# WORKS JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

G. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

NARRATIVE of an EXPEDITION to the SOURCE of ST. PETER'S RIVER, LAKE WINNEPEEK, LAKE of the WOODS, &c. performed in the Year 1823, by order of the Hon. I. C. Calhoun, Secretary at War, under the Command of Stephen H. Long, Major US. FG. Compiled from the Notes of Messrs. Long, Say, Keating, and Calhoun, by WILLIAM H. KEATING, AM. &c. Professor of Mineralogy and Chemistry, in the University of Philadelphia, Geologist and Historiographer to the Expedition. In 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s*. Boards.

The HISTORY of ITALY; from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By GEORGE PERCEVAL, Esq. In 2 large vols. 8vo. 30*s*. Boards.

HUSBAND-HUNTING; or, the Mother and Daughter. A Tale of Fashionable Life. In 3 vols. 12mo. 21*s*. Boards.

TRAVELS of MY NIGHT CAP; or, REVERIES in RHYME. With Scenes at the Congress of Verona. By the Author of "My Note Book, or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's." Foolscap 8vo. 6*s*.

The HISTORY of PARIS from the EARLIEST PERIOD to the PRESENT DAY; containing a Description of its Antiquities, Public Buildings, Civil, Religious, Scientific, and Commercial Institutions, with numerous Historical Facts and Anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, tending to illustrate the different Eras of French History, particularly the eventful period of the Revolution. To which is added, an Appendix, containing a Notice of the Church of Saint Denis, an Account of the Violation of the Royal Tombs, important Statistical Tables derived from Official Resources, &c. &c. In 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 2*s*. Boards.

The PICTURES; The BETROTHING; Novels translated from the German of LEWIS TIECK. Post 8vo. 9*s*. Boards.

MARIAMNE, an Historical Novel of Palestine. 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s*.

A PEEP at the PILGRIMS in SIXTEEN HUNDRED and THIRTY SIX; a Tale of Olden Times. In 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s*. Boards.

TALES of OLD Mr. JEFFERSON, of Gray's Inn, collected by YOUNG Mr. JEFFERSON, of Lyon's Inn. Vol. 3, containing "The Proselyte; or, the Brahmin's Son: a Tale, founded upon a well-authenticated Fact; and "The Last

## GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

### TO THE YOUNG MEN OF LONDON.

PROFESSOR VOELKER has opened his Gymnasium in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, where during nearly all hours of the day, from six in the Morning to nine in the Evening, he teaches a systematic course of exercise.

The Gymnastic Art has been revived and carried to a high pitch of perfection in Germany, where its salutary effects in invigorating the frame, in developing the muscles of the body, and in restoring and corroborating health, have been universally acknowledged.

The Exercises are numerous, various, and amusing; they are all well considered, and scientifically adapted to their respective purposes. The gradation from the easier to the more difficult exercise is so regular, and the care and attention of the teacher such, that no accident can happen or injury be sustained.

A Course of three months will give the pupil a strength and a command of his limbs, which he previously would hesitate to believe possible. His spirit and resolution are at the same time necessarily cultivated and confirmed, and the connection of the mind and body is well known to be so close, that the increase of the vigour and elasticity of the frame is invariably accompanied by increased cheerfulness and animation.

PROFESSOR VOELKER was a pupil of the celebrated JAHN, and has himself instituted Gymnastic schools in several parts of Germany and Switzerland, and can produce the most satisfactory testimony from the Directors of the Establishment in which he has taught, especially from M. Fellenberg.

The situation (No. 6, North Bank, Park Lane, Regent's Park) Mr. VOELKER has chosen, is one of the most healthy and airy in the suburbs of London; and the ground is extensive, and well suited for the purpose of receiving and making use of the necessary machinery which is now erected.

The terms of Subscription are 2*l.* 10*s.* for a quarter, in advance; or 4*l.* for half a year. A party of twenty gentlemen pay each 2*l.* for a quarter, and 3*l.* for half a year. The lessons are two hours—from twice to four times a-week.

Schools and Parents of families are admitted at a reduced rate, in proportion to the number of pupils.

Prospectuses and further particulars to be had at No. 7 Panton-square, Haymarket.

---

*On the 21st July will be published, by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate-street, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Hodges and M'Arthur, Dublin; in two thick (closely printed) Volumes, 8vo.*

A MANUAL OF CLASSICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY; comprising [illegible] detail of the various Editions, Translations into [illegible] English, French, Italian, [illegible] German, and, occasionally, other L[illegible] Commentaries and Works, [illegible] illustrative of the Greek and Latin Classics. By JOSEPH WILLIAM [illegible] BA. of Magdalene Hall, Oxford.

# MODELS OF LETTERS,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE STUDENTS.

BEING

*AN EPITOME*

OF THE

LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME,

ENTITLED,

# ELEGANT EPISTLES:

AND CONTAINING

## SELECT LETTERS

FROM THE BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS,

WITH MANY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

WHICH HAVE NEVER APPEARED IN ANY MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION.

---

*LONDON:*

rinted for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, J. Dodſley, J. Johnſon, C. Dilly, G. G. and J. Robinſon, T. Cadell, W. Richardſon, R. Baldwin, W. Goldſmith, F. and C. Rivington, R. Faulder, S. Hayes, Ogilvy and Speare, Vernor and Hood, W. Lowndes, C. Wynne, W. Bent, J. Scatcherd, G. and T. Wilkie, J. Walker, J. Evans, C. and G. Kearſley, and H. Murray.

1794.

# PREFACE

## TO THE

# EPITOME OF LETTERS.

MONG the various parts of learning in which young perſons are initiated, there are ſome, which, though they amuſe the imagination, d furniſh the mind with employment in ſolitude and leiſure, yet are und to be of little actual utility in the common intercourſe of life.

But the ability of writing Letters, clearly and to the purpoſe, finds an portunity of frequent exertion and diſplay, in every department of ſineſs, in every profeſſion and employment, and in all the endearing ices of ſocial relation.

Since, however, nothing is taught by rules, ſo well as by examples, Editor thought it proper to compile a very large Collection of Let- s, affording, together with an abundance of general information and uſement, MODELS of epiſtolary ſtyle on almoſt every ſubject, and in ry variety of manner.

But the large octavo volume, containing the moſt copious collection o Letters ever publiſhed in the Engliſh language, was ſometimes too bulk for common uſe in ſchools, and on many occaſions, where neverthele a collection of Letters was greatly wanted, and could not fail of becomin highly uſeful.

The Editor, therefore, determined to ſelect from the large volum ſuch Letters as he judged likely to afford the moſt amuſement an improvement to young ſtudents; and to preſent them to the Public, i a commodious ſhape and ſize, ſo as to render them, from their cheapneſ their compreſſed form, and at the ſame time their intrinſic value and meri univerſally acceptable to all young perſons, who ſeek improvement b reading; and in all ſchools, where this very important branch of educatio meets with its due attention.

As ſeveral writers of France have been much celebrated for the ea and vivacity of their epiſtolary compoſitions, it has been thought prop to inſert a conſiderable ſpecimen from them, taken from the Appendix t the large octavo volume. They are entertaining, and particularly livel The whole of the Appendix, therefore, which contains them has bee inſerted in *The Epitome;* a circumſtance which muſt greatly enhance th value of the volume.

It may, indeed, be aſſerted with truth, that no publication of the ſiz and price comprizes ſo many excellent Letters from the moſt celebrat writers, as the preſent; and the Editor, therefore, diſmiſſes it with a hop and, indeed, with a well-grounded confidence, that it will be deem a valuable addition to our liſt of Engliſh ſchool-books, and be general received by the ſtrong recommendation of its own obvious uſe.

# CONTENTS.

## BOOK. I.——*Ancient Letters.*

### SECTION I.

*From the Letters of* MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO *to several of his Friends, as translated by* William Melmoth, *Esq.*


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | TO Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my son | 1 |
| 2 | From the same to the same | 3 |
| 3 | From the same to the same | 4 |
| 4 | To Terentia | 6 |
| 5 | Quintus Cicero to Marcus Cicero | 7 |
| 6 | To Tiro | ibid. |
| 7 | To Dolabella | 8 |


### SECTION II.

*From the Letters of* PLINY *the Consul to several of his Friends, as translated by* William Melmoth, *Esq.*


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | To Caninius Rufus | 9 |
| 2 | To Cornelius Tacitus | ibid. |
| 3 | To Atrius Clemens | 10 |
| 4 | To Septitius Clarus | 11 |
| 5 | To Paulinus | 12 |
| 6 | To Caninius | ibid. |
| 7 | To Gallus | ibid. |
| 8 | To Calvisius | 16 |
| 9 | To Hispulla | 18 |
| 10 | To Catilius | ibid. |
| 11 | To Servianus | 19 |
| 13 | To Apollinaris | 20 |
| 14 | To Marcellinus | 25 |
| 15 | To Macer | 26 |
| 16 | To Calphurnia | ibid. |
| 17 | To the same | 27 |
| 18 | To Tacitus | ibid. |
| 19 | To Cornelius Tacitus | 29 |
| 20 | To Servianus | 31 |
| 21 | To Quintilian | 32 |
| 22 | To Tuscus | ibid. |
| 23 | To Maximus | 34 |
| 24 | To Romanus | ibid. |
| 25 | To Fuscus | 35 |
| 26 | To the same | 36 |


## BOOK II.——*Modern Letters, of early Date.*

### SECTION I.

*Modern and of early Date.*


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | QUEEN Anne Bullen to King Henry VIII. | 36 |
| 2 | Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth | 37 |
| 3 | Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, An. 1566, 9 Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years | 38 |
| 4 | Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidy, afterwards Earl of Leicester | 39 |

Letter Page
6 Sir Philip Sidney to his father, Sir Henry Sidney —— 41
7 Sir Philip Sidney to Ed. Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland 42
8 Sir Henry Sidney to his son, Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester ibid.
9 Sir Philip Sidney to his brother, Robert Sidney, who was the first Earl of Leicester of that name —— 43
10 Dorothy, Countess of Leicester, to the Earl her husband —— 45
11 The Lady Dorothy Sidney (afterwards Countess of Sunderland) to her father Robert, Earl of Leicester —— 47
12 Robert, Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester. Most of it in cypher, and decyhered —— ibid.
13 Robert, Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl, her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept. 1643 —— —— 48
14 Algernon Sidney to his father, Robert Earl of Leicester —— 50
15 Dr. Sharpe to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury fort ibid.
16 Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace 51
17 Lord Wentworth to Sir William Saville 54
18 Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud 56
19 Earl of Strafford to his son —— 57
20 James, Earl of Derby, to Commissary General Ireton, in answer to the summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man —— 58
21 The Hon. Algernoon Sidney to his friends ibid.
22 Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh 60
23 From the same to the same —— 61
24 From the same to the same —— 63
25 From the same to Lord Broghill ibid.
26 Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Orrery, on the Earl's death, in October 1679 —— —— 65
27 From the same to the same —— 66
28 Lady Ranelagh to Mr. Boyle ibid.

## SECTION II.

*Micellaneous of early Date continued.*

1 From James Howel, Esq. to Sir J. S. at Leeds Castle —— 67
2 From the same to his father, upon his first going beyond sea —— 68
3 From the same to Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford — — 69
4 From the same to the same, from Valentia —— —— ibid.
5 From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn —— 70
6 From the same to Richard Altham, Esq. 71
7 From the same to his well-beloved cousin, Mr. T. V. —— ibid.
8 From the same to Sir J. S. Knight 72
9 From the same to Mr. E. O. Counsellor, at Gray's-Inn —— 73
10 From the same to Mr. R. K. ibid.
11 From the same to Mr. R. Howard 74
12 From the same to Sir K. D. at Rome ibid.
13 From the same to Mr. T. Morgan 76
14 From the same to R. Davies, Esq. ibid.
15 From the same to Mr. T. C. at his house upon Tower Hill —— 77
16 Lady Russell's Letter to the King, Charles II. —— ibid.
17 The same to Dr. Fitzwilliam 78
18 From the same to the same —— 79
19 From the same to the same —— 81
20 Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russel 82
21 From the same to the same —— 83
22 Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam 85
23 Lady Russell to —— (supposed the Bishop of Salisbury) —— 86

| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| | Lady Ruſſell to Lord Cavendiſh | 87 |
| | From the ſame to Dr. Fitzwilliam | ibid. |
| | From the ſame to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway —— | 88 |
| | From Lord Shafteſbury to —— | 89 |
| 28 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 90 |
| 29 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 91 |
| 30 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 92 |
| 31 | From the ſame to the Earl of Oxford | 95 |
| 32 | From the ſame to Lord Godolphin | ibid. |


## BOOK III.—*Letters of the preſent Century, and of late Date.*

### SECTION I.

*From Mr* POPE *and his Friends.*


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| | Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherly | 96 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame | 97 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 98 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| | From the ſame to H. Cromwell, Eſq. | 100 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 101 |
| | From the ſame to Sir William Trumbull | 102 |
| | From the ſame to Mr. Steele —— | 103 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| | From the ſame to Mr. Addiſon | 104 |
| | Mr. Addiſon to Mr. Pope —— | 105 |
| | From the ſame to the Earl of Hallifax | ibid. |
| | Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope —— | 106 |
| | The Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope | ibid. |
| | Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas in Ireland | 107 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 108 |
| | From the ſame to Mr. Fenton | 109 |
| | Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope | ibid |
| | Mr. Pope to * * * —— | 111 |
| | From the ſame to * * * * —— | 112 |
| | From the ſame to Dr. Arbuthnot | 113 |
| | From the ſame to Edward Blount, Eſq. | ibid. |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 114 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 115 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 116 |
| | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| 28 | Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Eſq. | 117 |
| 29 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 118 |
| 30 | From the ſame to the Hon. Robert Digby —— | 119 |
| 31 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 120 |
| 32 | Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope —— | 121 |
| 33 | Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby —— | ibid. |
| 34 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 122 |
| 35 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 123 |
| 36 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| 37 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 124 |
| 38 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 125 |
| 39 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 126 |
| 40 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 127 |
| 41 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 128 |
| 42 | Mr. Pope to the Bp. of Rocheſter | ibid. |
| 43 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 129 |
| 44 | The Biſhop of Rocheſter to Mr. Pope | 130 |
| 45 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 131 |
| 46 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | ibid. |
| 47 | Mr. Pope to the Biſhop of Rocheſter | 132 |
| 48 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 133 |
| 49 | Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay —— | 134 |
| 50 | Mr. Gay to Mr. F. —— | 135 |
| 51 | Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay —— | 136 |
| 52 | From the ſame to Hugh Bethel, Eſq. | 137 |
| 53 | From the ſame to the ſame —— | 138 |
| 54 | Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow | 139 |
| 55 | Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardſon | ibid. |
| 56 | From the ſame to Dr. Arbuthnot | 140 |


57 Dr.

| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 57 | Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift —— | 141 |
| 58 | Anthony Henley, Esq. to Dr. Swift | 142 |
| 59 | Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift | 143 |
| 60 | Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift —— | 144 |
| 61 | Lord B. to Dr. Swift —— | 145 |
| 62 | Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay —— | 146 |
| 63 | From the same to the same —— | 148 |
| 64 | Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift | 149 |
| 65 | From the same to the same — | 150 |
| 66 | From the same to the same —— | 151 |
| 67 | From the same to the same —— | ibid. |
| 68 | From the same to the same —— | 152 |
| 69 | From the same to the same —— | 153 |
| 70 | From the same to the same —— | 154 |
| 71 | The Dutchess of —— to Dr Swift | 155 |
| 72 | Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift | 156 |
| 73 | From the same to the same —— | 157 |
| 74 | Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset | 158 |


