighbourhood, but I have been hindered from attending it by want of breath. If I can complete the scheme, you shall have the names and the regulations.

The time of the year, for I hope the fault is rather in the weather than in me, has been very hard upon me. The muscles of my breast are much convulsed. Dr. Heberden recommends opiates, of which I have such horror, that I do not think of them but *in extremis*. I was however driven to them last night for refuge, and having taken the usual quantity, durst not go to bed, for fear of that uneasiness, to which a supine posture exposes me, but rested all night in a chair with much relief, and have been to-day more warm, active, and cheerful.

You have more than once wondered at my complaint of solitude, when you hear that I am crowded with visits. *Inopem me copia fecit*. Visitors are no proper companions in the chamber of sickness. They come when I could sleep or read, they stay till I am weary, they force me to attend, when my mind calls for relaxation, and to speak, when my powers will hardly actuate my tongue. The amusements and consolations of languor and depression are conferred by familiar and domestic companions, which can be visited or called at will, and can occasionally be quitted or dismissed, who do not obstruct accommodation by ceremony, or destroy indolence, by awakening effort.

Such society I had with Levet and Williams; such I had where—I am never likely to have it more.

I wish, dear Lady, to you and my dear girls many a cheerful and pious Christmas. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Dear Madam, London, Dec. 31, 1783.

SINCE you cannot guess, I will tell you that the generous man was Gerard Hamilton. I returned him a very thankful and respectful letter.

Your inquiry about Lady Carlisle I cannot answer, for I never saw her, unless perhaps without knowing her at a conversation.

Sir Joshua has just been here, and knows nothing of Miss Bingham; if one of Lord Lucan's daughters be meant, the eldest is now Lady Spencer; she is languishing in France with a diseased leg, and the third is a child.

Pray send the letter which you think will divert me, for I have much need of entertainment; spiritless, infirm, sleepless, and solitary, looking back with sorrow and forward with terror:—but I will stop.

Barry of Ireland had a notion that a man's pulse wore him out; my beating breast wears out me. The physicians yesterday covered it with a blister, of which the effect cannot yet be known. Good God prosper their endeavours! Heberden is of opinion that while the weather is oppressive we must palliate.

In the mean time I am well fed; I have now in the house pheasant, venison, turkey, and ham all unbought. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless, when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.

The ministry is again broken, and to any man, who extends his thoughts to national consideration, the times are dismal and gloomy. But, to a sick man, what is the public?

The new year is at hand; may God make it happy to me, to you, to us all, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Jan. 12, 1784.

IF, as you observe, my former letter was written with trepidation, there is little reason, except the habit of enduring, why this should shew more steadiness. I am confined to the house; I do not know that any things grow better; my physicians direct me to combat the hard weather with opium; I cannot well support its turbulence, and yet cannot forbear it, for its immediate effect is ease; having kept me waking all the night, it forces sleep upon me in the day, and recompenses a night of tediousness with a day of uselessness. My legs and my thighs grow very tumid: in the mean time, my appetite is good, and if my physicians do not flatter me, death is rushing upon me. But this is in the hand of God.

The first talk of the sick is commonly of themselves; but if they talk of nothing else, they cannot complain, if they are soon left without an audience.

You observe, Madam, that the balloon engages all mankind, and it is indeed a wonderful and unexpected addition to human knowledge; but we have a daring projector, who, disdaining the help of fumes and vapours, is making better than Dedal-

Dedalean wings, with which he will master the balloon and its companions, as an eagle masters a goose. It is very seriously true, that a subscription of eight hundred pounds has been raised for the wire and workmanship of iron wings; one pair of which, and I think a tail, are now shewn in the Haymarket, and they are making another pair at Birmingham. The whole is said to weigh two hundred pounds—no precious preparation for flying, but there are those who expect to see him in the sky. When I can leave the house, I will tell you more.

I had the same old friends to dine with me on Wednesday, and may say that, since I lost sight of you, I have had one pleasant day. I am, Madam, your, &c.

Pray send me a direction to Sir ——— Musgrave in Ireland.

