

A C O M P L E A T.
INTRODUCTION
TO THE
ART of WRITING LETTERS;

Universally adapted

To all CLASSES and CONDITIONS of LIFE ;

Designed not only for the Use of Youth in general ;
but for every Person who would learn to write Letters well.

Compiled and selected from the best Authors,
Antient and Modern, *viz.*

CICERO, PLINY, VOITURE, BALZAC, ST. EVREMONT,
SIR WM. TEMPLE, LORD LANSDOWN, LOCKE, DRYDEN,
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any Book of the like Kind.

To which is prefixed, A Short but Useful GRAMMAR of
the English Language, and an INTRODUCTION, containing proper Directions how to address Persons of Rank
and Eminence.

Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires ;
The Virgin's Wish without her Fears impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart ;
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole.*

Poem.

By S. JOHNSON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for HENRY DELL, at the Angel and Bible in Great
Tower-Street; and J. STAPLES, opposite Stationer's Hall,
near Ludgate Street. MDCCCLVIII.

P R E F A C E.

THE Art of Writing Letters is esteemed so great an Accomplishment in this polite Age, that not to acquit ourselves, at least tolerably well, is deemed a Fault almost unpardonable.

Yet how few are qualified to do this, Example daily shews : Every Attempt therefore to make the Path most easy, and to instruct the Young and Ignorant, may justly challenge a fair and candid Reception.

'Tis true, there are many Works of this Kind extant ; they have all their respective Merits, and have all met with the Applause they deserve. How useful they have been to the Public, or in what they are deficient, is not for me to determine ; though thus much 'tis proper to Remark in Respect to the following Work, that every Thing, trifling however, pretty or agreeable, it may be in its Kind, is avoided ; and real Use and Service only consulted.

Besides

Besides many original Letters never published before, great Care has been taken to select, from the best Authors, such only as may render this Collection useful and instructive to all Persons, of whatever Class or Condition. The Peasant as well as the Statesman will find that his Interest has been equally consulted; and Readers of every Denomination may observe, that no Pains or Expence has been spared to make it deserving of its Title, *A Compleat Introduction to the Art of Writing Letters.*

THE

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With Variety of Cards of Compliment and Messages, which
may be so alter'd with Pleasure, as to serve on most
Occasions.



A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of Grammar.

GRAMMAR, which is *the Art of using Words properly*, comprises four Parts; *Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody*.

Orthography is *the Art of combining Letters into Syllables, and Syllables into Words*. It therefore teaches the Form and Sound of Letters.

Etymology teaches the Deduction of one Word from another, and the various Modifications by which the Sense of the same Word is diversified; as *Horse, Horses; I love, I loved*.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of Words into Sentences.

Prosody comprises *Orthoepy, or the Rules of Pronunciation; and Orthometry, or the Laws of Versification*.

Pronunciation is just, when every Letter has its proper Sound; and when every Syllable has its proper Accent; or, which in *English Versification* is the same, its proper Quantity.

Versification is the Arrangement of a certain Number of Syllables according to certain Laws.

Without tiring the Reader with what will be of little or no Use, I shall immediately enter upon the Parts of Speech, which may be distinguished into these four; Nouns Substantive, Nouns Adjective, Verbs, and Particles.

Nouns SUBSTANTIVE, or Names, are Words whereby *Things* themselves, whether sensible or intelligible, are expressed, and therefore the Word *Thing* cannot be put immediately after a Substantive, without making it Nonsense; for we cannot say *Man Thing*, *Horse Thing*, &c. They are called *Substantives*, because they stand alone, or with an Article, and require no other Word to express their Signification. They are divided into common, proper, and personal. The common comprehends a whole Kind or Species, as *Man* is a Name that belongs to all Men, *City* to every City, and *River* to every River. The proper serves to distinguish particular Things, as *John* is the Name of a particular Man, *London* of a certain City, and the *Thames* of a particular River. The personal, or PRONOUN, is used to avoid the Repetition of other Names; as *I*, instead of my Name; *Thou* or *You*, instead of your Name; *He* and *She*, instead of the Name of the Person of whom we are speaking; and *It*, when we mention a Thing that has no distinct Sex. Thus in speaking of myself, I use the Word *I*; if more than one speak of Themselves, they use the Word *We*; in speaking to another, we use *Thou* or *You*; in speaking to more than one, we say *Ye* or *You*; if we speak of a Person to whom we do not address our Discourse, we say *He* or *She*; and of a Thing without Sex, *It*; and if of more Persons or Things than one, we say *They*.

Here it is worthy of Remark, that *Who*, *Which* and *What*, are sometimes called personal Interrogatives, as being frequently used in asking Questions, in which Case *Who* is only used in speaking of Persons, and *Which* or *What* of either Person or Things; as *Who is that Lady?* *What Man came in?* *What Place do you choose?* It must also be observed, that *Who*,

Who, *Which* and *That*, are frequently called Relatives, from their having a Relation to some foregoing Word, as *the Man who wrote that Book*; where *Who* refers to *Man*. In this Case, *Who* is only applied to Persons, *Which* to Things, and *That* to either Persons or Things.

In the English Language, Personals are the only Nouns that are expressed differently, when placed before and after a Verb; as *I*, *Thou*, *He* or *She*, which are called the three Persons singular, are placed before the Verb, and *Me*, *Thee*, *Him* and *Her*, are placed after it; as also *We*, *Ye*, *They*, called the three Persons plural, precede the Verb, and *Us*, *You*, *Him*, *Her* and *Them*, follow after it.

Substantives have two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural; the Singular, which expresses only one Person or Thing, is frequently distinguished by *a*, *an*, *one*, or *the* going before it, as *a Bird*, *a King*, *an Arm* or *the Arm*; and the Plural is generally known by its ending with *s*, as *Birds*, *Kings*, *Arms*; but when the Singular ends with *ch*, *sh*, *ss* or *x*, then *es* must be added, as *Churches*, *Dishes*, *Asses*, *Foxes*. To this general Rule there are, however, a few Exceptions, as those Singulars which end in *f* or *fe* have their Plural ending in *ves*, as *Loaf*, *Loaves*; *Wife*, *Wives*; *Calf*, *Calves*: *Tho'* *Dwarf*, *Hoof*, *Handkerchief*, *Mischief*, *Proof*, *Relief*, *Reproof*, *Roof*, *Scarf*, *Wharf*, are made Plural by adding only *s*, as are Words ending in *ff*, except *Staves*. Again, some Words are intirely changed in the Plural, as *Foot* makes *Feet*, *Goose*, *Geese*; *Chick*, *Chickens* or *Chicken*; *Tooth*, *Teeth*; *Man*, *Men*; *Woman*, *Women*; *Child*, *Children*; *Brother*, *Brethren*, or *Brothers*; *Ox*, *Oxen*; *Louse*, *Lice*; *Mouse*, *Mice*; *Penny*, *Pence*; *Cow*, *Kine* or *Cows*. Some Words have no Plural, as *Corn*, *Wheat*, *Rye*, *Barley*, *Chaff*, *Bran*, *Meal*, *Beer*, *Vinegar*, *Honey*, *Butter*, *Tar*, *Pitch*, *Wool*, *Dust*, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, *People*, *Offspring*, &c. Of this Class are also the Virtues and Vices, as *Justice*, *Temperance*, *Hatred*, *Envy*, &c. and abstract Qualities, as *Happiness*, *Misery*, *Wisdom*, *Paleness*, *Contempt*, *Grief*, &c. Others have the same ending in both Numbers, as *Deer*, *Sheep*, &c. And others have no Singular, as *Bellows*, *Bowels*, *Breeches*, *Tongs*, *Scissars*, *Snuffers*, *Folks*, *Wages*, *Thanks*, &c.

In most other Languages the Masculine and Feminine Genders being applied to inanimate Things, give no small

Trouble to the Learner; but with us they are only applied to their proper and necessary Use, that is, to distinguish the Sexes, in which we either use two Words, as in *Man, Woman*; *Boy, Girl*; *Brother, Sister*; *Duck, Drake*; *Goose, Gander*: Or by putting another Word expressive of the Sex before the Name, as in *Man Servant, Maid Servant*; *Male Child, Female Child*; *Cock Sparrow, Hen Sparrow*; *He Goat, She Goat*. In some few Words, the Female is distinguished from the Male, by changing the Termination into *ess*, as *Count, Countess*; *Heir, Heiress*; *Prince, Princess*: Or into *x*, as *Administratrix, Executrix, Testatrix*. They are also known by the personal Names, *He, Him*; used in speaking of Males; *She, Her*, used in referring to Females; and *It*, when we refer to inanimate Things. But there are four or five Words in the Language, which may be considered as Exceptions to this Rule; for we sometimes use the Word *Sun* in the Masculine Gender, and the *Moon, the Church, and a Ship*, are of the Feminine.

Instead of Cases, and the various Terminations and Declensions used in *Latin*, we have only the Articles, *a, an, the, of, to, by, from, with, &c.* to distinguish the several Circumstances of the Noun, either when alone, or when joined to an Adjective; except in the Genitive Case, which we sometimes form by adding 's to the Noun, as, for *the Son of the King*, we write *the King's Son*; we also say, *Charles's Watch, James's Book, &c.*

ADJECTIVES, express the Qualities or Properties of the Substantive; as *fine, good, wise, excellent, foolish, sweet, &c.* which must have a Substantive joined to them to make them understood, as a *fine Garden, a good Woman, a wise Man, &c.* And these in the *English Tongue* have neither Number, Case, nor Gender, but are joined to Nouns, either Masculine or Feminine, Singular or Plural, without altering their Terminations, as *a good Man, a good Woman, a good House, good Men, &c.* and tho' in most other Languages they are placed after the Substantive, in *English* they are placed before it, as in the above Examples; in Poetry, however, this Order is sometimes changed, as *O Bard divine!* The principal Peculiarity of this Part of Speech is, that Qualities admit of Degrees of Comparison, which Things do not: And of these there are properly but two, called

called the *Comparative* and the *Superlative*, both formed from the Quality in its *positive* State, which expresses simply and absolutely the State of the Name without relation to the like Quality in any other: as *wise*, *bright*, *fair*, *vile*: The *Comparative* Degree, by comparing one Thing with another, expresses the Quality somewhat increased or diminished, and is formed by adding *er* to the Positive, as *wiser*, *brighter*, *fairer*, *viler*: And the *Superlative* Degree expresses absolutely the Superiority of one above or beyond the other, as *wisest*, *brightest*, *fairest*, *vilest*. The Degrees of Comparison are also frequently formed by adding *more* or *most*, without altering the Termination of the Adjective, as *more wise*, *most wise*; which serves to vary the Turn of Expression, and is often esteemed more elegant than barely altering the Termination: This is particularly the Case in Words of two, three, or more Syllables; thus *more beautiful*, *most beautiful*, are more elegant than *beautifuller*, *beautifullest*. Thus *extraordinary*, *remarkable*, and most other long Words, have their Degrees of Comparison always expressed by *more* and *most*; for we never say *extraordinarier*, *extraordinarieſt*. We have, however, a few Irregulars, which cannot be brought under these Rules, in which the Degrees of Comparison are formed by different Words, as *little*, *less*, *least*; *bad*, *worse*, *worst*; *good*, *better*, *best*; *much* or *many*, *more*, *most*.

It must be observed, that Nouns or Names are sometimes used as Adjectives or Qualities, as a *Gold Watch*, a *Diamond Ring*, a *Silver Candlestick*: And that a Quality is used as a Name, and is to be considered as a Substantive, whenever it is taken in an abstracted or universal Sense, which Substantives are generally formed by adding *ness* to the Adjective, as *goodness*, *whiteness*, &c.

Some Grammarians have ranked the Words *my*, *mine*; *thy*, *thine*; *his*, *hers*; *our*, *ours*; *your*, *yours*; *their*, *theirs*; under the Class of Qualities derived from personal Names, and called them personal Possessives; and also, *this*, *that*, *the same*, which are called Demonstratives, because they shew what particular Person or Thing we mean; as *this House*, *that Horse*. *This* and *that*, in the Plural Number, make *these* and *those*.

A VERB, or Affirmation, is a Word which expresses what is affirmed or said of Things; and is usually reckoned of two Kinds, the auxiliary Verb, and the Verb itself, both of which have Persons, Numbers, and Tenses or Times. The Persons, which are distinguished by a personal Name going before them, vary their Terminations only in the Singular Number, as in *I live, thou livest, he lives or liveth, we live, ye live, they live.* The Affirmations in the English Language have but three Tenses or Times, the Present, the Past, and the Future; or in other Words the Thing doing, done, or to be done; for all other Tenses are formed by adding the auxiliary Verb, and without any Variation in the Termination. The Present Tense is expressed by the Affirmation itself, as *I dance*; the Past Tense generally ends with *ed*, as *I danced*; and the Future is formed by adding the auxiliary Verb *shall* or *will*, as *I shall dance*; and as there are but two Tenses or Times expressed by the Affirmation, its various Changes are signified by the nine following auxiliary Affirmations, viz. *do, will, shall, may, can, must, ought, have, am or be.* which being placed before other Affirmations, signify Time, Resolution, Power, Liberty, Necessity, Duty, &c.

It must be observed, that when one of these Auxiliaries is put before another Affirmation, the Auxiliary only alters its Termination in expressing the Persons, as *I am living, thou art living, he is living, we are living, &c.* *I do live, thou dost live, he doth or does live, &c.*

As some are apt to mistake the Use of *shall* and *will*, the Signs of the Future Tense, it must be observed that when we only simply foretel, we use *shall* in the first Person, and *will* in the rest; but when we promise, threaten or engage, we use *will* in the first Person, and *shall* in the others.

We have said, that the Affirmation generally expresses the past Time by adding *ed* to the present; but there are a pretty many Words which cannot be reduced to this Rule; the most common Irregularity is the changing the *d* into *t*, and omitting the Vowel, as in *mixt* for *mixed*; the others are too many to be all here enumerated; such as *I am awake, I awoke; I bear, I bore, I have borne; I see, I saw; I swim, I swam; I spin, I spun; I teach, I taught; I tread,* I

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I *trod*, I *have trodden*; I *weep*, I *wept*; I *wrote*, I *wrote*, I *have written*.

The Affirmation has sometimes the Particle *to* placed before it; and when it is thus used, it is always joined with another Affirmation; and has then the Power of a Name or Substantive.

PARTICLES are such Words as denote some Circumstance or Quality of an Action, join Words or Sentences together, or express some sudden Emotions of the Soul; and these comprehend all that are commonly known by the Names of *Adverbs*, *Conjunctions*, *Prepositions*, and *Interjections*: Words which, though of different Natures, ought to be reduced to one Class, since they always retain their Form, and are subject to none of the Variations of the other Parts of Speech.

The Use of ADVERBS is to denote some Circumstance or Quality of the Word to which they are joined, which is frequently to an Affirmation, as *I love her dearly*; and as many of these are derived from Qualities, they, like them, admit of Degrees of Comparison, as *happily*, *more happily*, *most happily*; *wisely*, *more wisely*, *most wisely*: these always end in *ly*. Adverbs are also divided into those of Time, as *now*, *already*, *yesterday*, *often*, *always*, *seldom*, &c. Into those of Place, as *here*, *there*, *hither*, *above*, *below*, &c. Into those of Number, as *first*, *secondly*, *thirdly*; *once*, *twice*, &c. Into those of Quantity, as *more*, *less*, *enough*, *too much*, &c. Into those of Affirmation, as *yea*, *yes*, *truly*, &c. Into those of Negation, as *no*, *not*, *nay*, &c. Into those of doubting, as *perhaps*, *peradventure*, &c.

CONJUNCTIONS are Words that join Sentences together, and shew the Manner of their Dependence on one another; as *and*, *also*, *or*, *nor*, *either*, *neither*.

PREPOSITIONS are Particles set before other Words, to shew the Relation which the subsequent Word has to some other that precedes it, as *at*, *against*, *among*, *between*, *from*, *for*, *in*, *of*, *with*, &c.

INTERJECTIONS are imperfect Words, mostly Monosyllables, that denote some sudden Emotion or Passion of the Mind, and being expressed by a kind of involuntary Impulse, have no Connection with any other Part of a Sentence, as *ah!* *alas!* *strange!* *pish!* *fob!* *bush!* *bark!* &c.

Of

Of these four Parts of Speech every Sentence is compounded, and on the proper Choice of Words, and the Disposition and Manner of placing them, all the Elegance, Harmony, and Force of Language consist.

GENERAL RULES for dividing Words of several Syllables, and for spelling and writing true English.

IN spelling Words of several Syllables, all the Letters, whereof the first is composed, must be joined together and pronounced ; then the Letters that make up the second Syllable must be put together, which when pronounced must be added to the first, and so on, till the whole Word is finished ; as for Instance in the Word *Multiplication*.

m u l —— *mul*
t i —— *ti* —— *mul-ti*
p l i —— *pli* —— *mul-ti-pli*
c a —— *ca* —— *mul-ti-pli-ca*
t i —— *ti* —— *mul-ti-pli-ca-ti-*
o n —— *on* —— *mul-ti-pli-ca-ti-on*.

In order to know exactly what Number of Syllables there are in a Word, you must find out all the distinct Sounds that are in it ; as for Instance, in *Mar-tyr* there are two, in *Mar-tyr-dom* there are three, and in *Mar-ty-ro-lo-gy* five, &c.

The general Rule for Spelling is this : Divide your Syllables correctly, and put as many Letters to one Syllable, as make one distinct Sound in the Pronunciation of the Word, as *Di-al*, *De-ni-al*, *Con-gre-ga-ti-on*, &c.

The special Rules are the four following, namely,

1. When a single Consonant falls between two Vowels, 'tis joined with the latter ; as *pe-riſh*, *pu-niſh*, &c. (though to this Rule there are some Exceptions) and the Letter *x*, is always joined to the preceding Vowel, as *Tax-es*, *Box-es*, &c.

2. When two Consonants of the same Kind come together, they must be divided, as *Dag-ger*, *Let-ter*, *bigger*, &c.

3. When several Consonants come together in the Middle of a Word, they must be placed in the Syllables, according to the distinct Sounds ; as for Instance, *pre-scribe*, *re-trench*, *a-ble*,

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a ble, Ta-ble, &c. but in *Sis-ter, Blis-ter, Bas-ket, Cas-ket, &c.* the Consonants must be divided, one to the first, and the other to the latter Syllable, because they are so pronounced.

4. When two Vowels come together in the Middle; and both are distinctly pronounced, they must be parted, as for Example, *Di-al, Tri-al, cre-ate, re-enter, &c.*

Though these are the principal Rules to be observed, yet there are some few Exceptions; as for Instance, all such Words as are composed of two distinct ones, such as *House-wife, Free-hold, where-as, where-in, &c.* as also such Words as consist of a Primitive and a Preposition preceding it, as *ad-orn, in-ure, en-able, &c.* And lastly, such as consist of one Word and a Termination, viz. *charm-eth, ed, ing, and er; paint-eth, ed, ing, er, &c.* In all which Cases the single Words must keep their own proper Letters and Syllables distinct, and the little Prepositions and Terminations must be spelt distinctly by themselves.

You are likewise to observe,

1. That when *ch, ph, tb, or sh*, begin either a Word or a Syllable, they must be looked upon as single Consonants, except where they are sounded apart, as in *Clapham, &c.*

2. That there are as many Words wherein the Sound of the Consonant is truly double, and belongs properly to both Syllables, though Custom has joined the Consonant to the latter; as *Ho-mage, I-mage, va-nish, &c.*

3. That some Words begin with double Consonants, and some with three.

4. In Monosyllables instead of *l*, write *ll*, after a single Vowel, as *fall, call, tall, &c.* but in Words of two or more Syllables make use only of one *l*, as *wo-ful, doubt-ful, ful-fil, mar-ti-al, cri-ti-cal, &c.*

With regard to spelling and writing true *English*, the best Way will be to pronounce your Words clear and distinct, Syllable by Syllable: give the full Sound to every Part of a Word, and write it as it is pronounced in the hardest and harshest Manner; as for Instance, *I-ron, not I-urn, A-pron, not A-pizn, Calf, not Caf, &c.*

As you read, observe how the Vowels and Consonants are sounded in different sorts of Words, whether *English* or *Foreign*, and remember to write them accordingly.

Ob-

Observe where Letters keep their proper Sound, and where they change it.

Take Notice also of such Letters as are silent, and not pronounced at all; and remember to put those Letters in when you write, though you leave them out when you read.

Accustom yourself to spell every Word true; and if you are in the least dubious, write it not without consulting some good English Dictionary.

Of QUANTITY and ACCENT.

TH E general Rule to be observed in the pronouncing of Words and Syllables is to sound every Syllable according to its proper *Quantity*; and every Word of two or more Syllables must have its proper *Accent*.

By *Quantity* I mean the Distinction of Syllables into *Long* or *Short*, in reading either Prose or Verse; and this depends on the various Sounds of the Vowels. But here let it be observed, that though in reading Verse the Accent must be laid on the same Syllable as Prose, and the Words pronounced in the same Manner; yet a Syllable in Verse is called long or short, not according to the long or short Vowel, but according to the *Accent*.

By *Accent* is meant that particular Stress or Force of Sound which the Voice lays upon any Syllable, whether it be long or short, as upon *Re* in *Rá-ver*, or *hap* in *háp-py*; and though the Accent is more frequently laid on a long Syllable than a short one, it is not so always; nor is the Accent always upon the same Syllables in the same Words; for the same Word when it is an Affirmation, has the Accent upon the last Syllable, as to *convért*, to *rebél*, to *recórd*; but when it is a Name, it is accented on the first, as a *Cónvert*, a *Rébel*, a *Récord*. Again,

Compound and derivative Words are not always accented like their Primitives; for in *Máker* the Accent is strong on the first Syllable; which in *Shóemaker* is lost. So *confér*, *préfér*, and the like, have their Accents on the last Syllable; but *Cónference*, *Pri-férence*, &c. on the first.

Some long Words also have two Accents, *omniprésent*, *Fá-miliárity*, *Jústificación*; and some three, as *Tránsubstántiátion*; but

ENGLISH GRAMMAR. II

it then the last is commonly the strongest; and as there are no general Rules for placing the Accent on Words of several Syllables, we must be determined by Custom; yet it is worth observing, that in our Language, the Accent is generally removed as far as possible, at least as far as conveniently may be, from the last Syllable.—We shall add few particular Remarks to this general Observation.

1. In Words of two Syllables, which are both short, or both long, the Accent is usually laid on the first, as in *hápy, private*, and the like.
2. If the first Syllable only be long, the Accent is generally laid upon it.
3. When the Accent is laid upon the last Syllable, the Word is commonly a sort of Compound, as *divért, prévén't, stúrn*.
4. In Words of three or more Syllables, the Accent is seldom laid on the two last, but often on the first or second, as in *Temperance, Controversy, abominable*. But after all the Rules that can be given, proper Tables or Catalogues of Words will be the best Help in this Particular.

Rules for READING, and particularly of the EMPHASIS belonging to some special Word or Words in a Sentence.

IN order to read well, observe the following Directions.

1. Take Pains to acquire a perfect Knowledge of the Sounds of all the Letters in general.
2. Do not guess at a Word at first Sight, if you are not well acquainted with it, lest you get a Habit of reading falsely.
3. Pronounce every Word clearly and distinctly.
4. Let the Tone of your Voice in reading be the same as in speaking.
5. Do not read in a Hurry, for fear of learning to stammer.
6. Read so loud as to be heard by those about you, but not louder.
7. Observe your Pauses well, and never make any, where the Sense will admit of none.
8. Humour your Voice a little according to the Subject.
9. Attend to those who read well, and endeavour to imitate their Pronunciation.
10. Read often before good Judges, and be thankful when they correct you.
11. Consider well the Place of the *Emphasis* in a Sentence, and pronounce it according

cordingly. By *Emphasis* we mean, the Stress or Force of Voice that is laid on some particular Word or Words in Sentence, whereby the Meaning and Beauty of the Whole may best appear: This, with respect to Sentences, is the same as *Accent* with regard to Syllables.

The Emphasis is generally placed upon the accented Syllable of a Word; but if there be a particular Opposition between two Words in a Sentence, whereof one differ from the other but in part, the Accent is sometimes removed from its common Place, as in the following Instance: *The Sun shines upon the Just and upon the unjust.* Here the Stress of the Voice is laid upon the first Syllable in *unjust*, because it is opposed to *just* in the same Sentence; but without such an Opposition the Accent would lie on its usual Place, that is, on the last Syllable; as, *We must not imitate the unjust Practices of others.*

The great and general Rule how to know the emphatical Word in a Sentence is, *to consider the chief Design of the Whole*: But particular Directions cannot be easily given: except that when Words are evidently opposed to one another in a Sentence, they are *emphatical*; and so is oftentimes the Word which asks a Question, as *who*, *what*, *when*, &c. but not always; for the Emphasis must be varied according to the principal Meaning of the Speaker: As suppose I inquire, *Did my Father walk abroad Yesterday?* If I lay the Emphasis on the Word *Father*, it is plain I want to know whether it was *he* or *somebody else*; if I place the Emphasis on *walk*, the Person I speak to is sensible I would be informed whether he went *on Foot*, or *on Horseback*, &c. But if I lay the Stress of my Voice on the Word *Yesterday*, it denotes that I am satisfied my Father did go abroad, and that he went on Foot, tho' I want to know the particular Time, whether it was *Yesterday*, or some Day before.

Instructions for Reading VERSE.

THREE are two Ways of writing on any Subject, namely; in *Prose*, and in *Verse*.

Prose is the usual Method of writing without any Confinement to a certain Number of Syllables, or ranging the Words

Words in any peculiar Form; which, on the Contrary, Verse requires.

The Words in Verse must be ranged so, as that the Accents may naturally fall on such peculiar Syllables as make Sort of Harmony to the Ear: and this is called *Metre*, that is *Measure*; to which *Rhyme* is generally added; that is, two or more Verses, near to each other, are made to end with the same or the like Sound: but this is not absolutely necessary.

There is another sort of Verse which has no Rhyme, called *Blank Verse*, the Words whereof are generally disposed in Metre so as that the Accent may fall on every second, fourth, and sixth Syllable; and on the Eighth, Tenth, and Twelfth also, if the Lines are so long. The following Verse of ten Syllables may serve for an Example:

The Mónarch spoke, and strait a Múrmur róse.

But our Poetry allows of great and frequent Variation from this Rule, especially in the first and second Syllables of the Line; as in the Verse which rhymes with the Former, where the Accent is upon the first Syllable:

Loud as the Súrge when the Témpest blòws.

There are two sorts of Metre which vary from this Rule; one of them is when the Line contains but seven Syllables, and the Accent lies on the First, Third, Fifth, and Seventh; as in the following:

Cóuld we, whích we néver cán.

Stréetch our Lives beyond their span,

Beauté like a Shádow flies,

And our Yóuth before us dies.

The other Sort has a hasty Sound, and requires an accent on every third Syllable; as for Example:

*'Tis the Voice of the Slúggard; I héar him complain,
You have Wák'd me too soón, I must Slúmber again.*

In reading Verse you are to Pronounce it just as if it were Prose, observing the Stops with great exactness, and by giving each Word or Syllable its due and natural Accent; but with these two Restrictions, 1. Though there be no stop at the End of a Line, make a small pause (less than after a Comma) before you begin the next. 2. If any Word in the Line has two Sounds, give it that which is most suitable to the Rhyme and Metre.—To favour

the Metre. for instance, the Word *Glittering* must sometime be pronounced as three Syllables, and sometimes as two, *Glitt'ring*: and upon the same Account the Word *Avenue* may have the Accent either upon the first Syllable or the Second; *ávenue* or *avíne*. So to favour the Rhyme the Word *Flattery* at the End of a Line must be sometimes sounded as if it were written *flatteree*, and sometimes as if it ended in *i*, so as it may best chime with the foregoing Verse.

Of the Notes and Points made use of in WRITING and PRINTING.

AFTER having laid down these Rules for Pronouncing single Words, it will be proper, before we begin with Reading, to take Notice of the several sorts of Points and Marks that are used in Writing and Printing: the First of which are the Stops of the Voice, called, 1. Comma, 2. Semicolon; 3. Colon: 4. Period. The Use of these Stops is; not only to give a proper Time for Breathing; but to avoid Obscurity and confusion of the Sense in the joining Words together in a Sentence: as for Example, the *Comma* divides the lesser Part of a Sentence, and stops the Reader's Voice till he can tell one. The *Semicolon* divides the greater Parts of a Sentence, at which the Reader may pause till he can tell two. The *Colon* is generally used where the Sense, not the Sentence, is compleat, and requires us to Pause till we can tell Three. The *Period*, or *Full-Point*, is put when the Sense is fully ended, and requires a Pause till we can tell Four.— But let it be noted, that the *Colon* and *Semicolon* are often used for each other, especially in our Bibles.