## SECTION II.

*Miscellaneous Letters.*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waryng | 159 |
| 2 | Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave | 162 |
| 3 | Bishop Atterbury to his son at Oxford | 163 |
| 4 | From the same to Lord Townshend | 164 |
| 5 | The Bishop of Rochester to Mrs. Morice | ibid. |
| 6 | Mr. J. Evans to his brother in London | 165 |
| 7 | The Bishop of Rochester to * * * * | ibid. |
| 8 | Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Scurlock | 166 |
| 9 | From the same to the same —— | ibid. |
| 10 | From the same to Mrs. Steele | 167 |
| 11 | Dutchess Dowager of Somerset to Mrs. * * * * * —— | ibid. |
| 12 | Mr. Warburton to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge —— | 168 |
| 13 | Dr. Doddridge to a young Gentleman, on his recovery from a dangerous illness —— —— | 170 |
| 14 | From the same to Sir J. —— | 171 |
| 15 | The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Secker) to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge —— | 172 |
| 16 | Nathaniel Neal, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge | 173 |
| 17 | Henry Baker, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge | 174 |
| 18 | Dr. Cotton to Dr. Doddridge | 176 |
| 19 | Dr. Tho. Rundle to Joseph Taylor, Esq. | ibid. |
| 20 | From the same to the Reverend Dean Clarke —— | 178 |
| 21 | From the same to Mrs. Sandys | 180 |
| 22 | From the same to the same —— | 181 |
| 23 | From the same to the same —— | 182 |
| 24 | From the same to the same —— | 183 |
| 25 | From the same to the same —— | 184 |
| 26 | From the same to the same —— | 186 |
| 27 | From the same to the same —— | 187 |
| 28 | From the same to the same —— | 188 |
| 29 | From the same to the same —— | 189 |
| 30 | From the same to the same —— | 190 |
| 31 | From the same to the same —— | 192 |
| 32 | From the same to the same —— | 193 |
| 33 | From the same to the same —— | ibid. |
| 34 | From the same to the same —— | 194 |
| 35 | From the same to the same —— | 196 |
| 36 | From the same to the same —— | 197 |
| 37 | From the same to the same —— | 199 |
| 38 | From the same to the same —— | 200 |
| 39 | Dr. Thomas Secker to Dr. Isaac Watts | 201 |
| 40 | Frances Countess of Hertford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset, to Dr. I. Watts —— —— | 203 |
| 41 | From the same to the same —— | 204 |
| 42 | From the same to the same —— | 205 |
| 43 | From the same to the same —— | 206 |
| 44 | From the same to the same —— | ibid. |
| 45 | From the same to the same —— | 207 |
| 46 | From the same to the same —— | 208 |
| 47 | From the same to the same —— | ibid. |
| 48 | Mr. John Locke to Mr. Samuel Bold | 209 |
| 49 | Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, to a sick Friend —— | 212 |
| 50 | Mrs. Rowe to her Mother —— | 214 |
| 51 | Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esq. —— | ibid. |

Letter — Page
52 Dutchess of Somerset to W. Shenstone, Esq. — 215
53 From the same to Lady Luxborough — 216
54 Dutchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough — 217
55 Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet — 218

# BOOK IV.—*Recent Letters.*

## SECTION I.

*From the Letters of* WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq. and Mr.* GRAY, *to and from their Friends.*

Letter — Page
1 Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds — 219
2 Mr. Gray to Mr. West — 220
3 From the same to the same — 222
4 From the same to Dr. Wharton — ibid.
5 From the same to his Mother — 223
6 From the same to Mr. Palgrave — 224
7 From the same to the same — 225
8 From the same to Dr. Wharton — ibid.
9 From the same to Mr. Stonhewer — 227
10 From the same to Dr. Clarke — 228
11 From the same to Mr. Mason — ibid.
12 From the same to Dr. Wharton — 229
13 From the same to Mr. Mason — ibid.
14 From the same to Dr. Wharton — 230
15 From the same to Mr. Mason — 231

## SECTION II.

*From the Letters of* LAURENCE STERNE, *and others.*

1 Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne — 231
2 From the same to the same — 232
3 From the same to Lady D. — ibid.
4 From the same to Mr. Foley — 233
5 Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne — 234
6 Mr. Sterne to Mr. W. — 235
7 Ignatius Sancho to Mr. B — ibid.
8 Ignatius Sancho to Mrs. H — 236
9 From the same to Miss L — 237
10 From the same to Mr. M — ibid.
11 From the same to the same — 239
12 From the same to Mr. J— W—e — ibid.
13 From the same to Mr. W—e — 240
14 From the same to Mr. H — 241
15 From the same to Miss L — 242
16 Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Lady — ibid.

## SECTION III.

*From the Letters of Lady* MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, *Lord* CHESTERFIELD, *Dr.* JOHNSON, *and others.*

1 Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of — 245
2 From the same to Mrs. S. C. — 246
3 From the same to the Lady — ibid.
4 From the same to the Countess of B— 247
5 From the same to Mrs. P. — 248
6 From the same to the Countess of — 250
7 From the same to the Countess of — 251
8 From the same to Mrs. J * * * — 253
9 From the same to the Lady X. — 255
10 From the same to Mr. M — 256
11 From the same to the Lady — 257
12 From the same to the Countess of — 258
13 From the same to Lady — 259
14 Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford — 261
15 From the same to the same — ibid.

16 Lord

Letter Page
16 Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford 262
17 From the same to the same —— ibid.
18 From the same to the same —— 263
19 From the same to the same —— ibid.
20 From the same to the same —— 264
21 From the same to the same —— 265
22 From the same to the same —— ibid.
23 Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield ibid.
24 The Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. Swift 266
25 Dean Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield 267
26 John Dunning, Esq. to a Gentleman of the Inner Temple —— 268
27 Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinstone 269
27 From the same to the Rev. Dr. Taylor 270
28 From the same to the Earl of Chesterfield ibid.
29 Mrs Thrale to Mr. —— 271
30 Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale —— 273
31 From the same to the same —— 274
32 From the same to the same —— 275
33 From the same to the same —— ibid.
34 From the same to Miss Susanna Thrale 276
35 From the same to Mrs. Thrale ibid.
36 From the same to the same —— 277
37 From the same to the same —— 278
38 From the same to the Rev. Dr. Taylor ibid.
39 Miss —— to the Rev. Dr. Horne 279
40 Dr. Horne to Miss —— — 286

## SECTION IV.

*From the Letters of* GEORGE *Lord* LYTTELTON, *Bishop* HOADLY, *and others.*

1 Lord Lyttelton to Sir Thomas Lyttelton 281
2 S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttelton ibid.
3 Lord Lyttelton to Sir Thomas Lyttelton 282
4 Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon 283
5 From the same to the same —— 284
6 From the same to the same —— ibid.
7 From the same to the same —— ibid.
8 From the same to the same —— 285
9 From the same to the same —— ibid.
10 From the same to the same —— 286
11 From the same to the same —— 287
12 From the same to the same —— ibid.
13 From the same to the same —— 288
14 From the same to the same —— ibid.
15 From the same to the same —— 289
16 From the same to the same —— ibid.
17 From the same to the same —— 290
18 From the same to the same —— 291
19 From the same to the same —— ibid.
20 Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayroles, Esq. —— —— ibid.
21 From the same to the same —— 292
22 From the same to the same —— 293
23 From the same to the same —— 294
24 From the same to the same —— ibid.
25 From the same to the same —— 295
26 From the same to the same —— 296
27 From the same to the same —— 298
28 From the same to the same —— ibid.
29 From the same to the same —— 299
30 From the same to Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart. —— —— 300
31 From the same to Dr. Cheyne 301
32 The late Bishop Horne to a young Clergyman —— —— 302

# APPENDIX.

## SECTION I.

*From Lady* LUXBOROUGH'*s Letters to* WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq.*


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | LADY Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq. | 303 |
| 2 | From the same to the same | 305 |
| 3 | From the same to the same | 306 |
| 4 | From the same to the same | 309 |
| 5 | From the same to the same | 311 |
| 6 | From the same to the same | 312 |
| 7 | From the same to the same | 313 |
| 8 | From the same to the same | 315 |


## SECTION II.

*From the choice Letters of Mons.* DE BALZAC.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | M. de Balzac to Madame de Villesavin | 317 |
| 2 | From the same to Monsieur de —— | ibid. |
| 3 | From the same to Madame des Loges | 319 |
| 4 | From the same to Mons. de Rampalle | ibid. |
| 5 | From the same to Madame de Nesmond | 320 |
| 6 | From the same to Monsieur the President Mainard | ibid. |
| 7 | From the same to M. Girard | 321 |
| 8 | From the same to M. Favereau | ibid. |
| 9 | From the same to Madame de Masses | 322 |
| 10 | From the same to Madame the Duchesse of —— | ibid. |
| 11 | From the same to Madame de Villesavin | 323 |
| 12 | From the same to Madem. de Scudery | ibid. |
| 13 | From the same to Madame de Villesavin | 324 |
| 14 | From the same to the Reverend Father d'Estrades | ibid. |
| 15 | From the same to M. de Lyonne | 325 |
| 16 | From the same to Monsieur Conrart | 326 |
| 17 | From the same to M. de Souchote | ibid. |
| 18 | From the same to Mad. de la Chetardue | 327 |
| 19 | From the same to Monsieur Corneille | 328 |
| 20 | M. de Balzac to Monsieur d'Argenson | 329 |
| 21 | From the same to M. Chapelain | ibid. |
| 22 | From the same to the same | 330 |


## SECTION III.

*From the Letters of Madame de* RABUTIN CHANTAL, *Marchioness de* SEVIGNY.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Monsieur de Coulanges | 330 |
| 2 | From the same to the same | 331 |
| 3 | From the same to the same | 332 |
| 4 | From the same to the same | ibid. |
| 5 | From the same to Madame de Grignan | 333 |
| 6 | From the same to the same | 334 |
| 7 | From the same to the same | 335 |
| 8 | From the same to the same | 336 |
| 9 | From the same to the same | 337 |
| 10 | From the same to the same | ibid. |
| 11 | From the same to the same | ibid. |
| 12 | From the same to the same | 339 |
| 13 | From the same to the same | ibid. |
| 14 | From the same to the same | 341 |
| 15 | From the same to the same | 342 |
| 16 | From the same to the same | 343 |
| 17 | From the same to the same | 344 |
| 18 | From the same to the same | 346 |
| 19 | From the same to the same | 347 |
| 20 | From the same to the same | 349 |
| 21 | From the same to the same | 350 |
| 22 | From the same to the same | 351 |
| 23 | From the same to the same | 352 |
| 24 | From the same to the same | 353 |
| 25 | From the same to the same | 354 |
| 26 | From the same to the same | 355 |
| 27 | From the same to the same | 356 |
| 28 | From the same to the same | 357 |
| 29 | From the same to the same | 358 |
| 30 | From the same to the same | 360 |
| 31 | From the same to the same | 362 |

| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 32 | Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan | 363 |
| 33 | From the ſame to the ſame | 365 |
| 34 | From the ſame to the ſame | 366 |
| 35 | From the ſame to the ſame | 369 |
| 36 | From the ſame to the ſame | 371 |
| 37 | From the ſame to the ſame | 372 |
| 38 | Mad. de Sevigné to Mad. de Grignan | 373 |
| 39 | Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan | 374 |
| 40 | From the ſame to the ſame | 376 |
| 41 | From the ſame to the ſame | 378 |
| 42 | From the ſame to the ſame | 379 |
| 43 | From the ſame to the ſame | 381 |
| 44 | From the ſame to the ſame | 382 |
| 45 | From the ſame to the ſame | 383 |
| 46 | From the ſame to the ſame | 385 |
| 47 | From the ſame to the ſame | 386 |
| 48 | From the ſame to the ſame | 387 |
| 49 | From the ſame to the ſame | 388 |
| 50 | From the ſame to the ſame | 389 |
| 51 | From the ſame to the ſame | 391 |


## SECTION IV.

*From the Letters of Madame de* MAINTENON.


| Letter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Mad de Maintenon to the Abbé Teſtu | 392 |
| 2 | From the ſame to Monſ. d'Aubigné | 393 |
| 3 | Mad. de Maintenon to Monſ. d'Aubigné | 393 |
| 4 | From the ſame to the ſame | ibid. |
| 5 | From the ſame to the ſame | ibid. |
| 6 | From the ſame to the ſame | ibid. |
| 7 | From the ſame to the ſame | 394 |
| 8 | From the ſame to the Abbé Gobelin | ibid. |
| 9 | From the ſame to Monſ. d'Aubigné | 395 |
| 10 | Madame de Monteſpan to the King | ibid. |
| 11 | Madame de Maintenon to Madame d'Aubigné | 396 |
| 12 | Mad. de Monteſpan to M. d'Aubigné | ibid. |
| 13 | The King to Madame de Maintenon | 397 |
| 14 | From the ſame to the ſame | ibid. |
| 15 | Madame de Maintenon to the King | ibid. |
| 16 | From the ſame to Monſ. d'Aubigné | ibid. |
| 17 | From the ſame to the King | ibid. |
| 18 | From the ſame to Madame de St. G * * | 398 |
| 19 | Madame de Monteſpan to Madame de Monchevreuil | ibid. |
| 20 | The Queen of England to Madame de Maintenon | 399 |
| 21 | Madame de Maintenon to the Dutcheſs of Burgundy | ibid. |


## CONCLUSION.


On Letter Writing. By Dr. Johnſon. 400

EPISTO

# EPISTOLARUM EPITOME:
## OR,
# ELEGANT EPISTLES EPITOMIZED, &c.

## BOOK I. ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

### SECT. I. From the Letters of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, to several of his Friends, as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

Letter 1. *To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.*

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

IF you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you, nor read your letters, without falling into greater grief than I am able to support: for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly, and for ever, abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

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

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum ‡. And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you, under all that weight of pain and sorrow

* Brundisium; a maritime town in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Brindisi*.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which among other articles enacted, that "no person should presume to "harbour or receive him on pain of death."

‡ A considerable town in an island of the Propontis.

with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition, unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return, if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider: for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose *, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

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

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

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

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus, as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me any service. Nothing

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

† Cicero's son-in-law.

an equal the good offices I receive from allustius. Pescennius likewise has given me rong marks of his affection: and I hope he vill not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca romised to attend me in my exile: but he hanged his mind, and has left me at this lace.

I entreat you to take all possible care of our health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and est of wives! Adieu. And thou, my dearst daughter, together with that other conolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you oth, most tenderly, farewell!

Letter 2. *To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.*

Thessalonica *, Oct. the 5th. [A. U. 695.]

IMAGINE not, my Terentia, that I rite longer letters to others than to yourself: e assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely ecause those I receive from them require a nore particular answer. The truth of it is, am always at a loss what to write: and as here is nothing in the present dejection of my ind, that I perform with greater reluctance n general; so I never attempt it with regard o you and my dearest daughter, that it does ot cost me a flood of tears. For how can I ink of you without being pierced with rief, in the reflection, that I have made hose completely miserable, whom I ought, nd wished, to have rendered perfectly happy? And I should have rendered them so, I had acted with less timidity.

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

I perceive you much depend upon the new tribunes: and if Pompey perseveres in his present disposition, I am inclined to think that your hopes will not be disappointed; though I must confess, I have some fears with respect to Crassus. In the mean while I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavouring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Publius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta, to the office of Valerius †. Sad reverse indeed! that thou, the dearest object of my fondest desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I, who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own indiscretion!

As to what you mention with regard to the area belonging to my house; I shall never look upon myself as restored to my country, till that spot of ground is again in my possession ‡. But this is a point that does not depend

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Salonichi*.

† Terentia had taken sanctuary in the temple of Vesta, but was forcibly dragged out from thence by the directions of Clodius, in order to be examined at a public office, concerning her husband's effects.

‡ After Clodius had procured the law against Cicero, he consecrated the area where his house in

pend upon ourselves. Let me rather express my concern for what does; and lament, that, distressed as your circumstances already are, you should engage yourself in a share of those expences which are incurred upon my account. Be assured, if ever I should return to Rome, I shall easily recover my estate: but should fortune continue to persecute me, will you, thou dear unhappy woman, will you fondly throw away, in gaining friends to a desperate cause, the last scanty remains of your broken fortunes? I conjure you then, my dearest Terentia, not to involve yourself in any charges of that kind: let them be borne by those who are able, if they are willing, to support the weight. In a word, if you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account injure your health; which, alas! is already but too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: and as I know the assiduity you exert on my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue. I am sensible at the same time, that my affairs depend entirely upon your assistance: and, therefore, that they may be attended with the success you hope, and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly entreat you to take care of your health.

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

in Rome stood, to the perpetual service of religion, and erected a temple upon it to the goddess Liberty.

Letter 3. *To the same.*

Dyrrachium *, Nov. 26. [A. U. 695.]

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

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Durazzo* in the Turkish dominions.

† Cicero's son was at this time about eight years of age.

‡ Cæsar and Crassus frequently solicited Cicero to unite himself to their party.

restoratio

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

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

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

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

P. S. I came hither, not only as it is a free city ‡, and much in my interest, but as it is situated likewise near Italy. But if I should find any inconvenience from its being a town of such great resort, I shall remove elsewhere, and give you due notice.

* Lucius Calphurnius Piso, who was consul this year with Gabinius: they were both the professed enemies of Cicero, and supported Clodius in his violent measures.

† Plancius was at this time quæstor in Macedonia, and distinguished himself by many generous offices to Cicero in his exile.

‡ That is, a city which had the privilege to be governed by its own laws.

Letter 4. *To Terentia.*

Dyrrachium, Nov. the 30th. [A. U. 695.]