LETTER LXXXV.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Jan. 21, 1784.

DR. Heberden this day favoured me with a visit; and after hearing what I had to tell him of miseries and pains, and comparing my present with my past state, declared me well. That his opinion is erroneous, I know with too much certainty; and yet was glad to hear it, as it set extremities at a greater distance: he, who is by his physician thought well, is at least not thought in immediate danger. They, therefore, whose attention to me makes them talk of my health, will, I hope, soon not drop, but lose their subject. But, alas! I had no sleep last night, and sit now panting over my paper. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I have really hope from spring; and am ready, like Almanzor, to bid the sun fly swiftly, and leave weeks and months behind him. The sun has looked for six thousand years upon the world to little purpose, if he does not know that a sick man is almost as impatient as a lover.

Mr. Cator gives such an account of Miss Cecy, as you and all of us must delight to hear; Cator has a rough, manly, independent understanding, and does not spoil it by complaisance; he never speaks merely to please, and seldom is mistaken in things which he has any right to know. I think well of her for pleasing him, and of him for being pleased; and at the close, I am delighted to find him delighted with her excellence. Let your children, dear Madam, be his care, and your pleasure; close your thoughts upon them, and when sad fancies are excluded, health and peace will return together. I am, dear Madam, your old friend.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, London, Feb. 9, 1784.

THE remission of the cold did not continue long enough to afford me much relief. You are, as I perceive, afraid of the opium; I had the same terror, and admitted its assistance only under the pressure of insupportable distress, as of an auxiliary too powerful and too dangerous. But in this pinching season I cannot live without it; and the quantity which I take is less than it once was.

My physicians flatter me, that the season is a great part of my disease; and that when warm weather restores perspiration, this watery disease will evaporate. I am at least willing to flatter myself.

I have been forced to sit up many nights by an obstinate sleeplessness, which makes the time in bed intolerably tedious, and which continues my drowsiness the following day. Besides, I can sometimes sleep erect, when I cannot close my eyes in a recumbent posture. I have just bespoke a flannel dress, which I can easily slip off and on, as I go into bed, or get out of it. Thus pass my days and nights in morbid wakefulness, in unseasonable sleepiness, in gloomy solitude, with unwelcome visitors, or ungrateful exclusions, in variety of wretchedness. But I snatch every lucid interval, and animate myself with such amusements as the time offers.

One thing, which I have just heard, you will think to surpass expectation. The chaplain of the factory at Petersburg relates, that the Rambler is now, by the command of the Empress, translating into Russian; and has promised, when it is printed, to send me a copy.

Grant, O Lord, that all, who shall read my pages, may become more obedient to thy laws; and when the wretched writer shall appear before thee, extend thy mercy to him, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.

Dearest Madam, Jan. 1, 1755.

THOUGH I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes, that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish indeed I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to, dearest, dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

Dearest Madam, Jan. 3, 1755.

NOBODY but you can recompense me for the distress which I suffered on Monday night. Having engaged Dr. Lawrence to let me know, at whatever hour, the state in which he left you; I concluded when he staid so long, that he staid to see my dearest expire. I was composing myself as I could to hear what yet I hoped not to hear, when his servant brought me word that you were better. Do you continue to grow better? Let my dear little Miss inform me on a card. I would not have you write lest it should hurt you, and consequently hurt likewise, dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam, Dec. 30, 1755.

IT is again midnight, and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor helpless being, reduced by a blast of wind to weakness and misery? How my present distemper was brought upon me I can give no account, but impute it to some sudden succession of cold to heat; such as in the common road of life cannot be avoided, and against which no precaution can be taken.

Of the fallaciousness of hope, and the uncertainty of schemes, every day gives some new proof; but it is seldom heeded, till something rather felt than seen, awakens attention. This illness, in which I have suffered something, and feared much more, has depressed my confidence and elation; and made me consider all that I have promised myself, as less certain to be attained or enjoyed. I have endeavoured to form resolutions of a better life; but I form them weakly, under the consciousness of an external motive. Not that I conceive a time of sickness a time improper for recollection and good purposes, which I believe diseases and calamities often sent to produce, but because no man can know how little his performance will answer to his promises; and designs are nothing in human eyes till they are realised by execution.