There are two other Marks which may be termed *Notes of Affection*, the One used in asking a Question, called an *Interrogation*, and marked thus ? The Other is used when we *admire*, *wish*, &c. and is usually called an *Exclamation* or *Admiration*, being Marked thus ! Each of these requires almost as long a Pause after it as a Period.

The other Marks to be met with in Reading are chiefly the Twelve following: 1. *Apostrophe* 2. *Hyphen* - 3. *Parenthesis*

Parenthesis () 4. *Brackets []* 5. *Paragraph ¶* 6. *Quotation “ ”*
 7. *Section §* 8. *Ellipsis—* 9. *Index* 10. *Asterisk ** 11. *Obelisk †* 12. *Caret A.*

1. An *Apostrophe* is set over a Word where some Letter is left out; as '*tis* for *it is*, *tho'* for *though*, *lov'd* for *loved*.
 2. An *Hyphen* joins Syllables together, and sometimes Words which make a Compound, as *Apple-Pye*, *Chees-cake*, &c. A *Parenthesis* includes something not necessary to the Sense, but brought in to explain or illustrate it; as, *I know that in me (that is, in my Flesh) dwelleth no good Thing*. 4. *Brackets* or *Crochets* include a Word or Words that are mentioned as the very Matter of Discourse; as *The little Word [Man] makes a great Noise in the World*. They are also used to enclose part of a Sentence cited from another Author; sometimes what is to be Explained, and sometimes the Explication itself. But *Brackets* and *Parentheses* are often used for one another without Distinction. 5. The *Paragraph* is a Mark chiefly used in the Bible, and denotes the Beginning of some new Matter or Subject. 6. The *Quotation*, or double Comma inverted, is used to Distinguish what is cited from an Author in his own Words. 7. A *Section* shews the Division of a Chapter, &c. and is used for the same Purpose in common Books as the *Paragraph* is in the *Bible*. 8. The *Ellipsis* is used when part of a Word or Sentence is omitted; as, *K—g* for *King*. 9. The *Index* denotes that the Passage which it points to is very Remarkable. 10. The *Asterisk*, or *Asterism*, generally refers to some Remark in the Margin, or at the Bottom of the Page. When several of them stand together, they imply that some Part of an Author is lost, or too Immodest to be Read. 11. The *Obelisk* or *Dagger*, and also parallel Lines marked thus ||, are used to refer to something in the Margin. 12. The *Caret* is made use of in Writing (not in Printing) to shew the Omission of a Word or Letter, and the Place where it ought to come in; as, *A good Boy
early
rises in the Morning.*

A

It may not here be amiss to mention those crooked Lines called *Braces*, the Design whereof is to Couple two or more

Words or Lines together that have a Relation to one thing; as,

The Vowel *a* has { a long } Sound.
 { a short }
 { a broad }

A Brace is also used in Poetry, when three Lines have the same Rhyme or Ending.

There are some other Marks that relate to single Words, the Use of which ought likewise to be known, and they are, 1. A *Dialyfis*, or *Diæresis* placed over Vowels to shew they must be Pronounced in distinct Syllables; as in *Raphael*, *Ephraim*, &c. 2. *Circumflex* \wedge , which is set over a Vowel to denote a long and grave Sound; as in *Euphrates*. 3. An *Accent*, marked thus, , to shew where the Stress of the Voice must be placed; as in *Diligence*, *Neglect*, &c. And sometimes a double Accent is used, to shew that the following Consonant must be pronounced Double, as in *Banish*, *Homage*. 4. To these we may add the *Long* —, and the *Short* °, which denote the Quantity of the Syllable over which they are placed; as in the Word *Water*.

Of the different Letters used in printed Books, and particularly of the Use of CAPITALS.

THE Names of the several Sorts of Letters we usually meet with in Printed Books are the round, full, and upright Print, which is called *Roman*: the long, leaning, narrow Letters, which are called *Italic* or *Italian*: and the ancient Black Character, which is called *English*. Take this Specimen of each.

Rom.	Ital.	Eng.
<i>Angel</i> ,	<i>Angel</i> ,	<i>Angel</i> .

The Old *English* is seldom used now-a-days, except in Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, &c. The *Roman* is chiefly in Vogue for Printing Books and Pamphlets, the *Italic* being intermixed for the Sake of Distinguishing proper Names, the Titles or Arguments of Chapters, Examples to Rules laid down, Words of any foreign Language, Texts of Scripture or Citations from other Authors, Speeches or

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or Sayings of any Person, emphatical Words, and whatever is most significant and remarkable.

1. A *Capital*, or *great Letter*, begins every Name of the Supreme Being; as, *God*, *Lord*, the *Almighty*, *Father*, *Son*, *Spirit*, &c. 2. All proper Names, whether of Men or Things, and Titles of Distinction, as *King*, *Queen*, *Knight*, *Esquire*, &c. must also begin with a Capital. 3. So must every Book, Chapter, Verse, Paragraph, and Sentence after a Period. 4. A Saying, or Citation from an Author, and every Line of a Poem ought to begin with a great Letter. 5. *I* and *O*, when single, must be Capitals. 6. Any Words, especially Names or Substantives, if they be Emphatical, may begin a Capital; but the common Practice, of beginning every Substantive with a great Letter, is not to be recommended.

Capitals also are frequently used for *Ornament*, as in the Titles of Books; and likewise to express *Numbers*, and in *Abbreviations*.

Some common ABBREVIATIONS, or CONTRACTIONS, wherein LETTERS stand for WORDS.

A for Answer.

A. B. or B. A. Bachelor of Arts.

A. D. *Anno Domini*, in the Year of the World.

A. M. or M. A. Master of Arts.

B. D. Bachelor of Divinity.

B. V. M. Blessed Virgin Mary.

C. C. C. *Corpus Christi* Co'lege.

Cent *Centum*, an Hundred.

D. D. Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Doctor or Debtor.

Dit. or D^o. *Ditto*, the Same.

E. g. or ex. gr. *exempli gratiâ*, for Example.

Esq; Esquire.

F. R. S. Fellow of the Royal Society.

G. R. *Georgius Rex*, King George.

Id. *Idem*, the same.

Ib. *ibid.m*, In the same Place.

i. e. *id est*, that is.

J. H. S. *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus Saviour of Men.

J. D. *Juris Doctor*, Doctor of the Law.

Kt. Knight.

L. C. J. Lord Chief Justice.

LL. D. *Legum Doctor*, Doctor of Laws.

M. D. *Medicinæ Doctor*, Doctor of Physic.

MS. Manuscript.

M. S. *Memoriae Sacrum*, sacred to the Memory.

MSS. Manuscripts.

N. B. *Nota Bene*, mark well.

N. S. New Style.

O. S. Old Style.

Pen. or Penult. the Last but one.

Per Cent. by the Hundred.

P. S. *Post Scriptum*, Postscript, after written.

Q. Question or Queen.

q. d. *quasi dicat*, or *dicas*, as much as to say.

R. *Rex*, King; or *Regina*, Queen.

Rev. Reverend.

Rt. Right.

S. or St. Saint.

S. T. P. *Sacræ Theologiæ Professor*, Professor of Divinity.

V. *Vide*, See.

V. D. M. *Verbi Dei Minister*, Minister of the Word of God.

v. g. *Verbi Gratiâ*, for Example.

viz. *videlicet*, to wit, namely.

ult. *ultimus*, the Last.

&, *et*, and.

&c. *et cætera*, and the rest, and so forth.

There are many other Contractions that are used both in Print and Writing, most of which may be reduced to the following Heads.

1. Titles and Characters of Men; as *Abp.* Archbishop, *Capt.* Captain, *Gent.* Gentleman, *Philomath*, Philomathematicus, a Lover of Mathematics.

2. Proper Names of Persons and Places; as, *Geo. George*, *Wm. William*, *Lond. London*.

3. Books of the Bible; as, *Gen. Genesis*, *Ex. Exodus*, &c.

4. Names of Months: as *Jan.* January, *Sept.* September, &c.

5. Names of the Winds; as, *E.* East, *W.* West, *N.* North, *S.* South, *N. N. E.* North-North-East, &c.

6. Parts of Books; as *Cb.* or *Chap.* Chapter; *Sect.* Section

Section; *pag.* or *p.* Page; *l.* Line; *v.* Verse; *Ep.* Epistle;
Obs. Observation; *Sol.* Solution, &c.

A Table of NUMBERS and FIGURES.

NUmbers are usually Expressed either by these seven Roman capital Letters, I. V. X. L. C. D. M. which are called *Numerals*; or by these ten Characters, viz 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which are called *Figures*, and 0, which is a *Cypher*.

Their Signification.

I. One. V. Five. X. Ten. L. Fifty. C. a Hundred. D. Five Hundred. M. a Thousand.

1. One. 2. Two. 3. Three. 4. Four. 5. Five. 6. Six. 7. Seven. 8. Eight. 9. Nine. 0. Nothing.

Observe concerning the *Numeral Letters*, that if a less *Numeral Letter* be placed before a greater, it takes away from the Greater so much as the Lesser stands for; but being placed after a Greater it adds so much to it as the Lesser stands for; as the Letter V stands for *Five*; but having I placed before it, it takes *One* from it, and makes both stand but for *Four*, thus IV. But I, being set after V, adds *One* to it, and makes it thus *Six*, VI. Take notice of these Examples.

IV Four	V Five	VI Six
IX Nine	X Ten	XI Eleven
XL Forty	L Fifty	LX Sixty
XC Ninety	C Hundred	CX Hundred and Ten

Observe, concerning the *Characters or Figures*, that *Cyphers* at the Right-hand of *Figures* increase their value ten Times, as 1 One, 10 Ten, 100 Hundred, 7 Seven, 7000 Seven Thousand; but at the Left-hand they signify nothing at all, as 01, 001, make but *One*, 002, but *Two*.

A Figure at every remove from the Right-hand increases its Value ten Times, as 9 Nine, 98 Ninety-eight, 987 Nine Hundred Eighty Seven.

1 One	I	11 Eleven	XI
2 Two	II	12 Twelve	XII
3 Three	III	13 Thirteen	XIII
4 Four	IV	14 Fourteen	XIV
5 Five	V	15 Fifteen	XV
6 Six	VI	16 Sixteen	XVI
7 Seven	VII	17 Seventeen	XVII
8 Eight	VIII	18 Eighteen	XVIII
9 Nine	IX	19 Nineteen	XIX
10 Ten	X	20 Twenty	X
21 Twenty-one		XXI	
22 Twenty-two		XXII	
23 Twenty-three		XXIII	
24 Twenty-four		XXIV	
25 Twenty-five		XXV	
26 Twenty-six		XXVI	
27 Twenty-seven		XXVII	
28 Twenty-eight		XXVIII	
29 Twenty-nine		XXIX	
30 Thirty		XXX	
40 Forty		XL	
50 Fifty		L	
60 Sixty		LX	
70 Seventy		LXX	
80 Eighty		LXXX	
90 Ninety		XC	
100 One Hundred		C	
200 Two Hundred		CC	
300 Three Hundred		CCC	
400 Four Hundred		CCCC	
500 Five Hundred		D or CI	
600 Six Hundred		DC or ICI	
700 Seven Hundred		DCC or ICIC	
800 Eight Hundred		DCCC or ICICCC	
900 Nine Hundred		DCCCC or ICICCCCC	
1000 One Thousand		M CI	
1757		MDCCLVII.	

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty-seven.

Note here, that the small Numbers are sometimes expressed by small Roman Letters, as i. One, ii. Two, xvi. Sixteen, lxxviii. Seventy-eight, &c.

Note

Note also, Where Books, Chapters, Sections and Verses are cited, the *numerical Letters* are generally used to signify the Book or Chapter, and the *Figures* to signify the Sections, Verses or smaller Parts; as *Exod. xii. 17.* Exodus, the twelfth Chapter, and the seventeenth Verse. So *B. IX.*, Sect. 24. signifies *Book the Ninth*, and the twenty-fourth Section.

Figures are also used to express the Things following, (viz.)

1. The Order, or Succession of Things; as, *1st*, *2d*, *3d*, *4th*, *10th*, *39th*, *First*, *Second*, *Third*, &c.
2. The Fractions or parts of a Thing; as, $\frac{1}{2}$ *one Half*, $\frac{1}{3}$ *one third Part*, $\frac{1}{4}$ *one Fourth*, or *Quarter*; $\frac{3}{4}$ *three Quarters*, $\frac{5}{8}$ *five Eights*, &c.
3. The Numbers of Action, as *2ce Twice*; *3ce Thrice*.
4. The Size of Books, *4to Quarto*, *8vo Octavo*, *12mo Duodecimo* or *Twelves*, *24to Twenty-fours*.
5. The Months, as *7br. September*, *8br. October*, *9br. November*, *10br. December*.



INTRODUCTION.

Letters, like polite Conversation, are most to be prized when they are least tinctured with Affectation; Ease, Elegance, Perspicuity, and Correctness, are the chief Characteristic of such as are truly Valuable; and in Order to attain these Arts, nothing is so essential as a diligent Perusal of correct and elegant Authors; added to which, the Graces of Conversation is no small Point, which Happiness is only to be found, but by a constant Intercourse with the best and politest Company.

When these Qualifications are acquired, Nature will presently furnish out the rest: A Purity of Language, and an easy, happy Style must be the Result of unwearyed Diligence; and a good Foundation once laid, a glorious Superstructure, will be quickly raised: From sincerity of Thought and elegance of Expression, a Person can never be at a Loss to write a Letter well: There needs no more, than to express himself in the same Terms, as he would talk were the Friend he is writing to, present at the same Time.

Nothing requires less Study than a Letter; whoever aims at great Things, will make but a poor Figure. To express far fetched Conceptions, requires a Stiff and formal Language, which is not more displeasing to the Ear than disgusting to the Heart; that which is most Easy is most Natural, and Nature never fails to please.

Tis true every Person is not alike Qualified for the same Subjects. The Graces of Writing and Conversation are of different Kinds, and though he who excels in one, might have been with opportunities and application equally Successful in the Other, yet as many please by extemporary Talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate Method, and more laboured Beauties, which Composition

sition requires; so it is very possible, that Men, wholly accustomed to Works of Study, may be, without that readiness of Conception and affluence of Language, always necessary to colloquial Entertainment. They may want address to watch the Hints which Conversation offers for the Display of their particular Attainments, or they may be so much unfurnished with Matter on common Subjects, that Discourse not professedly Literary, glides over them as heterogeneous Bodies, without admiring their Conceptions mix in the Circulation.

Time, Place, and different Circumstances have different operations even on the Same, much more on opposite Constitutions: That he, who shall acquit himself well in Letters, shall be often found as wanting in Conversation, is on the other Hand, he, who in Conversation is remarked for his Life and Vivacity, shall be as destitute in literary Accomplishments: Custom and Application may alter either, and both be alike Distinguished for the very same Perfections.

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

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, Sir, or, *May it Please your Majesty.*

To his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, Sir, or, *May it Please your Royal Highness.*

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

To the NOBILITY.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it Please your Grace*, or, *Your Grace*.

To the most Honourable G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable A. Earl of B. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To

INTRODUCTION.

To the Right Honourable E. Lord F. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

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

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by courtesy of *England*, the Title of *Lord*, and *Right Honourable*; and the Title of *Lady* and *Right Honourable* is given to all their Daughters.

But the youngest Sons of Earls, are only *Honourable* and *Esquires*.

The Sons of *Viscounts* and *Barons* are styled *Esquires* and *Honourable*, and their Daughters are directed to, *The Honourable Mrs. A. B.* but without any other Style; and they have Rank among the first Gentry, without Title.

The Title of *Honourable* is likewise conferred on certain Persons who have the King's Commission, and upon those Gentlemen who enjoy Places of Trust and Honour; and every considerable Servant to the King, upon the Civil or Military List, or to any of the Royal Family, is styled *Esquire pro tempore*.

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

To the PARLIAMENT.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament of Great-Britain assembled, *My Lords, or, May it Please your Lordships.*

To the Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament of Great-Britain assembled, *Gentlemen, or, May it Please your Honours.*

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

To the CLERGY.

To the Most Reverend Father in God Thomas, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord, or, Your Grace.*

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To the Right Rev. father in God W. Lord Bishop of *My Lo. d, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Reverend Mr. (or Doctor, if the Degree of Doctor has been taken) A. B. Dean of C. or Archdeacon, or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Mr. Dean, Mr. Archdeacon, Reverend Sir, &c.*

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of all Denominations, are styled *Reverend.*

To the Officers of his MAJESTY's Household.

They are for the most Part addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeably to the Nature of their Office, as, *My Lord Steward, My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain, &c.* and in all Subscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their stile of Office should never be omitted.

To the COMMISSIONERS and OFFICERS on the CIVIL LISTS.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal —— Lord President of the Council —— Lord Great Chamberlain —— Earl Marshal of England —— His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners —— of the Admiralty —— Of the Treasury —— Of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lord, your Lordships.*

N. B. If there be a Nobleman, or even a Commoner, who is a Privy Counsellor, among any Set of Commissioners, it will be proper to stile them collectively *Right Honourable*; the usual Address then is *Your Lordships.*

To the Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs —— Ditto of the Revenue of Excise —— Ditto for the Duty on Salt —— Ditto for his Majesty's Stamp Duties —— Ditto for Victualling his Majesty's Navy, &c. &c.

To the Officers of the ARMY and NAVY.

In the Army, all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their employ.

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

To the Right Honourable *J. Earl of S.* Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards — Band of Gentlemen Pensioners — Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

All Colonels are styled *Honourable*; and all inferior Officers should have the Names of their Employments set first; as for Example, To Major *W. C.* To Captain *T. H.* &c. *Sir.*

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

To the AMBASSADRY.

To his Excellency Sir *A. B.* Bart. his *Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Port, Sir, Your Excellency.*

To his Excellency *C. D.* Esq. Ambassador to his Most Christian Majesty, *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To his Excellency the Baron *de E.* his *Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of Great-Britain, Sir, Your Excellency.*

To Seignior *F. G.* Secretary from the Republic of *Venice at London, Sir,*

To Seignior *H. J.* Secretary from the Duke of *Tuscany at London, Sir.*

To *K. L.* Esq; his *Britannic Majesty's consul at Smyrna, Sir.*

To the JUDGES and LAWYERS.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are styled *Right Honourable*; as for Instance:

To the Right Honourable *A. B.* Lord High Chancellor of *Great-Britain, My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable *P. V.* Master of the Rolls, *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable Sir *G. L.* Bart. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench — Ditto of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

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To the Honourable Sir A. B. Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir, or, *May it please you, Sir.*

To the Honourable A. D. one of the Justices of the Court of —— or to Judge D. Sir, or, *May it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. D. his Majesty's Attorney —— Sollicitor —— or Advocate-General, Sir.

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

N. B. Upon the Circuits, and when they sit singly, every one of the Judges is addressed and treated with the same Respect and Ceremony as the Chief Justices.

Of the LIEUTENANCY and MAGISTRACY.

To the Right Honourable S. Earl of B. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of H. My Lord, Your Lordship.

To P. E. Esq. High-Sheriff for the County of C. Mr. High Sheriff, Sir.

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord Mayor of the City of London; My Lord, Your Lordship.

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Esq. Alderman of Tower-Ward, London; Sir, Mr. Alderman.

To the Right Worshipful Sir E. F. Recorder of the City of London; Sir, Mr. Recorder.

To the Worshipful G. H. Esq. Mayor of L. Mr. Mayor, Sir, Your Worship.

To the Worshipful J. K. Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of S. Sir, Your Worship.

To L. M. Esq. Deputy-Steward of the City and Liberty of W. Mr. Deputy, Sir.

To the GOVERNORS under the CROWN.

To his Excellency J. Lord C. Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland; My Lord Lieutenant, Your Excellency.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of the Kingdom of Ireland; Your Excellencies.

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of L. Governor of Dover-Castle, and Lord-Warden of the Cinque-Ports; My Lord, Your Lordship.

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. Constable of the Tower.

To his Excellency J. H. Esq. Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the Leeward Caribee Islands in America; Sir, Governor, Your Excellency.

To the Honourable F. N. Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina.

To the Honourable Sir J. G. Deputy Governor of Portsmouth.

To the Honourable G. P. Esq. Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, in East-India.

To the Worshipful the President, and Governors of Christ's Hospital, London.

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are styled Lieutenant-Governors: Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are called Deputy-Governors.

To INCORPORATE BODIES.

To the Honourable the Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East-Indies.

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the South-Sea Company.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Drapers.

To a Baronet: To Sir C. D. Bart. at Binfield, Sir.

To a Knight: To Sir W. H. at Richmond, Sir:

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

To Dr. W. Jones at Reading, Berks.

To Mr. John Long, Merchant in London, or Bristol, &c.

To Mr. Swan, Surgeon at Bath.

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



A COMPLETE
INTRODUCTION
TO THE ART OF
WRITING LETTERS.

P A R T I.

Containing MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

On Industry and Idleness.

THE Jews have a Proverb, that, *He who breeds not up his Son to some Trade, makes him a Thief*, and the Arabians say, *That an idle Person is the Devil's playfellow*. Therefore Mahomet has commanded them to exercise themselves every Day in some manual Occupation. Neither is the Sultan upon his Throne any more exempted from Obedience to this universal Precept than he who cleans the

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Streets. The Soul of Man is active as Fire, and can no more cease from being busy, than Water can with-hold itself from running out of every Hole of a Sieve. Men should be always exerting their Faculties one way or other, and there is no *Medium* between Good and Evil. Who-so-ever is not employed in one, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the Points to which all the Lines of Human Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But though there be no such Thing as a Mediocrity between these two Extreams, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Virtue or Vice; yet, there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; specifick differences also, which take their Rise and Proportion from Nature, Morality and Religion, thus human Providence teaches us, of two Evils to choose the Least; while the divine Oracle instructs us, not to stand upon Niceties and Punctilio's with Virtue, but to push forward till we arrive at an heroick Generosity.

Would you know how I busy myself at my Hours of Leisure: I make Watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant Time, than in framing an Instrument whereby I may perceive how Time passes away. This little Engine points out each Minute, and measures exactly the Succession of Hours; it keeps pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. 'Tis the Journal of the Sun, a faithful Record of his daily Travel through the Heavens. In a Word, 'tis the Secretary of Time; and a compendious History of the first born Issue of Eternity.

May the Being who moves all Things, yet is moved of none, who sets all the Springs and Wheels of Nature agoing; yet remains himself in eternal Rest; beholding all Things past, present, and to come, with one undivided Glance, guard and protect us here, and give us eternal Happiness in the Life hereafter,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

from Mr. Pope, to Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dying young.

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 then 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: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasure. When a smart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcerned

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cerned as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in Bed in
the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would
tumble over his Head, made Answer, What care I for the
House? I am only a Lodger. I fancy 'tis the best Time
to die when one is in the best Humour; and so excessively
weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am
not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men whom I
never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World
after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little
Atom every single Man is, with respect to the whole Crea-
tion, methinks 'tis a Shame to be concerned at the Removal
of such a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my
Exit, the Sun will rise as bright as ever, the Flowers smell
as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World will pro-
ceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and
marry as fast as they 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 gray Hair to
" Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age. He was taken
" away speedy, lest Wickedness should alter his Under-
" standing, or Deceit beguile his Soul, &c."

I am yours, &c.

LETTER III.

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

My dear Lord,

WHILST you are pursuing honour in the Field, in
the earliest Time of your Life, after the Example
of your Ancestors, I am commanded by the Queen to let
you know, she has declared you her Lord-lieutenant of the
County of Cornwall; the Earl of Rochester to act for you till
you are of Age.

You

You will do well to Write your most humble Thanks to her Majesty, for so graciously rememb'ring you, unsolicited, in your Absence: You should likewise do the same to my Lord *Rochefier*, for accepting the Trouble.

This, my dear Lord, is a Preparative to bring you upon the Stage with some Lustre at your first Appearance in the World. You are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentry, entirely disposed in affection to You and your Family: You are born possessed of all those amiable Qualities which cannot fail of fixing their Hearts; you have no other Example to follow, but to tread in the Steps of your Ancestors: It is all that is hoped or desired from you.

You are upon an uncommon Foundation in that Part of the World; your Ancestors, for at least 500 Years, never made any alliance, Male or Female, out of the Western Counties: thus there is hardly a Gentleman either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has some of your Blood, or you some of theirs. I remember the first Time I accompanied your Grandfather into the West, upon holding his Parliament of Tinners, as Warden of the Stannaries, when there was the most numerous Appearance of the Gentry of both Countries that had ever been remembered together: I observed there was hardly any one but whom he called Cousin, and I could not but observe at the same Time how well they were pleased with it. Let this be a Lesson for you when it comes to your Turn to appear amongst them. Nothing is more obliging than to seem to retain the Memory of Kindred and Alliances, though never so remote; and by consequence, nothing more disobliging than a Forgetfulness of Them, which is always imputed to an affected, disdainful Superiority and Pride.

There is another particular, in my opinion, of no small consequence to the Support of your Interest, which I would recommend to your Imitation; and that is, to make *Stow* your principal Residence. I have heard your Grandfather say, if ever he lived to be possessed of *Newhall*, he would pull it down, that your Father might have no Temptation to withdraw from the ancient Seat of his Family. From the Conquest to the Restauration, your ancestors constantly resided amongst their countrymen, except when the Public-service called upon them to sacrifice their Lives for it.

Stowe,

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Stowe, in your Grandfathers's time, till the civil War broke out, was a Kind of Academy for all young Men in the Country; he provided himself with the best Masters, of all kinds, for Education; and the Children of his Neighbours and Friends shared the Advantage with his own. Thus he, in a Manner, became the Father of his Country, and not only engaged the Affection of the present Generation, but laid a Foundation of Friendship for posterity, which is not worn out at this day.

Upon this foundation, my Lord, you inherit Friends without the Trouble of making them, and have only to preserve them: An easy task for you, to whom nature has been so liberal of every Quality necessary to attract affection and gain the Heart.

I must tell you, the Generality of our Countrymen have been always *Royalists*; you inherit too much loyal Blood to like them the Worse: there is an old saying among them, "That a *Godolphin* was never known to want Wit; a *Trelawney* Courage; or, a *Granville* Loyalty." Wit and Courage are not to be mistaken; and to give those Families their due, they still keep up their Character; but it is the Misfortune of Loyalty not to be so clearly understood, or defined. In a Country subject to Revolutions, what passes for loyalty to day, may be treason to-morrow; but I make great difference between real and nominal Treason. In the Quarrel of the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, both sides were proclaimed Traitors, as the other prevailed: Even under *Cromwell's* Usurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed Traitors, and suffered as such: But this makes no alteration in the Thing itself: It may be enacted Treason to call *Black*, *Black*; or, *White*, *White*; but black will be black, and white will be white, in spite of all the Legislators in the World.

There can be no Doubt about Allegiance, unless Princes become Tyrants, and then they cease to be Kings: They will no longer be respected as God's Vicegerents, who violate the Laws they were sworn to protect. The Preacher may tell us of passive Obedience; that Tyrants are to be patiently suffered as scourges in the Hands of a righteous God, to chastise a sinful Nation; and to be submitted to,

like

Plagues, Famines, and such-like Judgments from Heaven. Such Doctrines, were it true, could only serve to lead ill-judging Princes into a false Security; Men are not to be reasoned out of their Senses: human Nature and Self-Preservation will eternally arm against Slavery and Oppression.

It is therefore not to be supposed, that even the weakest Prince would run that Hazard, unless seduced by Advice wickedly palliated by evil Counsellors. *Nero* himself, under the Influence of a good Ministry, was the mildest, the most gracious, and best beloved of the Emperors; the most tyrannical, the most profligate, and the most abhorred was a bad one. A Prince may be deceived, or mistaken, in his Choice of his Favourites; but he has this Advantage, of being sure to hear of it from the Voice of the Public; If in he is deaf, he seems to take upon himself the Blame and Odium of those Actions, which were chargeable before but upon his Advisers.

Idle Murmurs, groundless Discontents, and pretended Jealousies and Fears, the Effect of private Prejudice and Contentions, have been, and will ever be, under the wisest Administrations: We are pestered with them even now, when we have a Queen, who is known to have nothing so much at Heart, as the Contentment of her People: These are transitory Vapours, which scatter at the first Appearance of Light; the Infection spreads no farther than a particular党 of four, splenetic Enthusiasts in Politics, not worth regarding or correcting. Universal Discontent can never happen but from solid Provocations.

Many well-meaning Persons, however, abounding in zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular Prejudices, and not undeceived, till 'twas too late. Have Care, my dear Cousin, of splitting upon that Rock; there have been false *Patriots*, as well as false *Prophets*.

To fear God, and honour the KING, were Injunctions so closely tacked together, that they seem to make but one and the same Command: A Man may as well pretend to be a good *Christian*, without fearing God, as a good Subject without honouring the KING.

DEO, PATRIÆ, AMICIS, was your Great Grandfather, *Bevil's Motto*: In three Words he has added to his Example

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ample a Rule, which, in following, you can never err in
any Duty of Life. The brightest Courage, and the gentlest
Disposition, is part of the Lord Clarendon's Character of
him: So much of him you have begun to shew us already;
and the best Wish I can make for you, is, to resemble him
as much in all — but his untimely Fate.