I RECEIVED three letters from you by the hands of Ariſtocritus, and have wept over them till they are almoſt defaced with my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own perſonal misfortunes more ſeverely torture my mind, than thoſe with which you and my children are oppreſſed. Unhappy indeed as you are, I am ſtill infinitely more ſo; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumſtance to myſelf, that they are juſtly to be imputed to my imprudence alone. I ought, moſt undoubtedly, either to have avoided the danger, by accepting the commiſſion which was offered me; or to have repelled force by force, or bravely to have periſhed in the attempt. Whereas nothing could have been more unworthy of my character, or more pregnant with miſery, than the ſcheme I have purſued. I am overwhelmed, therefore, not only with ſorrow, but with ſhame: yes, my Terentia, I bluſh to reflect that I did not exert that ſpirit I ought, for the ſake of ſo excellent a wife, and ſuch amiable children. The diſtreſs in which you are all equally involved, and your own ill ſtate of health in particular, are ever in my thoughts: as I have the mortification at the ſame time to obſerve, that there appear but ſlender hopes of my being recalled. My enemies, in truth, are many; while thoſe who are jealous of me are almoſt innumerable; and though they found great difficulty in driving me from my country, it will be extremely eaſy for them to prevent my return. However, as long as you have any hopes that my reſtoration may be effected, I will not ceaſe to co-operate with your endeavours for that purpoſe, leſt my weakneſs ſhould ſeem upon all occaſions to fruſtrate every meaſure in my favour. In the meanwhile, my perſon (for which you are ſo tenderly concerned) is ſecure from all danger; as in truth I am ſo completely wretched, that even my enemies themſelves muſt wiſh, in mere malice, to preſerve my life. Nevertheleſs, I ſhall not fail to obſerve the caution you kindly give me.

I have ſent my acknowledgments by Dexippus to the perſons you deſired me, and mentioned at the ſame time, that you had informed me of their good offices. I am perfectly ſenſible of thoſe which Piſo exerts towards us with ſo uncommon a zeal: and indeed it is a circumſtance which all the world ſpeaks of to his honour. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children, the common happineſs of ſo valuable a relation!

The only hope I have now left, ariſes from the new tribunes; and that too depends upon the ſteps they ſhall take in the commencement of their office: for if they ſhould poſtpone my affair, I ſhall give up all expectations of its ever being effected. Accordingly I have diſpatched Ariſtocritus, that you may ſend me immediate notice of the firſt meaſures they ſhall purſue, together with the general plan upon which they purpoſe to conduct themſelves. I have likewiſe ordered Dexippus to return to me with all expedition, and have written to my brother to requeſt he would give me frequent information in what manner affairs proceed. It is with a view of receiving the earlieſt intelligence from Rome, that I continue at Dyrrachium; a place where I can remain in perfect ſecurity, as I have upon all occaſions diſtinguiſhed this city by my particular patronage

tronage. However, as soon as I shall receive intimation that my enemies * are approaching, it is my resolution to retire into Epirus.

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

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

Letter 5. *Quintus Cicero to Marcus Cicero* †.

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

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

Letter 6. *To Tiro.*

[A. U. 708.]

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

My work ‡ is at present suspended, as I cannot

* The troops of Piso.

† The date of this letter is altogether uncertain.

‡ Probably a panegyric upon Cato; which he wrote and published about this time.

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

That strange fellow, Demetrius, was always, I know, the very reverse of his namesake of Phaleris: but I find he is now grown more insufferable than ever, and is degenerated into an arrant Bilienus. I resign the management of him therefore entirely into your hands; and you will pay your court to him accordingly. But—*however—d'ye see—and as to that*—(to present you with a few of his own elegant expletives) if you should have any conversation with him, let me know, that it may furnish me with the subject of a letter, and at the same time afford me the pleasure of reading so much longer an one from yourself. In the mean while, take care of your health, my dear Tiro, I conjure you; and be well persuaded, that you cannot render me a more pleasing service. Farewell!

Letter 6. *To Dolabella* *.

[A. U. 708.]

OH! that the silence you so kindly regret, had been occasioned by my own death, rather than by the severe loss † I have suffered; a loss I should be better able to support, if I had you with me. For your judicious counsels, and singular affection towards me, would greatly contribute to alleviate its weight. This good office indeed I may yet perhaps receive; for as I imagine we shall soon see you here, you will find me still so deeply affected, as to have an opportunity of affording me great assistance. Not that this affliction has so broken my spirit as to render me unmindful that I am a man, or apprehensive that I must totally sink under its pressure. But all that cheerfulness and vivacity of temper, which you once so particularly admired, has now, alas! entirely forsaken me. My fortitude and resolution, nevertheless (if these virtues were ever mine), I still retain, and retain them too in the same vigour as when you left me.

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

* He was at this time with Cæsar in Spain.

† The death of his daughter Tullia.

# ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

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

### Letter 1. *To Caninius Rufus.*

HOW stands Comum †, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake ‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm, yet soft Gestatio §, the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night ‖: Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend, (for certainly it is high time,) the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another: *this* alone, when once it is your's, will for ever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell!

### Letter 2. *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

CERTAINLY you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity; and while I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra.

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

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

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles.

‖ It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had apartments for that purpose distinct from their bed-chambers.

come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of ſtudying is not to be deſpiſed: you cannot conceive how greatly exerciſe contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, beſides, ſomething in the ſolemnity of the venerable woods, with which one is ſurrounded, together with that awful ſilence which is obſerved on theſe occaſions, that ſtrongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me adviſe you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your baſket and bottle; for, be aſſured, you will find Minerva as fond of traverſing the hills as Diana. Farewell!

### Letter 3. *To Atrius Clemens.*

IF ever polite literature flouriſhed at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent inſtances: I will content myſelf however with naming only Euphrates the philoſopher. I firſt made acquaintance with this excellent perſon in my youth, when I ſerved in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of converſing with him familiarly, and took ſome pains to gain his affection: though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to acceſs, and full of that humanity which he profeſſes. I ſhould think myſelf extremely happy if I had as much anſwered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more now than I did then, becauſe I underſtand them better; if I can with truth ſay I underſtand them yet. For as none but thoſe who are ſkilled in painting, ſtatuary, or the plaſtic art, can form a right judgment of any performance in thoſe ſciences; ſo a man muſt himſelf have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a ju notion of the learned. However, as far a I am qualified to determine, Euphrates poſſeſſed of ſo many ſhining talents, that cannot fail to ſtrike the moſt injudicious ob ſerver. He reaſons with much force, pene tration, and elegance, and frequently launch out into all the ſublime and luxuriant el quence of Plato. His ſtyle is rich and flow ing, and at the ſame time ſo wonderful ſweet, that with a pleaſing violence he forc the attention of the moſt unwilling heare His outward appearance is agreeable to the reſt; he has a good ſhape, a comely aſpe long hair, and a large white beard; circum ſtances, which, though they may probably thought trifling and accidental, contribu however, to gain him much reverence. The is no affected negligence in his habit; h countenance is grave, but not auſtere; a his approach commands reſpect, without cr ating awe. Diſtinguiſhed as he is by t ſanctity of his manners, he is no leſs ſo his polite and affable addreſs. He pou his eloquence againſt the vices, not the pe ſons of mankind, and, without chaſtiſin reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations captivate your attention, that you hang as were upon his lips; and even after the he is convinced, the ear ſtill wiſhes to liſten the harmonious reaſoner. His family co ſiſts of three children (two of which are ſon whom he educates with the utmoſt care. H father-in-law, Pompeius Julianus, as greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every ot part of his life, ſo particularly in this, t though he was himſelf of the higheſt rank his province, yet among many conſidera competitors for his daughter, he prefer Euphrates, as firſt in merit, though not dignity. But to dwell any longer upon

vir

virtues of a man whose converſation I am ſo unfortunate as not to have leiſure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increaſe my uneaſineſs that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable, indeed, but very troubleſome employment; in hearing of cauſes, anſwering petitions, paſſing accounts, and writing of letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no ſhare. I ſometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leiſure at leaſt for that) of theſe unpleaſing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the ſervice of the public, to hear and determine cauſes, to explain the laws, and adminiſter juſtice, is a part, and the nobleſt part too, of philoſophy, as it is reducing to practice what her profeſſors teach in ſpeculation. It may be ſo: but that it is as agreeable as to ſpend whole days in attending to his uſeful converſation—even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but ſtrongly recommend it to you, who have leiſure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare ſay, ſo much the ſooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined inſtructions. I am not, you ſee, in the number of thoſe who envy others the happineſs they cannot ſhare themſelves; on the contrary, it is a very ſenſible pleaſure to me, when I find my friends in poſſeſſion of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell!

### Letter 4. *To Septitius Clarus.*

HOW happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night, to ſup with me? But take notice, juſtice is to be had, and I expect you ſhall fully reimburſe me the expence I was at to treat you; which, let me tell you, was no ſmall ſum. I had prepared, you muſt know, a lettuce a-piece, three ſnails, two eggs, and a barley cake, with ſome ſweet wine and ſnow *; the ſnow moſt certainly I ſhall charge to your account, as a rarity that will not keep. Beſides all theſe curious diſhes, there were olives of Andaluſia, gourds, ſhalots, and a hundred other dainties equally ſumptuous. You ſhould likewiſe have been entertained either with an interlude, the rehearſal of a poem, or a piece of muſic, as you liked beſt; or (ſuch was my liberality) with all the three. But the luxurious delicacies † and Spaniſh dancers of a certain ——— I know not who, were, it ſeems, more to your taſte. However, I ſhall have my revenge of you, depend upon it;—in what manner, ſhall be at preſent a ſecret. In good truth it was not kind, thus to mortify

* The Romans uſed ſnow, not only to cool their liquors, but their ſtomachs, after having inflamed themſelves with high eating: this cuſtom ſtill prevails in Italy, eſpecially in Naples, where they drink very few liquors, not ſo much as water, that have not lain in freſco, and every body from the higheſt to the loweſt makes uſe of it; inſomuch that a ſcarcity of ſnow would raiſe a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or proviſions in another country.

† In the original the diſhes are ſpecified, viz. Oyſters, the matrices of ſows, and a certain ſea-ſhell-fiſh, prickly like a hedge-hog, called Echinus, all in the higheſt eſtimation among the Roman admirers of table-luxury; as appears by numberleſs paſſages in the claſſic writers. Our own country had the honour to furniſh them with oyſters, which they fetched from Sandwich: Montanus, mentioned by Juvenal, was ſo well ſkilled in the ſcience of good eating, that he could tell by the firſt taſte whether they came from thence or not.

your friend, I had almost said yourself;—and, upon second thoughts, I do say so: for how agreeably should we have spent the evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep speculation! You may sup, I confess, at many places more splendidly; but you can be treated no where, believe me, with more unconstrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and freedom: only make the experiment; and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again. Farewell!

### Letter 5. *To Paulinus.*

WHETHER I have reason for my rage, is not quite so clear; however, wondrous angry I am. But love, you know, will sometimes be irrational; as it is often ungovernable, and ever jealous. The occasion of this my formidable wrath is great, you must allow, were it but just: yet, taking it for granted that there is as much truth as weight in it, I am most vehemently enraged at your long silence. Would you soften my resentment, let your letters for the future be very frequent, and very long. I shall excuse you upon no other terms; and as absence from Rome, or engagement in business, is a plea I can by no means admit; so that of ill health, the gods, I hope, will not suffer you to allege. As for myself, I am enjoying at my villa the alternate pleasures of study and indolence; those happy privileges of retired leisure! Farewell!

### Letter 6. *To Caninius.*

HOW is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius*? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you; but, I must confess, I greatly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished: such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster. Farewell!

### Letter 7. *To Gallus.*

YOU are surprised, it seems, that I am so fond of my Laurentinum †, or (if you like the appellation better) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder, when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive prospect of the sea-coast. It is but seventeen miles distant from Rome; so that having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must

* Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese.

† A winter villa, in which he used to spend some of the cold months, whenever his business admitted of his absence from Rome.

turn

off at the fourteenth mile-ſtone; if by a, at the eleventh. Both of them are in e parts ſandy, which makes it ſomething y and tedious if you travel in a coach, eaſy and pleaſant to thoſe who ride. The ſcape on all ſides is extremely diverſified, proſpect in ſome places being confined by ds, in others extending over large and tiful meadows, where numberleſs flocks heep, and herds of cattle, which the ſeve- of the winter has drove from the moun- s, fatten in the vernal warmth of this paſturage. My villa is large enough to d all conveniences, without being expen- The porch before it is plain, but not n, through which you enter into a por- in the form of the letter D, which in- es a ſmall, but agreeable area. This af- s a very commodious retreat in bad wea- not only as it is incloſed with windows, particularly as it is ſheltered by an ex- dinary projection of the roof. From middle of this portico you paſs into an rd court extremely pleaſant, and from e into a handſome hall which runs out rds the ſea; ſo that when there is a -weſt wind, it is gently waſhed with the s, which ſpend themſelves at the foot On every ſide of this hall there are folding doors or windows equally by which means you have a view the front and the two ſides, as it were ee different ſeas; from the back part ee the middle court, the portico, and the and by another view, you look through ortico into the porch, from whence the ect is terminated by the woods and tains, which are ſeen at a diſtance. On eft hand of this hall, ſomething farther the ſea, lies a large drawing-room, and d that a ſecond of a ſmaller ſize, which has one window to the riſing, and another to the ſetting ſun; this has likewiſe a proſpect of the ſea, but, being at a greater diſtance, is leſs incommoded by it. The angle which the projection of the hall forms with this drawing-room, retains and increaſes the warmth of the ſun, and hither my family retreat in winter to perform their exerciſes. It is ſheltered from all winds except thoſe which are generally attended with clouds, ſo that nothing can render this place uſeleſs, but what at the ſame time deſtroys the fair weather. Contiguous to this is a room forming the ſegment of a circle, the windows of which are ſo placed as to receive the ſun the whole day. In the walls are contrived a ſort of caſes, which contain a collection of ſuch authors whoſe works can never be read too often. From hence you paſs into a bed-chamber through a paſſage, which being boarded, and ſuſpended as it were over a ſtove which runs underneath, tempers the heat which it receives, and conveys to all parts of this room. The remainder of this ſide of the houſe is appropriated to the uſe of my ſlaves and freedmen; but, however, moſt of the apartments in it are neat enough to entertain any of my friends, who are inclined to be my gueſts. In the oppoſite wing is a room ornamented in a very elegant taſte; next to which lies another room, which, though large for a parlour, makes but a moderate dining-room; it is exceedingly warmed and enlightened, not only by the direct rays of the ſun, but by their reflection from the ſea. Beyond this is a bed-chamber, together with its ante-chamber, the height of which renders it cool in ſummer, as its being ſheltered on all ſides from the winds, makes it warm in winter. To this apartment another of the ſame ſort is joined by one common wall.

From

From thence you enter into the grand and spacious *cooling-room* belonging to the baths*, from the opposite walls of which two round basons project, large enough to swim in. Contiguous to this is the perfuming-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that, the furnace which conveys the heat to the baths; adjoining are two other little bathing-rooms, which are fitted up in an eleg rather than a costly manner: annexed to t is a warm bath of extraordinary workm ship, wherein one may swim, and have prospect, at the same time, of the sea. Not from hence stands the tennis-court, wh lies open to the warmth of the afternoon i From thence you ascend a sort of tur which contains two entire apartments bel as there are the same number above; besid dining-room, which commands a very ex sive prospect of the sea and coast, toge with the beautiful villas that stand interspe upon it. At the other end is a second tur containing a room which faces the rising setting sun. Behind this is a large room a repository, next to which is a gallery of riosities, and underneath a spacious din room, where the roaring of the sea, even storm, is heard but faintly: it looks w the garden, and the gestatio which surro the garden. The gestatio is encomp with a box-tree hedge, and where tha decayed, with rosemary: for the box in t parts which are sheltered by the buildi preserves its verdure perfectly well: where, by an open situation, it lies expos the dashing of the sea-water, though great distance, it entirely withers. Bet the garden and this gestatio runs a s walk of vines, which is so soft that you walk bare-foot upon it without any in The garden is chiefly planted with fig mulberry trees, to which this soil is a vourable as it is averse to all others. In place is a banqueting-room, which, th it stands remote from the sea, enjoys ho a prospect nothing inferior to that view; apartments run round the back part whose windows look upon the entrance villa, and into a very pleasant kitchen-g

* The custom of bathing in hot water was become so habitual to the Romans in Pliny's time, that they every day practised it before they ate; for which reason, in the city, the public baths were extremely numerous. There were for each sex three rooms for bathing, one of cold water, one of warm, and one still warmer; and there were cells of three degrees of heat for sweating: to the beforementioned members were added others for *anointing* and bodily exercises. The last thing they did before they entered into the dining-room, was to bathe; what preceded their washing, was their exercise in the spheristerium, prior to which it was their custom to anoint themselves. Their sweating rooms were not used but upon particular occasions.