Continue, my dearest, your prayers for me, that no good resolution may be vain. You think, I believe, better of me than I deserve. I hope to be in time what I wish to be; and what I have hitherto satisfied myself too readily with only wishing.

Your billet brought me what I much wished to have, a proof that I am still remembered by you at the hour in which I most desire it!

The Doctor is anxious about you. He thinks you too negligent of yourself; if you will promise to be cautious, I will exchange promises, as we have already exchanged injunctions. However, do not write to me more than you can easily bear; do not interrupt your ease to write at all.

Mr. Fitzherbert sent to-day to offer me some wine; the people about me say I ought to accept it; I shall therefore be obliged to him if he will send me a bottle.

There has gone about a report that I died to-day, which I mention, lest you should hear it and be alarmed. You see that I think my death may alarm you; which for me is to think very highly of earthly friendship. I believe it arose from the death of one of my neighbours. You know Des Cartes's argument, "I think, "therefore I am." It is as good a consequence, "I write, therefore I am alive." I might give another, "I am alive, "therefore I love Miss Boothby;" but that I hope our friendship may be of far longer duration than life. I am, dearest Madam, with sincere affection, your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XC.

From the same to the same.

My sweet Angel, Dec. 31.

I HAVE read your book, I am afraid you will think without any great improvement; whether you can read my notes I know not. You ought not to be offended; I am perhaps as sincere as the writer. In all things that terminate here I shall be much guided by your influence, and should take or leave by your direction; but I cannot receive my religion from any human hand. I desire, however, to be instructed, and am far from thinking myself perfect.

I beg you to return the book when you have looked into it. I should not have written what is in the margin, had I not had it from you, or had I not intended to shew it you.

It affords me a new conviction, that in these books there is little new, except new forms of expression; which may be sometimes taken, even by the writer, for new doctrines. I sincerely hope that God, whom you so much desire to serve aright, will bless you, and restore you to health, if he sees it best. Surely no human understanding can pray for any thing temporal otherwise than conditionally. Dear Angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness.

It has pleased God to permit me to be much better; which I believe will please you.

Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered, divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and not found useful, easily left off.

I would not have you offer it to the Doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a-day, will be sufficient to begin, or less if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces: but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes. Has the Doctor mentioned the bark? in powder you could hardly take it; perhaps you might take the infusion.

Do not think me troublesome, I am full of care. I love you and honour you; and am very unwilling to lose you. *A Dieu je vous recommende.* I am, Madam, your, &c.

My compliments to my dear Miss.

LETTER XCI.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss * * * * * *.*

Madam, July 19, 1755.

I KNOW not how liberally your generosity would reward those who should do you any service, when you can so kindly acknowledge a favour which I intended only to myself. That accidentally hearing that you were in town, I made haste to enjoy an interval of pleasure which I found would be short, was the natural consequence of that self-love which is always busy in quest of happiness; of that happiness which we often miss when we think it near, and sometimes find when we imagine it lost. When I had missed you, I went away disappointed; and did not know that my vexation would be so amply repaid by so kind a letter. A letter indeed can but imperfectly supply the place of its writer, at least of such a writer as you; and a letter which makes me still more desire your presence, is but a weak consolation under the necessity of living longer without you: with this however I must be for a time content, as much content at least as discontent will suffer me; for Mr. Baretti being a single being in this part of the world, and entirely clear from all engagements, takes the advantage of his independence, and will come before me; for which if I could blame him, I should punish him; but my own heart tells me, that he only does to me, what, if I could, I should do to him.

I hope Mrs. ——, when she came to her favourite place, found her house dry, and her woods growing, and the breeze whistling, and the birds singing, and her own heart dancing. And for you, Madam, whose heart cannot yet dance to such music, I know not what to hope; indeed I could hope every thing that would please you,

 except

except that perhaps the absence of higher pleasures is necessary to keep some little place vacant in your remembrance for, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XCII.