My dear Lord,

I am for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE

LETTER IV.

To the same.

Sept. 22.

EVERY living Creature, my dear Lord, is entitled to
Offices of Humanity: The Distress, even of an En-
emy, should reconcile us to him: If he Thirst, give him
Drink; if he Hunger, give him Food; overcome Evil
with Good. It is with this Disposition I would have
you enter into the Exercise of that Authority, with
which her Majesty has honoured you over your Coun-
trymen. Let no Body inspire you with Party Preju-
dices and Resentments. Let it be your Business to recon-
cile Differences and heal Divisions, and to restore, if possi-
ble, Harmony and good Neighbourhood among them. If
then there should be any left to wish you ill, make them
ashamed and confounded with your Goodness and Mode-
ration: Not that I would ever advise you to Sacrifice one
Hair of the Head of an old Friend to your Family, to gain
fifty new ones; but if you can increase the Number, by
Courtesy and Moderation, it may be worth the Trial.

Believe me, my dear Lord, Humanity and Generosity
make the best Foundation to build a Character upon: A
Man may have Birth, and Riches, and Power, Wit, Learn-
ing, Courage; but without Generosity, it is impossible to be a
great Man. Whatever the Rich and Powerful may think
of Themselves; whatever Value they may set upon their
Abundance and Grandeur, they will find themselves but the
more hated and despised for the ill Use they make of it.
You should look upon yourselves but as Stewards and
Trus-

Trustees for the Distressed: Your Over-abundance is but a Deposite for the Use and Relief of the Unhappy: You are answerable for all Superfluities mispent. It is not to be supposed, that Providence would have made such Distinctions among Men; such unequal Distributions, but that they might endear themselves to one another, by mutual Helps and Obligations. Gratitude is the surest Cement of Love, Friendship, and Society.

There are, indeed, Rules to be observed, and Measures to be kept in the Distribution of Favours: We know who have both the Power and Inclination to do Good; but for want of Judgment in the Direction, they pass only for good-natured Fools, instead of generous Benefactors.

My Lord —— will grudge a Guinea to an honest Gentleman in Distress, but readily give Twenty to a common Strumpet. Another shall refuse to lend fifty Pounds to his best Friend without sufficient Security; and the next Moment set his whole Fortune upon a Card, or a Dye; a Chance for which he can have no Security. My L—— is to be seen every Day at a Toy-shop, squandering away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles; and at the same Time leaves his Brothers and Sisters without common Necessaries.

Generosity does not consist in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at random, without Judgment or Distinction; (though that indeed is better than locking it up, for Multitudes have the Benefit of it,) but in a right Disposition to proper Objects, in proportion to the Merit, the Circumstances, the Rank, and Condition of those who stand in need of our Service.

PRINCES are more exposed than any others to the Misplacing their Favours: Merit is ever Modest, and keeps its distance: The Forward and Importunate stand always nearest in Sight, and are not to be put out of Countenance, nor thrust out of the Way. I remember to have heard a Saying of the late King James, That he never knew a modest Man make his Way in a Court. David Floyd, whom, you know, being then in waiting at his Majesty's Elbow, replied bluntly, Pray, Sir, whose Fault's that? The King stood corrected, and was silent.

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If Princes could see with their own Eyes, and hear with their own Ears, what a happy Situation it would be both for themselves and their Subjects ! To reward Merit, to redress the Injured, to relieve the Oppressed, to raise the Modest, to humble the Insolent, What a godlike Prerogative ! were a right Use made of it.

How happy are you, my dear Lord, who are born with such generous Inclinations, with Judgment to direct them, and the Means to indulge them. Of all Men most miserable is he who has the Inclination without the Means. To meet with a deserving Object of Compassion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumstances in Life, is the most Disagreeable : To have the Power, is the greatest Pleasure. Methinks I see you ready to cry out, — “ Good Cousin, why this Discourse to me ? What occasion have I for these Lectures ? ” None at all, my dear Lord ; I am only making my Court to you, by letting you see I think as you do.

But one Word more, and I have done.

In Trust, Intimacy, and Confidence, be as particular as you Please : In Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence universal.

I am for Ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE

LETTER V.

A Character of Mr. WYCHERLEY,

By the Honourable Mr. GRANVILLE.

Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me }
Once to have Touch'd upon true Comedy, }
But hasty Shadwel, and slow Wycherley. }
Shadwel's unfinish'd Works do yet impart,
Great Proofs of nature's Force, tho' none of Art ;
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains.

Earl of ROCHESTER, Esq;

Sir,

Sir,

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

This Character, however just in other respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherly* in one particular, being represented as a laborious Writer; which every one can contradict, who has the least personal Knowledge of him. Those indeed who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such Diversity of Images and Characters, such strict Enquiries into Nature, so thorough an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a *Dissection* of Human-kind, delivered with so much pointed Wit, and force of Expression as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others, who have the Happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm, that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertained and instructed by him, to his Facility of doing it; for if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a Trouble to him to Write, he would have spared himself that trouble. What he has performed would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force; but the *Gib*, which a Man of ordinary Size could not Lift, was no more than a Walking-staff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherly*, in his *Writings*, is *severe*, and *bold* in his *Undertakings*; in his *Conversation*, gentle, modest, *inoffensive*. In his *Writings* he seems without *mercy*; in his *Nature* he is all *Tenderness*. He makes use of his *Satire*, as a Man *suely Brave* of his *Courage*, only upon public Occasions,

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and for public Good : he compassionates the Wounds he is under a Necessity to Probe ; or, like a good-natured Conqueror, grieves at the Occasion that provokes him to make such Havock.

There are some who object against his *Versification* ; but Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being Polished. *Versification* is in Poetry, what colouring is in Painting, a beautiful Ornament : But if the Proportions are just, the Posture true, the Figure bold, and the Resemblance according to Nature, though the Colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the Picture shall lose nothing of its Esteem. Such are many of the inestimable Pieces of *Raphael*, whereas the finest and the nicest Colour that art can invent, is but Labour in vain, when the rest is in disorder; like Paint bestowed on an ill Face, whereby the Deformity is rendered but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some Observations upon this Subject, by way of advice to many of our present Writers, who seem to lay the whole Stress of their Endeavours upon the *Harmony* of Words : Like *Eusebius* they sacrifice their *Manhood* for a *Voice*, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Echo*, nothing but *Sound*. In Mr. *Wesley* every thing is *masculine*; his Muse is not led forth as to a *Review*, but as to a *Battle*: Not adorned for Parade, but for Execution : He would be tried by the Sharpness of his Blade, and not by the *Finesse* : Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to Despise all Ornament, but intrinsick Merit ; and, like, those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own ; and, by the unanimous Assent of the World, is called, *The manly Wesley*.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

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

Sir,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure and my Imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to Write, or what to Excuse, I am altogether Ignorant: Whereas you

send

send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such a One, whom you know to be mine ancient professed Enemy, I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your Command. But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof proceeded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as I now find; for the Ground of my Preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Object. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your princely Favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most dutiful Wife, and the infant Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Tryal, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that Party, for whose sake I am now as I am; whose Name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being Ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

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But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death but an infamous Slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness ; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof ; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage of me, at his general Judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only Request shall be, that myself may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request ; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions.

From my doleful Prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your loyal and ever faithful Wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

LETTER VII.

CHARLES I. to the Earl of STRAFFORD.

Strafford,

THE Misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these Times being such, that I must lay by the Thought of employing you hereafter in my Affairs ; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your Troubles) that, upon the Word of a King, you shall not suffer in Life, Honour, or Fortune. This is but Justice, and therefore a very mean Reward from a Master to so faithful and able a Servant, as you have showed

showed yourself to be ; yet it is as much as I conceive the present Times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful Friend;

CHARLES R.

LETTER VIII.

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 protect You in all your Ways ; to whose infinite Goodness I bequeath you ; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all Things. Be sure you give all Respects to my Wife, that hath ever had a great Love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your Love and Care to your Sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you : For this will give others Cause to esteem and respect you for it; and is a Duty that you owe them in the Memory of your excellent Mother and myself: therefore your Care and Affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself ; and the like Regard must you have to your youngest Sister ; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her Father and Mother's sake. Sweet Will, be careful to take the Advice of those Friends, which are by me desired to advise you for your Education. Serve God diligently Morning and Evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your Eyes in all your Ways. With Patience hear the Instructions of those Friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their Counsel. For, till you come by Time to have Experience in the World, it will be far more safe to trust to their Judgment than your own. Lose not the Time of your Youth, but gather those Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your

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your Friends, for the rest of your Life. And that this
may be the better effected, attend thereto with Patience,
and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from Anger.
Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with Chearfulness
and good Courage go on the Race you have to run in all
sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed Care to have
respect to all the Commandments of God, and give no
yourself to neglect them in the least Things, lest by De-
grees you come to forget them in the Greatest ; for the
Heart of Man is deceitful above all things. And in all your
Duties and Devotions towards God, rather perform them
joyfully than pensively ; for God loves a chearful Giver.
For your Religion, let it be Directed according to that
which shall be taught by those which are in God's
Church, the proper Teachers thereof, rather than that
you either fancy one to yourself, or be led by Men that
are singular in their own Opinion, and delight to go way
of their own finding out : For you will certainly find So-
berness and Truth in the one, and much Unsteadiness and
Vanity in the other. The King, I trust, will deal gr-
eiously 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 ad-
vise might be by a new Gift and Creation from himself,
than by any other means, to the End you may pay the
Thanks to him without having Obligations to any other.
Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after
those that have been sharp in their Judgments towards me,
and I charge you never to suffer thought of Revenge to en-
ter into your Heart ; but be careful to be informed who
were my Friends in this Prosecution, and to them apply
yourself to make them your Friends also ; and on such you
may rely, and bestow much of your Conversation amongst
them. And God Almighty, of his infinite Goodness bless
you and your Children's Children ; and his same Good-
ness bless your Sisters in like manner, perfect you in every
good Work, and give you right Understanding in all things,
Amen.

Your most loving Father,

T. WENTWORTH

L E T.

LETTER IX.

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

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

CHARLES REX.

LETTER X.

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

I Want Words to express the Joy I have that you are well after your glorious Success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you: And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful Services you have ever done me. But be so Just as to believe I am as truly Sensible of them as a grateful Heart can be; and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my Esteem and Friendship for you, nor think, because I differ with you in some Things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the Wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my Letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his Protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

L E T.

Duke of MARLBOROUGH to Queen ANNE.

Madam,

BY what I hear from *London*, I find your Majesty is pleased to think, that when I have reflected, I may be of Opinion, that you are in the Right of giving Mr. *Hill* the Earl of *Essex*'s Regiment. I beg your Majesty will be so just to me, as not to think I can be unreasonable as to be mortified to the Degree that I am, if it proceed only from this one Thing; for I shall always be ready and glad to do every Thing that is agreeable to you, after I have represented what may be a Prejudice to your Service. But this is only one of a great many Mortifications that I have met with. And as I may not have many Opportunities of Writing to you, let me beg of your Majesty to reflect what your own People and the rest of the World must think, who have been Witnesses of the Love, Zeal and Duty, - with which I have served you, when they shall see, that after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the Malice of a Bed-chamber Woman. Your Majesty will allow me on this Occasion to remind you of what I Writ to you the last Campaign, of the certain Knowledge I had of Mrs. *Masham*'s having assured Mr. *Harey*, that I should receive such constant Mortification, as should make it impossible for me to continue in your Service. God Almighty and the whole World are my witnesses, with what Care and Pains, I have served you more than twenty Years; and I was resolved, if possible, to have struggled with Difficulties to the End of this War. But the many Instances I have had of your Majesty's great Change to me, has so broke my Spirits, that I must beg, as the greatest and last Favour, that you will approve of my retiring; so that I may employ the little Time I have to Live, in making my just Acknowledgements to God, for the Protection he has been pleased to give me: and your Majesty may be assured that my Zeal for you and my Country is so great that in my Retirement I shall daily Pray for your Prosperity, and that those who shall serve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard Return that I have met with.

L E T.

LETTER XII.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

Contemplations on the Pleasures of separate Spirits, on the narrow Conceptions of Men, the Vanity of human Knowledge, the Variety of Opinions in Religion, and great Duty of Charity.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

A M just returned from the Country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd 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 makes 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, and 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 or 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 Sollicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious Impertinents in the

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the Case of Futurity. 'Tis not our Business to be guessin
what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what ma
make our own State happy; we cannot be knowing, b
we can be virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great Part of that high Sc
ience, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay
mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling Poem
I really make no other use, than Horses of the Bells th
gingle about their Ears (though now and then they te
their Heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog
on, a little more merrily.

Your Observations on the narrow Conceptions of Ma
kind in the Point of Friendship, confirm me in what I w
so fortunate as at my first Knowledge of you to hope, a
since so amply to experience. Let me take so much de
cent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that be
for Opinions like these which I discover'd in your Mind,
had never made the Trial I have done; which has suc
ceeded 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 Politicks
or Religion is often rather a Gratification, than an Objec
tion, 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 non
Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catho
lic Religion, though *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a
generous Thought and one that flowed from an exalte
d Mind, that it was not improbable but God might be de
lighted with the various Methods of worshiping him, which
divided the whole World. I am pretty sure you and I
should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern Ty
rants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for In
quisitors to *Procrustus*, when he converted refractory Member
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
damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest
can save him without it. *I am, &c.*

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

Dr. ATTERBURY *Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE*
about two Months before his Banishment.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

Thank you for all the Instances of your Friendship, both before, and since my Misfortunes. A little Time will compleat 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 Accidents of Life, no Distance of Time, or Place, will alter you in that Respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd 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 Case that is already determin'd. 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, so' 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 clos'd 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 natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:

The World was all before him, where to chuse

His Place of Rest, and Providence his Guide.

F

L E T.

LETTER XVI.

The Answer.

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, tho' it may be more tender I do not think more strong than that of Friendship. But 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 : n^t Way but that one, which needs no open Warrant to authorise it, or secret Conveyance to secure it ; which no Bill can preclude, and no Kings prevent ; a Way that can reach to any Part of the World where you may be, whether by 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 such, that none of your Friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting Justice : the Instrument of your Fame to Posterity will be in your own Hand. 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 honorably filled. Think of *Tully*, *Bacon*, and *Clarendon* : is 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 a Part of your Misfortune may pursue me. But God knows I am every Day less and less fond of my native Country,

o torn as it is by Party-Rage) and begin to consider a friend in Exile, as a Friend in Death ; one gone before, here 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 pleasing 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.

LETTER XV.

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 Critique 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 of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist, in which its Participation and Neighbour-hood 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

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he 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 as 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.

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.

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L E T T E R XIV.

From Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON.

I Have been lying in Wait for my own Imagination, this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at Length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of this 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, tho' never so low and 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 'em. This makes me hope a Letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more Unreservedness 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 can't 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 Center of Nonsense: Now.. I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. *Steele* in his liveliest 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 *Shakespeare* 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-liv'd 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 Achievements 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 Strain, but must see the World and its contemptible Grandeur lesser before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a Poize of Inaction, void of all Desires, of all Designs, of all Friendships.

But we must return (thro' 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 yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the Hon. Mr. H—— from Mr. POPE.

Madam,

ALL the Pleasure or Use of familiar Letters, is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare; at least 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despiser of what they call fine Letters. In this View, I promise you,

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it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters and
to receive them from you ; because I unfeignedly have your
Good at my Heart, and am that Thing, which many
People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments
upon, a Friend : Which is a Character that admits of little
to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly
tell you, I don't like your Stile : 'Tis very pretty, there-
fore I don't like it ; and if you writ as well as *Voiture*, I
would not give a Farthing for such Letters, unless I were
to sell 'em to be printed. Methinks I have lost Mrs.
*L** I formerly knew, who writ and talk'd like other People,
(and sometimes better.) You must allow me to say, you
have not said a sensible Word in all your Letter, except
where you speak of shewing Kindness and expecting it in
Return : But the Addition you make about your being but
two and twenty, is again in the Stile of Wit and Abomi-
nation. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you wrote,
in all your Letters you've never told me how you do.
Indeed I see 'twas absolutely necessary for me to write to
you, before you continued to take more Notice of me, for
I ought to tell you what you are to expect ; that is to say,
Kindness, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return ; and
not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concern'd, be-
cause Judgment is a better Thing ; and if I had, I would
make Use of it, rather to play upon those I despised, than
to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what
Manner you may most agreeably write to me : Tell me
you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a Loss
about that Article. As I have open'd my Mind upon this
to you, it may also serve for Mr. *H*—, who will see by
it what Manner of Letters he must expect if he corresponds
with me. As I am too seriously yours and his Servant, to
put Turns upon you instead of good Wishes, so in Return
I should have nothing but honest plain How-d'ye's and
Pray-remember-me's ; which not being fit to be shown to
any Body for Wit, may be a Proof we correspond only
for ourselves, in meer Friendliness ; as doth, God is my
Witness,

Your very, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To a young Gentleman who had lately lost his Father.

Dear Sir,

I know no Part of Life more impertinent than the Office of administring Consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought; to make a Youth of Three and Twenty incapable of Comfort upon coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his Memory by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of others upon the Occasion. You cannot recal your Father by your Grief; but you may revive him to his Friends by your Conduct.

LETTER XIX.

LYDIA to HARRIOT, a Lady newly married.

My dear HARRIOT,

If thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest

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Blest Solitude ! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described : But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels : After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant ; one would think you lived the Lives of the *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman : 'Tis a little Insolence in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron ; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never to sander about St. James's-Park together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruined forever ; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation ; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World ; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* Wives, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish*'s Tea-Table ; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given to you ; but she says she shall never

ever forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as Billamour
to transform him to a mere sober Husband; 'twas unpar-
onable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness,
and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

LYDIA.

LETTER XX.

HARRIOT'S Answer to the above.

DE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotions; half my Prayers are for his Happiness— I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish you Happiness; but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit

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visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has
brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even
I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with
his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be
lasting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies, and the Co-
combs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ri-
diculous, ridiculous in old Age.

I am, Madam, your most humble Servant,

MARY HOME.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 1723.

I Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend Gay makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a sincere Effect of Friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you take me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a Possession you could not imagine stood in Need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate State, at this Distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in *England*, in every Place and Company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any Share.

We have never met these many Years without Mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a later Date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his

the Art of WRITING LETTERS. 61

other Hereditary Rights ; and, indeed, he seems grown much a Philosopher, as to set his Heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure ill Fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be banished : After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of Rochester. Be this is a Nation that is curiously afraid of being overburdened with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the Expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General ; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of the Manner of my Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me ; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the First Part of my Life, cast me into this ; and this, I begin to think, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of People, have hindred me from being violent or sour to any Party ; but at the same Time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at any : I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry Spirit in you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me ; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of Mind which even improves into a certain Degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, but no Part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Conversations I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to ; for I think those Men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in Power of this Sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal Obligation, and that I will take Care not to have. The top-pleasure of my Life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the Freedom of Friendship with Men

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much my Superiors. To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise ; but not to have flattered them and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where, by great Chance, I have found a modest one. By these Means I have had no Quarrels with any personally ; none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me ; and as there is no great Need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated ; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any Thing of the Matter. There are very few Things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish ; the strongest I have would be to pass my Days with you, and a few such as you : But Fate has dispersed them all about the World ; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth.

If I have sinned in my long Silence, consider there is one to whom you your self have been as great a Sinner. As soon as you see his Hand, you will learn to do me Justice, and feel in your Heart how long a Man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LETTER XXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I AM not so lazy as *Pope*, and therefore you must not expect from me the same Indulgence to Laziness ; in defending his own Cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge : You will do the same on your Part ; and I, and the rest of your common Friends shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals : You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the same Time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one anothers Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award ; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it : but annual Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it ; and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope some Time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would

would not say one Word to you about myself (since it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curiosity) was it not to try how far the Contrast between *Pope's* Fortune and Manner of Life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some Profusion, among the whole Female Kind, has been these many Years devoted to one Object. A great many Misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that just and nice Discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom Sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those Insects of various Hues, which used to hum and buzz about me while I stood in the Sunshine, have disappeared since I liv'd in the Shade. No Man comes to my Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit: A few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate and duller Company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine Years ago.

The hoarse Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of *Isaac Bickerstaff* are admitted, this Distinction is owing to some Strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher had (like the *Indian Fobu*, the *Grecian Pythagoras*, the *Persian Zoroaster*, and others his Precursors among the *Zabians*, *Magian*, and the *Egyptian Seers*) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no Side at the Bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any Party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted Reason of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such Monster as Party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing Dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, by *Guicciardini*, by *Macchiavel*, and by *Thuanus*; for I have vowed to read no History of our own Country, till that Body of it, which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no Apprehension that a Glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the Hurry of the World; on the Contrary, the single Regret which I ever

feel, is that I fell so late into this Course of Life: My Philosophy grows confirmed by Habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this Approbation from you. *Non non consilio bonus, sed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere possum, sed nil non recte facere non possum.* The little Inci-
vilities I have met with from opposite Setts of People, have been so far from rendring me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my Fears, by shewing me how impotent the Malice of the World is; others have cured me of my Hopes, by shewing how precarious popular Friendships are; all have cured me of Surprise: In driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed Company; and in stripping me of Title and Rank, and Estate, and such Trinkets, which even Man that will may spare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without.

Reflection and Habit have rendered the World so indif-
ferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, ani-
gry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than
personal Friendships interest me in the Affairs of it, and this
Principle extends my Cares but a little Way. Perfect
Tranquillity is the general Tenour of my Life: Good Di-
gestions, serene Weather, and some other mechanic Spring
wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it.
I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained
new Friends, and have lost some old ones: My Acquisitions
of this Kind give me a good Deal of Pleasure, because they
have not been made lightly: I know no Vows so solemn as
those of Friendship, and therefore a pretty long Noviciate
of Acquaintance should methinks precede them; my Losses
of this Kind give me but little Trouble, I contributed no-
thing to them, and a Friend that breaks with me unjustly is
not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which
will be in a few Days) I shall fall back into that Course of
Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great Distance
from me: I have an Aversion to them both, but in the or-
dinary Course of Life I think I can bear the sensible Knav
better than the Fool. One must indeed with the former be
in some or other of the Attitudes of those wooden Men whom
I have seen before a Sword-Cutler's Shop in Germany; but
even in these constrained Postures the witty Rascal will divert

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

LETTER XXIII.

*Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.**Dublin, Sept. 1723.*

Returning from a Summer Expedition of four Months on Account of my Health, I found a Letter from you, with an Appendix longer than yours from Lord *Bolingbroke*. I believe there is not a more miserable Malady than an Unwillingness to write Letters to our best Friends, and a Man might be Philosopher enough in finding out Reasons for it; one Thing is clear, that it shews a mighty Difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a Lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his Mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your Civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my Friends in *England*, I am in the Right to keep myself here — *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a Period of Life, when one Year does more Execution than three at yours, to which, if you add the Dulness of the Air, and of the People, it will make a terrible Sum I have no very strong Faith in you Pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an Age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad Fortune enough, to go into a Corner, and form Conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga saeculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much Applause, as Ministers do of too much Weight of Business.

Your Happiness is greater than your Merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this

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you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius, employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for, I suppose, *Virgil* and *Horace* are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at *Constantinople*; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your Notions of Friendship are new to me; I believe every Man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give one without robbing another. I very well know to whom would give the first Places in my Friendship, but they are not in the Way: I am condemned to another Scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least: and should do the same to my Fellow-Prisoners, if I were condemned to Jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because the Knavery does me no Hurt in the Commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have done it: they are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the Time of *Augustus*; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe. Under the Name of Poets and Scriblers, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would describe to you my Way of living, if any Method could be called so in this Country. I choose my Companions among those of least Consequence, and most Compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling Subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four Hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty Years ago, and have several Things to finish, which I put off to twenty Years hence; *He cest vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the Compliments of a Friend of yours, who hath passed four Months this Summer with two grave Acquaintance

nce at his Country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but Eight Miles distant ; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's, and the coffee-house, as any Man there. I am now with him for few Days.

You must remember me with great Affection to Dr. Arthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay — I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. J — whose House I address this, for want of knowing where you live ; for it was not clear, from your last, whether you dge with Lord Peterborow or he with you. I am ever,

C.

LETTER XXIV.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable HENRY SAVILLE.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely ; for I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a *Gazette* : Now, to me, who think the World is giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Honor I wish to continue in 'em : For my own Part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M.'s mean Ambition, but aspire to my Lord L---'s generous Philosophy : They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who, with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G----y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night : But G----y would be rich ; and by my Troth, there is some Sense in that : Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write

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write me word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet,
whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and
his Attributes : He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond
of, as one would be of a Hog that could Fiddle, or a singing
Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very
good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please,
and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And,
now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to
shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such
a Crew together, as may not be ashamed of passing by
Woodstock; and if you can bring Alderman G---y, we will
make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the de-
clining D---fs, and would have you be generous to her
at this Time : For that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R XXV.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable HENRY SAVILLE.

Dear SAVILLE,

T HIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own
Death and Burial. But, hearing what Heirs and
Successors were decreed me in my Place, and chiefly in
my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those Tidings
prove untrue. My Passion for living is so increased, that I
omit no Care of myself, which, before, I never thought
Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who
knows me to be a very ill-natur'd Man, will not think it
an easy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of
Spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some News from your
Land of the Living: And though I have little Curiosity
to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few Friends
are so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest.
I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look
so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess
myself

*Your faithful affectionate
umble Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Earl of Rochester to Mrs. -----

Madam,

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

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

L E T T E R XXVII.

To the Same.

Madam,

NOTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are ; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live : Believe all I say, for that is the kindest Thing imaginable ; and when you can devise any Way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love, without Wrong to it.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE to Mr. SIDNEY.

Sir,

Hague, Dec. 13, N. S. 1675

THOUGH I did not like the Date of your last Letter, yet I did all the rest very well. I thought Lyons a little too far off for one I wish always in my Reach : But when I remembered it was a Place of so great Trade, and where you told me yours had been very good in former Times,

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Times, I was contented, to think you spent your Time
to your own Advantage and Satisfaction, though not to
your Friends, by keeping at such a Distance. I was very
well pleased t'other Day with a Visit made me by Captain
Freskeim, who was much in your Praises ; but I did not
like that he should make you kinder to him than to me.
Yet I think he deserves it of you, if all be true that he
tells ; for he pretends to think you *le plus bel homme*, & *le
plus honnête homme*, and I know not what more, that never
came into my Head, as you know very well. However
I was mighty glad to hear him say, you had the best Health
that could be, and that you looked as if you would keep
so, if you did not grow too kind to the Place and Compa-
ny you lived in, or they to you. Yet, after what you told
me of the *French* Air and *Bourbon* Waters, I am much apt
to wish myself there, than you in these Parts of the World,
and though I hear News every Day from all Sides, yet
have not heard any so good, since I came upon this Scene
as what you send me, of the Effects I am like to feel by the
Change, whenever I come upon that where you are. They
will be greater and better than any I can expect by being
the busy Man, though *je pourrois bien faire merveilles*, with
the Company I am joined to ; and nobody knows to what
Sir *Elis* may raise another Ambassador, that has already
raised one from the Dead. They begin to talk now of
our going to *Nimeguen*, as if it were nearer than I thought
it a Month ago : When we are there, it will be Time en-
ough to tell you what I think of our coming away. Hi-
therto, I can only say, there are so many Splinters in the
broken Bone, that the Patient must be very good, as
well as the Surgeon, if it be a sudden Cure. And
though I believe both where you and I are, the Dispositions
towards it are very well, yet I doubt of those who are far-
ther off on both Sides of us. For aught any Body knows,
this great Dance may end as others use to do, every Man
coming to the Place where they begun, or near it : Only,
against all Reason and Custom, I doubt the poor *Swede*, that
never led the Dance, is likeliest to pay the Fidlers. I hope
you know what passes at Home ; at least, 'tis Pity you
should not : But if you don't, you shall not for me at this
Distance ; and since you talk of returning, the Matter is
not

great. In the mean Time, pray let me know your Opinions and your Health, since the want of your Cypher keeps me from knowing other Things you said you had a mind to tell me. I hear nothing of the Letter you say you have sent me by so good a Hand; so that all that I can say to that is, that by whatsoever it comes, any will be welcome that comes from yours; because nobody loves you better than I, nor can be more than I am

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE to Lord ARLINGTON.