The Roman magnificence seems to have particularly displayed itself in the article of their baths. Seneca says, they were works of the highest splendour and expence. The walls were composed of Alexandrine marble, whose veins were polished and brightened in such a manner as to look like a picture: the edges of the basons were set round with a most valuable kind of stone, found in Thassus, one of the Greek islands, variegated with veins of different colours, interspersed with streaks of gold; the water was conveyed through silver pipes, and fell, by several different descents, in beautiful cascades. The floors were inlaid with precious gems, and an intermixture of statues and colonades, contributed to throw an air of elegance and grandeur upon the whole.

rom hence an inclofed portico * extends itelf, which by its grandeur you might take or a public one; it has a range of windows n each fide, but on that which looks towards the fea, they are double the number of hofe next the garden. When the weather is air and ferene, thefe are all thrown open; ut if it blows, thofe on the fide the wind ts are fhut, while the others remain unclofed ithout any inconvenience. Before this porco lies a terrace perfumed with violets, and armed by the reflection of the fun from the ortico, which as it retains the rays, fo it eeps off the north-eaft wind; and it is as arm on this fide, as it is cool on the oppote; in the fame manner it is a defence againft he fouth-weft; and thus, in fhort, by means f its feveral fides, breaks the force of the inds, from what point foever they blow. hefe are fome of the winter advantages of his agreeable fituation, which however are ill more confiderable in fummer; for at that eafon it throws a fhade upon the terrace durng all the forenoon, as it defends the geftao, and that part of the garden which lies ontiguous to it, from the afternoon fun, nd cafts a greater or lefs fhade, as the day ther increafes or decreafes; but the portico felf is then cooleft when the fun is moft orching, that is, when its rays fall directly pon the roof. To thefe advantages I muft ot forget to add, that by fetting open the indows, the weftern breezes have a free raught, and by that means the inclofed air prevented from ftagnating. On the upper end of the terrace and portico ftands a detached building in the garden, which I call my *favourite*; and in truth I am extremely fond of it, as I erected it myfelf. It contains a very warm winter room, one fide of which looks upon the terrace, the other has a view of the fea, and both lie expofed to the fun. Through the folding-doors you fee the oppofite chamber, and from the window is a profpect of the inclofed portico. On that fide next the fea, and oppofite to the middle wall, ftands a little elegant retired clofet, which, by means of glafs doors and a curtain, is either laid into the adjoining room, or feparated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from the feet you have a profpect of the fea; if you look behind, you fee the neighbouring villas; and from the head you have a view of the woods: thefe three views may be feen either diftinctly from fo many different windows in the room, or blended together in one confufed profpect. Adjoining to this is a bed-chamber, which neither the voice of the fervants, the murmur of the fea, nor even the roaring of a tempeft, can reach, nor lightning nor the day itfelf can penetrate it, unlefs you open the windows. This profound tranquillity is occafioned by a paffage which divides the wall of this chamber from that of the garden, and thus by means of that void intervening fpace, every noife is drowned. Annexed to this is a fmall ftove-room, which, by opening a little window, warms the bed-chamber to the degree of heat required. Beyond this lies a chamber and ante-chamber, which enjoys the fun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rifes till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden apartment, I fancy myfelf a hundred miles from

* Thefe inclofed porticos differed no otherays from our prefent galleries, than that they ad pillars in them; the ufe of this room was for alking.

from my own house, and take particular pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia *, when, by the licence of that season of joy, every other part of my villa resounds with the mirth of my domestics: thus I neither interrupt their diversions, nor they my studies. Among the pleasures and conveniences of this situation, there is one disadvantage, and that is the want of a running stream; but this defect is in a great measure supplied by wells, or rather I should call them springs, for they rise very near the surface. And indeed the quality of this coast is pretty remarkable; for in what part soever you dig, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of pure water, not in the least salt, though so near the sea. The neighbouring forests afford an abundant supply of fuel; as every other convenience of life may be had from Ostia: to a moderate man, indeed, even the next village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would furnish all the common necessaries of life. In that little place there are no less than three public baths; which is a great convenience if it happens that my friends come in unexpectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is beautifully diversified by the joining or detached villas that are spread upon it, which, whether you view them from the sea, or the shore, have a much more agreeable effect than if it was crowded with towns. It is sometimes, after a long calm, good travelling upon the coast, though, in general, by the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea produces any very extraordinary fish; however, it supplies us with exceeding fine soals and prawns: but as to provisions of other kinds, my villa pretends to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk; for thither the cattle come from the meadows in great numbers, in pursuit of shade and water. Tell me now, have I not just cause to bestow my time and my affection upon this delightful retreat? Surely you are unreasonably attached to the pleasures of the town, if you have no inclination to take a view of it; as I must wish you had, that to so many charms with which my favourite villa abounds, I might have the very considerable addition of your presence to recommend it. Farewell!

* A feast held in honour of the god Saturn, which began on the 19th of December, and continued, as some say, for seven days. It was a time of general rejoicing; particularly among the slaves, who had at this season the privilege of treating their masters with great freedom.

### Letter 8. *To Calvisius.*

I NEVER spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner chuse for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition incecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those trans-

tio

which one might call minute and incon-able did they not occur every day, he ves a certain periodical ſeaſon and me-. The firſt part of the morning he de- to ſtudy; at eight he dreſſes and walks t three miles, in which he enjoys at once emplation and exerciſe. At his return, has any friends with him in his houſe, ters upon ſome polite and uſeful topic of erſation; if he is alone, ſomebody reads m; and ſometimes too when he is not, if greeable to his company. When this is he repoſes himſelf, and then again either up a book, or falls into ſome diſcourſe more entertaining and inſtructive. He wards takes the air in his chariot, either his wife (who is a lady of uncommon ) or with ſome friend: a happineſs which was mine!—How. agreeable, how no- the enjoyment of him in that hour of cy! You would fancy you were hear- ome worthy of ancient times, inflaming breaſt with the moſt heroic examples, nſtructing your mind with the moſt ex- precepts; which yet he delivers with ſo ſt an air, that there is not the leaſt ap- nce of dictating in his converſation. n he has thus taken a tour of about miles, he gets out of his chariot, and a mile more; after which he returns , and either repoſes himſelf, or retires to udy. He has an excellent taſte for poe- and compoſes in the lyric manner, both reek and Latin, with great judgment. urpriſing what an eaſe and ſpirit of gai- ns through his verſes, which the merit e author renders ſtill more valuable. the baths are ready, which in winter ut three o'clock, and in ſummer about he undreſſes himſelf: and if there hap- o be no wind, he walks for ſome time in the ſun. After this he plays a conſidera- ble time at tennis; for by this ſort of exer- ciſe too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he throws himſelf upon his couch till ſupper-time *, and in the mean while ſome agreeable and entertaining au- thor is read to him. In this, as in all the reſt, his friends are at full liberty to partake, or to employ themſelves in any other manner more ſuitable to their taſte. You ſit down to an elegant, yet frugal repaſt, which is ſerved up in pure and antique plate. He has like- wiſe a complete equipage for his ſide-board, in Corinthian metal †, which is his pleaſure, not his paſſion. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his very amuſements may be ſeaſoned with good ſenſe; and though he continues there, even in ſummer, till the night is ſomething ad- vanced, yet he prolongs the feaſt with ſo much affability and politeneſs, that none of his gueſts ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preſerved all his ſenſes entire, and his body active and vigor- ous to his ſeventy-eighth year, without diſ- covering any appearance of old age, but the wiſdom. This is the ſort of life which I ar- dently aſpire after; as I purpoſe to enjoy it, when I ſhall arrive at thoſe years which will juſtify a retreat from buſineſs. In the mean while I am embarraſſed with a thouſand af- fairs, in which Spurinna is at once my ſup- port and my example. As long as it be-

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feaſts and invitations were made; they uſually began it about their ninth hour, anſwering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon.

† This metal was ſo highly eſteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold.

came

came him, he entered into all the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, by governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course, and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If an ill-timed ambition should carry me beyond it, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewell!

### Letter 9. *To Hispulla.*

IT is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father: but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tendereſt value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I should rather say to no wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Amongst the many advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person: it is ceſſary, therefore, in this loose and slipp age, to find out one who will not onl his tutor, but his guardian and his gu I will venture to recommend Julius Gen to you under that character. I love hi confess, extremely: but my affection by no means prejudice my judgment; on contrary, it is in truth the effect of it. behaviour is grave, and his morals i proachable; perhaps something too s and rigid for the libertine manners of t times. His qualifications in his profe you may learn from many others; for th of eloquence, as it is open to all the w is soon discovered; but the qualities o heart lie more concealed, and out of the r of common observation; and it is on side I undertake to be answerable for friend. Your son will hear nothing f this worthy man, but what will be for advantage to know, nor learn any th of which it would be happier he shoul ignorant. He will represent to him as o and with as much zeal as you or I sha the virtues of his family, and what a g ous weight of characters he has to supp You will not hesitate then to place him w tutor, whose first care will be to form manners, and afterwards to instruct hi eloquence; an attainment ill-acquired, if the neglect of moral improvements. F well!

### Letter 10. *To Catilius.*

I ACCEPT of your invitation to supper; I must make this agreement beforehand, you dismiss me soon, and treat me frug Let our entertainment abound only in p sophical conversation; and even that with moderation. There are certain

nt parties, which Cato himself could not y fall in with; though I must confess at same time, that Julius Cæsar *, when he oaches him upon that head, exalts the racter he endeavours to expose: for he ribes those persons who met this reeling iot, as blushing when they discovered he was; and adds, you would have ght that Cato had detected them, and they Cato. Could he place the dignity Cato in a stronger light, than by repre- ing him thus venerable, even in his cups? for ourselves, nevertheless, let temper- not only spread our table, but regulate hours: for we are not arrived at so high putation, that our enemies cannot cen- us, but to our honour. Farewell!

### Letter 11. *To Servianus.*

O what shall I attribute your long si- e? Is it want of health, or want of lei- , that prevents your writing? Or is it, aps, that you have no opportunity of eying your letters? Free me, I entreat from the perplexity of these doubts; hey are more, be assured, than I am able to ort; and do so, even though it be at the nce of an express messenger: I will ly bear his charges, and even reward too, should he bring me the news I wish. for myself, I am well; if that, with any riety, can be said of a man who lives in utmost suspense and anxiety, under the ehensions of all the accidents which can bly befal the friend he most tenderly s. Farewell!

* Julius Cæsar wrote an invective against of Utica; to which, it is probable, Pliny alludes.

### Letter 12. *To Hispulla.*

AS you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular, whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of sentiment; and have not only shewn the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter *; you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart, by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time, how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth, or my person, which time gradually impairs; it is my reputation, and my glory, of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife,

who

who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy; presaging of me from that early period, all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewell!

### Letter 13. *To Apollinaris.*

THE kind concern you expressed when you heard of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany*, and your obliging endeavours to dissuade me from going to a place which you think unhealthy, is extremely agreeable to me. I confess, indeed, the air of that part of Tuscany which lies towards the coast, is thick and unwholesome; but my house is situated at a great distance from the sea, under one of the Apennine mountains, which, of all others, is most esteemed for the clearness of its air. But that you may lay aside all apprehensions upon my account, I will give you a description of the temperature of the climate, the situation of the country, and the beauty of my villa, which I am persuaded you will hear with as much pleasure as I shall relate.—The winters are severe and cold, so that myrtles, olives, and trees of that kind which delight in constant warmth, will not flourish here; but produces bay-trees in great perfection; sometimes, though indeed not oftner than the neighbourhood of Rome, they are kil by the sharpness of the seasons. The sum mers are exceedingly temperate, and con nually attended with refreshing breezes, wh are seldom interrupted by high winds. you were to come here, and see the numb of old men who have lived to be grandfath and great-grandfathers, and hear the stor they can entertain you with of their and tors, you would fancy yourself born in so former age.—The disposition of the coun is the most beautiful that can be imagine figure to yourself an immense amphitheat but such as the hand of nature could o form. Before you lies a vast extended pla bounded by a range of mountains, wh summits are crowned with lofty and vene ble woods, which supply variety of gam from hence, as the mountains decline, t are adorned with underwoods. Intermi with these are little hills, of so strong and f soil that it would be difficult to find a sin stone upon them: their fertility is noth inferior to the lowest grounds; and thou their harvest, indeed, is something later, t crops are as well matured. At the foo these hills the eye is presented, wherever turns, with one unbroken view of numb less vineyards, which are terminated by border, as it were, of shrubs. From the you have a prospect of the adjoining fi and meadows below. The soil of the f mer is so extremely stiff, and upon the ploughing it rises in such vast clods, t it is necessary to go over it nine several ti with the largest oxen and the stron ploughs, before they can be thoroughly b ken; whilst the enamelled meadows prod tre

* This was Pliny's principal seat, lying about 150 miles from Rome, where he usually resided in the summer season.

il, and other kinds of herbage, as fine and er as if it were but just sprung up, be- continually refreshed by never-failing . But though the country abounds with t plenty of water, there are no marshes; s it is a rising ground, whatever water ceives without absorbing, runs off into Tiber. This river, which winds ugh the middle of the meadows, is na- ble only in the winter and spring, when ansports the produce of the lands to ne: but its channel is so extremely low ummer, that it scarce deserves the name river; towards the autumn, however, it ns again to renew its claim to that title. could not be more agreeably entertained, by taking a view of the face of this ntry from the top of one of our neigh- ring mountains: you would imagine, not a real, but some painted landscape, before you, drawn with the most exqui- beauty and exactness: such an harmo- s and regular variety charms the eye ch way soever it throws itself.—My villa o advantageously situated, that it com- ds a full view of all the country round; you go up to it by so insensible a rise, that find yourself upon an elevation without eiving you ascended. Behind, but at a t distance, stands the Apennine moun- s. In the calmest days we are refreshed the winds that blow from thence, but so t, as it were, by the long tract of land travel over, that they are entirely di- ed of all their strength and violence be- they reach us. The exposition of the cipal front of the house is full south, and s to invite the afternoon sun in summer something earlier in winter) into a spa- e and well-proportioned portico, consist- of several members, particularly a porch built after the manner of the ancients. In the front of the portico is a sort of terrace, embellished with various figures, and bounded with a box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box answering alternately to each other, into a lawn overspread with the soft, I had almost said the liquid acanthus *: this is surrounded by a walk † inclosed with consile ever-greens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the gestatio, laid out in the form of a circus ‡, ornamented in the middle with box cut into numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the shears from running up too high: the whole is fenced in with a wall covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. On the outside of a wall lies a meadow, that owes as many beauties to nature as all I have been describing within does to art; at the end of which are several other meadows and fields interspersed with thickets. At the extremity of the portico stands a grand dining-room, which opens upon one end of the terrace; as from the windows there is a very extensive prospect over the meadows, up into the coun-

* Sir William Temple supposes the Acanthus of the ancients to be what we call Pericanthe. Modern botanists term it garden bear's-foot; but Mr. Cattel, with more probability, imagines, by its character here, that it resembles moss.

† This walk is called, in the original, Ambulatio; but its being raised above the other walks which lay in the front, seems to justify its being called a Terrace.

‡ A place set apart for the celebration of several public games, particularly the chariot-race. Its form was generally oblong, having a wall quite round, with ranges of seats for the convenience of spectators.

try,

try, from whence you alſo have a view of the terrace, and ſuch parts of the houſe which project forward, together with the woods incloſing the adjacent hippodrome *. Oppoſite almoſt to the centre of the portico ſtands an apartment ſomething backwards, which encompaſſes a ſmall area ſhaded by four plane-trees; in the midſt of which a fountain riſes, from whence the water running over the edges of a marble baſon, gently refreſhes the ſurrounding plane-trees, and the verdure underneath them. This apartment conſiſts of a bed-chamber free from every kind of noiſe, and which the light itſelf cannot penetrate; together with a common dining-room, that I uſe whenever I have none but familiar friends with me. A ſecond portico looks upon this little area, and has the ſame proſpect with the former I juſt now deſcribed. There is beſides another room, which, being ſituated cloſe to the neareſt plane-tree, enjoys a conſtant ſhade and verdure: its ſides are incruſted half way with carved marble, and from thence to the ceiling a foilage is painted with birds intermixed among the branches, which has an effect altogether as agreeable as that of the carving; at the baſis of which is placed a little fountain, that, playing through ſeveral ſmall pipes into a vaſe, produces a moſt pleaſing murmur. From a corner of the portico you enter into a very ſpacious chamber oppoſite to the grand dining-room, which, from ſome of its windows, has a view of the terrace, and from others of the meadow, as thoſe in the front look upon a caſcade, which entertains at once both the eye and the ear: for the water falling from a great height, foams round the marble baſon which receives it below. This room is extremely warm in winter, being much expoſed to the ſun, as in a clou day the heat of an adjoining ſtove very w ſupplies his abſence. From hence you p through a ſpacious and pleaſant undreſſin room into the cold-bath-room, in which i large gloomy bath: but if you are diſpo to ſwim more at large, or in warmer wat in the middle of the area is a wide baſon that purpoſe, and near it a reſervoir, fr whence you may be ſupplied with cold wat to brace yourſelf again, if you ſhould p ceive you are too much relaxed by the war Contiguous to the cold bath is one of a m dling degree of heat, which enjoys the kin warmth of the ſun, but not ſo intenſely that of the hot-bath, which projects farth This laſt conſiſts of three ſeveral diviſio each of different degrees of heat; the t former lie open to the full ſun; the latt though not ſo much expoſed to its heat, ceives an equal ſhare of its light. Over undreſſing-room is built the tennis-co which, by means of different circles †, adm of different kinds of games. Not far fr the baths, is the ſtair-caſe which leads to inclofed portico, after having firſt paſ through three apartments: one of theſe lo upon the little area with the four plane-t round it, the other has a ſight of the m dows, and from the third you have a view ſeveral vineyards: ſo that they have as m different proſpects as expoſitions. At end of the incloſed portico, and indeed ta off from it, is a chamber that looks upon

* A part of the garden ſo called.