Dr. Johnson to Joseph Baretti, at Milan.

London, June 10, 1761.

YOU reproach me very often with parsimony of writing; but you may discover by the extent of my paper, that I design to recompense rarity by length. A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or cursory salutation; a proof of unwillingness to do much, even where there is a necessity of doing something. Yet it must be remembered, that he who continues the same course of life in the same place, will have little to tell. One week and one year are very like another. The silent changes made by time are not always perceived; and if they are not perceived, cannot be recounted. I have risen and lain down, talked and mused, while you have roved over a considerable part of Europe: yet I have not envied my Baretti any of his pleasures, though perhaps I have envied others his company; and I am glad to have other nations made acquainted with the character of the English, by a traveller who has so nicely inspected our manners, and so successfully studied our literature. I received your kind letter from Falmouth, in which you gave me notice of your departure for Lisbon; and another from Lisbon, in which you told me, that you were to leave Portugal in a few days. To either of these how could any answer be returned? I have had a third from Turin, complaining that I have not answered the former. Your English style still continues in its purity and vigour. With vigour your genius will supply it; but its purity must be continued by close attention. To use two languages familiarly, and without contaminating one by the other, is very difficult; and to use more than two, is hardly to be hoped. The praises which some have received for their multiplicity of languages, may be sufficient to excite industry, but can hardly generate confidence.

I know not whether I can heartily rejoice at the kind reception which you have found, or at the popularity to which you are exalted. I am willing that your merit should be distinguished; but cannot wish that your affections may be gained. I would have you happy wherever you are: yet I would have you wish to return to England. If ever you visit us again, you will find the kindness of your friends undiminished. To tell you how many inquiries are made after you would be tedious, or if not tedious would be vain; because you may be told in a very few words, that all who knew you, wish you well; and all that you embraced at your departure, will caress you at your return; therefore do not let Italian academicians nor Italian ladies drive us from your thoughts. You may find among us what you will leave behind, soft smiles and easy sonnets. Yet I shall not wonder if all our invitations should be rejected: for there is pleasure in being considerable at home, which is not easily resisted.

By conducting Mr. Southwell to Venice, you fulfilled, I know, the original contract: yet I would wish you not wholly to loose him from your notice, but to recommend him to such acquaintance as may best secure him from suffering by his own follies, and to take such general care both of his safety and his interest, as may come within your power. His relations will thank you for any such gratuitous attention: at least they will not blame you for any evil that may happen, whether they thank you or not for any good.

You know that we have a new King and a new Parliament. Of the new Parliament Fitzherbert is a member. We were so weary of our old King, that we are much pleased with his successor; of whom we are so much inclined to hope great things, that most of us begin already to believe them. The young man is hitherto blameless; but it would be unreasonable to expect much from the immaturity of juvenile years, and the ignorance of princely education. He has been long in the hands of the Scots, and has already favoured them more than the English will contentedly endure. But perhaps he scarcely knows whom he has distinguished, or whom he has disgusted.

The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign Academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Baretti. He

exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time, of that time which never can return.

I know my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in which I give him no account of myself: yet what account shall I give him? I have not, since the day of our separation suffered or done any thing considerable. The only change in my way of life is, that I have frequented the theatre more than in former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape from myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy called The Jealous Wife, which, though not written with much genius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty nights. I am digressing from myself to the play-house; but a barren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the concurrence of my own judgment; yet I continue to flatter myself, that, when you return, you will find me mended. I do not wonder that, where the monastic life is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule, by which they may be exempted from the tyranny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply, by external authority, their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others, when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be more attracted by convents than by palaces; though I am afraid that I should find expectation in both places equally disappointed, and life in both places supported with impatience, and quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted, is a powerful remedy against impatience; but what shall free us from reluctance? those who have endeavoured to teach us to die well, have taught few to die willingly; yet I cannot but hope that a good life might end at last in a contented death. You see to what a train of thought I am drawn by the mention of myself. Let me now turn my attention upon you. I hope you take care to keep an exact journal, and register all occurrences and observations; for your friends here expect such a book of travels as has not been often seen. You have given us good specimens in your letters from Lisbon. I wish you had staid longer in Spain, for no country is less known to the rest of Europe; but the quickness of your discernment must make amends for the celerity of your motions. He that knows which way to direct his view, sees much in a little time.