My Lord,

A M 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 to, but encourage any Inquiries or Disquisitions they desire to make into the Miscarriages of the late War, as well as he has done already in the Matter of Accounts: or, 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 they will be employ'd directly to those Ends for which they have it; so they will never be satisfied with a Government unless they see Men are chosen into Offices and Employments by being fit for them; continued, for discharging them well; rewarded, for extraordinary Merit; and punished, for remarkable Faults. Besides, in these Cases, his Majesty discharges the Hardships and Severity of all Punishments upon the Parliament, and commits no Force upon the Gentleness of his own Nature, while his Subjects see that no Tenderness of their Prince, nor Corruption of Ministers, can preserve them long from paying what they owe to any Forfeits of their Duty. Nor indeed can any Prince do Justice to those that serve him well, without 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

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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 Wit*, concerning the Carriage of it on our Side, especially what fell under his Eye while he was abroad in the Fleet, that I cannot but think the Parliament may be excused for their Warmth in this Pursuit. But your Lordship can best discern by the Course of Debates, whether this proceeds from a steady Intention upon a general Good, or from some accidental Distempers, from which the greatest and best Assemblies of Men are not always free, especially when they have continued long together. I beg your Lordship's Pardon for my Liberty in these Discourses, to which you were pleased to encourage me, by hearing me so obligingly those few Minutes I was allowed for such Talk or Thought 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 Conjunction.

I am ever, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

I AM unacquainted with Thanks or Praises, having so little deserved any, that I must judge of them rather by the Report of others, than by any Experience of my own. But if, by either, I understand any Thing of them, all the Charm or Value they have arises from the Esteem a Man has of the Person that gives them, or the Belief in some Measure of his own deserving them. The first of these Circumstances gave so great an Advantage to those I had lately the Honour of receiving from your Lordship in a Letter delivered me by Mr. Dolben, that the Want of the other was but necessary to allay the Vanity they might otherwise

therwise have given me. But where a Man can find no Ground to flatter himself upon the Thanks he receives, he begins to consider whether they are Praise or Reproach : And so I am sure I have Reason to do in the Acknowledgements your Lordship is pleased to make me of any Favours to your Son, who has never yet been so kind to me, as to give me the least Occasion of obliging him. I confess, I should have been glad to meet with any, though I do not remember so much as ever to have told him so : But if he has guessed it from my Countenance or Conversation, it is a Testimony of his observing much, and judging well ; which are Qualities I have thought him guilty of, among those others that allow me to do him no Favour, but Justice only in esteeming him. 'Tis his Fortune to have been beforehand with me, by giving your Lordship an Occasion to take Notice of me, and thereby furnishing me with a Pretence of entering into your Service ; which gives him a new Title to any I can do him, and your Lordship very just one to employ me upon all Occasions. Notwithstanding your Lordship's favourable Opinion, I will assure you, 'tis well for me that our Work here requires little Skill, and that we have no more but Forms to deal with in this Congress, while the Treaty is truly in the Field, where the Conditions of it are to yet be determined. *Satam viam invenient:* Which is all I can say of it. Nor shall I increase your Lordship's present Trouble, beyond the Professions of my being,

*My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient
umble Servant,*

LETTER XXXI.

Dr. GARTH to ANTHONY HENLY, Esq. inclosing a Poem,
called, his Dispensary.

Sir,

A Man of your Character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for Merit, like

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like a Virgin's Blushes; is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

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

The World generally measures our Esteem, by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expression: But when they reflect on your Readiness to do good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it owned; they will conclude, that Acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a Person, who even seems to receive the Obligations he confers. But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all Occasions, those more polite Arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers; insomuch, that Sculpture now breaths, Painting speaks, Musick ravishes; and as you help to refine our Taste, you distinguish your own. Your Approbation of this Poem is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: But you are resolved to forget to be a Critic, by remembering you are a Friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less would be unjust in

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXXII.

To PHILOTES.

I Should not have suffered so long an Interval to interrupt our Correspondence, if my Expedition to *Euphronijs* had not wholly employed me for these last six Weeks. I had long promised to spend some Time with him before he embarked with his Regiment for *Flanders*; and as he is not one of those Hudibrastic Heroes, who chuse to run away one Day that they may live to fight another, I was unwilling

unwilling to trust the Opportunity of seeing him, to the very precarious Contingency of his Return. The high Employments he leaves behind him, might indeed be a Pledge to his Friends, that his Caution would at least be equal to his Courage, if his Notions of Honour were less exquisitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard: though at the same Time, from the generous Sensibility of his Temper, he feels every Thing that his Family can suffer in their Fears for his Danger. I had an Instance whilst I was in his House, how much *Euphronia's* Apprehensions for his Safety are ready to take Alarm upon every Occasion. She called me one Day into the Gallery to look upon a Picture, which was just come out of the Painter's Hands; but the Moment she carried me up to it, she burst out into a Flood of Tears. It was drawn at the Request, and after a Design of her Father's, and is a Performance which does great Honour to the ingenious Artist who executed it. *Euphronius* is represented under the Character of *Hector* when he parts from *Andromache*, who is personated in the Piece by *Euphronia*; as her Sister, who holds their Boy in her Arms, is shadowed out under the Figure of the beautiful Nurse with the young *Ajax*. I was so pleased with the Design in this uncommon Family-Piece, that I thought it deserved particular Mention; as I could wish it were to become a general fashion, to have all Pictures of the same Kind executed in the same Manner. If, instead of furnishing a Room with separate Portraits, a whole Family were to be thus introduced into a single Piece, and represented under some interesting historical Subject, suitable to their Rank and Character; Portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised, might become of real Value to the Public. By this Means History-Painting would be encouraged amongst us, and a ridiculous Vanity turned to the Improvement of one of the most instructive, as well as the most pleasing, of the imitative Arts. Those who never contribute a single Benefit to their own Age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after-one, might by this Means employ their Pride and their Expence in a Way which might render them entertaining and useful both to the present and future Times. It would require, indeed,

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

*Good Heav'n ! that Sots and Knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile Resemblance may remain ;*

And stand recorded at their own Request,

To future Times a Libel or a Jeſt.

DRYDEN.

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

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

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To CLEORA.

August 11, 1738.

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

Place of its Affections, and after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderness are centered. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

To ORONTES.

May 6, 1735.

LET others consider you for those ample Possessions you enjoy: Suffer me to say, that it is your Application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my Estimation. Your splendid Roofs and elegant Accommodations I can view without the least Emotion of Envy; but when I observe you in the full Power, of exerting the noble Purposes of your exalted Generosity, — it is then, I confess, I am apt to reflect, with some Regret, on the humble Supplies of my own more limited Finances. *Nihil habet* (to speak of you in the same Language that the first of Orators addressed the greatest of Emperors) *fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis; nec natura minus, quam ut velis servare quamplurimos.* To be able to soften the Calamities of Mankind, and inspire Gladness into a Heart oppressed with Want, is indeed the noblest Privilege of an enlarged Fortune: But to exercise that Privilege in all its generous Refinements, is an Instance of the most uncommon Elegance, both of Temper and Understanding.

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

I have seen Charity (if Charity it might be called) insulted with

with an Air of Pity, and wound at the same Time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest Munificence dispensed with the most refined Tenderness, and a Bounty conferred with as much Address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, *Orontes*, upon this single Occasion, to gratify my own Inclinations in Violence to yours, by pointing out the particular Instance I have in my View; and allow me, at the same Time, to join my Acknowledgments, with those of the unfortunate Person I recommend to your Protection, for the generous Assistance you lately afforded him.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. DRYDEN to Mr. DENNIS.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

WHEN I read a Letter so full of my Commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the Master of a vast Treasure, who, having more than enough for yourself, are forced to flow out upon your Friends. You have indeed the best Right to give them, since you have them in Propriety: But they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the Reflection of Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the modern Writers may enter into Comparison with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critic, can persuade me that there is any Room left for a solid Commendation, at this Time of Day at least, for me. If I undertake the Translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will shew at least, that no Man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern Tongue: Neither will his Machines be of any Service to a Christian Poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by *Tasso*, and by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make Devils of his Gods: as if, for Example, I would raise

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raise a Storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only Difference, of calling him Prince of the Air; what Invention of mine would be in this? Or who would not see *Virgil* through me, only the same Trick play'd over again by a bungling Juggler? *Bolieau* has well observed, that it is an easy Matter, in a Christian Poem, for God to bring the Devil to reason. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines in my Preface to *Fuveral*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur's Conquest of the Saxons*; and the other of the *Black Prince*, in his Conquest of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms are not to be touched by every Hand. A Man must be deeply conversant in the *Platonic Philosophy* to deal with them: And therefore I may reasonably expect, that no Poet of our Age will presume to handle those Machines, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance; or, if he should, he might, perhaps, be ungrateful enough, not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rym---, that our *English Comedy* is far beyond any Thing of the Ancients. And, notwithstanding our Irregularities, so is our Tragedy. *Shakespear* had a Genius for it; and we know, in Spite of Mr. R——, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may so call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You see what Success this learned Critic has found in the World, after his blaspheming *Shakespear*. Almost all the Faults which he has discovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rym---, or not read *Shakespear*? For my own Part, I reverence Mr. Rym---'s Learning, but I detest his Ill-nature and his Arrogance. I, indeed, and such as I, have Reason to be afraid of him, but *Shakespear* has not. There is another Part of Poetry in which the *English* stand almost upon an equal Footing with the Ancients, and 'tis that which we call *Pindarique*, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Masters: you have the Sublimity of Sense as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldness of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode, and reduce it either to the same Measure which *Pindar* used, or give new Measures of your own.

own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast Tract of Land newly discovered. The Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured; overstocked with Inhabitants, but almost all Savages, without Laws, Arts, Armies, or Policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a sober and witty Answer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easy Thing to write like a Madman.* No, said he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman;* *but 'tis a very easy Matter to write like a Fool.* *Otway* and he are safe by Death from all Attacks, but we poor Poets militant (to use Mr. Cowley's Expression) are at the Mercy of wretched Scribblers: and when they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State, and Religion. For my Principles of Religion, I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same Reason, I shall say nothing of my Principles of State: I believe you in yours follow the Dictates of your Reason, as I in mine do those of my Conscience. If I thought myself in an Error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the Devil say, *That no Creature is in love with Pain.* For my Morals betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge; I appeal to the World if I have deceived or defrauded any Man: and for my private Conversation, they who see me every Day can be the best Witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and innoffensive. Hitherto I have no Reason to complain that Men of either Party shun my Company. I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noblemen: My Visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable, and but just enough to testify my Gratitude for their Bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unasked, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this Subject: For I dare say, you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, which is my Friend's Passion, and his Design of Marriage, on better Consideration I have changed my Mind: For having had the Honour to see my dear Friend *Wycherley's* Letter to him on that Occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confess I love myself so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior

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rior to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking any
thing after him. There is *Moses* and the Prophets in his
Counsel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tirefias*
rufias their Umpire in a certain merry Dispute which set
out in Heaven betwixt them : *Tirefias*, you know, had been
of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge. Our
Friend Mr. *Wycherley* is full as competent an Arbitrator.
He has been a Bachelor, and a married Man, and is now
a Widower. *Virgil* says of *Ceneus*,

— *Nunc vir nunc fœmina Ceneus,*
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I suppose, he will not give any large Commendation
to his middle State ; nor, as the Sailor said, will be fond,
after a Shipwreck, to put to Sea again. If my Friend will
adventure after this, I can but wish him a good Wind, as
being his ; and,

My dear Mr. Dennis,
Your most affectionate
and most faithful Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

LETTER XXXVI.

PLINY to TACITUS.

YOUR Request that I would send you an Account of
my Uncle's Death, in order to transmit a more ex-
act Relation of it to Posterity, deserves my Acknowledg-
ments ; 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 Misfor-
tune, which, as it involved at the same Time a most beau-
tiful Country in Ruins, and destroyed so many populous
Cities, seems to promise him an everlasting Remembrance ;
and although he has himself composed many and lasting
Works, yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning him in your
immortal Writings will greatly contribute to eternize his
Name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has
distinguished

tinguished with the Abilities either of doing such Actions
are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a Man-
worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are those
who are blessed with both these uncommon Talents : in the
number of which my Uncle, as his own Writings and your
Story will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is
the extreme Willingness, therefore, I execute your Com-
mands, 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 ob-
serve a Cloud which appeared of a very unusual Size and
shape : He had just returned from taking the Benefit of the
Bath, and after bathing himself in cold Water, and taking a
light Repast, was retired to his Study : He immediately arose
and went out upon an Eminence, from whence he might more
easily view this uncommon Appearance. It was not at
a 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,
or it shot up a great Height in the Form of a Trunk, which
extended itself at the Top into a sort of Branches ; occasion-
ed, I imagine, either by a sudden Gust of Air that impel-
led it, the Force of which decreased as it advanced up-
wards ; or the Cloud itself, being pressed back again by its
own Weight, expanded in this Manner. It appeared some-
times bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was
more or less impregnated with Earth and Cinders. This ex-
traordinary 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 Stu-
dies ; for, as it happened, he had given me an Employ-
ment of that Kind. As he was coming out of the House,
he received a Note from *Recina*, 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 Assi-
stance. He accordingly changed his first Design ; and
what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an
heroical

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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 that dreadful Scene. He was now so near the Mountain, that the Cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the Ships, together with Pumice-Stones and black Pieces of burning Rock: they were likewise in Danger not only of being aground by the sudden Retreat of the Sea, but also from the vast Fragments which roll'd down from the Mountain and obstructed all the Shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the Pilot advised him: Fortune, said he, befriends the Brave, came to *Pomponianus*. *Pomponianus* was then at *Stabiae*, separated by a Gulph, which the Sea, after several insensible Windings, forms upon that Shore. He had already sent his Baggage on board: for though he was not at that Time in actual Danger, yet being within the View of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to Sea as soon as the Wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my Uncle to *Pomponianus*, whom he found in the greatest Consternation. He embraced him with Tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his Spirits: and the more to dissipate his Fears, he ordered, with an Air of Unconcern, the Baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to Supper with great Chearfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the Appearance of it. In the mean while the Eruption from Mount *Vesuvius* flamed out from several Places with much Violence, which the Darkness of the Night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my Uncle, in order to sooth the Apprehensions of his Friend, assured him it was only the Burning of the Villages, which the Country People had abandoned to the Flames. After this he retired to Rest; and, it is most certain, he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep Sleep; for, being

ng pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended
thout actually heard him snore. The Court which led
his Apartment being now almost full of Stones and Ash-
if he had continued there any Time longer, it would
ve been impossible for him to have made his Way out;
was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got
, and went to *Pomponianus* and the rest of his Company,
o were not unconcerned enough to think of going to
d. They consulted together, whether it would be most
udent to trust to their Houses, which now shook from
de to Side with frequent and violent Concussions, or fly to
e open Fields, where the calcined Stones and Cinders,
ough light indeed, yet fell in large Showers, and threat-
ed Destruction. In this Distress they resolved for the
elds, as the less dangerous Situation of the two: A Re-
lation, which, while the rest of the Company were
orried into by their Fears, my Uncle embraced upon
ol and deliberate Considerations. They went out then,
wing Pillows tied upon their Heads with Napkins: and
is was their whole Defence against the Storm of Stones
at fell round them. Tho' it was now Day every where
se, with them it was darker than the most obscure Night,
cepting only what Light proceeded from the Fire and
ames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the
ore, to observe if they might safely put out to Sea, but
ey found the Waves still run extremely high and boisterous.
here my Uncle, having drank a Draught of cold Water,
rew himself down upon a Cloth which was spread for
im; when immediately the Flames, and a strong Smell of
ulphur, which was the Forerunner of them, dispersed the
rest of the Company, and obliged him to arise. He rai-
ed himself up, with the Assistance of two of his Servants,
nd instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture,
by some gross and noxious Vapours, having always had
weak Lungs, and frequently subject to a Difficulty of
breathing. As soon as it was Light again, which was not
till the third Day after the melancholy Accident, his Body
was found entire, and without any Marks of Violence up-
on it, exactly in the same Posture that he fell, and looking
more like a Man asleep, than dead. During all this Time
my Mother and I were at *Misenum*. But as this has no

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Connection with your History, so your Enquiry went farther than concerning my Uncle's Death ; with that therefore I will put an End to my Letter ; suffer me only to add that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an Eye-Witness of myself, or received immediately after the Accident happened, and before there was Time to vary from the Truth. You will chuse out of this Narration such Circumstances as shall be most suitable to your Purpose for there is a great Difference between what is proper for a Letter and an History, between writing to a Friend, and writing to the Public. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVII.

PLINY to TITIANUS.

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

LETTER XXXVIII.

PLINY to MAXIMUS.

WHAT I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of this Country ; when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his Fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity, and Prudence ;

Advice is useful to me in Business, and his Judgment in matters of Learning; his Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me, as I do, than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a surmer Affection. He has nothing that's aspiring; and though he might rise to the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior Rank: yet I think myself bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the Means of adding something to his Honours, while he neither expects or knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would give for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I intreat that you will procure him the first Thing of this Kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, and him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had asked it. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIX.

PLINY to HIS PULLA.

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

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

LETTER XL.

PLINY to CATILIUS.

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

but

ut regulate our Hours ; for we are not arrived at so high Reputation, that our Enemies cannot censure us but to our Honour. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

From PLINY to his Friend FEROX.

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

LETTER XLII.

VOITURE to Mons. de LIONNE at Rome.

SIR,

THO' no Man treated me so ill at *Rome* as yourself, and I must place to your Account some of the most disagreeable Hours I passed in all my Travels ; yet be assured never saw any Person in my Life that I had so strong an inclination to revisit, or to whom I would more willingly do the best Services in my Power. It is not very usual to gain a Man's Friendship, at the same Time that one ruins his Fortune. This Success, however, you have had ; and our Advantage was so much more considerable than mine in all Respects, that I had not the Power to defend myself.

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self against you in either of those Instances, but you won
both my Money and my Heart at the same Time. If I am
so happy as to find a Place in your's, I shall esteem that
Acquisition as an Over-balance to all my Losses, and
shall look upon myself as greatly a Gainer in the Com-
merce that passed between us. Though your Acquaintance
indeed has cost me pretty dear, I do not by any Means
think I have paid its full Value, and I would willingly
part with the same Sum to meet with a Man in *Paris* of
as much Merit as yourself. This being the literal Truth,
you may be well assured, Sir, that I shall omit nothing in
my Power to preserve an Honour I so highly esteem ; and
that I shall not very easily give up a Friend whom I pur-
chased at so dear a Price. I have accordingly performed
every Thing you desired in the Affair about which you
wrote to me ; as I shall obey you with the same Punctua-
lity in every other Instance that you shall command me.
For I am, with all the Affection that I ought, Sir,

Your's, &c.

VOITURE

LETTER XLIII.

BALZAC to *Madam de la Chetardie*.

Madam,

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

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

Your, &c.

BALZAC.

LETTER XLIV.

St. EVREMONT to *Madam ***.*

Remember, Madam, that when I went to the Army, I begged that the Chevalier *de Grammont* might succeed me in your Favour, in case I should be so unfortunate as to meet my Death there ; in which Particular you have so well obeyed, that you love him whilst I am alive, to learn to do it better after my Death. You are very punctual in obeying my Orders ; and should I continue to give you the same Commission, in all Appearance you would see it carefully executed. You may imagine, Madam, that I design to

to hide a real Grief under a pretended Banter ; and being so well acquainted with my Passion, you cannot easily persuade yourself, that I can suffer a Rival without Jealousy. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, because I love you too much ; I dare not complain of him, because I love him little less. And if I must of Necessity be angry, tell me whom I am to be most angry with ; either with him who goes to rob me of my Mistress, or you who steal my Friend from me. Let the Matter be how it will, you need not give yourself much Trouble to appease my Indignation. My Passion is too violent to indulge my Resentment in the least ; and my Tenderness will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you, though perfidious ; I love him, though treacherous : and only fear that a sincere Friend is no Favourite of either of you. Farewel. Let us enter, I beseech you, into a new unknown Sort of Confederacy ; and by a strange Mystery, let his, let your and my Friendship be only one and the same Thing.

LETTER XLV.

ST. EVREMONT to the Duchess of MAZARIN.

I Beg of you, Madam, to tell the Duchess of Bouillon, that no Person can be more sensible than I am of the Honour that she does me by remembering me. I don't much pity *la Fontaine's* Condition, fearing lest my own may stand in need of Pity. At his, and my Age nobody ought to wonder that we lose our Reason, but that we keep it. The Preservation of it is no great Advantage ; 'tis an Obstacle to the Quiet of old People, and a Bar to the Pleasures of the young. *La Fontaine* feels not that Disorder which it gives, and perhaps he is the happier on that Score.

L E T.

LETTER XLVI.

Sr. EVREMONT to the Count DE LIONNE.

SIR,

Perhaps you are not at *Paris*; perhaps you are; and in this last Case, your Silence may be rather the Effect of your Forgetfulness, than of your Absence. But, suppose it were, I am too much beholden to you for your past Services, to complain of your present Indifference. I don't inquire after you, to fatigue you for an Answer, or renew Correspondence that would rob you of some Hours, which you know how to bestow to better Purpose. But, Sir, you still owe something to our Friendship, and you will discharge the Obligation, if you can find some Way, either by yourself, or any body else, to let me know that you are in Health. This Piece of News will give me a Joy, in which you are more concerned than any other; and if you were of my Temper, you would be of my Opinion, that to be well is better than to command the whole World. No Treasures are worth one Year's Health. Pardon, Sir, the Chat of an infirm Man, who, enjoying a Quarter of an Hour's Health, thinks no other Subject so proper to be talked on. You were, perhaps, of my Humour, when you enjoyed some Ease of the Pains occasioned by your broken Arm, and your other Wounds. Now you are perfectly cured, relish the Pleasure of it, and let me make melancholy Reflections, on the Song you have taught me :

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

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

A COMPLETE INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF WRITING LETTERS.

PART II.

containing LETTERS on FRIENDSHIP.

LETTER I.

To PHIDIPPIUS.

HARDLY, I imagine, were you in earnest, when you required my Thoughts upon Friendship: For, to give you the truest Idea of that generous Intercourse, may I not justly refer you back to the Sentiments of your own Heart? I am sure, at least, I have learned to improve my own Notions of that refined Affection, by those Instances which I have observed in yourself; as it is from thence I have received the clearest Conviction, that it derives all its Strength and Stability from Virtue and good Sense.

There is not, perhaps, a Quality more uncommon in the World, than that which is necessary to form a Man for this refined Commerce: for however Sociableness may be esteemed a just Characteristic of our Species; *Friendliness*, I am

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am persuaded, will scarce be found to enter into its general Definition. The Qualifications requisite to support and conduct Friendship in all its Strength and Extent, do not seem to be sufficiently diffused among the human Race, to render them the distinguishing Marks of Mankind; unless Generosity and good Sense should be allowed (what they never can be allowed) universally to prevail. On the contrary, how few in Possession of those most amiable Endowments? How few are capable of that noble Elevation of Mind which raises a Man above those little Jealousies and Rivalships that shoot up in the Paths of common Amities?

We should not, indeed, so often hear Complaints of the Inconstancy and Falseness of Friends, if the World in general were more cautious than they usually are, in forming Connections of this Kind. But the Misfortune is, our Friendships are apt to be too *forward*, and thus either fall off in the Blossom, or never arrive at just Maturity. It is an excellent Piece of Advice therefore, that the Poet Martial gives upon this Occasion:

*Tu tantum inspice qui novus paratur,
An possit fieri vetus sodalis.*

Were I to make Trial of any Person's Qualifications for an Union of so much Delicacy, there is no Part of his Conduct I would sooner single out, than to observe him in his Resentments. And this, not upon the Maxim frequently advanced, that "the best Friends make the bitterest Enemies;" but, on the contrary, because I am persuaded, that he who is capable of being a bitter Enemy, can never possess the necessary Virtues that constitute a true Friend. For must he not want Generosity (that most essential Principle of an amicable Combination) who can be so mean as to indulge a Spirit of *settled* Revenge, and coolly triumph in the Oppression of an Adversary? Accordingly there is no Circumstance in the Character of the excellent *Agricola*, that gives me a higher Notion of the true Heroism of his Mind, than what the Historian of his Life mentions concerning his Conduct in this particular Instance. *Ex iracundia* (says Tacitus) *nihil supererat: secretum & silentium ejus*

us non timeres. His elevated Spirit was too great to suffer his Resentment to survive the Occasion of it; and those who provoked his Indignation had nothing to apprehend from the *secret* and silent Workings of unextinguished Malice. But the Practice, it must be owned (perhaps I might have said, the Principle too) of the World runs strongly on the Side of the contrary Disposition; and thus, in Opposition to that generous Sentiment of your admired Orator, which I have so often heard you quote with Applause, our Friendships are mortal, whilst it is our Ennemis only that ever die.

But though Judgment must collect the Materials of this mortal Structure, it is Affection that gives the Cement; and Passion as well as Reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting Coalition. Hence, perhaps, it is, that not only the most powerful but the most lasting Friendships, are usually the Produce of the early Season of our Lives, when we are most susceptible of the warm and affectionate Impressions. The Connections into which we enter in any after-period, decrease in Strength as our Passions abate in Heat; and there is not, I believe, a single Instance of a vigorous Friendship that ever struck Root in a Bosom chilled by Years. How irretrievable then is the Loss of those best and fairest Acquisitions of our Youth! *Seneca* taking Notice of *Augustus Cæsar's* lamenting, upon a certain Occasion, the Death of *Mæcenas* and *Agrippa*, observes, that he, who could instantly repair the Destruction of whole Fleets and Armies, and bid *Rome*, after a general Conflagration, rise out of her Ashes even with more Lustre than before; was yet unable, during a whole Life, to fill up those lasting Vacancies in his Friendship. A Reflection which reminds me of renewing my Solicitations, that you would be more cautious in hazarding a Life which I have so many Reasons to love and honour. For whenever an Accident of the same Kind shall separate (and what other Accident can separate) the happy Union which has so long subsisted between us; where shall I retrieve so severe a Loss? I am utterly indisposed to enter into new Habitudes, and extend the little Circle of my Friendships: Happy, if I may but preserve it firm and unbroken to the closing Moment of my Life! Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

To PHILOTES.

Nov. 12, 1714.

A MONG all the Advantages which attend Friendship, there is not one more valuable than the Liberty it admits in laying open the various Affections of our Mind, without Reserve or Disguise. There is something disclosing to a Friend the occasional Emotions of our Heart, that wonderfully contributes to sooth and allay Perturbations, in all its most pensive or anxious Moments. Nature, indeed, seems to have *cast* us with a general Disposition to Communication: Though at the same Time we must be acknowledged, there are few to whom one can safely be communicative. Have I not Reason, then, to esteem it as one of the most desirable Circumstances of Life, that I dare, without Scruple or Danger, *think* of writing to *Philotes*? It is merely to exercise that happy Privilege which I now take up my Pen; and you must expect nothing from this Letter but the Picture of my Heart in one of its magnetic Hours. There are certain Seasons, perhaps, in every Man's Life, when he is dissatisfied with himself, and with every Thing around him, without being able to give a substantial Reason for being so. At least I am unwilling to think, that this dark Cloud, which at present hangs over my Mind, is peculiar to my Constitution, and never gathers in any Breast but my own. It is much more, however, my Concern to dissipate this Vapour in myself, than to discover that it sometimes arises in others; as there is no Disposition a Man would rather endeavour to check than a constant Aptitude of being pleased. But my Practice will not always credit my Philosophy; and I find it much easier to point out my Distemper, than to remove it. After all, is it not a mortifying Consideration that the Powers of Reason should be less prevalent than those of Matter; and that a Page of *Seneca* cannot raise the Spirit when a Pint of Claret will? It might, methinks, somewhat abate the Insolence of human Pride to consider, that it is but increasing or diminishing the Velocity of certain Fluids,

the animal Machine, to elate the Soul with the gayest Opes, or sink her into the deepest Despair; to depreſs Hero into a Coward, or advance the Coward into a Hero. It is to some such mechanical Cause I am inclined to attribute the present Gloominess of my Mind: At the same Time I will confess, there is something in that very consideration which gives Strength to the Fit, and renders so much the more difficult to throw off. For, tell me, is not a discouraging Reflection to find one's self *servile* (as Shakespear expresses it) *to every skiey Influence*, and the Sport of every paltry Atom? To owe the Ease of one's Mind, not only to the Disposition of one's own Body, but almost that of every other which surrounds us? Adieu. I , &c.

LETTER III.

Wherever you go, my Letters, like your Shadow, still pursue you; and, were I not convinced of your sincerity, I should imagine they would prove almost as troublesome as a bad Conscience: Trifles indeed they are; but with Friends, Trifles are often of the greatest Consequence, as their partial Indulgence is ever fond to set a high Value on every Thing, though of the least Moment, that any Way relates to those they sincerely love. This is the Case with me; you are always so lavish in my Favour, that I sometimes think you act unfairly; but I know, that with Respect to Friendship, our Sentiments entirely correspond; it being a Maxim with us both, that a sincere friend is something more than the warm Critic, who makes his Severity the highest Test for the Proof of his Affection, and who cannot pass over the least Fault, without the Formality of Remarks and Observations, which is more often to render himself conspicuous, than to amend and improve his Friend; to which let me add, that whoever adopts such a Man for his Bosom-companion, may, in the end, have Cause to repent his unhappy Choice. Don't mistake me here; the Man that I mean, is he who cannot return consent to be told his own Imperfections, but

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who, assuming a Superiority over a generous Soul, abus'd
his Confidence by exposing his Secrets and Sincerity ; or
rendering them ever in Danger of being so : I am sure the
Picture I have drawn is but too applicable to Mr. ——.
The Particulars of his Story are too long for me to record,
and, perhaps, may have reached your Ears long before
now.