† Theſe circles were probably particular m made on the floor, the ſucceſs of their play pending on the ball's lighting in ſuch a c after it had been ſtruck, which it was the ad ſary's buſineſs to prevent; and the many for exerciſes this room was made for, might be verſified by lines or circles on the walls or f hippodro

odrome, the vineyards, and the moun- ; adjoining is a room which has a full ſure to the ſun, eſpecially in winter: hence runs an apartment that connects ippodrome with the houſe: and ſuch is form and aſpect of the front. On the is a ſummer incloſed portico, which s high, and has not only a proſpect of vineyards, but ſeems almoſt to touch . From the middle of this portico you a dining-room, cooled by the wholeſome es which come from the Apennine val- : from the windows in the back front, h are extremely large, there is a proſpect e vineyards, as you have alſo another of them from the folding doors through ummer portico: along that ſide of this ng-room, where there are no windows, a private ſtair-caſe for the greater con- ency of ſerving at entertainments: at the er end is a chamber, from whence the eye tertained with a view of the vineyards, (what is equally agreeable) of the por- Underneath this room is an incloſed ico ſomething reſembling a grotto, which ying, in the midſt of ſummer heats, its natural coolneſs, neither admits nor s the refreſhment of external breezes. r you have paſſed both theſe porticos, at nd of the dining-room ſtands a third, h, as the day is more or leſs advanced, s either for winter or ſummer uſe. It s to two different apartments, one con- ng four chambers, the other three, which y by turns both ſun and ſhade. In the of theſe agreeable buildings lies a very ous hippodrome *, entirely open in the le; by which means the eye, upon your

firſt entrance, takes in its whole extent at one view. It is encompaſſed on every ſide with plane-trees covered with ivy; ſo that while their heads flouriſh with their own green, their bodies enjoy a borrowed verdure; and thus the ivy, twining round the trunk and branches, ſpreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Beeween each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind theſe, bay-trees, which blend their ſhade with that of the planes. This plantation, forming a ſtreight boundary on both ſides of the hippodrome, bends at the farther end into a ſemicircle, which being ſet round and ſheltered with cypreſs-trees, varies the proſpect, and caſts a deeper and more gloomy ſhade; while the inward circular walks (for there are ſeveral) enjoying an open expoſure, are perfumed with roſes, and correct, by a very pleaſing contraſt, the coolneſs of the ſhade with the warmth of the ſun. Having paſſed through theſe ſeveral winding alleys, you enter a ſtraight walk, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box-hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another, the box is cut into a thouſand different forms; ſometimes into letters, expreſſing the name of the maſter, ſometimes that of the artificer, whilſt here and there little obeliſks riſe intermixed alternately with fruit-trees: when on a ſudden, in the midſt of this elegant regularity, you are ſurpriſed with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature; in the centre of which lies a ſpot ſurrounded with a knot of dwarf plane-trees †. Beyond theſe is a walk interſperſed

* A place among the Grecians, ſet apart for -racing, and other exerciſes of that kind.

† The plane-tree was extremely cultivated among the Romans upon account of its extraordinary ſhade, and they uſed to nouriſh it with wine inſtead of water.

with the ſmooth and twining acanthus, where the trees are alſo cut into a variety of names and ſhapes. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, ſhaded with vines, ſupported by four ſmall Caryſtian pillars *. From this bench the water guſhing through ſeveral little pipes, as if it were preſſed out by the weight of the perſons who repoſe themſelves upon it, falls into a ſtone ciſtern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine poliſhed marble baſon, ſo artfully contrived, that it is always full without overflowing. When I ſup here, this baſon ſerves for a table, the larger ſort of diſhes being placed round the margin, while the ſmaller ones ſwim about in the form of little veſſels and water-fowl. Correſponding to this, is a fountain which is inceſſantly emptying and filling; for the water, which it throws up a great height, falling back again into it, is, by means of two openings, returned as faſt as it is received. Fronting the alcove (and which reflects as great an ornament to it, as it borrows from it) ſtands a ſummer-houſe of exquiſite marble, whoſe doors project and open into a green incloſure; as from its upper and lower windows the eye is preſented with a variety of different verdures. Next to this is a little private cloſet (which, though it ſeems diſtinct, may be laid into the ſame room) furniſhed with a couch; and notwithſtanding it has windows on every ſide, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloomineſs, by means of a ſpreading vine, which climbs to the top, and entirely overſhades it. Here you may lie and fancy yourſelf in a wood, with this difference only, that you are not expo the weather: in this place a fountain riſes, and inſtantly diſappears: in diff quarters are diſpoſed ſeveral marble which ſerve, as well as the ſummer-houſ ſo many reliefs after one is wearied with ing. Near each ſeat is a little fountain; throughout the whole hippodrome, ſ ſmall rills run murmuring along, w ſoever the hand of art thought proper to duct them, watering here and there diff ſpots of verdure, and in their progre freſhing the whole.

And now, I ſhould not have hazard imputation of being too minute in this d if I had not propoſed to lead you into corner of my houſe and gardens. You hardly, I imagine, think it a trouble to the deſcription of a place, which I am ſuaded would pleaſe you were you to ſ eſpecially as you have it in your pow ſtop, and, by throwing aſide my lett down as it were, and reſt yourſelf as oft you think proper. I had at the ſame ti view, to the gratification of my own pa as I confeſs I have a very great one fo villa, which was chiefly built or finiſh myſelf. In a word, (for why ſhould I ceal from friend my ſentiments whether or wrong?) I look upon it as the firſt of every writer, frequently to throw his upon his title-page, and to conſider w ſubject he has propoſed to himſelf; a may be aſſured, if he cloſely purſues his he cannot juſtly be thought tedious; b the contrary, if he ſuffers himſelf to be off from it, he will moſt certaintly inc cenſure. Homer, you know, has em many verſes in the deſcription of the a Achilles, as Virgil alſo has in thoſe of Æ yet neither of them are prolix, becau

* This marble came from Caryſtus (now called Cariſto) in Eubœa, an iſland in the Archipelago, which has ſince changed its name into Negroponte.

h keep within the limits of their original gn. Aratus, you see, is not esteemed too umstantial, though he traces and enume- s the minutest stars: for he does not go of his way for that purpose, he only fol- s where his subject leads him. In the e manner (to compare small things with at) if endeavouring to give you an idea my house, I have not wandered into any ng foreign, or, as it were, devious, it is my letter which describes, but my villa ich is described, that is to be deemed large. t not to dwell any longer upon this di- ssion, lest I should myself be condemned the maxim I have just laid down; I have v informed you why I prefer my Tuscan a, to those which I possess at Tusculum *, ber †, and Præneste ‡. Besides the ad- tages already mentioned, I here enjoy a re profound retirement, as I am at a far- r distance from the business of the town, the interruption of troublesome avoca- ns. All is calm and composed; which tributes, no less than its clear air and un- udy sky, to that health of body and cheer- ness of mind which I particularly enjoy re: both of which I keep in proper exer- by study and hunting. And indeed re is no place which agrees better with all family in general; I am sure at least, I e not yet lost one (and I speak it with the timents I ought) of all those I brought h me hither: and may the gods continue t happiness to me, and that honour to my a! Farewell.

* Now called Frascati, † Tivoli, and ‡ Pales- a, all of them situated in the Campagna di na, and at no great distance from Rome.

Letter 14. *To Marcellinus.*

I Write this to you under the utmost op- pression of sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! never surely was there a more agreeable and more amiable young person, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom of age and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an enga- ging fondness did she behave to her father! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends! how affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she disco- vered great strength of judgment; she in- dulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did she endure her last illness! she complied with all the directions of her physicians; she en- couraged her sister and her father; and when all her strength of body was exhausted, sup- ported herself by the single vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it hap- pened! she was contracted to a most worthy youth! the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as

grief is ever finding out circumſtances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had deſigned to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and ſpices for her funeral? He is a man of great learning and good ſenſe, who has applied himſelf from his earlieſt youth to the nobler and moſt elevated ſtudies; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himſelf, he now abſolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderneſs. You will excuſe, you will even approve his ſorrow, when you conſider what he has loſt. He has loſt a daughter who reſembled him in his manners, as well as his perſon, and exactly copied out all her father. If you ſhall think proper to write to him upon the ſubject of ſo reaſonable a grief, let me remind you not to uſe the rougher arguments of conſolation, and ſuch as ſeem to carry a ſort of reproof with them, but thoſe of kind and ſympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reaſon: for as a freſh wound ſhrinks back from the hand of the ſurgeon, but by degrees ſubmits to, and even requires the means of its cure: ſo a mind under the firſt impreſſions of a misfortune ſhuns and rejects all arguments of conſolation, but, at length, if applied with tenderneſs, calmly and willingly acquieſces in them. Farewel.

## Letter 15. *To Macer.*

ALL is well with me, ſince it is ſo with you. You are happy, I find, in the company of your wife and ſon, and are enjoying the pleaſures of the ſea, the freſhneſs of the fountains, the verdure of the fields, and the elegancies of a moſt agreeable villa: for ſo judge it to be, ſince he who was moſt hap ere fortune had raiſed him to what is gen rally eſteemed the higheſt point of human fe city, choſe it for the place of his retiremen As for myſelf, I am employed at my Tuſc villa in hunting and ſtudying, ſometimes a ternately, and ſometimes both together; b I am not yet able to determine in which pu ſuit it is moſt difficult to ſucceed. Farewe

## Letter 16. *To Calphurnia* *.

NEVER was buſineſs more uneaſy to m than when it prevented me not only from a tending, but following you into Campania As at all times, ſo particularly now, I w to be with you, that I may be a witneſs wh progreſs you make in your ſtrength and r covery, and how the tranquillity, the amu ments, and plenty of that charming coun agrees with you. Were you in perfect heal yet I could ill ſupport your abſence; for ev a moments uncertainty of the welfare of th we tenderly love, is a ſituation of mind i finitely painful; but now your ſickneſs co ſpires with your abſence to perplex me wit thouſand diſquietudes. I fear every thi that can befal you, and, as is uſual with under the ſame terrifying apprehenſions, ſu pect moſt, what I moſt dread. Let me co jure you then to prevent my ſolicitude writing to me every day, and even twice day; I ſhall be more eaſy at leaſt while I reading your letters; though all my appr henſions will again return upon me the m ment I have peruſed them. Farewell.

* His wife.

† Where Fabatus, Calphurnia's grandfat had a villa.



Le

Letter 17. *To Calpburnia.*

YOU kindly tell me, my abſence is greatly easy to you, and that your only conſolation is in converſing with my works, inſtead their author, which you frequently place your ſide. How agreeable is it to me to ow that you thus wiſh for my company, d ſupport yourſelf under the want of it by ſe tender amuſements! In return, I enter- n myſelf with reading over your letters ain and again, and am continually taking em up as if I had juſt received them; but, s! they only ſerve to make me more ſtrong- regret your abſence; for how amiable ſt her converſation be, whoſe letters have many charms? Let me receive them, how- er, as often as poſſible, notwithſtanding there ſtill a mixture of pain in the pleaſure they ord me. Farewell.

Letter 18. *To Tacitus.*

YOUR requeſt that I would ſend you an count of my uncle's death, in order to nſmit a more exact relation of it to poſteri- deſerves my acknowledgments; for if accident ſhall be celebrated by your pen, glory of it, I am well aſſured, will be ren- ed for ever illuſtrious. And notwith- nding he periſhed by a misfortune, which, it involved at the ſame time a moſt beauti- country in ruins, and deſtroyed ſo many pulous cities, ſeems to promiſe him an rlaſting remembrance; notwithſtanding has himſelf compoſed many and laſting rks; yet, I am perſuaded, the mentioning him in your immortal writings will greatly tribute to eternize his name. Happy I em those to be, whom Providence has inguiſhed with the abilities either of doing h actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are bleſſed with both theſe uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your hiſtory will evidently prove, may juſtly be ranked. It is with extreme willingneſs, therefore, I execute your commands; and ſhould indeed have claimed the taſk if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Myſenum *. On the 23d of Auguſt, about one in the afternoon, my mother deſired him to obſerve a cloud which appeared of a very unuſual ſize and ſhape. He had juſt returned from taking the benefit of the ſun †, and after bathing himſelf in cold water, and taking a ſlight repaſt, was retired to his ſtudy: he immediately aroſe and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more diſtinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that diſtance diſcernible from what mountain this cloud iſſued, but it was found afterwards to aſcend from Mount Veſuvius ‡. I cannot give you a more exact deſcription of its figure than by reſembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it ſhot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itſelf at the top into a ſort of branches; occaſioned, I imagine, either by a ſudden guſt of air that impelled it, the force of which decreaſed as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itſelf being preſſed back again by

* In the gulf of Naples.

† The Romans uſed to lie or walk naked in the ſun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which, contributing to health, was daily practiſed by them.

‡ About ſix miles diſtant from Naples.—Thi dreadful eruption happened A. D. 79, in the firſt year of the emperor Titus.

its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared ſometimes bright, and ſometimes dark and ſpotted, as it was either more or leſs impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philoſophical curioſity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light veſſel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather choſe to continue my ſtudies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the houſe he received a note from Rectina the wife of Baſſus, who was in the utmoſt alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being ſituated at the foot of Mount Veſuvius, there was no way to eſcape but by ſea; ſhe earneſtly intreated him therefore to come to her aſſiſtance. He accordingly changed his firſt deſign, and what he began with a philoſophical, he purſued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered the gallies to put to ſea, and went himſelf on board with an intention of aſſiſting not only Rectina, but ſeveral others; for the villas ſtand extremely thick upon that beautiful coaſt. When haſtening to the place from whence others fled with the utmoſt terror, he ſteered his direct courſe to the point of danger, and with ſo much calmneſs and preſence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his obſervations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful ſcene. He was now ſo nigh 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 rolled down from the mountain, and obſtructed all the ſhore. Here he ſtopped to conſider whether he ſhould return back again; to which the pilot adviſing him: "Fortune," ſaid he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ* ſeparated by a gulf, 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 cheerfulneſs, or at leaſt (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from Mount Veſuvius flamed out in 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 ſoothe 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 pretty fat and breathing hard, thoſe who attended without actually heard him ſnore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with ſtones and aſhes, if he had con-

* Now called *Caſtel à Mar di Stabia*, in the gulf of Naples.

nued there any time longer, it would have en impossible for him to have made his way t; it was thought proper therefore to waken him. He got up, and went to Pomnianus and the rest of his company, who ere not unconcerned enough to think of ing to bed. They consulted together, hether it would be most prudent to trust to e houses, which now shook from side to le with frequent and violent concussions, or to the open fields, where the calcined nes and cinders, though light indeed, yet ll in large showers, and threatened destrucon. In this distress they resolved for the lds as the less dangerous situation of the o; a resolution which, while the rest of e company were hurried into by their fears, y uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate nsideration. They went out then, having llows tied upon their heads with napkins; d this was their whole defence against the orm of stones that fell round them. Though was day now every where else, with them was darker than the most obscure night, cepting only what light proceeded from the re and flames. They thought proper to down farther upon the shore to observe they might safely put out to sea, but they und the waves still run extremely high and isterous. There my uncle having drank a aught or two of cold water, threw himself wn upon a cloth which was spread for m, when immediately the flames and a ong smell of sulphur, which was the forenner of them, dispersed the rest of the mpany, and obliged them to arise. He ised himself up with the assistance of two his servants, and instantly fell down dead: ffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross d noxious vapour, having always had weak ngs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon 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, who were at Misenum—But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no 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 the truth. You will chuse out of this narrative 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. Farewell.