Write to me very often, and I will not neglect to write to you; and I may, perhaps, in time get something to write: at least, you will know by my letters, whatever else they may have or want, that I continue to be your most affectionate friend.

LETTER XCIII.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.

Dear Sir, Sept. 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find, by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan; and think I do myself honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful and wise; innocent; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that the union which

which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come: for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.*

Dear Sir,

I CANNOT but confess the failure of my correspondence, but hope the same regard which you express for me, on every other occasion, will incline you to forgive me. I am often, very often ill, and when I am well, am obliged to work; but, indeed, have never much used myself to punctuality. You are, however, not to make such kind of inferences, when I forbear to reply to your kindness; for be assured, I never receive a letter from you without great pleasure, and very warm sense of your generosity and friendship, which I heartily blame myself for not cultivating with more care. In this, as in many other cases, I go wrong in opposition to conviction; for I think scarce any temporal good equally to be desired with the regard and familiarity of worthy men, and hope we shall be some time nearer to each other, and have a more ready way of pouring out our hearts.

I am glad that you still find encouragement to persevere in your publication†, and shall beg the favour of six more volumes to add to my former six, when you can, with any convenience, send them me. Please to present a set in my name to Mr. Ruddiman ‡, of whom I hear that his learning is not his highest excellence.

I have transcribed the mottos, and returned them, I hope not too late, of which I think many very happily performed. Mr. Cave has put the last in the Magazine §, in which I think he did very well. I beg of you to write soon, and write often, and to write long letters; which I hope in time to repay you, but you must be a patient creditor. I have, however, this of gratitude, that I think of you with regard, when I do not perhaps give the proofs which I ought of piety. Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, &c.

* Translator of Martial, Bossuet, &c. and formerly master of an academy at Kensington.

† This was of the Rambler, at Edinburgh, to which Mr. Elphinston translated the mottos.

‡ A very learned writer, author of several historical and philological works. He died January 1757.

LETTER XCV.

Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Dr. Taylor.

Dear Sir, March 18, 1752.

LET me have your company and your instruction. Do not live away from me; my distress is great.

Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I shall buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man. I am, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.

Sir, July 27, 175[illegible]

HAVING myself suffered what you are now suffering, I well know the weight of your distress, how much need you have of comfort, and how little comfort can be given. A loss, such as your's, lacerates the mind, and breaks the whole system of purposes and hopes. It leaves a dismal vacuity in life, which affords nothing on which the affections can fix, or to which endeavour may be directed. All this I have known, and it is now, in the vicissitude of things, your turn to know it.

But in the condition of mortal beings one must lose another. What would be the wretchedness of life, if there was not something always in view, some Being immutable and unfailing, to whose mercy man may have recourse? Τὸν κρείττονα καὶ ἀκίνητον.

Here we must rest. The greatest Being is the most benevolent. We must not grieve for the dead, as men without hope, because we know they are in his hands. We have, indeed, not leisure to grieve long, because we are hastening to follow them. Your race and mine have been interrupted by many obstacles, but we must hastily

§ See Gent. Mag. Oct. 1752.

humbly hope for an happy end. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

LETTER XCVII.

Dr. Johnson to ——— ———.

Dear Sir, Bolt-court, Aug. 30, 1780.

NOT many days ago Dr. L. shewed me a letter, in which you make kind mention of me: I hope therefore you will not be displeased, that I endeavour to preserve your good-will by some observations which your letter suggested to me.

You are afraid of falling into some improprieties in the daily service, by reading to an audience that requires no exactness. Your fear, I hope, secures you from danger. They who contract absurd habits, are such as have no fear. It is impossible to do the same thing very often, without some peculiarity of manner; but that manner may be good or bad, and a little care will at least preserve it from being bad; to make it very good, there must, I think, be something of natural or casual felicity which cannot be taught.