In an Age like this, where Friendship is used as a Mask
for Interest, where hardly any Thing is sincere but In-
sincerity, I cannot, without Rapture, reflect on the Happi-
ness I enjoy, in being blest with ONE like you : Pardon me
here, I know it offends you—You “want no Echo from
“ the Tongues of Men ;” but the Fullness of my Heart
must have Vent, tho’ Silence here must speak the Rest ; for
Language fails, and I am dumb. Farewell.

LETTER IV.

In Answer.

SUCH Trifles (as you are pleased to call your Letters)
are always acceptable ; they want neither Apologies,
or any Thing else to recommend or make them more valu-
able. Whatever comes from you must be pleasing, if not
instructive : And 'tis as impossible for S——— to talk com-
mon Sense, as 'tis for you to be dull or insipid : Indeed
there is one Fault which I cannot excuse, tho' I hardly
know how to be angry when I consider the Merit of the Of-
fender ; nay, I should hardly think you guilty, did not the
genuine Sense and Subscription convince me to the contra-
ry : However, I will pardon you now, but pray don't be
guilty of the like again, tho' I request you will not cease to
write as often as usual, your Letters being one of the
greatest Blessings I here enjoy, as they never fail to assure
me I have a true and sincere Friend.—In Return, I will,
for the future, be as kind to you.

Your's sincerely, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

Mr. Locke to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR,

Oates, Sept. 3, 1694.

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 aboured to acquire, has been the Friendship of ingenious and worthy Men; and therefore you cannot blame me, if so forwardly laid hold of the first Occasion that opened me a Way to your's. 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 perswaded that he has made some Discoveries of it, and any Ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your Judgment and Candor, that I think myself secure in you, from 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 will not be lost upon me. Any Faults you shall meet with in Reasoning, in Perspicuity, in Expression, or of the Press, I desire you would take Notice of, and send me Word of; especially if you have any where any Doubt; for I am perswaded, that, upon Debate, you and I cannot be of two Opinions; nor, I think, any two Men used to think with Freedom, who really prefer Truth to Opiniatretty, and a little foolish Vain-glory of not having made a Mistake. I shall not need to justify what I have said of you in my Book: The learned World will be Vouchers for me; and that in an Age not very free from

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

*Your most affectionate
and most humble Servant.*

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR,

London, Sept. 12, 1695.

COULD the Painter have made a Picture of me capa-
ble of your Conversation, I should have sat to him
with more Delight than ev'r I did any Thing in my Life.
The Honour you do me, in giving me thus a Place in your
House, I look upon as the Effect of having a Place already in
your Esteem and Affection ; and that made me more easily
submit to what me-thought looked too much like Vanity in
me. Painting was designed to represent the Gods, or the great
Men that stood next to them. But Friendship, I see, takes no
Measure of any Thing, but by itself ; and where it is great and
high, will make its Object so, and raise it above its Level.
This is that which has deceived you into my Picture, and
made

made you put so great a Compliment upon me : and I do not know what you will find to justify yourself to those who shall see it in your Possession. You may indeed tell them, the Original is as much your's as the Picture ; but this will be no great Boast, when the Man is not more considerable than his Shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, me thought it had not that Countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret Displeasure I felt, whilst I was sitting, from the Consideration that the going of my Picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave : But this I must own, that it was not without Regret, that I remembered, that this Counterfeit would be before me with the Man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myself into his Hands, and to have him in my Arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any Time, pray believe, that the Colours of that Face on the Cloth are more fading and changeable than those Thoughts which will always represent you to my Mind, as the most valuable Person in the World, whose Face I do not know, and one whose Company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little Service I am able to do, yet my Conscience will never reproach me for not wishing well to my Country ; by which I mean, *Englishmen*, and their Interests every where. There has been, of late Years a Manufacture of Linnen carried on in *Ireland*, if I mistake not : I would be glad to learn from you the Condition it is in ; and, if it thrives not, what are the Rubs and Hindrances that stop it. I suppose you have Land very proper to produce Flax and Hemp ; why could not there be enough, especially of the latter, produced there to supply his Majesty's Navy ? I should be obliged by your Thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a Law requiring a certain Quantity of Hemp to be sown every Year : If it be so, how comes it to be neglected ? I know you have the same public Aims for the good of your Country that I have, and therefore, without any Apology, I take this Liberty with you. I received an Account of your Health, and your Remembrance of me, not long since, by Mr. Howard ; for which I return you my Thanks. I troubled you with

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a long Letter about the Beginning of the last Month; and
am, Sir,

*Your most affectionate
and most humble Servant.*

JOHN LOCKE.

L E T T E R VII.

Mr. MOLYNEUX to Mr. LOCKE.

Honoured dear Sir,

Dub. Sept. 20, 1698.

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 suitab'e to the Favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward Sense I have of them in my Mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some Measure be satisfied; but my Inability of paying my Debts makes me ashamed to appear before my Creditor. However, thus much with the strictest Sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole Course of my Life, such signal Instances of real Friendship, as when I had the Happiness of your Company for five Weeks together in *London*. 'Tis with the greatest Satisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest Scene of my whole Life. That Part thereof especially, which I passed at *Oates*, had made such an agreeable Impression on my Mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent Family, I beseech you, give my most humble Respects. 'Tis my Duty to make my Acknowledgments there in a particular Letter; but I beg of you to make my Excuse for omitting it at this Time, because I am a little press'd by some Business that is thrown upon me since my Arrival, to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious Letter from, Sir,

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

L E T T E R VIII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

Dear Sir,

London, Sept. 29, 1698.

YOUR'S of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily Employment of looking upon the Weathercock, and harkening 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 t'other side the Water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a Style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my Friend, and therefore used no Ceremony, nor can receive any Thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your Company, and the Pains you were at to bestow that Happiness on me. If you keep your Word, and do me the same Kindness again next Year, I shall have Reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with Modesty read. I find you were beset with Business when you writ your Letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your Silence concerning your Health, and your Son. My Service to him, your Brother and Mr. Burridge: And do me the Justice to believe that I am, with a perfect Affection, Dear Sir,

Your most bumble

and most faithful Servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

L E T T E R IX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. BURRIDGE.

SIR,

Oates, Oct. 27, 1698.

YOU guessed not amiss, when you said in the Beginning of your's 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

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afflicted me, as that of your's. 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 eariler Acquaintance may have given you a longer
Knowledge of his Virtue and excellent Endowments : A ful-
ler Sight or greater Esteem of them, you could not have than
I. His Worth and his Friendship to me made him an inesti-
mable Treasure ; which I must regret the Loss of, the little
Remainder of my Life, without any Hopes of repairing it a-
ny Way. I should be glad, if what I owed the Father,
could enable me to do any Service to his Son. He deserves
it for his own Sake, as well as for his Father's. I desire
you therefore to assure those who have the Care of him,
that if there be any Thing, wherein I at this Distance may
be any Way serviceable to young Mr. *Molyneux*, they can-
not do me a greater Pleasure than to give me the Opportu-
nity to shew that my Friendship died not with his Father.
Pray give my most humble Service to Dr. *Molyneux*, and to
his Nephew. I am, Sir,

*Your most faithful
and bumble Servant,*
JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER X.

Mr. Locke to ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq.

SIR,

Oates, Sept. 20, 1703.

YOURS of the 7th, which I just now received,
is the only Letter I have a long Time wished
for, and the welcomest that could come ; for I longed
to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and
that

that I might have the Opportunity to return you my Thanks for the Books you sent me, which came safe; and to acknowledge my great Obligations to you, for one of the most villainous Books, that I think ever was printed *. It is a Present that I highly value. I had heard something of it, when a young Man in the University; but possibly should never have seen this Quintessence of Railing, but for your Kindness. It ought to be kept as the Pattern and Standard of that Sort of Writing, as the Man he spends it upon ought for that of good Temper, and clear and strong Arguing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Same.

SIR,

Oates, Nov. 17, 1703.

THE Books I received from you To-night, with the kind Letter accompanying them, far more valuable than the Books, give Matter of enlarging myself this Evening. The common Offices of Friendship, that I constantly receive from you in a very obliging Manner, give me Scope enough, and afford me large Matter of Acknowledgment. But when I think of you I feel something of nearer Concernment that touches me; and that noble Principle of the Love of Truth, which possesses you, makes me almost forget those other Obligations which I should be very thankful for to another. In good Earnest, Sir, you cannot think what a Comfort it is to me, to have found out such a Man; and not only so, but I have the Satisfaction that he is my Friend. This gives a Gusto to all the good Things you say to me in your Letter. For though I cannot attribute them to myself (for I know my own Defects too well) yet I am ready to persuade myself you mean as you say; and, to confess the Truth to you, I am almost

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

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Ioth to undeceive you, so much do I value your good Opinion. But to set it upon the right Ground, you must know that I am a poor ignorant Man ; and if I have any Thing to boast of, it is, that I sincerely love and seek Truth, without Indifference whom it pleases or displeases. I take you to be of the same School, and so embrace you. And if please God to afford me so much Life as to see you again, I shall communicate to you some of my Thoughts tends that Way. You need not make any Apology for any Book that is not yet come. I thank you for those you have sent me: They are more, I think, than I shall use; for the disposition of my Health has beaten me almost quite out of the Use of Books; and the growing Uneasiness of my Distemper * makes me good for nothing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Same.

SIR,

Oates, Jan. 24, 1703/4

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

* An Asthma.

I have

have given Possession of my Heart, I am less punctual making Legs, and kissing my Hand, than to other People, to whom that outside Civility is all that belongs. I received the three Books you sent me. That which the Author sent me * deserves my Acknowledgment in more Ways than one: And I must beg you to return it. His Demonstrations are so plain, that, if this were an Age that followed Reason, I should not doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is so glorious a Thing, that two-legged Creatures generally content themselves with the idle, but will not debase so excellent a Faculty, about the conduct of so trivial a Thing, as they make themselves. There never was a Man better suited to your Wishes, than I am. You take a Pleasure in being troubled with my commissions; and I have no other Way of Commerce with you but by such Importunities. I can only say, that were the Tables changed, I should, being in your Place, have the same Satisfaction; and therefore confidently make use of your kind Offer. I therefore beg the Favour of you to get me Mr. Le Clerc's *Harmony of the Evangelists*, in English, bound very finely in Calf, gilt and lettered on the Back, and gilt on the Leaves; so also I would have Moliere's Works (of the best Edition you can get them) bound. These Books are for the Ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the Leaves gilt as well as the Back. Moliere of the Paris Edition, I think is the best, it can be got in London in Quires. You see the Liberty I take. I should be glad you could find out something for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To the Same.

Dear Sir,

Oates, May 19, 1704.

NOTHING works so steadily and effectually as Friendship. Had I hired a Man to have gone to
* Reasons against restraining the Press, London, 1704, in Quarto.
L Town

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Town in my Business, and paid him well, my Comissons would not have been so soon, nor so well dispatch'd as I find, by your's of the 16th, they have been by you. You speak of my Affairs, and act in them with such an Air of Interest and Satisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no small Advantage to me, to have found such a Friend, at the last Scene of my Life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown so useless, that I cannot but be sure, that in every good Office you do me, you can propose to yourself no other Advantage, but the Pleasure of doing it. Every one here finds himself obliged, by your late good Company. As for myself, if you had not convinced me by a sensible Experiment, I could not have believ'd I could have had so many happy Days together. I shall always pray, that your's may be multiplied. Consider I in the least contribute any Thing thereto, I should think myself happy in this poor decaying State of my Health which, tho' it affords me little in this World to enjoy, yet I find the Charms of your Company make me not feel the want of Strength, or Breath, or any Thing else.

The Bishop of Gloucester came hither the Day you were from hence, and in no very good State of Health. I saw two groaning People make but an uncomfortable Concert. He returned Yesterday, and went away in somewhat a better State. I hope he got well to Town.

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

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Same, directed thus:

Mr ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq. to be delivered to him after my decease.

Dear Sir,

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for B ***. And I knew no better Way to take Care of him, than to put him, and what I designed for him, into your Hands and Management : The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, secures the Trust, which, by your Permission, I have placed in you ; and the peculiar Esteem and Love, I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you, so that of that need say nothing. But there is one Thing which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory ****

May you live long and happy, in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living ; and will preserve my Memory now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away ; and affords no solid Satisfaction but in the Consciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say, upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. Adieu, I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

A COMPLETE INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF WRITING LETTERS.

PART III.

LETTERS on the most common Occasions in LIFE.

LETTER I.

A Letter of Advice to a Brother, on his coming to London to be an Apprentice.

Dear Brother,

AS I have nothing more at Heart than your future Welfare and doing well, I hope you will not think your Time mispent in reading this Letter, as its only Motive is for your Good and Instruction.

You are now entering on the Stage of Business, and every Day will present you with Scenes different from each other. *London* is a Place where every sober and industrious Person may make his Fortune, if he but keeps a Guard on his Passions, and avoids falling into bad Company. These are the grand Points; and I hope, Brother, your own good Sense

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Sense will lead you to shun every Thing that has the least
Tendency to Vice or Folly.

Always endeavour by a dutiful and respectful Behaviour
to please your Superiors; as, on the contrary, be always
mild and condescending to those beneath you: Good Na-
ture will gain you the Love of all, and Pride equally
make you abhorred.

Let not your Heart be fixed on Appearances, nothing
is more deceitful; idle and vain are such Ideas; even at
the best they are but Folly, and betray a weak and fickle
Mind.

You cannot better employ your vacant Hours than in
reading good Authors, and those I would recommend to
your Perusal are the Sermons of Bishop Tillotson and Sher-
lock, the *Spectator*, by Mr Addison, the Works of Mr.
Dryden, Pope and Gay; but above all, do not neglect to
read the holy Scriptures, and at every Opportunity to at-
tend divine Service.

Never on any Account be persuaded to Game. The
Love of that seldom fails to bring sure Destruction; its
Attendants are Remorse and Shame, and the precious Mo-
ments consumed in it for ever lost.

Short as these Observations are, if they have any
Weight with you, the due Observance of them you will
find greatly conducive to your future Happiness.—Re-
member, and never be idle.

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

LETTER II.

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

Dear HARRY,

YOU must imagine, if you give yourself Time to re-
flect, that your Misfortunes, as being an only Bro-
ther, affect me almost as much as my own; which, you
are sensible, are not a few: But then you know very well,
that

at mine are owing to unforeseen Accidents, and not to
wilful Profusion. This Consideration supports me under
them; but as to what I have suffered on your Account,
that indeed has been occasioned by my own Indiscrétion.
Whilſt my Father and Mother were living, they not only
plied you with every Thing that was necessary and
convenient, but even indulged you in your Extravagance.
What they left behind them is now devolved upon me;
and both Nature and Prudence direct me to make the best
use of it I am able. I acknowledge I am inclined to
leave you to the utmost of my Power; but, my dear Bro-
ther, which Way can I do it effectually? The many Sup-
plies you received from our indulgent Parents were actu-
ally thrown away, because, through your own Misapplica-
tion of them, they gave you no real Assistance: And,
say, what Measures can I take to relieve you? Had you
made a proper Use of your Friends Readiness to serve you,
you had been happy long ago; but, to speak freely, your
present Distress is entirely owing to your own Folly. The
fortune you had, with prudent Management, would have
afforded you a comfortable Subſtence all your Life:
Whereas you have squandered it away in less than two
years Time. Were I able and willing to give you as much
more, what Reason is there to suppose you would be a bet-
ter Oeconomist for the future? All I am worth in the
World, at your Rate of living, would support you but a
few Years; and as I think it my Duty to take care of my
own Family, I must not injure *them* by relieving *you*.
Were I to send you the Money you require, what other
purpose would it serve, than to lengthen your Credit, and
involve you farther in Debt? This has always been the
Case, whenever I have assisted you; and therefore it is
now Time to withdraw my Favours. Nevertheless, when
I am sufficiently convinced of your Reformation,
you may depend upon all reasonable Assistance from

Your affectionate Brother,
R. WILSON.

L E T.

LETTER III.

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

Dear WILLIAM,

YOU are sensible that a true Friendship always subsists between your Father and myself, and that he was pleased to constitute me the sole Executor of his last Will and Testament, wherein he committed you to my Care during your Minority. I have accordingly had a watchful Eye over your Deportment, and am sorry to hear that you keep bad Company and bad Hours, are frequently overtaken with Liquor, and transgress the Rules of your Master's House, so as to give great Uneasiness to the whole Family. I am likewise informed, that you treat your Master's cool Expostulations in a Manner that no Ways becomes you giving him pert Answers, and putting on saucy Airs. Nay instead of Amendment, you repeat the Offence for which he reproves you, and turn his Admonitions to Ridicule amongst your profligate Associates. Give me Leave, therefore, to set before you, in a true Light, the fatal Consequences that must attend you without a speedy Reformation.

In the first Place, how can you in Conscience break thro' that solemn Contract which you have bound yourself faithfully to observe? Or what Excuse can I make to your Master, to whom I stand engaged for your good Behaviour? You are now but seventeen, an Age too young to be your own Master and act without Restraint. Stay, then, till you are one or two and twenty at least, before you take the Liberty of keeping what Hours and what Company you please; and even then it will be necessary to controul yourself, for fear of contracting vicious Habits, which are not easily forsaken.

Consider, I beg of you, before it is too late, into what Inconveniences and Distress such a Course of Life may lead you; and what Trouble you will give your sincerest Friends, by persevering in your evil Ways. And then again, have an Eye to the golden Rule, of doing as you would

ould be done by. Ask yourself, whether your present behaviour is such as you would approve of in an Appren-
te of your own? Are you so capable of pursuing your Master's Business the next Morning, as if you had gone to bed sober and in proper Time? If not, your mispent Even-
gs are a double Disadvantage to your Master. And will not these small Liberties (as you call them) lead you on, in time, to others of a more dangerous and destructive Na-
re? Believe me, it is not in every one's Power to stop when he pleases; and by ill Habits long persisted in, you may arrive to such a Pitch of Obduracy, as to bid Defi-
ance to all Laws, both human and divine.

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

You are now at an Age, wherein you should study to cul-
cate your Mind, not to indulge yourself in Pleasures. By
reading proper Books, and keeping good Company, you
ll acquire a large Stock of Wisdom and Experience; you
ll usefully employ your Leisure-hours; avoid many
temptations; enlarge your Ideas of Men and Things;
ontract your Expences; and, in a Word, you will learn
look down with an Eye of Contempt on those frothy
companions, who now give you so much Satisfaction and
elight.

Nothing but my sincere Regard for your future Welfare
ould have induced me thus to represent to you the danger-
ous Tendency of your present Conduct; and I hope my
riendly Admonitions will have the desired Effect, so that I
ay not have Cause to repent of taking upon me the im-
portant Trust which your Father reposed in me. If I
ould hear of the Success of these Remonstrances, you
all want for no Encouragement from

Your affectionate Guardian,

JAMES WALKER.

L E T.

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LETTER IV.

From an Apprentice to his Master in the Country.

SIR,

SINCE you left Home, nothing material has happened in the Family, nor any Business offered, but what we have been able to accomplish to the Satisfaction of the Customers. This I thought it my Duty to inform you of (as I find your Affairs will detain you longer in the Country than you expected) and to assure you that Business here, during your Absence, shall be carried on with as much Care and Fidelity, as if your Eye was over us. Sir Richard Rowland has discharged his Account, and bought eight Pieces of the same Holland, with which he is perfectly well pleased. Captain Jordan arrived yesterday. I saw him last Night, and he tells me he has executed your Commission much to his Satisfaction, and hopes it will be to your's. The good Family are all well. Every Body longs for your Return, and my good Mistress begins to be impatient ; however, nobody expects you till the Business you went about is completed ; and if, in the mean Time, any Thing of Consequence should happen, you may depend on hearing immediately from, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant.

LETTER V.

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

SIR,

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging

discharging it, you will readily excuse the Freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an Affair of such Consequence to my Family, I know the Friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

TIMOTHY JONES.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

SIR,

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

Your's sincerely,

RICHARD TOMKINS.

LETTER VII.

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

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with *Danger*, and requires *Care*. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the Care of Tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have *Concern* or *Affection* enough to advise you *faithfully*. Your *Conduct* must be a good deal regulated by your own *Reflexions*. The only secure *Paths* are those of *Religion* and *Virtue*, in which it will not be difficult

ficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that *Simplicity* of Life, which the Rules of *Academical Societies* prescribe. Mix not Intemperance with your growing Years nor Treasure up InfirmitieS against an Age the fittest for Employment. You have *received* Health from your Parents and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company ; pay Civility to all ; have Friendship with few ; not too quickly with any : An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I intrust to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with Persons of superior *Age* or *Quality*, or *Station* or *Endowments*, pay Deference to them : So much is due to their *Experience* and *Character*. *Modesty* is the most amiable Virtue especially in a young Man who professes himself a *Learned* Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men who will think to arrogate to themselves a *Prae*
lue amongst their ill bred Companions, by daring to say and do *abusive* Things to their Governors : But don't you imitate such Examples ; for *Impudence* is not *Magnanimity*. A brave Mind is seen in persevering through the Difficulties of a virtuous Course ; in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any Thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with *Politics*, which when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the *Humours* or *Resentments*, or *private Interests* or *public Views* of Men in Power. A Study which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your *present Purpose* ; and which, if you could really have any *Skill*, at your Age would seem to be *affected*. Take the proper Advantages of living in a Society. Observe the different *Tempers* and *Dispositions* of Men ; shun their *Vices*, imitate their *Virtues*, make use of their *Learning*, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Conscience of your Duty, and an Indignation to be insignificant, raise an *Emulation* in you to excel in some Kind of Art or Knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take Care of your *Reputation*. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence.

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otwithstanding the Affection I have for you, I shall not
able to do you the Service I desire, unless you assist me
th your *Character*. And in all doubtful Cases, let not
our *Father*, who loves you best, and your *Governors*, who
e well able to direct you, be the *only Friends* you will not
adult.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. George Farquhar, abroad in Holland, to his Friend
in England.

Dear Sam,

Leyden, October 15.

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home, is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new : But this Kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will use to maintain ; and I leave it to your Charity to make an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake present ; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprises me with some agreeable Object or other ; and, I find, very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indubitably certain ; as that nothing can parallel the Dutch Industry, but the Luxury of *England* ; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully with their wholesome Course of Diet ; that the Standing Army maintain'd by the *Dutch* for their Security against a foreign force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand

M

Lawyers

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Lawyers kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no
other Use, but to set us continually by the Ears; People,
like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for
the Interest of the Public, while their main Drift is to en-
rich themselves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning
have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb.
The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the
Thing be lawful? And upon Application to the Statutes,
the Controversy is immediately determined. But our Ca-
vils at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality
of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law; and make
more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that should de-
termine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations
contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws
have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burden
to the People, who, in regard of their Sufferings of that
Kind, should borrow an Appellation from Physic, and be
called *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another Thing worth Consideration in respect of the
Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honest Men make
Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong
Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him un-
der a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Busi-
ness, or Knavery to the People. Hence it comes to pass
that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is
forced to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the
wrong Side was never known to make its Afferter blush
where the Eloquence of *S——re*, and the Impudence of
S——n, are plausible Pretences for patronizing Injustice
and abusing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Part
of the World, that will take Money for cutting Throats
whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam.*
think *Holland* may contend for the Catholic Church
with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in
its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis
pleasant Thing to see *Christians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Pro-
testants*, *Papists*, *Armenians* and *Greeks*, swarming together
like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to
hurt one another; they all agree about the Business of
this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Inter-
the

they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a ~~different~~ Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priest-craft to sownre the Composition. Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastic Drums that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sect to be managed under the Cloak of gaining Proselytes to the Truth; nor Strengthening of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and *Mufti, Levite, Pope and Presbyter*, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aspersion arises from some People's confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Mien and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as should I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping Glafs of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and used in such Quantity by the meaner Sort only, who, living continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chilness of their Habitations; for you must know that whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Teneinent on dry Land than a *Thames Salmon*; but notwithstanding this incumbent Necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Country but one *Dutch* Man drunk; and altho' his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in this Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the Number of sixty Persons, shewed the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *Englishmen* that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcase, his Countrymen would

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have sou'd him in the Canal very heartily for his De-
bauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity, both as to Time and Charges, secures them from Excess: And for their Gentry they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of publick Entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury, which sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want Leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; and that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands, is most certain; but oculal Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity could never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruined more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the neighbouring *Netherlands*, have by Degrees infected the meaner Sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the Highways and *Track-skouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

Frost

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation, being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the usual Way with the first of these to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place; *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lye for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner of travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I would willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moi même*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language Dress and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skilled perhaps in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *English* Man, in respect of the Interest of his Country; and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of Europe, that we should be well with these

these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linked with private Friendships and Correspondence, as well as by public Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retained by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but, which is extensive also to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Counsels, Laws, and Government.

The second Sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculations are limited by a few Particulars; their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange. Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broadside, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we can expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragements of Trade, so universally known and admired, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman who some Time ago lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by the great Losses at Sea, was forced to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in Mind of his Misfortunes, by a Favor he once conferred upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that lie had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel

(Bottom)

(Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seemed very sensible of his Misfortune, but withal told me, that he had still a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, a handsome House neatly furnished, excellent Meat, and as good Burgundy as ever joyed the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt should come by all this; in Answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The Dutch, Sir (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of Europe, who has had any considerable Traffic with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, can prove by sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State; have a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the public Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity: and all this upon the current Interest, which is seldom above Four per Cent.

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here Two Thousand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gained Fifty per Cent. So that, by God's Assistance; and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live *in statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distressed Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republic, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent Manner of Dealing; his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffic with this Country; there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greatest Encouragement imaginable.

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ginable for all Foreigners to traffic with this Nation, and
for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most
fortunate, to seek a Residence among them : And what
Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the
Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this Peo-
ple is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, Sam, I have tired you most certainly, for I am
weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest wearied with
our own : The Gravity of my Style you must impute to
the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a
very-rainy Day that has kept me within ; and, to excuse
the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a

Gentleman who can assure you that what I have said is true.
I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear Sir, Your's &c.

LETTER IX.

From a Gentleman to his Son just arrived from Paris; against servile Complaisance and Talkativeness; with some Directions for behaving politely in Company.

Dear Tom,

THERE is something in your Behaviour since you returned from Paris that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping Company with Coxcombs, or by mistaking Ceremony for Politeness, contracted a Habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling Manner, but of sacrificing every Thing to Compliment. Even your Sincerity is offered up to Ceremony ; and you think yourself obliged, in Point of good Manners, to agree, like *Polonius* in the Play, with every Thing that is said, whether right or wrong. You don't want Understanding, Tom ; nor are you without a good Share of Learning : And yet that eternal Simper, that Cringe and Obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your Acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your Behaviour, and speak of this behind your Back, though they have not Friendship enough to confess it to your Face. But your Father,

Father, who loves you sincerely, and who considers you as a Part of himself, can never see you do any Thing that may turn to your Disadvantage, without warning you of the Consequence; for that Father must have a very bad Heart, or a very bad Head indeed, who does not inform his Son of his Faults. Your's is not an Error of Disposition, but of Judgment, and therefore it may be easily rectified. You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for Civility and Politeness; but you are mistaken. Forced and affected Compliments are the reverse. Politeness is ever attended with Ease and Freedom, and despises every Thing that is unnatural. Besides, this Cringing and Fawning render your Sincerity suspected. Those who make large Professions to every-body, are esteemed by no-body. It is all considered as Froth, and their Friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their Conversation. Cast off therefore, my dear Tom, this Sort of Behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and consistent with the Character of your Family, who were always esteemed for their Openness, Freedom, and Sincerity, which entitles a Man to more Respect, than all the fine Speeches and low Bows in the World. Not that I would have you entirely disregard what you brought from the Dancing-School: A proper Deportment is necessary, and even a little Ceremony may be consistent with Politeness and good Manners; 'tis the Excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. *Molesworth*, (for in this Case one Example is better than ten Precepts) he is esteemed an accomplished Gentleman, every one is pleased with his Behaviour, all are charmed with his Conversation; and the Means he pursued to attain this Art of pleasing universally, are these.