### Letter 19. *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what errors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us, as they are extremely frequent in Campania;

pania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered; and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though in the open fields, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this, our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness: "If your "brother, and your uncle," said he, "is "safe, he certainly wishes you may be so "too; but if he perished, it was his desire "no doubt, that you might both survive "him: Why therefore do you delay your "escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend, and cover the whole ocean; as indeed, it entirely hid the island of Caprea *, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she should willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine: but I absolutely refused to leave her; and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and

* An island near Naples, now called Capri.

observe

erved behind us a thick ſmoke, which came ing after us like a torrent. I propoſed, ile we had yet any light, to turn out of high road, leſt we ſhould be preſſed to th in the dark by the crowd that followed We had ſcarce ſtepped out of the path, en a darkneſs overſpread us, not like that a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, of a room when it is ſhut up, and all the ts extinct. Nothing then was to be heard the ſhrieks of women, the ſcreams of ldren, and the cries of men; ſome calling their children, others for their parents, ers for their huſbands, and only diſtinſhing each other by their voices; one laenting his own fate, another that of his nily; ſome wiſhing to die from the very r of dying, ſome lifting up their hands to gods, but the greater part imagining that laſt and eternal night was come, which s to deſtroy both the gods and the world gether. Among theſe there were ſome o augmented the real terrors by imaginary es, and made the frighted multitude falſely ieve that Miſenum was actually in flames. length a glimmering light appeared, which imagined to be rather the forerunner of approaching burſt of flames (as in truth was) than the return of day; however, the fell at a diſtance from us: then again we re immerſed in thick darkneſs, and a avy ſhower of aſhes rained upon us, which were obliged every now and then to ſhake , otherwiſe we ſhould have been cruſhed d buried in the heap. I might boaſt, that ring all this ſcene of horror, not a ſigh or preſſion of fear eſcaped from me, had not ſupport been founded in that miſerable, ough ſtrong conſolation, that all mankind re involved in the ſame calamity, and that magined I was periſhing with the world itſelf. At laſt this dreadful darkneſs was diſſipated by degrees like a cloud of ſmoke: the real day returned, and even the ſun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipſe is coming on. Every object that preſented itſelf to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) ſeemed changed, being covered over with white aſhes as with a deep ſnow. We returned to Miſenum, where we refreſhed ourſelves as well as we could, and paſſed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger ſhare of the latter; for the earthquake ſtill continued, while ſeveral enthuſiaſtic people ran up and down heightening their own and their friends calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithſtanding the danger we had paſſed, and that which ſtill threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we ſhould receive ſome account of my uncle——

And now you will read this narrative without any view of inſerting it in your hiſtory, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you muſt impute it to your own requeſt, if it ſhall appear ſcarce to deſerve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell!

### Letter 20. *To Serviamus.*

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear that you deſign your daughter for Fuſcus Salinator, and congratulate you upon it. His family is patrician *, and both his father and mother are perſons of the moſt exalted merit. As for himſelf, he is ſtudious, learned, and eloquent, and with all the innocence of a child,

* Thoſe families were ſtyled Patrician, whoſe anceſtors had been members of the ſenate in the earlieſt times of the regal or conſular government.

unites the ſprightlineſs of youth to the wiſdom of age. I am not, believe me, deceived by my affection, when I give him this character; for though I love him, I confeſs, beyond meaſure (as his friendſhip and eſteem for me well deſerve), yet partiality has no ſhare in my judgment; on the contrary, the ſtronger my fondneſs of him is, the more rigorouſly I weigh his merit. I will venture then to aſſure you (and I ſpeak upon my own experience) you could not have formed to your wiſh a more accompliſhed ſon-in-law. May he ſoon preſent you with a grand-ſon, who ſhall be the exact copy of his father! And with what pleaſure ſhall I receive from the arms of two ſuch friends their children or grand-children, whom I ſhall claim a ſort of right to embrace as my own! Farewell.

### Letter 21. *To Quintilian.*

THOUGH your deſires, I know, are extremely moderate, and the education which your daughter has received, is ſuitable to your character, and that of Tutilius her grandfather; yet as ſhe is going to be married to a perſon of ſo great diſtinction as Nonius Celer, whoſe ſtation requires a certain ſplendor of living, it will be neceſſary to conſider the rank of her huſband in her clothes and equipage: circumſtances which, though they do not augment our real dignity, yet certainly adorn and grace it. But as I am ſenſible your fortune is not equal to the greatneſs of your mind, I claim to myſelf a part in your expence, and like another father, preſent the young lady with fifty thouſand ſeſterces *. The ſum ſhould be larger, but that I am well perſuaded the ſmallneſs of the preſent is the only conſideration that can prevail with yo modeſty not to refuſe it. Farewell.

* About 400l. of our money.

### Letter 22. *To Tuſcus.*

YOU deſire my ſentiments concerning t method of ſtudy you ſhould purſue, in th retirement to which you have long ſince wit drawn. In the firſt place then, I look up it as a very advantageous practice (and it what many recommend) to tranſlate eith from Greek into Latin, or from Latin in Greek. By this means you will furni yourſelf with noble and proper expreſſion with variety of beautiful figures, and an ea and ſtrength of ſtyle. Beſides, by imitatin the moſt approved authors, you will fi your imagination heated, and fall inſenſibl into a ſimilar turn of thought; at the ſam time that thoſe things which you may poſſibl have overlooked in a common way of reading cannot eſcape you in tranſlating: and th method will open your underſtanding an improve your judgment. It may not b amiſs, after you have read an author, in or der to make yourſelf maſter of his ſubject an argument, from his reader to turn, as it wer his rival, and attempt ſomething of your ow in the ſame way; and then make an impar tial compariſon between your performanc and his, in order to ſee in what points eithe you or he moſt happily ſucceeded. It wi be a matter of very pleaſing congratulation t yourſelf, if you ſhall find in ſome thing that you have the advantage of him, as it wi be a great mortification if he ſhould riſe abov you in all. You may ſometimes venture i theſe little eſſays, to try your ſtrength upo the moſt ſhining paſſages of a diſtinguiſhe author. The attempt, indeed, will be ſome thing bold; but as it is a contention whic paſſes in ſecret, it cannot be taxed with pre ſumption

mption; not but that we have ſeen in-
ances of perſons who have publicly entered
is ſort of liſts with great ſucceſs; and
hile they did not deſpair of overtaking, have
oriouſly advanced before thoſe whom they
ought it ſufficient honour to follow. After
ou have thus finiſhed a compoſition, you
ay lay it aſide, till it is no longer freſh in
our memory, and then take it up, in order
reviſe and correct it. You will find feve-
l things to retain, but ſtill more to reject;
ou will add a new thought here, and alter
nother there. It is a laborious and tedious
ſk, I own, thus to re-enflame the mind after
e firſt heat is over, to recover an impulſe
hen its force has been checked and ſpent—
a word, to interweave new parts into the
xture of a compoſition, without diſturbing
confounding the original plan; but the
dvantage attending this method will over-
alance the difficulty. I know the bent of
our preſent attention is directed towards the
oquence of the bar; but I would not for
at reaſon adviſe you never to quit the ſtyle
diſpute and contention. As land is im-
roved by ſowing it with various ſeeds, ſo is
e mind by exerciſing it with different ſtu-
es. I would recommend it to you, there-
re, ſometimes to ſingle out a fine paſſage of
ſtory; ſometimes to exerciſe yourſelf in the
piſtolary ſtyle, and ſometimes the poetical:
r it frequently happens, that in pleading,
e has occaſion to make uſe, not only of
ſtorical, but even poetical deſcriptions, as
y the epiſtolary manner of writing you will
quire a cloſe and eaſy expreſſion. It will
e extremely proper alſo to unbend your
ind with poetry; when I ſay ſo, I do not
ean that ſpecies of it which turns upon ſub-
cts of great length (for that is fit only for
perſons of much leiſure), but thoſe little
pieces of the epigrammatic kind, which ſerve
as proper reliefs to, and are conſiſtent with,
employments of every ſort. They commonly
go under the title of Poetical Amuſements;
but theſe amuſements have ſometimes gained
as much reputation to their authors, as works
of a more ſerious nature. In this manner
the greateſt men, as well as the greateſt ora-
tors, uſed either to exerciſe or amuſe them-
ſelves, or rather indeed did both. It is ſur-
priſing how much the mind is entertained
and enlivened by theſe little poetical compo-
ſitions, as they turn upon ſubjects of gallan-
try, ſatire, tenderneſs, politeneſs, and every
thing in ſhort that concerns life and the af-
fairs of the world. Beſides, the ſame ad-
vantage attends theſe as every other ſort of
poems, that we turn from them to proſe with
ſo much the more pleaſure, after having ex-
perienced the difficulty of being conſtrained
and fettered by numbers. And now, per-
haps, I have troubled you upon this ſubject
longer than you deſired; however, there is
one thing which I have omitted: I have not
told you what kind of authors you ſhould
read; though indeed that was ſufficiently
implied when I mentioned what ſubjects I
would recommend for your compoſitions.
You will remember, that the moſt approved
writers of each ſort are to be carefully choſen;
for, as it has been well obſerved, "though
we ſhould read much, we ſhould not read
many books." Who thoſe authors are, is
ſo clearly ſettled, and ſo generally known,
that I need not point them out to you; be-
ſides, I have already extended this letter to
ſuch an immoderate length, that I have inter-
rupted, I fear, too long thoſe ſtudies I have
been recommending. I will here reſign you
therefore

therefore to your papers, which you will now resume; and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewell!

### Letter 23. *To Maximus.*

THE lingering disorder of a friend of mine gave me occasion lately to reflect that we are never so virtuous as when oppressed with sickness. Where is the man who, under the pain of any distemper, is either solicited by avarice or enflamed with lust? At such a season he is neither a slave of love, nor the fool of ambition: he looks with indifference upon the charms of wealth, and is contented with ever so small a portion of it, as being upon the point of leaving even that little. It is then he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man: no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration, or his contempt: and the reports of slander neither raise his attention nor feed his curiosity: his imagination is wholly employed upon baths and fountains. These are the subjects of his cares and wishes, while he resolves, if he should recover, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and tranquillity, that is, in innocence and happiness. I may therefore lay down to you and myself a short rule, which the philosophers have endeavoured to inculcate at the expence of many words, and even many volumes; that "we should "practise in health those resolutions we form "in sickness." Farewell.

### Letter 24. *To Romanus.*

HAVE you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus *? as I never heard you mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered with venerable and shady cypress trees, a spring issues out, which gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious bason, so extremely clear that you may see the pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it *, as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity of the ground, as by its own strength and fulness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labour and ease is excedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too.

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below the village of Campello in Ombria.

* The heads of considerable rivers, hot springs, large bodies of standing water, &c. were esteemed holy among the Romans, and cultivated with religious ceremonies. It was customary to throw little pieces of money into those fountains, lakes, &c. which had the reputation of being sacred, as a mark of veneration for those places, and to render the presiding deities propitious.

ar it ſtands an ancient and venerable tem-, wherein is placed the river-god Clitum-s, clothed in a robe,* whoſe immediate pre-ce the prophetic oracles here delivered ſuf-iently teſtify. Several little chapels are ttered round, dedicated to particular gods tinguiſhed by different names, and ſome of em too preſiding over different fountains. r, beſides the principal one, which is, as it re, the parent of all the reſt, there are ſeve- other leſſer ſtreams, which, taking their e from various ſources, loſe themſelves in e river; over which a bridge is built, that arates the ſacred part from that which lies en to common uſe. Veſſels are allowed to me above this bridge, but no perſon is rmitted to ſwim except below it *. The iſpalletes †, to whom Auguſtus gave this ace, furniſh a public bath, and likewiſe en-tain all ſtrangers at their own expence. veral villas, attracted by the beauty of this er, are ſituated upon its borders. In ort, every object that preſents itſelf will af-rd you entertainment. You may alſo uſe yourſelf with numberleſs inſcriptions, at are fixed upon the pillars and walls by ferent perſons, celebrating the virtues of e fountain, and the divinity that preſides er it. There are many of them you will eatly admire, as there are ſome that will ake you laugh: but I muſt correct myſelf en I ſay ſo; you are too humane, I know, laugh upon ſuch an occaſion. Farewell.

* The touch of a naked body was thought to lute theſe conſecrated waters.

† Inhabitants of a town in Ombria, now call-Spello.

Letter 25. *To Fuſcus.*

YOU deſire to know in what manner I diſpoſe of my time, in my ſummer villa at Tuſcum. I riſe juſt when I find myſelf in the humour, though generally with the ſun; ſometimes indeed ſooner, but ſeldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the ſhutters of my chamber windows cloſed, as darkneſs and ſilence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abſtracted from thoſe outward objects which diſſipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor ſuffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in ſubjection to my mind, which, when they are not diſtracted by a multiplicity of external objects, ſee nothing but what the imagination repreſents to them. If I have any compoſition upon my hands, this is the time I chooſe to conſider it, not only with reſpect to the general plan, but even the ſtyle and expreſſion, which I ſettle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compoſe more or leſs as the ſubject is more or leſs difficult, and I find myſelf able to retain it. Then I call my ſecretary, and opening the ſhutters, I dictate to him what I have compoſed, after which I diſmiſs him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not obſerve one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the ſubject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myſelf as before, when I was walking or in my ſtudy: and find this changing of the ſcene preſerves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repoſe myſelf: then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud

ſome Greek or Latin oration, not ſo much for the ſake of ſtrengthening my elocution, as my digeſtion; though indeed the voice at the ſame time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exerciſes, and go into the bath. At ſupper, if I have only my wife, or a few friends with me, ſome author is read to us; and after ſupper we are entertained either with muſic or an interlude. When that is finiſhed, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without ſome perſons of literature. Thus we paſs our evenings in various converſation; and the day, even when it is at the longeſt, ſteals away imperceptibly. Upon ſome occaſions, I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For inſtance, if I have ſtudied longer or walked more than uſual after my ſecond ſleep and reading an oration or two aloud, inſtead of uſing my chariot I get on horſeback: by which means I take as much exerciſe and loſe leſs time. The viſits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim ſome part of the day; and ſometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very ſeaſonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuſe myſelf with ſporting, but always take my tables into the field, that though I ſhould not meet with game, I may at leaſt bring home ſomething. Part of my time too (though not ſo much as they deſire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their ruſtic complains give a zeſt to my ſtudies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewell.

Letter 26. *To the ſame.*

YOU are much pleaſed, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I ſpend the ſummer ſeaſon at Tuſcum; and deſire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentinum in the winter. None at all, except abridging myſelf of my ſleep at noon, and employing part of the night in ſtudy; and if any cauſe requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), inſtead of having interludes or muſic after ſupper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often reviſing it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my ſcheme of life in ſummer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate ſeaſons of ſpring and autumn. As in thoſe times I loſe nothing of the day, ſo I ſtudy but little in the night. Farewell.

# BOOK II. MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS.

## SECT. I. MODERN OF EARLY DATE.

Letter 1. *Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry.*

Sir,

YOUR grace's diſpleaſure and my impriſonment are things ſo ſtrange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs a truth, and ſo obtain your favour) by ſuch an 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

u ſay, confeſſing a truth, indeed, may pro-
re my ſafety, I ſhall, with all willingneſs
l duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine that
ur poor wife will ever be brought to ac-
owledge a fault, where not ſo much as a
ought thereof preceded. And, to ſpeak a
th, never prince had wife more loyal in all
ty, and in all true affection, than you
ve ever found in Anne Bullen; with which
me and place I could willingly have con-
ted myſelf, if God and your grace's plea-
e had been ſo pleaſed. Neither did I at
y time ſo far forget myſelf in my exaltation,
received queenſhip, but that I have always
ked for ſuch an alteration as now I find:
the ground of my preferment being on
ſurer foundation than your grace's fancy,
leaſt alteration, I know, was fit and ſuf-
ent to draw that fancy to ſome other ſub-
t. You have choſen me from a low eſtate
be your queen and companion, far beyond
deſert and deſire. If then you found me
rthy of ſuch honour, good your grace let
any light fancy, or bad counſel of mine
mies, withdraw your princely favour from
; neither let that ſtain, that unworthy ſtain,
a diſloyal heart towards your good grace,
r caſt ſo foul a blot on your moſt dutiful
e, and the infant princeſs your daughter.
y me, good king, but let me have a law-
trial; and let not my ſworn enemies ſit
my accuſers and judges; yea, let me re-
ve an open trial (for my truth ſhall fear no
n ſhame); then ſhall you ſee either mine
ocence cleared, your ſuſpicion and conſci-
e ſatisfied, the ignominy and ſlander of the
rld ſtopped, or my guilt openly declared.
that whatſoever God or you may deter-
ne of me, your grace may be freed from
open cenſure, and mine offence being ſo
lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty,
both before God and man, not only to exe-
cute worthy puniſhment on me, as an unlaw-
ful wife, but to follow your affection, alrea-
dy 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, be-
ing not ignorant of my ſuſpicion therein.
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 ac-
count 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 (what-
ſoever the world may think of me), mine
innocence ſhall be openly known and ſuffi-
ciently cleared. My laſt and only requeſt
ſhall be, that myſelf may only bear the bur-
then 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 found favour in your ſight, if ever
the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleaſing
in your ears, then let me obtain this requeſt;
and I will ſo leave to trouble your grace any
farther, with my earneſt prayers to the Tri-
nity to have your grace in his good keeping,
and to direct you in all your actions. From
my doleful priſon in the tower, the 6th of
May. Your moſt loyal, and ever faithful
wife.