Your present method of making your sermons seems very judicious. Few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than your's will be. Take care to register, somewhere or other, the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed; and do not imagine that you shall always remember even what perhaps you now think it impossible to forget.

My advice however is, that you attempt, from time to time, an original sermon, and, in the labour of composition, do not burden your mind with too much at once; not exact from yourself, at one effort excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first, and then embellish. The production of something, where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts, as they come, in the first words that occur, and when you have matter, you will easily give it form; nor perhaps will this method be always necessary, for, by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together.

The composition of sermons is not very difficult; the divisions not only help the memory of the hearer, but direct the judgment of the writer; they supply sources of invention, and keep every part to its proper place.

What I like least in your letter is your account of the manners of the parish; from which I gather that it has been long neglected by the parson. The Dean of Carlisle*, who was then a little rector in Northamptonshire, told me that it might be discerned whether or no there was a clergyman resident in a parish, by the civil or savage manners of the people. Such a congregation as your's stand in much need of reformation; and I would not have you think it impossible to reform them. A very savage parish was civilized by a decayed gentlewoman, who came among them to teach a petty school. My learned friend, Dr. Wheeler, of Oxford, when he was a young man, had the care of a neighbouring parish for fifteen pounds a year, which he was never paid; but he counted it a convenience, that it compelled him to make a sermon weekly. One woman he could not bring to the communion; and when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered, that she was no scholar. He was advised to set some good woman or man of the parish, a little wiser than herself, to talk to her in language level to her mind. Such honest, I may call them, holy artifices, must be practised by every clergyman, for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved. Talk to your people, however, as much as you can, and you will find, that the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects, the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable. I think I have now only to say, that, in the momentous work that you have undertaken, I pray God to bless you. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. Johnson to the Hon. Warren Hastings, Esq. Governor General of Bengal.

Sir, Jan. 9, 1781.

AMIDST the importance and multiplicity of affairs, in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention, for a moment, to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

Mr Hoole, a gentleman long known, and long esteemed, in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified

* Now Bishop of Dromore.

for

for his undertaking, he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me, by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing, for a clerk of the India House to translate poets.—It is new for a Governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of, Sir, your most humble servant.

LETTER XCIX.

Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Ashbourn, Derbyshire.

London, Easter Monday, April 12, 1784.

Dear Sir,

WHAT can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that, after all my losses, I have got a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased God wonderfully to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

I could not have the consent of the physicians to go to church yesterday: I therefore received the Holy Sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O, my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that, which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet, we hope and fancy, that he who has lived to-day, may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir, your's affectionately, &c.

LETTER C.

Dr Johnson to Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

My Lord, Sept. 1784.

AFTER a long and not inattentive observation on mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me no less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for a such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligation? But it hath pleased God to restore me to such a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain, for if I should grow much better I should not be willing, and if much worse, I should not be able to migrate.

Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you was pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment, and from your Lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which make you more able to bestow. I shall now live more *carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, most grateful, and most humble servant.

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THE CONCLUSION.

On Letter Writing. By Dr. Johnson.

"IT was the wisdom," says Seneca, of "of ancient times, to consider what "is most useful as most illustrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

It has yet happened that, among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegancy and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the distance of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

If it be inquired, by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not, without over bigotry or arrogance, inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes, from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay, should give way to the narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have immortalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts, by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure, which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little, without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions, by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by the natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observation with which Walsh has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the criticks — "Letters," says he, "are intended as "resemblances of conversation, and the "chief excellencies of conversation, are "good-humour and good-breeding."— This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known, that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness, must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what

what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining, that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlabboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to me, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper, than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature, is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase.—Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace, to raise their language in the transports of anger, to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet, at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters, that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm mellifluence; others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party considers exemption from faults, as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe its attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude and secure acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written, when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent, either love or esteem; to excite love, we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem, we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scraps of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. These always require exuberance of ornament, the building which has no strength to be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with art, which hopes to be valued as a diamond, and words ought surely to be labour'd when they are intended to stand for ever.

THE END.