He takes care to keep none but good Company (for by his Company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished) among such his Ears are ever open to receive Instruction; for he considers *that a silent young Man generally makes a wise old one*. He attends to every body and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the Opinions of the whole Company; well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than by speaking on any Subject; and that by this Means, he not only fathoms the Capacities of the Company, but also gratifies, as it were, and

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and obliges each Person, by giving him an Opportunity to talk, and especially when with proper Questions introduces such Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of displaying his Talents ; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal good Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself, as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody. How unlike him are those, who, having seen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand. What Mr. *McLeworth* says is always to the Purpose, is properly addressed, and every body hears him with Satisfaction for tho' he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks, it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth, but always delivers his Sentiments in such a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company ; and, when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, *Tom*, excess of Ceremony will never gain a Man Friends, but impertinent Babbling will undoubtedly create him Enemies ; for Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present ; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself ? Besides, the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed ; for he who always talks has no Time to hear, and consequently can reap no Benefit from what is said in Company. Another Vice in Conversation (if I may be allowed that Expression) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely ; which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools ; since, as my Lord *Roscommon* justly observes,

*Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
For want of Decency is want of Sense.*

I am,

*My dear Son,
Your truly affectionate Father.*

L E T T E R X.

To a Friend in the Country.

A S T Night I arrived at *London*, after an agreeable Journey of two Days, and an Absence of three Months from this Scene of Hurry and Confusion : Every Place seems to wear a new Garb, and every Object appears very odd and uncouth to the Eye. I cannot, as yet, reconcile my thoughts to so sudden a Transition ; the pleasing Remembrance of the Pleasures I enjoyed with you are not to be soon forgot.

Happy Shades ! delightful Walks ! With that Pleasure have I arose with the Sun, to enjoy the cool, the fragrant Breeze, that ever breathes around you ! To stray through the flowery Meads and verdant Fields, where Peace and harmless Pleasures ever reign ! To hear the soaring Lark, and all the tuneful Choir in Concert sing ! This, this, my friend, was Joy, a Joy unknown to Pomp and Power ! To roam with thee at such an Hour as this ! To mark each instant Scene, and meditate on all that's great and good ! 'Twas Joy, 'twas worldly Bliss complete !

But now, O what a Change ! Around me all is Noise ; Ambition here has placed her restless Throne ; few, very few, enjoy the tranquil Hour ; they know no Bliss but that of Power and Pride—Gold, glittering Gold, engages every Heart. For that, what Toils, what Cares poor Mortals undergo ! For that am I not forced to quit the rural Shades, the peaceful Groves, and more, my dearest Friend ?—But 'tis my Lot, and I must be content.

Adieu.

L E T-

LETTER XI.

*The Answer.**My dear Friend,*

WERE you not poetically inclined, I should certainly take you for an Enthusiast, your Letter being wroug so entirely different from your usual Style. But as I know the Warmth of your fine Imagination, I am not in the least surprized; nay, I must confess myself that the Country which you are so much enraptured with, is grown, since your Departure, uncommonly dull and solitary. But I have always remarked, whenever we are deprived of those Friends and Relations which we held most dear, though it be but their Absence for a short Time, a solemn Melancholy is apt to ensue, which Time only, and a new Succession of other Objects, can perfectly cure and erase.

And now give me Leave, as the Subject I dare say will not be unacceptable, to consider the Advantages of a Country Life. I know you'll be pleased with such Remarks, as you think 'tis impossible to give the Preference to that which you call the Scene of Hurry and Confusion.

In a retired Life, a Man is free from those tempestuous Winds of Business, and Multitude of Vexations, which in the other he is too apt to be tossed. The Calm of the Country is void of those Storms and troubled Waves that commonly accompany a Town or Court Life. There Men's Desires and ambitious Views are not so extended; they live not there in Hopes of Preferment nor flatter themselves with Views of Pomp or Grandeur, which those, who too often, not content with Moderation, so out-strain and over-grasp, that, in reaching too high they over-reach themselves, and, in seeking a new Fortune, lose their old, converting their Substance into Pretensions, their Certainty into Nothing.

A Man, that lives in the Country, is more out of the Way, and less obvious to the Malice and Envy of busy designing Men; such as build their own Estates on others Ruin, curious Inquisitors into Men's Lives, and false Interpreters of their Action.

Again.

Again. This Kind of Life gives a Man more Leisure for Writing, Reading, and Meditation, than those who reside in Cities can possibly allow themselves. Their Time in the Country is not so much taken up as unavoidably in Town it must often be, either by Business, their own Inclinations, or by complying with the Desire of others, to partake the several Amusements and Diversions so common at such Places.

But as the several Forms and Actions of our moral Life have all their Disadvantages, as well as Conveniences, and 'tis almost impossible to enumerate either, Time having so many Changes and Alterations, and such a Variety of Occasions and Opportunities ever intervening, that unless we judge by general Rules, but little Truth will be found in any Observations on a Subject which admits of so many Objections. I shall therefore conclude.

Your's sincerely, &c.

LETTER XII.

In Continuation.

YOUR Answer to my romantic Epistle I received early this Morning, and am highly pleased with the Praises you bestow on a Country Life; though I must observe, that in Regard to the Variety of Pleasures a Man may there enjoy, you have taken but little Pains to describe. 'Tis true the Observations it contains are quite different, tho' very just, and the Subject I know you'll urge is too extensive to be fully discoursed on in the small Scope of a Letter; besides, that the Poets have already exhausted the Theme, this I must own; for very few have omitted the most rapturous Praises on the Charms of a Country Life; and that whatever can be said, nay, every Thought that can be formed even by the most glowing Imagination, may, either in the one, or the other, be already found.

N

Tho'

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Tho' I have so generously excused you now, you may not expect such Indulgence always —— You know I lose a long Letter, and from you I never think them tedious tho' they exceed the most uncommon Bounds. Therefor I hope your next will at least be twice as long as your last —— Pray indulge my Request, you cannot oblige me more.

P. S. Yesterday I heard from *Florio*, who still continues at *Bath*; and if I may judge by the common Report, he is still as gay and as wild as ever. O my Friend, what Pitiful it is such excellent Talents which he possesses, in such great Perfection, should thus be trifled away on the most childish Amusements! He, who might make himself eminent in many Ways, and yet to neglect them all, appears to me to be very inconsistent; as most Men have a Desire of rendering themselves conspicuous either by their Fortune, Genius or some other Motive of the like Kind.

I know 'tis a Maxim with some, that great Men have the greatest Faults; but is it possible a reasonable Man should obstinately persist to continue in those Errors of which he must certainly be convinced? 'Tis true, a bad Education, bad Habits, or, which is oftener the Case, bad Company, may have a very great Influence on his Actions; as the Passions of such Men are often like their excellent Abilities, very great and strong.

As to *Florio*, his excessive Love of Company, and being a delightful Companion himself, makes him ever engaged. I think it must be more for want of Reflection than any Thing else, that can induce him to be guilty of so many Extravagances.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XIII.

In Answer to the former.

YOU love a long Letter you say—Why then, my dear Friend, to answer your Expectation, and to engage our Attention the more, I have now taken the Trouble to transcribe a Collection of the justest Observations I ever met with, in Praise of a retired Life, from an old Book of great Merit, which I highly esteem.

I am sure they will give you great Delight, as I do not remember any Thing on the Subject that corresponds so much with your own Sentiments. They are wrote in Prose, and in the Manner of a Letter. - The Author begins with the warmest Encomiums on his Retirement as follows.

" Here is no slavish Attendance, no canvassing for Places, no making of Parties, no Envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune, no Disappointments in my Pretensions to any Thing, but a calm Enjoyment of the Bounties of Providence, in Company with a good Conscience : here I can enjoy myself in the greatest Tranquility and Repose, without Fear, Envy, or desiring of any Thing.

If I lye under the Protection of Heaven, a poor Cottage or Retreat is more worth than the most magnificent Palace : here I can enjoy the Riches of Content in the Midst of an honest Poverty ; here undisturbed Sleep and undissembled joys do dwell ; here I spend my Days without Cares, and my Nights without Groans ; my Innocency is my Security and Protection.

Here are no Beds of State, no Garments of Pearl or Embroidery, no Materials for Luxury and Excess ; the Heavens are my Canopy, and the Glories of them my spectacle : the Motions of the Orbs, the Courses of the Stars, and the wonderful Order of Providence, are my Contemplation.

My Cottage is sife tho' narrow, no Porter at the Door, or any Business for Fortune ; for she hath nothing to do where she hath nothing to look after.

Here I am delivered from the Tumults of the World, free from the Drudgery of Business, which makes us troublesome to others, and unquiet to ourselves ; for the End of one Appetite or Design, is the Beginning of another.

The Way to Heaven, which Nature hath chalked out, is both secure and pleasant ; there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp or Equipage to make good our Passage, no Money, or Letters of Credit, for Expences upon the Voyage ; but the Graces of an honest Mind will secure us upon the Way, and make us happy at our Journey's End.

No thing comes amiss to me, but all Things succeed to my very Wish : Here is no wrangling with Fortune, robbing out of Honour for Accidents ; whatever befalls me it is God's Pleasure, and therefore my Duty to bear it. In this State I feel no Want ; I am abundantly pleased with what I have ; and what I have not, I do not regard. So that every Thing is great because 'tis sufficient.

O the Blessings of Privacy and Freedom ! The Wish of the greatest, but the Privilege only of mean ones.

What is all the Glory and Grandeur of the World, or the great Territories in it, to that Happiness which I now possess and enjoy ? The whole Compass of the Earth to me seems but a Point ; and yet Men will be dividing it into Kingdoms and Dominions.

O the Sweetness and Pleasure of those blessed Hours that I spend apart from the Noise and Business of the World ! How calm, how gentle, not so much as a Cloud or Breath of Wind to disturb the Serenity of my Mind ! The World to me is a Prison, and Solitude a Paradise.

If you think it pleasant from Land to behold Mariners driving with Storms, or without endangering yourself, Armies joining Battle ; certainly nothing can be more delightful than from the calm Throne of Wisdom, to view the Tumults and Contention of Fools ; not that it is pleasant that others are afflicted, but it pleaseth that we ourselves are not involved in the same Evils.

All the exterior Lustre of the World, which charms the Eyes of Men, is but a painted Cloud, a Dial which we then look on when the Sun of Honour reflects upon it ; or, like an Act in a Comedy, which presently hath its Exit.

Long

Long Life, and a peaceful Death, are not granted, or held by the Charter of Honour, except Virtue and Integrity renew the Patent: Flattery and Envy, two ancient Couriers, lay secret Trains to blow up the greatest Structure of Fortune.

Give me a retired Life, a peaceful Conscience, honest Thoughts, and virtuous Actions, and I can pity Cæsar."

L E T T E R XIV.

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

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is scarce any Thing that can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undescared, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man of about Five and Twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of Green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing.

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chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neigh-
bourhood ; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any o-
ther Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage.
It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent
of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they
were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of
their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-
Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and
Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for
her Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was
on the last of July, between two and three in the Afternoon)
the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and
Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best
of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afford-
ed.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a
Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat
down by her Side, having raked together two or three
Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immedi-
ately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had
split asunder ; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of
his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the
Field : No Answer being returned to those who called to
our Lovers, they stapt to the Place where they lay ; they
perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and spied this faithful
Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other
held over as to screen her from the Lightning. They
were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender Posture.
Sarah's left Eye-Brow was singed, and there appeared
a black Spot on her Breast : Her Lover was all over black
but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. At-
tended by their melancholy Companions they were convey-
ed to the Town, and the next Day were interred in *Stamford*
Harcourt Church-Yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's*
and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them
upon Condition that we furnish the Epitaph, which
follows :

*When Eastern Lovers feed the fun'ral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:*

Hart

Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning and the Victim sis'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this, and Mr. Pope say's he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry, as Hopkins and Sternbold*.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this Time satisfied how much the Tenderness of one Man of Merit is to be preferred to the Addresses of a Thousand. And by this Time the Gentleman you have made Choice of is sensible, how great is the Joy of having all those Charms and good Qualities which have pleased so many, now applid to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you Reputation, should give you Happiness; and I can wish you no greater than that you may receive in as high a Degree yourself, as so much good Humour must infallibly give it to your Husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the Title of Poet should say something more polite on this Occasion: But I am really more a Well-wisher to your Felicity, than a Celebrater of your Beauty. Besides, you are now a married Woman, and in a Way to be a great many better

* The Epitaph was;

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hawes and Mary Drew,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish,
who being at Hawes Work
(with several others
were in one Instant kill'd by Lightning,
the last of July 1748.

Things

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Things than a fine Lady ; such as an excellent Wife, a
faithful Friend, a tender Parent, and at last, as the Conse-
quence of them all, a Saint in Heaven. You ought now to
hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to
hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean
Truth : And it is with the utmost that I assure you, no Friend
you have can more rejoice in any Good that befalls you,
is more sincerely delighted with the Prospect of your fu-
ture Happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long Continu-
ance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a Man who will
certainly be spoken of as your Admirer, after he is
dead, may have the Happiness to be esteemed while he is
living.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

A Letter from the Marquis de Montesque, to a young Gentleman, on reading History.

SIR,

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

cause it loves Freedom, and because it takes Pleasure in opposing every Thing that favours of Command. I added, that instead of those imperious Maxims, History gives us only Reflections to make upon the Events that she displays before our Eyes, and that those Events are so many Examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the Council's of Sovereigns, enables us to distinguish Flattery from good Advice. She describes Sieges and Battles to us, and makes us take Notice of the Faults or good Conduct of the Generals. In a Word, she gives us, in a few Years, an Experience that many Years cannot give without her Assistance. Will you permit me, Sir, to improve upon what I have said, and to take from a better Fund than my own? A most eloquent Prelate will supply me with two or three Periods which you will be very glad to know. He speaks of a great and ingenious Princess which we have just lost, and says, that the Resolution of prosecuting the Study of Wisdom kept her engaged to the Reading of which we speak. That History is rightly called the Wise Counsellor of Princes. It is there, continued he, the greatest Kings have no more Rank than by their Virtues; and that degraded for ever, by the Hands of Death, they undergo without Court and without Retinue, the Judgment of all People and of all Ages. It is there we discover, that the Glois of Flattery is superficial, and that false Coblers will not last, how ingeniously soever they be laid on. There our admirable Princes studied the Duties of those whose Lives compose History, &c. You see, Sir, that I have kept my Word, what I have borrowed is better than what is my own, and that I have thought of nothing but satisfying you, without considering that I was going to destroy the good Opinion you might have of my Writings. I will even tell you what Historian I should prefer for Pleasure and for Instruction. It is *Plutarch*, whom the two severe Critics will hardly acknowledge to be an Historian. I must allow indeed that he has not made any Body of History, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected Lives. But what Histories can be found which please and instruct like these Lives? At least, what Person can read them without relishing a thousand Beauties, and remarking

142 A Complete INTRODUCTION to marking every Moment Maxims of Morality and Politics; *Plutarch* introduces them naturally ; he gathers none but Flowers that grow under his Feet, and does not go out of his Way to gather others. He paints the Man whose Life he relates ; he makes him know such as he was at the Head of the Armies, in the Government of the People, in his own Family, and in his Pleasures. In fine, Sir, I should be of the Opinion of an Author, who said, that if he was constrained to fling all the Books of the Antients into the Sea, *Plutarch* should be the last drowned. We will say more of this when we go to *** with the M. of M***. If you would entertain your Friends with less Ceremony, we should already have made you this Visit ; but you treat at your Houfe as sumptuously as if the Superintendency was still in your Family: I am most absolutely, Sir,

*Your most humble
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER XVII.

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

SIR,

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

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

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

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

The Answer.

SIR,

WHAT Thought's my Daughter may have of your Proposal I know not, and must observe to you that I am determined never to influence her in an Affair of this Sort, where I think she ought to have her own free Choice. What I have heard Mr. *Towers* frequently say of your Behaviour, makes any farther Enquiry into your Character unnecessary. And if your Affairs are as you represent them, I shall have no Objection; but here you must allow me to make proper Enquiries.

As I have a Son, I do not propose to give each of my Daughters above above a thousand Pounds at their Marriage, tho' at my Death their Fortunes will be at least equal to your's. I must confess that I am pleased, Sir, with your writing to me on this Subject before you mentioned it to my Daughter, and I give you my free Consent to acquaint her with your Sentiments; however I would not advise you to do this by Letter; for, as she is often at Mr. *Towers*'s, you may open your Mind

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Mind to her by Degrees, which will be much better than an abrupt Declaration; and if she is disposed to favour your Passion, she will meet with no Opposition from me. I shall be ready, whenever you think proper, to talk with you farther on this Subject, and am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

J. SYMOND.

LETTER XIX.

From a young Gentleman to a Lady of superior Fortune.

Madam,

NONE surely can labour under greater Disadvantages than he who presumes to write to a Lady to whom he is entirely unknown: but a Man who has been so long condemned to Silence as I have, has some Plea for taking a Liberty to write, that would be otherwise unpardonable. This, Madam, I beg you would accept as my Apology for giving you this Trouble, and for presuming to ask whether the Person who had the Happiness of sitting by you at the Opera last Night, and who has in Vain long waited for an Opportunity of speaking to you, might, if all Things were favourable to his Wishes, be admitted to the Honour of your Acquaintance. Another Favour, Madam, I humbly request: is, that you will find a Way, (for I protest I know none) by which I may be honoured with your Determinations.

I am sensible, Madam, that I have gone too far presuming to take this Liberty; but I beg to be forgiven. No Words can describe what I feel, while I write this to you, and which I shall continue to suffer, at least till I have the Happiness of receiving your Answer.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant.

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LETTER XX.

The Answer by a Friend of the Lady.

SIR,

AM perhaps taking as strange a Liberty as you took Yesterday; but if you hope for Pardon from one Woman, you must be ready to grant it to another. I have seen your Letter to Miss *Trenchard*, and as I think it impossible for that Lady to answer it, my Regard for her makes me take the Task upon myself. I am surprized, Sir, and doubtless she is more so, that an absolute Stranger should take the Liberty to write to her, especially as Miss *Trenchard* has so universal an Acquaintance, that cannot think it very difficult for a Man of Fashion to get himself introduced to her, without his taking this extraordinary Method; however, you must permit me to say, that there are few People to whom Miss *Trenchard* could wish to be known as an Acquaintance, beyond the Number of those who have at present that Honour. We are not more ignorant of you than we are of your Meaning; but if you have any farther Thoughts, I do assure you there will require a great deal to support such an Application. I am sincerely the Lady's Friend, and in this Instance I am persuaded that I am acting the Part of a Friend to you. I have only observed what I think you ought to have done, and in what Manner, and I leave the rest to your Discretion. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

ELIZ. MODELY.

LETTER XXI.

Miss J— to Miss Lovelace, on the Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.

WANT of Time is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and yours in haste, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part,

O

my

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my whole Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing nothing ; and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I've a Mind to do, so can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence ; and end with that moving Petition, Excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed ; but though I'm excessive good-natur'd I'm resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely, in any one but myself.

I've often thought there never was a Letter wrote well but what was wrote easily ; and, if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time should conclude this to be a Master-Piece of the Kind both to Easiness of Thought and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which, Mr. Wycherly says is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters ; though it must be confess'd he out does me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such a Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over-drest. There is a becoming Negligence in both ; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a Genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary toward Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks ; whereas, 'tis notorious, that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material, as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this ; I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with. Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever a Hand to assist me ; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short Want of every Thing, but the most unfeign'd Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted I remain, &c.

LET

LETTER XXII.

To Miss L. in Answer to her Description of Windsor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of *Windsor*, and your Invitation to 'em, is equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in Mind of the *Elysian Groves*, where the great Souls of Antiquity repose themselves on Beds of Flowers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft Music, and gliding about their ancient Mansions in Fresco; and the latter, of some gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of some Maid of Honour (rather too plump for a Ghost) who beckons me into 'em. I'm impatient till I land at those calm Retreats, that Asylum from court'sying and compliment, which I despair'd of arriving at in this sublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Grōupe, all Distinction ceases; where, you say, I may do any Thing I have a Mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, disengag'd from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this other World, I'm likely to be in perfect good Humour with myself, which, in most other Places, would be rec'd excessively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with thee so near the Seat of polite Education, much less in King's Palaces, and among their honourable Women — *Tuesday* then I set out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I chuse to give you as little Trouble as possible, shall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monsters in Maidenhead-Thicket. These Difficulties being overcome, shall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Castle; and ever after remain

Your peaceful Servant, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

*To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made
Use of in Letters.*

THE Money and Books came sound as a Roach. Safe is so common an Expression, that I'm tir'd of telling People for ever, Things came safe. We Geniuses are forced to vary our Expressions, and invent new Terms; as well to shew our surprizing Compass of Thought, as our great Command of Language. This sometimes appears stiff and affected to the common Class of Readers, or Hearers, who are apt to be out of their Element, upon hearing any new or unusual Sounds; but our nicer Ears cannot always bear the same Cadences. There's something peculiar in the Make and Structure of the auditory Nerve, that requires Diversification and Variety, as well as some Skill in the Anatomy of Language, to make an Impression on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this Reason, when I ask a Favour (a Thing I seldom choose to do) I always select the most delicate Phrases I'm Mistress of; but in regard to Forms, which most People are sick of; and yet suffice their Friends with; these I vary according to my own Humour or Inclination preponderates. Of consequence when I come towards the End or Peroration of a Letter, I sometimes communicate my Compliments—— sometimes desire they may be made known——or, where there's a large Family, and of Consequence a Number of Civilities to be paid, the Laconic Style of——my Diversities, as usual, has sometimes succeeded beyond my Expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, I beg my Compliments to such a one.—— But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular Dissertation upon Styles, and as I've many Flowers of Rhetoric yet inexhausted; I shall wind up the Words above-mentioned into the Form of a Letter, and communicate all the Things I have to say in the Postscript.

LETTER XXIV.

From Miss Jones to Lady ——.

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Your's from Hatfield reviv'd in me those pleasing Remembrances, which not only enliven, but expand the Heart, that very Heart which but the Moment before felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the Pleasure. The Moment she saw your Hand, she crav'd half! — and read it most complacently over my Shoulder.

'Tis to no Purpose to tell you how much you were missed by every Body that stayed in Town ; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I've run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your Health, and to order John, when I go to Town again, to tye up the Knocker. I could tell you many Stories of the sensible Things ; but of all the insensible ones upon this Occasion, your Lamp provoked me the most. To see that Creature, when I've gone by in the Evening, burn so prettily, and with so much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpose should he light us into your House now ? O who'd be obliged to him for his poultry Rays? — I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dressing-Room once or twice ; but 'twas so like walking over your Grave, that I could not bear to stay. — Lady H. departed two Days after you ; and in short, I lived to see almost every Body I loved, go before me. So last Saturday I made my own Exit, with equal Decency and Dignity ; that is, with a thorough Resignation of the World I left, and an earnest Desire after that I am now enjoying with Lady Boyer and Miss Peggy Stonelake. I shall begin verging towards my last Home, after having just touched upon the Confines of Lady H. B.'s World, there to subside, and be at Peace, where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a Letter from you.

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I have implored St. *Switbin* in your Behalf; but he ei-
ther not hears me; or, to pay you a greater Compliment,
weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a ter-
rible Journey, for scarce a Day has passed that he has not
shed many Tears.

A COMPLETE

INTRODUCTION

TO THE ART OF

WRITING LETTERS.

PART IV.

Containing LETTERS of LOVE.

LETTER I.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, to whom he had formerly been a Lover, and by whom he had highly been commended.

Madam,

I Should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late Mention of me with so much Applause.

It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments ; as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue,
Sincerity,

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Sincerity, and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her
who has said this of me. Fame is a Babbler ; but I have
arrived at the highest Glory in this World, the Commenda-
tion of the most deserving Person in it.

Your's, &c.

LETTER II.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE long struggled with the most honourable and
respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man: I
have often tried to reveal it personally ; as often in this
way ; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and
Doubts. But I can no longer struggle with a Secret that
has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto
more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never en-
tertain the Hope to see you, without Rapture ; but when
I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated as I ought,
I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but
a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your
Worthiness? And is not this one strong Token of ardent
Love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion
in its Operations? Since some it inspires with Courage,
while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can
only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never
conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you.
If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has
been my sufficient Punishment. I need not say my Designs
and Motives are honourable : Who dare approach so much
virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition, that such an Af-
furance is necessary ? What my Fortune is, is well known ;
and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Inquiry.
Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion,
by one favourable Line ; that if what I here profess, and
hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be
found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble
Address

Address will not quite be unacceptable to you ; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

*Your affectionate Admirer,
and devoted Servant.*

LETTER III.

The Answer.

SIR,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory of our Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in your's. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Dissidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more, on this Occasion, would little become me : To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart ; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from,

Your bumble Servant.

LETTER IV.

A Young Gentleman, with whom I am intimately acquainted, being in Love with a Lady of great Merit and Beauty, who had likewise a Passion for him ; but being obliged by her Parents to marry another, my Friend, on hearing the News, wrote the following Epistle.

WHere is thy Love ? And where is now my Guide ?
W GONE like my Reason, hurry'd with the Tide.

The Tide of Passion, that tempestuous Sea,

So fatal to thy Happiness and me ;

For such, unless thou'rt chang'd, it sure must be.

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AKD

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Ah ! lovely Maid ! can you with Reason prove,
Because I did not write, I did not love ?
Love, conscious Love, I thought would make Excuse ;
But conscious Love, alas ! was my Abuse.

O say, could you prove false ? can it be true
You should not give to Love, ev'n Pity due ?
—When Duty, pleads, what will not Virtue do ?
Parents may chide ; but, say, can they controul
The secret Springs and Passions of the Soul ?
They might as well attempt Time's Course to stay,
Or shroud in Night the Sun's all darting Ray.

Love knows no Bounds, but absolutely free,
With partial View the Object lov'd doth see ;
His Empire's universal, unconfin'd,
He scorns the Fetters of a slavish Mind.

I'll not condemn, 'tis cruel to reprove ;
The bare Attempt would but betray my Love.
Then I'll forget ; yes, I'm resolv'd I will ;
O Boast too great ! 'tis far beyond my Skill.
But this, perhaps, you'll say is Passion all,
It shews my Weakness, and my Love how small :
Ah ! think not so ! your Charms may Merit find,
But my Ambition was your heav'nly Mind.
You wonder'd once yourself, nor thought it true,
Such slight Acquaintance could such Wonders do,
To make my Heart so soon a Slave to you.
But form'd by Nature, every Breast to warm,
I quickly felt the Force of every Charm ;
Kind Hints you gave, I flew with trembling Joy,
But Parents would my Happiness destroy ;
Nor to reproach myself, or cause you Pain,
Honour forbid that I should come again,
For where Love reigns how oft is Reason vain ?

Then Hope, O Flatt'rer ! told me, when of Age,
I might in Love and Happiness engage.
The Time draws near, but then 'twill be too late,
Already 'tis, with your's is fix'd my Fate :
Nor Independence now can charm to Rest,
For whom I liv'd, a happier Man is blest ;
And well I know what Virtue bids you do,
You will perform, and to your Vows be true.

O! may you then be blest with Bliss sincere,
And every homefelt Joy that can endear ;
For if you're happy, I will not repine,
You cou'd have been no more, had you been mine :
Yet sure a Share of Pity's due to me,
For I shall sigh, ev'n Years to come, for thee !

LETTER V.

WHAT shall I say to the dearest Woman upon Earth !
Were my Thoughts common, how easily might
they be expressed ! But the Expression, like the Enjoyment
in Love, is lost by a too ardent Desire ; my Soul plumes it-
self in the secret Pride of being beloved by you ; and upon
so just a Foundation of valuing myself, who can accuse me
of Vanity ? I can no more compliment what I love, than I
can flatter what I hate ; and therefore when I tell you, that
your Charms are more and more engaging, and my Love
improving, believe it for a Truth ; hear my Wish, and then
conclude me happy :

Oh ! cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay ;
Whose Love shou'd blaze unsally'd and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine :
Free from all sordid Ends, from Int'rest free,
For my own Sake affecting only me.
What a blest Union shou'd our Souls combine !
I her's alone, as she was only mine ;
Blest in her Arms, I should immortal grow,
Whilst in Return, I made my Celia so.
Sweet generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,
I'd write for Love, and she shou'd love for Verse :
Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.
She shou'd transcend all that e'er went before,
Her Praises, like her Beauty, shou'd be more :
My Verse shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see,
I sung of her, and she inspired me :

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*The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,
At once my Theme, and Inspiration too:
Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.*

I went abroad Yesterday Morning about seven, and returned about one this Morning, slept till past eight, then arose to tell you, that I dreamt of you all the Time, and that I am your own.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. —————

Madam,

I Must acquaint you in short, that you must either pull out your Eyes, or I must pull out mine; either you must not be handsome, or I must be blind. Yet though my Passion is as violent perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either hang or drown. I should betray great Want of Sense, and little Knowledge of your Merit, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely the Happiness of living with you, before the Glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your Sense, to believe you prefer the living Lover to the dead; the Lips that are warm, to those that are cold; the Limbs which have Motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill me with your Kindness, but not with your Cruelty: Let me expire rather upon your Bosom than at your Feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a Death of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms: Appoint but your Place, and I shall not fail to meet my fair Murderer.

L E T.

LETTER VII.