Letter 2. *Earl of Eſſex to Queen Elizabeth.*

FROM a mind delighting in ſorrow, from
ſpirits waſted with paſſion, from a heart torn
in

in pieces with care, grief and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebel's pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

Letter 3. *Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, An.* 1566. 9 *Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years.*

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient fo your learning, and safe for your healt And mark the sense and the matter of th you read, as well as the words. So sha you both enrich your tongue with words, an your wit with matter; and judgment wi grow as years groweth in you. Be humb and obedient to your master, for unless yo frame yourself to obey others, yea, and fe in yourself what obedience is, you shall nev be able to teach others how to obey you. B courteous of gesture, and affable to all men with diversity of reverence, according to th dignity of the person. There is nothing th winneth so much with so little cost. Use me derate diet, so as, after your meat, you m find your wit fresher, and not duller, an your body more lively, and not more heav Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, l being enforced to drink upon the sudden, yo should find yourself inflamed. Upon exe cise of body, but such as is without peril your joints or bones. It will increase yo force, and enlarge your breath. Delight be cleanly, as well in all parts of your bod as in your garments. It shall make yo grateful in each company, and otherw loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, f you degenerate from your father, if you fin not yourself most able in wit and body, to any thing, when you be most merry: but your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, an biting words to any man; for a wound giv by a word is oftentimes harder to be cur than that which is given with the sword. you rather a hearer and bearer away of oth men's talk, than a beginner or procurer speech, otherwise you shall be counted to d light to hear yourself speak. If you hear wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it yo

r memory, with respect of the circum-
ce, when you shall speak it. Let never
n be heard to come out of your mouth,
word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so
l custom make to yourself a law against it
ourself. Be modest in each assembly, and
er be rebuked of light fellows, for mai-
-like shamefacedness, than of your sad
nds for pert boldness. Think upon every
d that you will speak, before you utter
and remember how nature hath rampired
(as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips,
and hair without the lips, and all beto-
ing reins, or bridles, for the loose use of
member. Above all things tell no un-
h, no not in trifles. The custom of it
naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that,
a time, the hearers take it for truth; for
r it will be known as it is, to your
ne; for there cannot be a greater reproach
gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.
dy and endeavour yourself to be virtuously
pied. So shall you make such an habit
well-doing in you, that you shall not
w how to do evil, though you would.
nember, my son, the noble blood you are
ended of, by your mother's side; and
k that only by virtuous life and good ac-
, you may be an ornament to that illus-
us family; and otherwise, through vice
sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*,
of the greatest curses that can happen to
. Well (my little Philip) this is enough
me, and too much, I fear, for you. But
shall find that this light meal of diges-
nourish any thing the weak stomach of
young capacity, I will, as I find the
grow stronger, feed it with tougher
. Your loving father, so long as you
in the fear of God.

Letter 4. *Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

YOUR several letters of the 17th of September and 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusins I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more or can be more to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from you, and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague, and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the Pope and us. I think the Princes and Potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal

cipal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the King of that realm: and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the Princes courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those Kings courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every Prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge; by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him. I hear you are fallen into consort and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth yet to mislike nothing in you; for which like you a great deal the better; and I ho I shall hear further of your commendati from him, which will be to my comfort. find by Harry White that all your money gone, which with some wonder displeai me; and if you cannot frame your charg according to that proportion I have appoint you, I must and will send for you home. have sent order to Mr. Languet for one hu dred pounds for you, which is twenty pour more than I promised you; and this I k and order that it shall serve you till the of March 1580. Assure yourself I will enlarge one groat, therefore look well your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive letter, you will be at or near Strasbur from which resolve not to depart till middle of April come twelvemonth; then I will not that you do, unless you apply your study, as by that time you conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, have the tongues of Latin, French, Dutch; which I know you may have, if will apply your will and wit to it. I sure you cannot but find what lack in lea ing you have by your often departing fr Oxford; and the like, and greater loss f you find, if you resolve not to remain c tinually for the time appointed in Strasbu Write to me monthly, and of your char particularly; and either in Latin or Fren I take in good part that you have kept p mise with me; and on my blessing I cha you to write truly to me from time to ti whether you keep it or no; and if you br it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. no dishonest thing for any respect. I

. Languet with reverence, unto whom in t hearty manner commend me; and to ctor Lubetius and Mr. Doctor Sturnius. ewell. If you will follow my counsel, shall be my sweet boy. From Bay-d's Castle in London this 25th of March 8. Your loving father.

ter 6. *Sir Philip Sidney to his father Sir Henry Sidney.*

ight honourable my singular good Lord and Father.

O strangely and diversely goes the course he world by the interchanging humours those that govern it, that though it be t noble to have always one mind and one stancy, yet can it not be always directed ne point, but must need sometimes alter course, according as the force of other nges drives it. As now in your Lord-'s case, to whom of late I wrote, wishing r Lordship to return as soon as conve-tly you might, encouraged thereunto by assurance the best sort had given me, with t honourable considerations your return ld befal, particularly to your lot: it es me change my style, and write to r Lordship, that keeping still your mind ne state of virtuous quietness, you will frame your course according to them. as they delay your honourable reward-so you by good means do delay your rn, till either that ensue, or fitter time or this.

er Majesty's letters prescribed you a in day I think; the day was past before nam came unto you, and enjoined to do things, the doing whereof must neces-y require some longer time. Hereupon Lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only shewing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the Chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your Lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God, there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part, I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your Lordship to weigh the particularities of your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself, and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here), this is your best way. At least, whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you, with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the Queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April, 1578.

Letter

Letter 7. *Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland.*

My good Ned,

NEVER since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters have been received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundas.* Commend me to my Lord President; to the noble Sir Nicholas, whom I bear special good will to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health. Sir Nicholas Bagnol; Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is Mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewell. From Court, this 28th April 1578. Your very loving friend.

Letter 8. *Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

I HEAR well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between Sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers, but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to yo degree and birthright, with aliens. Follo your discreet and virtuous brother's ex who, with great discretion to his great co mendation, won love, and could variou ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear y have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whea I am glad. You may therefore save mon and discharge your Dutchman; and do indeed, and send for Mr. White; he is honest young man, and is fairly honest, a good and sound to me and my friends. send you now by Stephen 30l. which y call arrearages; term it as you will, it is I owe you till Easter; and 20l. of that, Griffin Maddox telleth me, is Harry Whit I will send you at or before Frankfort m 60l. either to bring you home, or to s you abroad, as you and your brother sh agree, for half a year ending at Micha mas; so Harry White neither hath nor sh have cause to think that I am offended w him; for I cannot look for, nor almost w to hear better of a man, than I hear of hi and how I intend to deal with him, you m see by the letter I send him. He shall h his 20l. yearly, and you your 100l. and be as merry as you may. I thank you, dear boy, for the martern skins you w of. It is more than ever your elder bro sent me; and I will thank you more if t come, for yet I hear not of them, nor saw Cassymyre's picture. The messen (of the picture I mean) played the kn with you and me; and after that sort may write to him; but if your tokens c I will send you such a suit of apparel as beseem your father's son to wear in any c in Germany. Commend me to the Do Simcon's father. I love the boy well.

no more; but God bless you, my sweet , in this world and for ever; as I in world find myself happy by my children. n Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October . Your very loving father.

r 9. *Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Ro-t Sidney, who was the first Earl of Lei-ter of that name.*

My dear brother,

OR the money you have received, assure self (for it is true) there is nothing I so pleaseth me, as that which is for If ever I have ability, you will find not, yet shall not any brother living tter beloved than you of me. I cannot now to N. White; do you excuse me. his nephew, they are but passions in my r, which we must bear with reverence; I am sorry he should return till he had ircuit of his travel, for you should never such a servant as he would prove; use own discretion therein. For your tenance I would for no cause have it hished in Germany; in Italy your greatest nce must be upon worthy men, and not house-holding. Look to your diet t Robin), and hold up your heart in ge and virtue; truly great part of my ort is in you. I know not myself what nt by bravery in you, so greatly you see I condemn you; be careful of your-and I shall never have cares. I have n to Mr. Savell; I wish you kept still her; he is an excellent man; and may, if you list, pass good exercises en you and Mr. Nevell; there is great ation of you both. For the method iting history, Roden hath written at you may read him, and gather out ny words some matter. This I think in haste; a story is either to be considered as a story, or as a treatise, which, besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament; as a story, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof; in that kind your method must be to have *seriem temporem* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Languet, and such other, will help you to. Then to consider by that

as you not yourself, Xenophon to follow Thucidides, so doth Thucidides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of war, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet sometimes, for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, *e re nata*, which are not to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked, for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point, which tends to teach profit,

profit, is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti*; and that is it which makes me, and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenour of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in shewing the causes and benefits of laws; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precepts of war, both offensive and defensive; and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him he deals with all arts, which, because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians; so do soldiers, and even philosophers, and astronomers; but that I wish herein, is this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so as in a table, be in witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences, of which Livy, or similitudes, whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up in the right place of his store-house, as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewi politic matters, and such a little table may easily make, wherewith I would you ever join the historical part, whi only the example of some stratagem, or counsel, or such like. This write I to in great haste, of method without met but with more leisure and study (if I do find some book that satisfies) I will ven to write more largely of it unto you. Savell will with ease help you to set d such a table of remembrance to your and for your sake I perceive he will do m and if ever I be able I will deserve i him; one only thing, as it comes unto mind, let me remember you of, that consider wherein the historian excelleth, that to note, as Dion Nicœus, in the fea ing the secrets of government: Tacitus the pithy opening the venom of wicked and so of the rest. My time, exceedi short, will suffer me to write no more surely; Stephen can tell you, who li with me while I am writing. Now (brother) take delight likewise in the ma maticals; Mr. Savell is excellent in t I think you understand the sphere; if do, I care little for any more astronom you. Arithmetic, and geometry, I w wish you well seen in, so as both in matt number and measure you might have a ing and active judgment; I would yo hear the mechanical instruments, wh the Dutch excel. I write this to you as that for myself have given over the de in the world, but wish to you as muc not more, than to myself. So you can and write Latin, not barbarously, I require great study in Ciceronianism chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba tantur, res ipsas negligunt*. My toyful

ſend, with God's help, by February, ich time you ſhall have your money: for 200l. a year, aſſure yourſelf, if the of England remain, you ſhall not f it, uſe it to your beſt profit. My of Leiceſter ſends you 40l. as I unnd by Stephen, and promiſeth he will nue that ſtipend yearly at the leaſt, then is above commons; in any caſe write ly and diligently unto him, for in truth ve good proof, that he means to be way good unto you; the odd 30l. come with the 100l. or elſe my father will jarle. Now, ſweet brother, take ght to keep and increaſe your muſic, vill not believe what a want I find of my melancholy times. At horſemanwhen you exerciſe it, read Criſon Clauand a book that is called La Gloria de vallo, withal, that you may join the ugh contemplation of it with the exer- and ſo ſhall you profit more in a h, than others in a year, and mark the g, ſaddling, and curing of horſes. I d by the way your Worſhip would a better hand, you write worſe than I, I write evil enough. Once again have e of your diet, and conſequently of complexion; remember, *gratior eſt ns in pulchro corpore virtus*. Now, for news, I refer myſelf to this bearer; n tell you how idle we look on our hours fires, and nothing is happened le at home, ſave only Drake's return, hich yet I know not the ſecret points; bout the world he hath been, and rich returned. Portugal we ſay is loſt, to conclude, my eyes are almoſt cloſed verwatched with tedious buſineſs. God you, ſweet boy, and accompliſh the hope I conceive of you. Once again commend me to Mr. Nevell, Mr. Savell, and honeſt Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and braſers, and play out your play luſtily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earneſt, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and uſe as well the blow as the thruſt; it is good in itſelf, and beſides exerciſes your breath and ſtrength, and will make you a ſtrong man at the tourney and barriers. Firſt in any caſe practiſe the ſingle ſword, and then with the dagger; let no day paſs without an hour or two ſuch exerciſe; the reſt ſtudy, or confer diligently, and ſo ſhall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord how I have babbled: once again farewell, deareſt brother. Your moſt loving and careful brother.

At Leiceſter Houſe this 18th of October, 1580.

Letter 10. *From the Counteſs of Leiceſter to the Earl her huſband.*

My deareſt heart,

THE apprehenſion of your going to Hamburgh brought me much trouble, till I was told that it would be abſolutely left to your choice, and offered to you rather as a compliment, than preſſed on you as a neceſſity. Wherefore, in that particular, I am now reaſonable well ſatisfied; yet will I not deſiſt from the performance of all that may defend you from that journey; for I am more adverſe to it than you can be; though I am confident, that if the King have any ſuch intention, it is with a belief that it will pleaſe you, and not diſcontent you; for I think he is very well diſpoſed to you. I am ſorry you cannot keep yourſelf from being troubled with your companion's folly, who

who I think is very little considered here, for I seldom hear him named; and when he is, it is with contempt. All my present for the Queen of France is provided, which I have done with great care and some trouble; the expence I cannot yet directly tell you; but I think it will be about 120l. for the bone laces are extremely dear. I intend to send it by Monsieur Ruvigny, for most of the things are of new fashion; and if I should keep them, they would be less acceptable; for what is new now, will quickly grow common, such things being sent over almost every week. Now concerning Doll, of whom I can neither say what I desire, nor what I thought I should have done; for I find my Lord Lovelace so uncertain and so idle, so much addicted to mean company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, as it is now my study how to break off with him in such a manner as it may be said that we refused him; for since Sunday last, we have not seen him, though he is every day very near us. Many particulars I could tell you of his wildness; but the knowledge of them would be of no use to you, since he is likely to be a stranger to us; for though his estate is good, his person pretty enough, and his wit much more than ordinary, yet dare I not venture to give Doll to him. And concerning my Lord of Devonshire, I can say as little to please you; for though his mother and sister made fair shows of good intentions to us, yet in the end we find them, just as I expected, full of deceit and juggling. The sister is gone from this town; but the young Lord is still here, who never visited us but once, and yet all the town spoke of a marriage; which I think came upon my Lord of Holland's divulging his confidence that it would be so; and he conceives that he much reason to believe what he did. dear heart, let not these cross accidents tro you, for we do not know what God has vided for her; and, howsoever, let us su to his will, and confess that his benefits far beyond our deserts, and his punishm much less than we have reason to exp The last Sunday, being at the court to on the Queen, the Earl of Holland came mally in, and whispered with her Ma who presently called me; and, with a ch ful countenance, said, that all was concl in France, and that you had sent one to that advertisement; which news I rece with much joy, and went home with an pectation of hearing it confirmed by a l of yours; but, upon enquiry, I found Holland had made this report upon a l which came to Secretary Cooke, wh there was no such thing as he had told Queen. He makes such foolish discours the King of all that you write to him, think you had better say nothing to hi those discontents which I believe somet come to you by false informations. though you have cause of dislike, I d think it advantageous for you to be taking exceptions; and Holland is so to get any thing to talk on to the King he multiplies the least information th receives, so as in my opinion you had best write any thing to him which you w not have him discourse of. And, at present, I can say no more; but that more yours than can be imagined, and impatient to see you than can be expre which I hope will persuade you to b thoughts of kindness on your, &c.

Leicester House, 18th May 1637.

r 11. *The Lady Dorothy Sidney (afterards Countess of Sunderland) to her father bert Earl of Leicester.*

My Lord,

AD not my intentions been diverted by rouble of a distemper, which a great produced, and since that by the expec- of Rochell's coming hither, I would ave been thus slow in presenting your ship with my most humble thanks for any fine things that you have bestowed e. And though they will be my greatest nents, which is of much consideration by ns no wiser than I am; they could not me any contentment, but as I understand are expressions of your Lordship's fa- a blessing that, above all others in this , I do with most passion desire: and mbition is, that whatsoever your Lord- doth propound to be in the perfectest child upon the earth, you may find nplished in me, that will ever be your hip's most affectionate, most humble, xactly obedient.

nshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

r 12. *Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady rotby, daughter of Robert Earl of Leices- four days before the fight of Newberry, ere he was slain.*

NCE I wrote to you last from Sulbey, d some hopes one day to fight with my of Essex's army, we receiving certain gence of his being in a field convenient h, called Ripple Field, towards which dvanced with all possible speed; upon he retired with the body of his army wkesbury, where, by the advantage bridge he was able to make good his r, with five hundred men, against thousand. So that though we were at so near a distance, as we could have been with him in two hours; his quarter being so strong, it was resolved on Thursday, that we seeing for the present he would not fight with us, we should endeavour to force him to it by cutting off his provisions; for which purpose, the best way was, for the body of our army to go back to Evesholme, and for our horse to distress him; upon which I, and many others, resolved to come for a few days hither, there being no probability of fighting very suddenly, where we arrived late on Thursday night. As soon as I came, I went to your father's, where I found Alibone, with whose face I was better pleased than with any of the ladies here. This expression is so much a bolder thing than charging my Lord Essex, that should this letter miscarry, and come to the knowledge of our dames, I should, by having my eyes scratched out, be cleared from coming away from the army for fear; where if I had staid, it is odds I should not have lost more than one. Last night very good news came to court, that we, yesterday morning, fell upon a horse quarter of the enemies, and cut off a regiment, and that my Lord of Newcastle hath killed and taken prisoners, two whole regiments of horse and foot that issued out of Hull; which place he hath great hopes to take ere long. By the same messenger, last night, the King sent the Queen word that he would come hither on Monday or Tuesday; upon one of which days, if he alter his resolutions, I shall not fail to return to the army. I am afraid our sitting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing, if we had a month's more time, which we lost there, for we never were in a more prosperous condition;

tion; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, especially betwixt ——— and ———, by which we receive prejudice. I never saw ——— use any body with more neglect than ———, and we say he is not used much better by the Queen. Mrs. Jermyn met my Lord Jermyn (who, notwithstanding your intelligence, is but a baron) with whom I came, at Woodstoke, with a coach, who told me she would write to you, which I hope she hath done; for since I came here, I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle; so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of this place. Before I go hence, I hope somebody will come from you; howsoever, I shall have a letter here for you. I have taken the best care I can about my œconomical affairs; I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, every body thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet * for me, and tell her I would have writ to her; but that, upon mature deliberation, I found it to be uncivil to return an answer to a lady, in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I cannot, by walking about my chamber, call any thing more to mind to set down here, and really I have made you no small compliment in writing thus much; for I have so great a cold, that I do nothing but sneeze, and mine eyes do nothing but water, all the while I am in this posture of hanging down my head. I beseech you to present his service to my lady, who is most passionately and perfectly yours.