To MADAM ——

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endured it too long to make the severest Complaint. I love you, I dote on you. Desire makes me mad, when I am near you ; and Despair, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miseries, Love is to me the most intolerable : It haunts me in my Sleep, perplexes me when waking ; every melancholy Thought makes my Fears more powerful ; and every delightful one makes my Wishes more unquiet. In all other uneasy Chances of a Man's Life, there is an immediate Recourse to some kind of Succour or another : In Wants we apply ourselves to our Friends ; in Sickness, to Physicians : But Love, the Sum, the Total of all Misfortunes, must be endured with Silence ; no Friend so dear to trust with such a Secret, nor Remedy in Art so powerful to remove its Anguish. Since the first Day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one Hour of perfect Quiet : I loved you early ; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching Face of your's, but I felt in my Heart the very Foundation of all my Peace give Way : But when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish Pride enough to promise myself I would in Time recover my Liberty : In spight of my enslaved Nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you : I affected a Resentment, stifled my Spirit, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upraid you, each Day it was my Chance to see or to be near you : With stubborn Sufferance, I resolved to bear, and brave your Power : Nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with Wine, or Conversation, I diverted or appeased the Dæmon that possessed me ; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my Heart an Account why I had done it so unnatural a Violence, it was then I always paid a treble Interest for the short Moments of Ease, which I had borrowed ; then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took your Part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my

Bed, and opened those Sluices of Tears, that were to run till Morning. This has been for some Years my best Condition: Nay, Time itself, that decays all Things else, has but increased and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, persuades me that you are so) even at this Time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespassed on those dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that Tenderness of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest Friends, or Interests I have on Earth, barely but to please you. If I had all the World, it should be your's; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourself for Justice, if, through the whole Actions of my Life, I have done any one Thing that might not let you see how absolute your Authority was over me. Your Commands have been always sacred to me; your Smiles have always transported me, and your Frowns awed me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest Blessing, or the greatest Curse, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on you without Confusion; Wishes and Fears rise up in War within me, and work a cursed Distraction thro' my Soul, that must, I am sure, in time have wretched Consequences: You only can, with that healing Cordial, Love, assuage and calm my Torments. Pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out Fortune from the Balance) you never were beloved or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to your Heart, than the unfortunate, (and even at this Time) weeping

OTWAY.

LET.

LETTER VIII.

To MADAM ——

I N Value of your Quiet, though it would be the utter
 Ruin of my own, I have endeavoured this Day to per-
 suade myself never more to trouble you with a Passion
 that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much
 the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become
 one to you, who are much dearer to me than myself. I have
 laid all the Reasons my distracted Condition would let me
 have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my Pride,
 whether, after a Rival's Possession, I ought to ruin all my
 Peace for a Woman that another has been more blest in,
 tho' no Man ever lov'd as I did: But Love, victorious
 Love! o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature
 never to remember; he still looks forward from the present
 Hour, expecting still new Dawns, new rising Happiness;
 never looks back, never regards what is past, and left be-
 hind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce
 Pursuit of Joy before him: I have consulted too my very
 self, and find how careless Nature was in framing me; sea-
 soned me hastily with all the most violent Inclinations and
 Desires, but omitted the Ornaments that should make those
 Qualities become me. I have consulted too my Lot of
 Fortune, and find how foolishly I wish Possession of what is
 so precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet still Love,
 still I doat on, and cheat myself, very content, because the
 Folly pleases me. It is Pleasure to think how fair you are,
 tho' at the same Time worse than Damnation, to think how
 cruel. Why should you tell me you have shut your Heart
 up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of yourself, sounds
 like Reserve, and not so much Sincerity, as sure I may claim
 even from a little of your Friendship. Can your Age,
 your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit, bid Defiance to that
 sweet Power? No, you know better to what End Heaven
 made you; know better how to manage Youth and Pleasure,
 than to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me,
 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart against. My Suf-
 fferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and
 Tears

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Tears are of no Power with your haughty Nature ; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick homespun Friendship, the common Coin that passes betwixt worldly Interests : Must that be my Lot ! Take it, ill-natur'd, take it, give it to him that would waste his Fortune for you ; give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold, court you with Offers of vast rich Possessions, give it the Fool that hath nothing but his Money to plead for him : Love will have a much nearer Relation, or none. I ask for glorious Happiness ; you bid me welcome to your Friendship, it is like seating me at your Side-table, when I have the best Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no Measure, nothing but Extremes can give me Ease ; the kindest Love or most provoking Scorn : Yet even your Scorn would not perform the Cure. It might indeed take off the Edge of Hope, but damn'd Despair will gnaw my Heart for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have Charity enough to value the Well-being of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are most fond of, by that sweet Pledge of your first softest Love, I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting Pangs of mine ; pity my unquiet Days and restless Nights ; pity the Frenzy that has half possessed my Brain already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly : The Wretch in Bedlam is more at Peace than I am ! And if I must never possess the Heaven I wish for, my next Desire is. (and the sooner the better) a clean swept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your Compassion when you find me there.

Think and be generous.

LETTER IX.

To MADAM —

SINCE you are going to quit the World, I think myself obliged, as a Member of the World, to use the best of my Endeavours to divert you from so ill-natur'd an Inclination : Therefore, by reason your Visits will take up so much of this Day, I have debarred myself the Opportunity

portunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a Time you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more Leisure to hear, if it be possible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid, too much-hardened against me : I must confess it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumstances to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me one of us had never seen it. For Nature disposed me from my Creation to Love, and my ill Fortune has condemned me to doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a Passion, had Nature disposed her from Her Creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this Nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least Pretence to let you know, you are the Cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touched the Heart of

OTWAY.

LETTER X.

To MADAM —

COULD I see you without Passion, or be absent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than Health, or any Happiness here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me ; and tho' I have languished for seven long tedious Years of Desire, jealously despairing ; yet every Minute I see you, I still discover something more new and bewitching. Consider how I love you ; what would not I renounce, or enterprize for you ? I must have you mine, or I am miserable ; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy Hour, can make the rest of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a Word or two of Comfort, or resolve never to look with common Goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for you : And, if I cannot have a

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Right in your's, I wish it would ake till I could compla
to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY,

LETTER XI.

To MADAM —

YOU cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or ye
would not so openly discover what a ridiculous Too
you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose Sa-
tisfaction I was sacrificed to this Morning: For I am sur
your own Ill-nature could not be guilty of inventing sed
an Injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear
were it not for the sake of some Ass, that has the For-
tune to please you: In short, I have made it the Busines
of my Life to do you Service, and please you, if possible
by any Way to convince you of the unhappy Love I have
for seven Years toiled under; and your whole Busines is to
pick ill-natur'd Conjectures out of my harmlefs Freedom
of Conversation, to vex and gall me with, as often as you
are pleased to divert yourself at the Expence of my Quiet.
Oh, thou Tormenror! Could I think it were Jealousy, how
should I humble myself to be justified; but I cannot bear
the Thought of being made a Property either of another
Man's Good-Fortune, or the Vanity of a Woman that de-
signs nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found, some Time or other, to let
you know your Mistaking.

LETTER XII.

To MADAM —

YOU were pleased to send me Word you would mee
me in the Mall this Evening, and give me furthe
Satisfaction, in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me
with. I was there, but found you not; and therefore be
of you, as you ever would wish yourself to be eased of the
highest

highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time To-morrow, and send me Word by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me ; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching Sex ; or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

LETTER XIII.

A Comical Letter, out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux.

By Sir D. Clark, Kn.

Madam,

DID you ever see an Almanack in your Life ? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give the Reason then, why I ask it : There's an odd sort of a Fellow usually pictured in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him ? Cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like—let me think, like what;——like your Ladyship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all : Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery : For, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same Token, that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny, but I had been drowned, for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish that were as plenty as *Herrings* at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,

Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

COLLETTIER.

L E T -

LETTER XIV.

Mr. S ————— to Lord E —————.

YOU desire to know what Progress our Friend *Dame*, has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he hath so long besieged, and I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I could wish. He threw himself down at her Feet, and in the common Strain of Lovers; will you not, says he, take Compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at least some Tenderness to the Man, who never was conquered by any Beauty but your's? But she returned him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the Midst of *Tartary*: Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle Stories of your Passion, with your pretended Darts, and your romantic Fl — , for you do but lose your Time and Labour. Th: Youth was reduced to the last Despair, when he found himself thus slighted; and as Anger on these Occasions generally succeeds to Love, he said the most reproachful bitter Things against her that his Indignation could inspire him with. When his Fury had spent itself, looking upon her with a scornful Air, I know, says she, how to punish the Insolence of your Tongue: All your Sex are presidious and false: You devour us, nay, you devour one another: The savage Beasts in the Woods, unless compelled by Hunger, seldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauched with a domestic Education, they prove arranter Brutes than any in the Forest; to be short with you, your Perjury and Inconstancy teach us to lay aside all Pity, and treat you as you deserve: For in the first Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can say the most submissive Things in the World; you can whine and cry, make Goddesses of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with those Counters you deceive us: but no sooner have we granted the last Favours to you, but you grow insolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom the Hour before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that

Jupiter.

Jupiter has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself with the Oath of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Damon*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great Deal of Truth in her Invective.

LETTER XV.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady, to a young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fix'd her Affections; but as she never had it in her Power to make any proper Impressions on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

SIR,

I RELY on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own? It is now a Year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but frequent Sights of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park to-morrow exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some notion of me: if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is what the flattering World calls handsome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous; but, if you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so: My Hand trembles so while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XVI.

The Gentleman did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady, but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter though reproved for it by his Acquaintance; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following.

SIR,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you I shall be the last.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorum, cannot be supposed to grow calm once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, & Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generosity in exposing my Letter, because the Man that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person, whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you?

For your own Sake, I am loth to speak it, but such Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Understanding; but whatsoever be the Reason, amidst all my Disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my Name; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest; and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity of the World, I may guess from the Mortifications I now feel from seeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and in being convinced by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentleman

men (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say any Thing severe; but although their kinduse of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness; yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem on the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason, not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often view'd with a mistaken Admiration, believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Atmeuds which Nature hath made you for my Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all hopes of your Discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as publick as you have done the former; if you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself; yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

On Matrimony, from Mr. H——— to Mrs. ——.

Madam,

THE next Subject was Matrimony; upon which it was observed, that among the Thousand different ways in which Happiness is pursued, lavish Encomiums are often bestowed on the wedded State: But does Experience warrant a Belief, that there is no intermediate Condition between the Bliss of good Spirits, and the Torments of the bad, in this State? The inconsiderate Part of Mankind think Matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married Persons happy or miserable; but a very little Reflection

flexion would convince them of their Mistake : It is Men or Women who are heavenly-minded, or diabolical. The Institution in itself is of vast Importance : Christianity cannot stand without it ; nor can the common Liberty and Rights of Mankind subsist without some Contract, which shall be equally binding to both Sexes : Yet if Avarice, or Ambition, even Love unguided by Prudence, or any other Passion, are the Cause of Engagements which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the Charge of the Institution. But here also the Laws of God, and of the Land, have provided for our Security : No more is required than in all other Cases, a pious Resignation to our Condition, whilst we make up for the Deficiency of our Pleasure, by another ; I mean so to cultivate Reason, as to raise our Sense of Duty, in proportion as our Affections flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious Man by a virtuous Woman, or the contrary ? By Vice, I mean every Defect of Mind, or Corruption of Heart. Women are generally most disposed to Piety ; and, when kindly treated, give the strongest Proofs of native Ingenuousness ; whence I conclude, that notwithstanding Man's boasted Pre-eminence, your Defects are most easily corrected : The very Superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of Controul.

Hence you may discover the indulgent Care of Providence ; for even the Subjection, of which Women inconsiderately complain, is generally conducive to their Happiness. Your Felicity arises chiefly from your Subjection ; and it is no Paradox to say the same of your Power. "As the Climbing of a sandy Way to the Feet of the Aged, so is a Wife full of Words to a quiet Man.—But if there be Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort in her Tongue, then is not her Husband like other Men ?" This conveys the strongest Sense of a Man's Happiness, whose Wife has tender Affections, good Sense, and a virtuous Mind. She who makes Trial with Sincerity, may easily find the Meaning of the Words, and the weighty Instruction contained in them. But in our Days, Men set out upon Principles which will by no Means bear an Examination. It is presumed that very little or no Virtue is to be found, therefore Provision for those Pleasures which Money can purchase,

is the first Object. Either we are not taught what we owe to God and our Neighbour; religious and domestic Duties are neglected; or our Parents, mistaking external Parade for Happiness, seek after the greatest Fortunes, be the Advantages of them what they may; they teach us the very Lesson which the greatest Part of Mankind learn, in spite of all the Care which the wise and virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while the Laws of God and Nature are invariable, and we can never beat out an artificial Happiness whose Pleasures compensate for the Neglect of Nature, tho' the Taste may become so depraved as hardly to leave any Vestiges in the Mind of the Lesson which Nature teaches. I have read many beautiful Passages on this Subject; in every Writer of Eminence one finds some, with regard to Men as well as Women. I recollect one more which seems to be of great Force, because it is very natural: "Where no Hedge is, there the Possession is spoil'd; " and he that hath no Wife, will wander up and down "mourning." It often happens that the unmarried are unhappy, they know not why: Whilst the capricious in Taste, inconstant in Temper, or vicious by Inclination, are reformed by Wedlock. And as we may with great Propriety say, Blessed is she who converteth a Sinner to Repentance, I think we may add, Cursed is he whose Carelessness or Folly induces his Wife to go astray.

Whatever our State or Condition may be; how keen soever our Pursuit of Happiness; how infinitely diversified our Opinions on which our Felicity so much depends; and how contradictory soever our Practice may be to such Opinions; so long as we have Senses to distinguish Light from Darkness, or Bitter from Sweet; so long as we have a Ray of Reason to distinguish Truth from Falshood, or Joy from Anguish and Perturbation, we must come back to our Text,

"That to be good, is to be happy;
 "Angels are happier than Men, because
 "They are better; Guilt is the Source of Sorrow,
 "'Tis the Fiend, th' avenging Fiend,
 "That follows us behind with Whits and Scourge:
 "The Bless'd know none of this, but rest

Q

"In

"In everlasting Peace of Mind, and find

"The Height of all their Heav'n is Goodness."

You see, Madam, I learn my Morality from Poets as well as Divines, and have my Ears open to Instruction in a Play-house as well as in a Church. But as we cannot be quite so good, we must be contented if we are not quite so happy as Angels. Let us keep in View the glorious Rewards of Virtue, nor suffer our Enjoyment of a small Portion of Felicity, if a large one is not our Lot, to dishearten us in the Pursuit. The Time will very shortly come, when the seeming Inequality amongst Mankind will be settled. Farewel. I am your's, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear Madam,

NO T believe that I love you! You cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, consult my Eyes, consult your own. You will find by yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recal to mind what happened last Night: That at least was a Lover's Kiss. Its Eagerness, its Fierceness, its Warmth, expressed the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetness, and its melting Softness expressed him more. With trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul, I ravished it: Convulsions, Pantings, Murmuring, shewed the mighty Disorder within me: The mighty Disorder increased by it. For those dear Lips shot through my Heart, and through my bleeding Vitals, delicious Poison, and an avoidless, but yet a charming Ruin. What cannot a Day produce? The Night before, I thought myself a happy Man. In want of nothing, and in fairest Expectation of Fortune; approved of by Men of Wit, and applauded by others; pleased, nay charmed with my Friends, my then dearest Friends; sensible of every delicate Pleasure, and in their Turns possessing all. But Love, almighty Love! seems in a Moment to have removed me to a prodigious Distance from every Object but you alone:

In

In the Midst of Crowds I remain in Solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear transportd to some foreign Desart with you, (oh that I were really thus transported!) where, abundantly supplied with every Thing in thee, I might live out an Age of uninterrupted Extasy. The Scene of the World's great Stage, seeins suddenly and sadly changed. Unlovely Objects are all around me, excepting thee: The Charms of all the World appear to be translated to thee. Thus in this sad, but, oh! too pleasing State ! my Soul can fix upon nothing but thee: Thee it contemplates, admires, adores, nay, depends on ; trusts in you alone. If you and Hope forsake it, Despair and endless Misery attend it.

LETTER XIX.

Dear Madam,

THIS I send by the Permission of a severe Father; I will not say a cruel one, since he is your's. What is it that he has taken so mortally ill of me ! That I die for his Daughter is my only Offence. And yet he has refused to let me take even my Farewel of you. Thrice happy be the Omen ! May I never take my Farewel of thee, till my Soul takes leave of my Body. At least, he cannot restrain me from loving : No, I will love thee in spite of all Opposition. Though your Friends and mine prove equally averse, yet I will love thee with a Constancy that shall appear to all the World, to have something so noble in it, that all the World shall confess, that it deserved not to be unfortunate. I will forsake even my Friends for thee : My honest, my witty, my brave Friends ; who had always been, till I had seen thee, the dearest Part of Mankind to me. Thou shalt supply the Place of them all with me. Thou shalt be my Bosom, my best loved Friend ; and at the same Time, my only Mistress, and my dearest Wife. Have the Goodness to pardon this Familiarity. 'Tis the tendrest Leave of the faithfulest Lover ; and here to

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shew an Over-respectfulness would be to wrong my
Passion. That I love thee more than Life, nay, even
than Glory, which I courted once with a burning De-
sire, bear Witness all my unquiet Days, and every rest-
less Night, and that terrible Agitation of Mind and
Body, which proceeded from my Fear of losing thee. To
lose thee, is to lose all Happiness: Tormenting Reflection to
a sensible Soul! How often has my Reason been going up-
on it? But the Loss of Reason would be but too happy
upon the Loss of thee: Since all the Advantage that I
could draw from its Presence, would be to know myself
miserable. But the Time calls upon me: I am obliged to
take an odious Journey, and leave thee behind with my
Enemies. But thine shall never do thee Harm with me.
Adieu, thou dearest, thou loveliest of Creatures! No Change
of Time or Place, or the Remonstrances of the best of Friends,
shall ever be able to alter my Passion for thee. Be but one
Quarter so kin,¹ so just to me, and the Sun will not shine on
a happier Man than myself.

LETTER XX.

Dear Madam,

MAY I presume to beg Pardon for the Fault I commit-
ted? So foolish a Fault, that it was below not only a
Man of Sense, but a Man; and of which nothing could
ever have made me guilty, but the Fury of a Passion with
which none but your lovely self could inspire me. May I
presume to beg Pardon for a Fault which I can never forgive
myself? To purchase that Pardon, what would I not endure.
You shall see me prostrate before you, and use me like a
Slave, while I kiss the dear Feet that trample upon me.
But if my Crime be too great for Forgiveness, as indeed it
is very great, deny me not one dear parting Look; let me
see you once before I must never see you more. Christ!
I want Patience to support that accursed Thought. I have
nothing in the World that is dear to me, but you. You
have made every Thing else indifferent: And can I resolve
never to see you more? In spite of myself I must always
see

see you. Your Form is fixed by Fate in my Mind, and is never to be removed. I see those lovely piercing Eyes continually. I see each Moment those ravishing Lips, which I have gazed on still with Desire, and still have touched with Transport; and at which I have so often flown with all the Fury of the most violent Love. Jesus! from whence, and whitheram I fallen? From the Hopes of blissful Extasies to black Despair! From the Expectation of immortal Transports, which none but your dear self can give me, and which none but he who loves like me, could ever so much as think of, to a Complication of cruel Passions, and the most dreadful Condition of human Life. My Fault, indeed, has been very great, and cries aloud for the severest Vengeance. See it inflicted on me: See me despair and die for that Fault. But let me not die unpardoned, Madam. I die for you, but die in the most cruel and dreadful Manner. The Wretch that lies broken on the Wheel alive, feels not a Quarter of what I endure. Yet boundless Love has been all my Crime; unjust, ungrateful, barbarous Return of it! Suffer me to take my eternal Leave of you; when I have done that, how easy will it be to bid all the rest of the World Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

Dear Madam,

HIS is the third Letter that I have sent you since I came hither: Those which went before it were all the Overflowings of a Heart more full of Passion than ever was Man's before. It is impossible for me to be distant from you, but I must send to you by every Occasion. And yet you can resolve to take no Notice of all my Tenderness: Yes, my dearest, inhumane Creature, you can. You have been sick, nay dangerously sick, and have never sent to me. Have I left all the World for you, and could you resolve to leave the World without me; nay, without so much as giving me the least Notice of it? Christ! could you resolve to leave me to Despair and to endless Misery, without expressing the least Concern for

me! And can I persist in loving one so ingrateful! Is there such another ingrateful Creature alive? No, there lives not so ingrateful a Creature, but there lives not one so charming.

LETTER XXII.

Dear Madam,

CAN you be angry still with your poor Penitent? You cannot have the Ill-nature, sure? Yes, but you can, you say, since he could have the Presumption to be angry with you. But, my Dearest, there is this Difference betwixt your Anger and mine; mine was caused by the Cruelty of your supposed Infidelity; and yours by the Kindness of your Lover's Resentment: For, if I had not been fond of thee to the last Degree, I had not been so incensed against you. Yet even when I was most so, I could sooner have plucked out an Eye, than have resolved to have parted with thee: Nay, I could sooner have torn out both Eyes, if the Loss of both would not have for ever deprived me of the dear, the ravishing Sight of thee. But if you still think that my Anger had Guilt in it, and that I ought to suffer for it, the Means to punish me with utmost Severity, and to make me my own Tormenter, is to tell me, you love me: Then I shall curse myself and my Rage, and feel all the Plague of Remorse for having offended thee. I shall lock upon myself as the basest, the most ungrateful of Men for abusing thy Goodness, and thy charming Tenderness. I shall believe that I can never humble myself enough, and never suffer enough to deserve Forgiveness. Thus, Madam, you have your Revenge in your Power. It is a false Modesty which restrains you from taking it. In order to it, you have nothing to do, but to prove yourself tender, and to shew yourself grateful. If you must be ashamed, blush at your Cruelty; blush at your Inhumanity: But Gratitude is Reason, and Love is Nature; never be ashamed of those. Do but consider, there was a Time, when I was happy in your Esteem; yes, there has been a Time, in which I was thought not altogether void of Reason by you. How then can you blush at the owning a

Paffion,

Passion, which you command with an absolute Sway, at the very Time that it tyranizes over me?

LETTER XXIII.

Dear Madam,

MY Friend's Stratagem gave me an Opportunity of seeing you, by finding Fault with you. It must proceed from Design or Madness if I find Fault with thee; Thy lovely Face is the very same that set all my Blood in a Flame; and I am sure my Heart can never be altered. How it trembled in my Breast when I saw you last, and by its Trouble confess'd its Conqueror! How it has burnt ever since with redoubled Fury! When I shall be free from this Flame, Heaven only knows; for the Hour of my Death, Heaven only knows. 'Tis a Flame that has incorporated with that of my Life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my Reason to resist my Senses. My Reason finds you more lovely than my Eyes did before; shews me all the Graces of thy beauteous Mind, and grows pleased and prides itself in its own Captivity. You accuse me, they say, of some extraordinary Crime: A Crime against whom? Against you whom I love! Against you, for whom I could die! Strange Accusation! Yet at the same Time you refuse to see me, you refuse to receive my Letters: And must I be condemned unheard? Robbers are allowed to speak before they are sentenced; Murderers have the Privilege to plead for their Lives; and shall the tenderest Love be denied the Privilege which is granted to the blackest Malice? I have been guilty of nothing but too much Love, if too much Love be a Fault. Why have you given Credit to my Enemies, before you have heard me? I may indeed be convinced of an Error, but I can never be convicted of a Crime against you. The Man must be mad, nay, desperately mad, who can design to injure himself; and thou art, by much, the better, the dearer Part of me. Give me Leave to see you once more before I depart: Let me see once more that Face which has undone me, yet charms me even in Ruin:

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

Nay,

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

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

A N
A P P E N D I X,
C O N T A I N I N G
M I S C E L L A N E O U S L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R I.

Dr. Tillotson to Lord Shrewsbury.

My Lord,

IT was a great Satisfaction to me, to be any Ways instrumental in gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I am really persuaded to be the Truth ; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good Man, than become a Protestant ; being assured that the Ignorance and Errors of Men's Understanding, will find a much easier Forgiveness with God, than the Faults of the Will. I remember your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the Sincerity of your Change, by a conscientious Regard to all other Parts and Actions of your Life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own Act, than by being a worse Man after your Profession to have embraced a better Religion ; I will certainly be one of the last to believe any Thing of your Lordship that is not good ; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. The Time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly ; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth to trouble your Lordship about it ; but having heard the same from those,

who

who I believe bear no Ill-will to your Lordship, I now think it my Duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a Conversation, dangerous both to your Reputation and Virtue ; two of the tenderest and dearest Things in the World. I believe your Lordship to have a great Command and Conduct of yourself ; but I am very sensible of human Frailty, and of the dangerous Temptations to which Youth is exposed in this dissolute Age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high Provocation of Almighty God, and the Hazard of your Soul, whenever you engage in a bad Course, what a Blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted Reputation ; what Uneasiness and Trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe Reflections of a guilty Conscience ; and how great a Violence you will offer to your good Principles, your Nature, and your Education. Do not imagine you can stop when you please : Experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for Men to think they can set Bounds to themselves in any Thing that is bad. I hope in God no Temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose Act ; if it has, as you love your Soul, let it not proceed to an Habit ; the Retreat is yet easy and open, but will every Day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that, upon your Repentance and Resolution of Amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his Grace to be better for the future. But I need not enforce these Considerations upon a Mind so capable of, and easy to receive good Counsel : I shall only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a Point of Wisdom it is, in all our Actions, to consult the Peace of our Minds, and to have no Quarrel with the constant and inseparable Companion of our Lives. If others displease us, we may quit their Company ; but he that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no Way to get rid of himself.

My Lord, for God's sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all Means to save yourself from this untoward Generation. Determine rather upon a speedy

speedy Change of your Condition, than to gratify the Inclinations of your Youth, in any Thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the Satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no Ground for this Report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest News to me in the World. I have only to beg of your Lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the Formality of my Profession; but that it proceeds from the trueſt Affection and good Will, that one Man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every Day for your Lordship, with the same Constancy and Fervor as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this Counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope.

Naples, Oct. 22, 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for Want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet is a Thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy Matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months; which, were it set out in its true Colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is, in the hottest Season, constantly refreshed by cool Breezes from the Sea, The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with

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with Vineyards, intermixed with Fruit-trees. Besides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climate, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater Part covered to the Top with Vines, some with Chestnut-groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the northern Side are divided by Hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the Variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene is a large Mountain, rising out of the Middle of the Island (once a terrible Vulcano, by the Antients called *Mons Epopaeus*) Its lower Parts are adorned with Vines and other Fruits; the Middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep; and the Top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a tract of *Italy* about 300 Miles in Length, from the Promontory of *Anium* 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 *Cyprca*, *Prochyta*, and *Partenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cuma*, *Monte Miseno*, the Inhabitants of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Læstrigones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campania Felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers so flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice and Ambition, they might in Fact answer the poetical Notions of the golden Age. But they have got, as an Alloy to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: And yet, by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People

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

LETTER III.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your Packet, which could not but give me great Pleasure, to see you preserve an old Friend in your Memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much Shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine Verses inclosed? My Mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great Friendship and delicate

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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 use-
fully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnell,
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. Pop.
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 as-
sure you of the particular Esteem and Friendship, where-
with I am your, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. Blount to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an Agreement of long Date between you and
me, that you should do with my Letters just as you
pleased, and answer them at your Leisure ; and that is as
soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a Taste of
the substantial Part of your Friendship, that I wave all
Ceremonials ; and am sure to make you as many Visits
as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you
please, assuring you they shall at all Times be heartily wel-
come to me. The many Alarms we have from your Parus
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 mis-
erable Followers ? and perchance upon many others too,
who upon no Account would be their Followers. How-
ever, it may look ungenerous to reproach People in Dis-
tress. I don't remember you and I ever used to trouble
ourselves about Politics ; but when any Matter happened
to fall into our Discourse, we used to condemn all Un-
dertakings

dertakings that tended towards 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 knew *Eumeus* made his Friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your Ease ; indeed we are forced to do so, because we can't hear the first Report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second : which for Security sake I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many Years since I fell in Love 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 V.

From the same.

Nov 27, 1717.

THE Question you proposed to me is what, at present, I am the most unfit Man in the World to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers. He had lived in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as sufficed to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was : However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion

ligion that extends beyond the Grave ; *Si qua est ea cura,*
 &c. He has left me to the ticklish Management of so nar-
 row 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 I shall make this, which is the most
 sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest per-
 haps of any you ever received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that
 barely to remember any Person when one's Mind is taken
 up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great Degree of Friendship.
 I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are
 your's ; and that I wish it may be very long before any of
 your's shall feel for you what I now feel for my Father.
 Adieu.

LETTER VI.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

June 2, 1724.

YOU shew yourself a just Man and a Friend in those
 Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible
 Reasons of my Silence ; every one of which is a true one.
 As to Forgetfulness of you, or your's, 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 Cor-
 ner of the World (undisturbed, innocent, serene and sen-
 sible) 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 sun-shiny 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 eve-
 ry Part of them. I have put the last Hand to my Works
 of this Kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way
 and Grotto : I there found a Spring of the clearest Water,
 which falls in a perpetual Rill, that echoes thro' the Ca-

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

*Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere ; sive bibas, sive lavere tace.*

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

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Description,

tion, 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 VII.

Mr. POPE to SWIFT.

SIR,

NO T to trouble you at present with a Recital of all my Obligations to you, I shall only mention two Things, which I take particularly kind of you : Your Desire that I should write to you, and your Proposal of giving me twenty Guineas to change my Religion ; which last you must give me Leave to make the Subject of this Letter.

Sure no Clergyman ever offered so much out of his own Purse for the Sake of any Religion. 'Tis almost as many Pieces of Gold, as an Apostle could get of Silver from the Priests of old, on a much more valuable Consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a Change of my Faith by Subscription, than a Translation of *Homer*; and to convince you how well disposed I am to the Reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry to rise to the same Sum, each of them, on this pious Account, as my Lord *Hallifax* has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a Poet and a good Christian ; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every Man in the Government, who has above ten thousand Pounds a Year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a Convert, as most Men do, when the Lord turns it to my Interest. I know they have the Truth of Religion so much at Heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good Subject translated from Popery to the Church of *England*, than twenty heathenish Authors out of any unknown Tongue in ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full Authority,

to transact this Affair in my Name, and to Purpose as follows. First, that as to the Head of our Church, the Pope; I may engage to renounce his Power, whensoever I shall receive any particular Indulgences from the Head of your Church, the Queen.

As to Communion in one Kind, I shall also promise to change it for Communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me.

For Invocations to Saints, mine shall be turned to Dedications to Sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this World as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main Points; but there is one Article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, Prayer for the Dead. There are People to whose Souls I wish as well as to my own, and I must crave Leave humbly to lay before them, that though the Subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary Perquisites and Additions, which I must demand on the Score of this charitable Article. It is also to be considered, that the greater Part of those, whose Souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately Heretics, Schismatics, Poets, Painters, or Persons of such Lives and Manners, as few or no Churches are willing to save. The Expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual Provision for the said Souls.

Old *Dryden*, though a *Roman Catholic*, was a Poet, and 'tis revealed in the Vision of some ancient Saints, that no Poet was ever saved under some hundred of Masses. I cannot set his Delivery from Purgatory at less than fifty Pounds Sterling.

Walpole was not only a *Socinian*, but (what you'll own is harder to be saved) a *Whig*. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange, being a *Tory*, we compute him but at twenty Pounds; which I hope no Friend of the Party can deny to give, to help him from damning in the next Life, considering they never gave him Six-pence from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy Pounds.

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In the next Place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my Friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in Consideration of Legacies, out of which it is a Doctrine in the reformed Church, that not a Farthing shall be allowed to save their Souls who gave them.

There is one *** who will die within these few Months, with **** one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the Likeness of almost all Things in Heaven above, and Earth below ; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy Youth, who writes Pastorals during the Time of divine Service, whose Case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that Silver he should have reserved for his Soul's Health, in Buttons and Loops for his Coat.

I can't pretend to have these People saved honestly under some hundred Pounds ; whether you consider the Difficulty of such a Work, or the extreme Love and Tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this Charity as far as I am able. There is but one whose Salvation I insist upon, and then I have done : But indeed, it may prove of so much greater Charge than all the rest ; that I will only lay the Case before you and the Ministry, and leave to their Prudence and Generosity what Sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The Person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified Clergyman, but one, who, by his own Confession, has composed more Libels than Sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent People, that too much Wit is dangerous to Salvation, this unfortunate Gentleman must certainly be damned to all Eternity. But I hope his long Experience in the World, and frequent Conversation with great Men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less Wit every Day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own Soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his ; for I have all the Obligations in Nature to him. He has brought me into better Company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a Mind to be, and put me upon making Poems, on Purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my Debt

to

to his Kindness, but have lately been informed to my unspeakable Comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de *Montaigne* has assured me, "that the Person who receives a Benefit obliges the Giver:" For since the chief Endeavour of one Friend is to do good to the other, he who admires both the Matter and Occasion, is the Man who is liberal. At this Rate it is impossible Dr. *Swift* should be ever out of my Debt, as Matters stand already. And for the future he may expect daily more Obligations from

*His most faithful,
affectionate humble Servant*

A. POPE,

POETI-

POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

Mr. Pope to Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day.

O H be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure and a
Friend ;

Not with those Toys the Female would admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added Years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry Blessing thro',
Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more ;
Is that a Birth-day ? 'Tis alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a Life well spent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and smile upon thy Face.
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear ;
Till Death unfehl that tender Frame destroy,
In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady, with OVID's Epistles.

S A Y lovely Nymph, whose Charms are Charms divine,
Tho' ever wounding, pleasing where they shine :
Say, what new Lover is your noble Prize,
Who wounds the Conquest of thy lovely Eyes ?

Who

Who Favour gains, to whom you sweetly smile,
Whose gay Address the tedious Hours beguile ?
And while thy various Beauties they rehearse,
Read, lovely Fair, delightful Ovid's Verse.

Ovid, whose Fancy never was confin'd,
Knew all the Wavings of a Woman's Mind ;
Describes the various Arts they use to please,
With noble Judgment, unaffected Ease ;
Reveals the secret Ways unknown to you,
(Those secret Ways the Female Sex pursue)
Though gay, sublime ; though bold, yet not severe,
By Nature form'd t'instruct and please the Fair ;
Each noble Thought with him more noble shone,
Love adds an Elegance to every Line.

In him survey the Love your Charms impart,
How thy bright Eyes do captivate the Heart ;
And yet what Nature has to them deny'd,
Is by good Sense and brighter Wit supply'd.
O heavenly Maid, not fond of Beauty's Fame,
Let Worth, not Wealth, thy noble Heart e'er claim.
And may some Youth with Love of Virtue fir'd,
Thy Charms ensnare, and be by thee admir'd ;
That Wit and Beauty may with Virtue join,
To make the Lovers, and their Loves divine.

E P I S T L E III.

Mr. CONGREVE to Lord COBHAM.

Of improving the present Time.

Incereſt Critic of my Proſe or Rhyme,
Tell how the pleafing Stowē employs thy Time.
Say, Cobham, what amufes thy Retreat ?
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of Fate ?
Dofth thou recal to Mind, with Joy or Grief,
Great Malbro's Actions, that immortal Chief,
Whose slightest Trophy, rais'd in each Campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to signalize a Reign ?

Does

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Does thy Remembrance rising warm thy Heart,
 With Glory past, where thou thyself hadst Part ?
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
 The fruitless End of all thy Victory ?
 To see the audacious Foe so late subdu'd,
 Dispute those Terms for which so long they fu'd :
 As if *Britannia* now were sunk so low,
 To beg that Peace, she wonted to bestow.
 Be far that Guilt ! be never known that Shame !
 That *England* should retract her rightful Claim !
 Or, ceasing to be dreaded or ador'd,
 Stain, with her Pen, the Lustre of her Sword.
 Or dost thou give the Winds a-far to blow
 Each vexing Thought and Heart-devouring Woe,
 And fix thy Mind alone on rural Scenes,
 To turn the levell'd Lawns to liquid Plains ;
 To raise the creeping Rills from humble Beds,
 And force the latent Springs to lift their Heads ;
 On wat'ry Columns, Capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing Curls with upper Air ?
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these Works neglect,
 No Temples, Statues, Obelisks erect ;
 But catch the Morning Breeze from fragrant Meads,
 Or shun the Noon tide Ray in wholesome Shades ;
 Or lowly walk along the mazy Wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good ?
 For Nature, bountiful in thee, has join'd
 A Person pleasing with a worthy Mind.
 Not given the Form alone, but Means and Art,
 To draw the Eye, or to allure the Heart.
 Poor were the Praise in Fortune to excel,
 Yet want the Way to use that Fortune well ;
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with Virtue crown'd,
 At Home in Peace, abroad in Arms renown'd.
 Graceful in Form, and winning in Addreſs,
 While well you think, what aptly you express ;
 With Health, with Honour, with a fair Estate,
 A Table free, and elegantly neat.
 What can be added more to mortal Bliss ?
 What can he want that stands possess'd of this ?

What

What can the fondest wishing Mother more
 Of Heaven, attentive, for her Son implore ?
 And yet a Happiness remains unknown,
 Or to Philosophy reveal'd alone ;
 A Precept which unpractis'd renders vain
 Thy flowing Hopes, and Pleasure turns to Pain.
 Should Hope and Fear thy Heart alternate tear,
 Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,
 Whatever Passions may thy Mind infest,
 (Where is that Mind which Passions ne'er molest ?)
 Amidst the Pangs of such intestine Strife,
 Still think the present Day the last of Life ;
 Defer not till To-morrow to be wise,
 'To-morrow's Sun to thee may never rise ;
 Or should To-morrow chance to chear thy Sight,
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for Light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning Rays !
 As Favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts pursues ;
 Content may keep his Life, or calmly lose ;
 All Proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
 When Leisure from Affairs will give thee Leave.
 Come, see thy Friend, retir'd without Regret,
 Forgetting Care, or striving to forget ;
 In easy Contemplation, soothing Time
 With Morals much, and now and then with Rhyme ;
 Not so robust in Body, as in Mind,
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd ;
 Not wond'ring at the World's new wicked Ways,
 Compar'd with those of our Fore-fathers Days :
 For Virtue now, is neither more or less,
 And Vice is only vary'd in the Dress :
 Believe it, Men have ever been the same,
 And Ovid's Golden Age is but a Dream.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

E P I S T L E IV.

In Answer to a Letter that contained the Adventures of a Journey from London to Canterbury.

To C———.

T H O' much to Poetry inclin'd,
To write, I'm seldom in the Mind ;
Yet when Occasion offers, then
I love t'employ my idle Pen,
And sure to such a Friend as you
My best of Rhymes are doubly due,
At least, the most sincere and true.

}

For study'd Speech, or flow'ry Style,
Let formal Pedants sweat and toil ;
True Friends disdain a double Part,
They speak the Language of the Heart :
And such may ours ever be,
Without Disguise, sincere and free.

But to the Subject—— Your's so kind
I safe receiv'd, by which I find
Some odd Adventures you have had,
Yet as there happened nothing bad,
Believe me, Sir, I'm very glad.
Tho' I must own the Garden Scene
Did very much divert my Spleen ;
You know my airy trifling Vein.
For it will ever hold a Truth
In giddy and unthinking Youth,
To laugh at Mischief, tho' they're blam'd,
And common Sense might make afham'd.

}

}

For Compliments your's is a Sample,
Of which, I scorn to take Example ;
I hate to flatter, yet 'tis true,
I love to praise where Merit's due :
To Wit I'm sure you've good Pretence,
And Wit is near ally'd to Sense.

Nay,

Nay, stare not, Sir ! I'm not ashame'd
 To speak the Truth, altho' I'm blam'd,
 But stop a while—'tis now Tea-time,
 I'll sip a Dish, and then I'll rhyme.

For me, I often waft a Pray'r,
 The rural Joys with you to share,
 And breathe at large the Country Air ;
 To mark what beaut'ous Prospects rise,
 How Hills look little in the Skies ;
 Or, to enjoy the fragrant Breeze,
 Stop short beneath the shady Trees,
 As it shall Madam L——— please ;
 Where it may chance a sudden Qualm,
 May make her hum a Hymn or Psalm,
 And then drive on with Heart elate,
 Before the Night draws on too late.

Revolving thus (for Thoughts will roam)
 I brood o'er future Joys to come,
 And in Imagination paint
 Those you enjoy, tho' 'tis but faint,
 With your imaginary Saint.

As for our old unwearied Theme
 Of P——, which we so much esteem,
 To talk it o'er would now prolong,
 Too much the Subject of my Song.

Inspired with a poetic Fit,
 Thus much you see in Rhyme I've writ ;
 'Tis incorrect, but you'll excuse
 The hasty Product of my Muse :
 Accept my Love, with this I close,
 And scorn to write a Line in Prose.

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E P I S T L E V.

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's
Art of Painting.

THIS Verse be thine, my Friend, nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy Hand strike out some free Design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry Line ;
Or blend in beauteous Tints the colour'd Mass,
And from the Canvas call the mimic Face :
Read these instructive Leaves, in which conspire
Fresny's close Art, and *Dryden's* native Fire :
And reading wish, like theirs, our Fate and Fame,
So mix'd our Studies, and so join'd our Name ;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding Age,
So just thy Skill, so regular my Rage.

Smit with the Love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling Flame with Flame ;
Like friendly Colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new Strength and Light.
How oft in pleasing Tasks we wear the Day,
While Summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away ?
How oft our slowly-growing Works impart,
While Images reflect from Art to Art ?
How oft review ; each finding like a Friend
Something to blame, and something to commend ?

What flatt'ring Scenes our wand'ring Fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous Glories rising to our Thought !
Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair *Italy*.
With thee, on *Raphael's* Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at *Maro's* Urn :
With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable Shade :
While Fancy brings the vanish'd Piles to view,
And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new,
Here thy well-study'd Marbles fix our Eye ;
A fading Fresco here demands a Sigh :
Each heav'nly Piece unwear'y'd we compare,
Match *Raphael's* Grace with thy lov'd *Guido's* Air,

*Carracci's Strength, Correggio's softer Line,
Paulo's free Stroke, and Titian's Warmth divine.*

How finish'd with illustrious Toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the Work of Years !
Yet still how faint by Precept is express'd
The living Image in the Painter's Breast ?
Thence endless Streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the Sketch, or in the Picture glow ;
Thence Beauty, waking all her Forms, supplies
An Angel's Sweetness, or *Bridgewater's Eyes*.

Muse ! at that Name thy sacred Sorrows shed,
Those Tears eternal, that embalm the Dead :
Call round her Tomb each Object of Desire,
Each purer Frame inform'd with purer Fire :
Bid her be all that chears or softens Life,
The tender Sister, Daughter, Friend and Wife :
Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore ;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her Charms in breathing Paint engage ;
Her modest Cheek shall warm a future Age.
Beauty, frail Flow'r, that ev'ry Season fears,
Blooms in thy Colours for a thousand Years.
Thus *Churchill's Race* shall other Hearts surprise,
And other Beauties envy *Worsley's Eyes* ;
Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless Smiles bestow,
And soft *Belinda's Blush* for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
Free as thy Stroke, yet faultless as thy Line ;
New Graces yearly like thy Works display,
Soft without Weakness, without Glaring gay ;
Led by some Rule, that guides, but not constrains ;
And finish'd more thro' Happiness than Pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their Praise conspire,
One dip the Pencils, and one string the Lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy Figures place,
And breathe an Air divine on ev'ry Face ;
Yet should the Muses bid my Numbers roll
Strong as their Charms, and gentle as their Soul ;
With *Zeuxis' Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie,
And these be sung till *Granville's Myra* die :
Alas ! how little from the Grave we claim !
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

E P I S T L E VI.

To Mrs. Blount, with the Works of Voiture.

IN these gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line ;
 His eas'y Art may happy Nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar Fate,
 Who without Flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great ;
 Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read ;
 With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred :
 His Heart, his Mistress, and his Friend did share,
 His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair.
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Chearful he play'd the Trifle, Life, away ;
 Till Fate scarce felt his gentle Breath suppress,
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to Rest.
 Ev'n rival Wits did *Voiture's* Death deplore,
 And the Gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;
 The truest Hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with Sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes :
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* Death,
 But that for ever in his Lines they breathe.

Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy ;
 In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
 Let mine, an innocent gay Farce appear,
 And more diverting still than regular ;
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place :
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your Sex is by their Forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind ;
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your Guide ;
 Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride ;
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame ;
 Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame.

Marriage

Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater in their Place :
 Well might you wish for Change by those accurst,
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst.
 Still in Constraint your suff'ring Sex remaine,
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains :
 Whole Years neglected, for some Months ador'd,
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
 Ah quit not the free Innocence of Life,
 For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife ;
 Nor let false Shews, nor empty Titles please ;
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her Pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
 And, to complete her Bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing !
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward Part ;
 She sighs, and is no Duchess at her Heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd *Hymen*'s willing Victim too ;
 Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late disarms ;
 Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
 Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past ;
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay ;
 Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a Day ;
 As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn,
 A Morning's Pleasure, and at Evening torn ;
 This binds in Ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * *Voiture*'s early Care still shone the same,
 And *Montbaufier* was only chang'd in Name :
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their Flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elysian* Coast,
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost :
 Pleas'd, while with Smiles his happy Lines you view,
 And finds a fairer *Rambouillet* in you.

The

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

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The brightest Eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muse ;
 The brightest Eyes of *Britain* now peruse ;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's Pride
 Still to charm those who charm the World beside..

E P I S T L E VII.

To the same, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her Mother's Care
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country Air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting Eye,
 And hear a Spark, yet think no Danger nigh ;
 From the dear Man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one Kiss before she parts for ever :
 Thus from the World fair *Zelindia* flew,
 Saw others happy, and with Sighs withdrew ;
 Not that their Pleasures caus'd her Discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.
 She went to Plain-work, and to purling Brooks,
 Old-fashion'd Halls, dull Aunts, and creaking Rooks :
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assem'ly, Play,
 To Morning-walks, and Pray'r's three Hours a Day ;
 To part her Time 'twixt Reading and Bohea,
 To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
 Or o'er cold Coffee trifle with the Spoon,
 Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at Noon ;
 Divert her Eyes with Pictures in the Fire,
 Hum half a Tune, tell Stories to the 'Squire ;
 Up to her godly Garret after Sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the Way to Heav'n.

Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
 Whose Game is Whist, whose Treat a Toast in Sack ;
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you Birds,
 Then gives a smacking Buss, and cries---no Words !
 Or with his Hound comes hallooing from the Stable,
 Makes Love with Nods, and Knees beneath a Table ;
 Whose Laughs are hearty, tho' his Jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all Things---but his Horse.

In some fair Ev'ning, on your Elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural Shade ;
 In pensive Thought recal the fancy'd Scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry Green ;
 Before you pass th' imaginary Sights
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
 While the spread Fan o'ershades your closing Eyes ;
 Then give one Flirt, and all the Vision flies.
 Thus vanish Sceptres, Coronets, and Balls,
 And leave you in lone Woods, or empty Walls !

So when your Slave, at some dear idle Time,
 (Not plagu'd with Head-achs, or the Want of Rhyme)
 Stands in the Streets, abstracted from the Crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his Fancy points your sprightly Eyes,
 Or sees the Blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,
 Gay pats my Shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my Sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in Town, I knit my Brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

E P I S T L E VIII:

On the Happiness of a retir'd Life.

}
 AS in a Shipwreck some poor Sailor tost,
 By the 'de Ocean, on a foreign Coast,
 Vows to the Gods, he never more for Gain,
 Will tempt the Danger of the faithless Main ;
 But hugs himself upon the friendly Shore,
 And loves to hear the raging Billows roar,
 That spend their Malice and can hurt no more :
 Just so the Wretch, who can no longer stand,
 The Shocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at Land,
 Lays down the Burden of his Cares to find
 A solitary Place, and quiet Mind :
 Chusing Content with Poverty to meet,
 Before a Fortune infamously great.
 Thus, in Respect of Gold and Silver, poor,
 But rich in Soul and Virtue's better Store :

He digs in Nature's Mines, and from her Soil
 He reaps the noblest Harvest of his Toil ;
 His Thoughts mount upward to their Mother-Sky,
 And purg'd from Dross, exert th' ethereal Energy ;
 The dusky Prospect of his Life grows clear,
 And golden Scenes of Happiness appear.

Then from the Summit of Philosophy,
 Secure himself, Mankind he may descry,
 Industrious in the Search of their own Misery.
 Like moiling Ants in various Paths they run,
 And strive in vain the Rubs of Life to stun.
 To different Ends their Actions they address,
 Which meet, and center in Unhappiness.
 One toils and struggles in Pursuit of Fame,
 And grasps, with Greediness, an empty Name :
 Wing'd with Ambition, others soar so high,
 They fall, and cannot bear so thin a Sky :
 This Wretch, like *Cræsus*, in the Midst of Store,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

The wise Man laughs at all their Pains, secure
 From lording Passions, which those Fools endure.
 Despair and Hope are banish'd from his Breast ;
 Agues and Fevers, that allow no Rest ;
 And Lust and Pride, the Mother of Disdain ;
 And Thirst of Honour with her anxious Train ;
 No longer warring, Peace of Soul deny,
 But Exiles of the Mind their once-lov'd Mansions fly.
 Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice, now controll
 Right Reason's Use, the Guardian of the Soul.
 The Thoughts unbias'd, and no longer tost,
 Of solid Judgment now securely boast.
 His fierce, unruly Race of Passions die,
 And the free'd Soul asserts her Liberty.
 Instead of inward War, sweet Peace of Mind,
 And silent Ease, with all their quiet Kind,
 The noble Regions of his Heart regain ;
 And with a calm and gentle Empire reign.
Silence becomes an amicable Guest,
 And *Peace*, with downy Wings, sits brooding on his Breast.
 Soft Hours pass over, void of Noise and Strife,
 And gently waft him to the Verge of Life.

While in a slow and regular Decay,
Death steals, unfelt, upon his setting Day ;
As mellow Fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Blest Solitude ! O harmless, easy State,
Entrench'd in Wisdom from the Storms of Fate.
Thus on a bleakly Cliff, the regal Tree,
Assail'd by Winds and Heav'n's Inclemency,
Expands his Branches o'er the Clouds, above
Their Blast unmov'd as his immortal Jove.
The Gods smile on us, and propitious are,
When Prudence does our Actions first prepare.
The Strokes of Fortune Fools alone endure ;
The Wise and Virtuous can themselves secure.

This *Charles of Spain* and *Dioctrian* knew,
Who timely from the conquer'd World withdrew ;
Opprest with Fame, they laid the Burthen down,
And wisely, for Content exchang'd a Crown.
Lords of themselves, and of their Passions grown,
They made new *Realms* and *Conquests* of their own.
Nor had they need more Nations to subdue,
Themselves were Emperors and Empires too ;
Th' exterior Shews of Greatness they declin'd,
And for an Eden lost, gain'd Paradise of Mind.

Elysium justly was by Poets feign'd,
A Seat which none but quiet Souls obtain'd.
Sweet *Myrtle Groves* (where Birds for ever sing)
And Meadows smiling with immortal Spring,
Were secret Mansions of eternal Rest,
And made Retirements for the Pious blest.

O ! that kind Heav'n would grant me a Retreat
(Before I die) in some sweet Country-seat ;
Or (if my Wishes have too large a Bound)
An humble Cottage fenc'd with *Osiers* round,
Where Silver Streams in flow'ry Valleys glide,
And Rows of Willows deck the River-side.
O with what Pleasure wou'd my Soul forego
This Riot of a Life ! this Pomp of Woe !
Supply'd with Food, which Nature's Bounty gave,
In need of nothing, nothing wou'd I crave.
My future Actions shou'd my past redeem,
And all my Life be suited to my Theme.

E P I S T L E IX.

The Pleasures of the Country.

TO *Fuscus*, who in City-sports delights,
A Country Bard with gentle greeting writes ;
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born Brothers, are our Souls ally'd ;
And, as a Pair of fondly-constant Doves,
What one dislikes the other disapproves.
You keep the Nest, I love the rural Mead,
The Brook, the mossy Rock, and woody Glade ;
In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The Joys you vaunt with Raptures to the Sky,
And like a Slave from the Priest's Service fled,
I nauseate honey'd Cakes, and long for Bread.

Would you to Nature's Laws Obedience yield ;
Would you a House for Health or Pleasure build ;
Where is there such a Situation found,
As where the Country spreads its Blessings round ?
Where is the temperate Winter less severe ?
Or, when the Sun ascending fires the Year,
Where breathes a milder Zephyr to assuage
The Dog-star's Fury, or the Lion's Rage ?
Where do less envious Cares disturb our Rest ?
Or are the Fields, in Nature's Colours drest,
Less grateful to the Smell or to the Sight,
Than the rich Floor, with inlaid Marble bright ?
Is Water purer from the bursting Lead,
Than gently murmurring down its native Bed ?
Among your Columns, rich with various Dyes,
Unnatural Woods with awkward Art arise.
You praise the House, whose Situation yields
An open Prospect in the distant Fields.
Tho' Nature's driven out with proud Disdain,
The powerful Goddess will return again,
Return in silent Triumph to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.

The Man who cannot with judicious Eye
Compare the Fleece, that drinks the *Tyrian* Dye,

With the pale *Latian*; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A Loss so touching, of such Heart-felt Pain,
 As he, who can't with Sense of happier Kind,
 Distinguish Truth from Falshood in the Mind.

They who in Fortune's Smiles too much delight,
 Shall tremble when the Goddess takes her Flight;
 For if her Gifts our fonder Passions gain,
 The frail Possession we resign with Pain.

Then leave the gaudy Blessings of the Great;
 The Cottage offers a secure Retreat,
 Where you may make a solid Bliss your own,
 To Kings, and Fav'rites of Kings unknown.

A lordly Stag, arm'd with superior Force,
 Drove from their common Field a vanquish'd Horse,
 Who for Revenge to Man his Strength enslav'd,
 Took up his Order, and the Bitt receiv'd:
 But, when he saw his Foe with Triumph slain,
 In vain he strove his Freedom to regain;
 He felt the Weight, and yielded to the Rein.
 So he, who Poverty with Horror views,
 Nor frugal Nature's Bounty knows to use;
 Who sells his Freedom in Exchange for Gold,
 (Freedom for Mines of Wealth, too cheaply sold)
 Shall make eternal Servitude his Fate,
 And feel a haughty Master's galling Weight.

Our Fortunes and our Shoes are near ally'd;
 We're pinch'd in strait, and stumble in the wide.
 Then learn thy present Fortune to enjoy,
 And on my Head thy just Reproach employ,
 If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
 I toil to raise unnecessary Pelf,
 For Gold will either govern or obey,
 But better shall the Slave than I'yrant play.

This near the Shrine of Idleness I penn'd,
 Sincerely blest, but that I want my Friend.

BOOKS printed for and sold by HENRY
DELL, in Great Tower-street.

1. THE Mirror, a Comedy, altered from Mr. Thomas Randolph. Price 1s.
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CARDS

C A R D S of Compliment and Messages, which
may be so altered at Pleasure, as to serve on
most Occasions.

C A R D I.

M R. and Mrs. *Bellamy's* Compliments to Mr. and
Mrs. *Williams*, and if they are not engaged, will
take the Pleasure of waiting on them in the Afternoon,
to drink Tea and spend the Evening.

Monday, 10 o'Clock.

C A R D II.

The Answer.

Mr. and Mrs. *Williams* return their Compliments, and
shall be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. *Bellamy's* good
Company.

Monday Noon.

C A R D III.

Mrs. *Rose's* Compliments to Miss *Young*, and if she is
disengaged, will be very glad of her Company in the Af-
ternoon to chat an Hour or two, and drink Tea.

C A R D IV.

The Answer.

Miss *Young's* Compliments, and will certainly wait on
Mrs. *Rose* immediately after Dinner.

Wednesday, 11 o'Clock.

C A R D V.

Mrs. *Mills's* Compliments to Capt. *Wellbred*, and insists
on his good Company in the Evening to play a serious
Game at Cards — I'll have no Denial, for come you must.

Tuesday, 2 o'Clock.

C A R D VI.

The Answer.

Mrs. *Mills'* agreeable Invitations I never yet refused ;
she may depend I will not fail to come as early as pos-
sible.

Tuesday, 4 o'Clock.

C A R D

CARD VII.

Mrs. *Wynn* presents her Compliments to Mrs. *Cooke*, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Whist.

Thursday Afternoon.

CARD VIII.

The Answer.

Mrs. *Cooke* is not so well as she could wish to be, but much at Mr. *Wynn's* Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thursday Even.

CARD IX.

Mr. and Mrs. *Arnold's* Compliments to Mrs. *Lambert*, and should be glad of her Company To-morrow to go to *Richmond*: a Corner of their Coach is much at her Service; and they will (if agreeable) call on her at Five in the Evening.

Friday Morning.

CARD X.

The Answer..

Mrs. *Lambert's* Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Arnold*, and is greatly obliged to them for their kind Invitation, which she with Pleasure accepts of, and will be ready at the Hour appointed.

Friday Noon.

CARD XI.

Mr. *Fell's* Compliments wait on Miss *Weller*, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Assembly.

Friday Morn.

CARD XII.

The Answer.

Miss *Weller's* Compliments; she is not certain of being at the Assembly, and undetermined about Dancing; so Mr. *Fell* must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

CARD XIII.

Miss *Wood* is sorry to trouble Miss *Spencer* on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt *Turner*; begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by Bearer.

Saturday Even.

F I N I S.