Oxford, September the 16th, 1643.

My humble service to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

* She was his daughter, and afterwards Marchioness of Halifax.

Letter 13. *Robert Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept.* 1643.

My dear Doll,

I KNOW it is to no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; such a loss as yours cannot be received differently, by a nature so tender and sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now pressetb you; yet if you consult with your affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution; wherein, though he knew your suffering, he could not be grieved at your afflicting. And your reason will assure you, that besides the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you love, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he look upon it with any perturbation, for that cannot be avoided, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you

ful of the friendſhip that was between n, if you purſue not his deſires, in being eful of yourſelf, who was ſo dear unto n. But he ſees you not; he knows not at you do; well, what then! Will you any thing that would diſpleaſe him if he ew it, becauſe he is where he doth not ow it? I am ſure that was never in your oughts; for the rules of your actions were, d muſt be, virtue and affection to your ſband, not the consideration of his ignonce or knowledge of what you do; that is t an accident; neither do I think that his eſence was at any time more than a circumnce, not at all neceſſary to your abſtaining om thoſe things which might diſpleaſe him. ſſure yourſelf, that all the ſighs and tears at your heart and eyes can ſacrifice unto our grief, are not ſuch teſtimonies of your fection, as the taking care of thoſe whom loved, that is, of yourſelf, and of thoſe edges of your mutual friendſhip and afction which he hath left with you; and hich, though you would abandon yourſelf, ay juſtly challenge of you the performance f their father's truſt, repoſed in you, to be areful of them. For their ſakes, therefore, ſſuage your grief; they all have need of ou, and one eſpecially, whoſe life as yet oth abſolutely depend on yours. I know ou lived happily, and ſo as nobody but ourſelf could meaſure the contentment of t. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for aking me one of the means to procure it or you. That now is paſt, and I will not atter, you [illegible] much, as to ſay, I think you an e[illegible] to happy in this life again; but [illegible] you owe me, that I may ſee [illegible] change and your misfortunes [illegible] I ſhall be more pleaſed with that than with the other, by as much as I eſteem virtue and wiſdom in you, more than any inconſtant benefits that fortune could beſtow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will uſe examples to authoriſe the preſent paſſion which poſſeſſeth you; and you may ſay, that our Saviour himſelf did weep for the death of one he loved: that is true; but we muſt not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child ſhould run into a river, becauſe he ſaw a man wade through; for neither his ſorrow, nor any other paſſion, could make him ſin; but it is not ſo with us: he was pleaſed to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or reſtrain them; for if we let our paſſions looſe, they will grow headſtrong, and deprive us of the power which we muſt reſerve to ourſelves, that we may recover the government which our reaſon and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not, but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for thoſe they ſhed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleaſed to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myſelf, that all of us may reſign and ſubmit ourſelves entirely and cheerfully to his pleaſure. So nothing ſhall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whoſe number I wiſh as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find ſuch comforts as are beſt and moſt neceſſary for you; it is, and ſhall ever be, the conſtant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

Letter 14. *Algernon Sidney to his father, Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My Lord,

THE passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the King of Sweden at Nycypin in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had, of sending to condole with your Lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family: of which my sense was not so much diminished, in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we, that for a while are left in the world, are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment: thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your Lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your Lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for.

Letter 15. *Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury Fort.*

I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your Grace.

The Queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the Lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, said the Lords; and what meant you then to do with the catholics? He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the Lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships). What? said he, we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonour to our catholic king and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by command that delivered it to the army.

The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas,

las, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, ex, and Norris then Lord Marshal, and ers other great Lords; where she made an ellent oration to her army, which the next after her departure, I was commanded e-deliver to all the army together, to keep ublic fast. Her words were these:

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live, or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never [illegible] commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

This I thought would delight your Grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

Letter 16. *Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace.*

*To the King.*

It may your most excellent majesty,

IN the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that, since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can anywise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that, in those offences where-

with I was charged, there was not any one special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king; unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are, so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts, a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfullest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never in nineteen years service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though not for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart;—and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of those things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfal.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half * old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than

* Therefore this was wrote near the middle of the year 1622.

father left me. The poor things that I ve had from your majesty are either in stion or at courtesy. My dignities remain rks of your past favour, but burdens of present fortune. The poor remnants ich I had of my former fortunes in plate ewels, I have spread upon poor men unto om I owed, scarce leaving myself a con- ient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must r out my misery before your majesty so as to say, *Si tu desiris, perimus.*

But as I can offer to your majesty's com- ion little arising from myself to move , except it be my extreme misery, which ave truly opened; so looking up to your esty's own self, I should think I commit- Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your esty is a king, whose heart is as unscru- e for secret motions of goodness, as for th of wisdom. You are, creator-like, ive not destructive; you are the prince in m hath ever been noted an aversion against thing that savoured of an hard heart; on the other side, your princely eye was t to meet with any motion that was e on the relieving part. Therefore, as that hath had the happiness to know your esty near-hand, I have, most gracious reign, faith enough for a miracle, and h more for a grace, that your majesty not suffer your poor creature to be ut- defaced, nor blot that name quite out our book, upon which your sacred hand been so oft for the giving him new or- ents and additions.

nto this degree of compassion, I hope (of whose mercy towards me, both my prosperity and adversity, I have testimonies and pledges, though mine manifold and wretched unthankfulness t have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and noblenes, cannot but be sensible of human events, will, in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me: for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin; for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies; not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall exremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I,

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter, after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majesty's poor ancient servant and beadsman.

Letter 17. *Lord Wentworth to Sir William Saville.*

My dear Nephew,

IT shall be much contentment unto me, when the power or means I have may communicate any thing which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleased God to take from you your mother, I hold myself more bound to preserve a care for you, being sorry that my remotenes renders me of less use unto you now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwise I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my custom to put myself into counsels uncalled, and having been a minister in the troublesome settlement of your estate, methought it might have stood well enough with civility and discretion to have let me been acquainted with the course of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London last; being so made a stranger to that end, the effecting and accomplishing whereof I had so painfully endeavoured for so many years together. Surely neither I nor mine should have been a penny better by it; for I must tell you, for all the service I have done you and your house, I never had the worth of a groat forth of your purse, or the purse of your mother, and, which is more, never will; for I trust, by God's blessing, to leave my child an estate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthensome to any.

And, indeed, if I did not conceive this neglect was rather the good-will of Cook than any formal direction of your own, I should resolve to perform my own duty towards the nearness of that blood which in our veins, without ever desiring to intermeddle at all in your counsels for the government of yourself and fortune; but indeed your years shew me, you were in all discretion to be merely passive in that action, no doubt having my Lord Keeper's advice therein, all is well and orderly disposed and executed.

Admit me then, in consideration and remembrance of your noble father, and that I may say to my own heart I have not betrayed the trust he was pleased to repose in me, to deliver you my opinion, how you are future to dispose yourself and fortune; which, as it shall come from me with all the candour of the world, so doth it also with all the indifferency possible; desiring God Almighty that you may not follow one word of advice of mine, where there is a better for you to govern yourself after.

Being then upon that period of life, that as you set forth now at first, you will in all likelihood continue so to the end, be it you take the paths of virtue or the contrary, I cannot consider yourself, and advise and debate your actions with your friends too much; and till such time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it shall be great wisdom and advantage to distrust yourself, and to fortify your youth by the counsel of your more aged friends, before you undertake any thing of consequence. It was the course I governed myself by after my father's death with great advantage to myself and affairs, and yet my breeding abroad hath shewed more of the world than yours hath done; and I had natural reason like other men, only co-

nfeſs I did in all things diſtruſt myſelf; erein you ſhall do, as I ſaid, extremely well you do ſo too.

I conceive you ſhould lay aſide all thoughts going up to London theſe four or five rs; live in your own houſe; order and derſtand your own eſtate; inform and em- y yourſelf in the affairs of the country; ry yourſelf reſpectively and kindly towards r neighbours; deſire the company of ſuch are well governed and diſcreet amongſt m, and make them as much as you can r friends, in country buſineſs keeping rſelf from all faction; and at the firſt be too poſitive, or take too much upon you, you fully underſtand the courſe of pro- dings; for, have but a little patience, and command and government of that part he country will infallibly fall into your ds, with honour to yourſelf, and content- t to others; whereas if you catch at it ſoon, it will be but a means to publiſh r want of underſtanding and modeſty, that you ſhall grow cheap and in con- pt before them that ſhall ſee you under- that, where you are not able to guide rſelf in your own way.

e ſure to moderate your expence, ſo as it be without fooliſh waſte or mean ſavings; your own accompts, and betimes inure rſelf to examine how your eſtate proſpers, re it ſuffers, or where it is to be improv- otherwiſe there will ſuch an eaſineſs and ect gather upon you, as, it may be, you never patiently endure the labour of it ſt you live; and ſo, as much as in you caſt from you that which tends moſt to reſervation of your fortune of any other g; for, I am perſuaded, few men that un- ood their expence ever waſted; and few do not ever well governed their eſtate.

Conſidering that your houſes, in my judg- ment, are not ſuitable to your quality, nor yet your plate and furniture, I conceive your expence ought to be reduced to two-thirds of your eſtate, the reſt ſaved to the accommo- dating of you in that kind: thoſe things provided, you may, if you ſee cauſe, enlarge yourſelf the more.

In theſe, and all things elſe, you ſhall do paſſing well to conſult Mr. Greenwood, who hath ſeen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly moſt faithful to you. If you uſe him not moſt reſpectfully, you deal ex- treme ungrateful with him, and ill for your- ſelf. He was the man your father loved and truſted above all men, and did as faithfully diſcharge the truſt repoſed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend: taking exceſſive pains in ſettling your eſtate with all poſſible cheerfulneſs, with- out charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may ſafely pour your ſecrets into him, which by that time you have converſed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greateſt and nobleſt treaſure this world can make any man owner of; and I proteſt to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greateſt and beſt riches I did or could poſſeſs.

In any caſe, think not of putting yourſelf into court before you be thirty years of age at leaſt; till your judgment be ſo awakened, as that you may be able to diſcover and put aſide ſuch trains, as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes, by a company of fleſh-flies that ever buz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have ſeen many men of great eſtates come young thither and ſpend all, but did I never ſee a good eſtate proſper amongſt them that put itſelf forward before the maſ-

ter had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I having observed, that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremedilefs, be their wits or providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted; and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will! but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishment and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, you shall do well to take his accompts orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman I ever knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self; and that jeering, jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured, that if that ever posses you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the state; drunk to all the respects your frien will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequ staggering paces go to your grave with co fusion of face, as well in them that love yo as in yourself, and therefore abhor all comp ny that might entice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture t much money at gaming; it is a great vani that possesseth some men, and in most is occ sioned by a greedy mind of winning, whi is a pursuit not becoming a generous no heart, which will not brook such starvi considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things the paths of goodness and virtue, and so p severe therein, that you may thence take o those rules, which, being learnt, may (wh it comes to your turn) as well grace a enable you to lead and govern others, (whilst you are learning of them) it w become you to follow and obey others; a thus shall you possess your youth in mode and your elder years in wisdom.

God Almighty prosper and bless you, your person, in your lady, in your childr and in your estate, wherein no friend y have shall take more contentment than y most affectionate uncle and most faith friend.

Dublin Castle, this 29th of December, 16

Letter 18. *Lord Wentworth to Archbi Laud.*

May it please your Grace,

I Am gotten hither to a poor house I h having been this last week almost feasted death at York. In truth, for any thin can find, they were not ill pleased to see Sure I am, it much contented me to amongst my old acquaintance, which I w not leave for any other affection I have,

at which I both profess and owe to the n of his sacred majesty. Lord! with quietness in myself could I live here in parison of that noise and labour I met elsewhere; and I protest put up more ns in my purse at the year's end too. we'll let that pass. For I am not like to that blessed condition upon earth. And efore my resolution is set, to endure and ggle with it so long as this crazy body bear it; and finally drop into the silent e, where both all these (which I now d, as I think, innocently delight myself and myself are to be forgotten; and fare n well. I persuade myself *exuto lepido* I able to lay them down very quietly, and leave behind me, as a truth not to be forten, a perfect and full remembrance of my g your Grace's most humbly to be comded.

Gawthorp, this 17th of Aug. 1636.

etter 19. *Earl of Strafford to his Son.*

My dearest Will,

THESE are the last lines that you are to ive from a father that tenderly loves you. ish there were a greater leisure to impart mind unto you; but our merciful God supply all things by his grace, and guide protect you in all your ways: to whose nite goodness I bequeath you; and there- be not discouraged, but serve him, and t in him, and he will preserve and prosper in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that n ever had a great love unto you, and efore will be well becoming you. Never awanting in your love and care to your rs, but let them ever be most dear unto ; for this will give others cause to esteem 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 judgments 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 friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness 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 not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees 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 cheerful 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 therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be

led by men that are ſingular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find ſoberneſs and truth in the one, and much unſteadineſs and vanity in the other.

The king I truſt will deal graciouſly with you, reſtore you thoſe honours and that fortune which a diſtempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather adviſe might be by a new gift and creation from himſelf, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be ſure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after thoſe that have been ſharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to ſuffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this proſecution, and to them apply yourſelf to make them your friends alſo; and on ſuch you may rely, and beſtow much of your converſation amongſt them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodneſs bleſs you and your children's children; and his ſame goodneſs bleſs your ſiſters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right underſtandings in all things. Amen. Your moſt loving father.

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You muſt not fail to behave yourſelf towards my Lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and obſervance; for moſt tenderly doth ſhe love you, and hath been paſſing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the reſt, the ſame that I counſel you, the ſame do I direct alſo to your ſiſters, that ſo the ſame may be obſerved by you all. And once more do I, from my very ſoul, beſeech our gracious God to bleſs and govern you in all, to the ſa[illegible] you in the day of his viſitation, and joi[illegible] again in the communion of his bleſſed fai[illegible] where is fulneſs of joy and bliſs for everm[illegible] Amen, Amen.

Letter 20. *James Earl of Derby, to C[illegible] miſſary General Ireton, in anſwer to [illegible] ſummons ſent the Earl to deliver up th[illegible] of Man.*

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter with ind[illegible] nation, and with ſcorn return you this [illegible] ſwer: That I cannot but wonder wh[illegible] you ſhould gather any hopes that I ſho[illegible] prove, like you, treacherous to my ſovere[illegible] ſince you cannot be ignorant of the man[illegible] candour of my former actings in his [illegible] majeſty's ſervice, from which principle[illegible] loyalty I am no whit departed. I ſcorn y[illegible] proffer; I diſdain your favour; I abhor y[illegible] treaſon; and am ſo far from delivering [illegible] this iſland to your advantage, that I [illegible] keep it to the utmoſt of my power, and [illegible] hope, to your deſtruction. Take this [illegible] your final anſwer, and forbear any fur[illegible] ſolicitations; for if you trouble me with [illegible] more meſſages of this nature, I will b[illegible] your paper, and hang up your meſſeng[illegible] This is the immutable reſolution, and ſha[illegible] the undoubted practice of him who acco[illegible] it his chiefeſt glory to be his majeſty's [illegible] loyal and obedient ſubject.

From Caſtle-Town, this 12th July, 16[illegible]

Letter 21. *The Hon. Algernoon Sidney t[illegible] friends.*

Sir,

I AM ſorry I cannot in all things conf[illegible] myſelf to the advices of my friends; if th[illegible] had any joint concernment with min[illegible] w[illegible]

d willingly ſubmit my intereſt to theirs; when I alone am intereſted, and they only e me to come over as ſoon as the act of nnity is paſſed, becauſe they think it is for me, I cannot wholly lay aſide my own ment and choice. I confeſs, we are na- ly inclined to delight in our own country, I have a particular love to mine: and I I have given ſome teſtimony of it. I k that being exiled from it is a great evil, would redeem myſelf from it with the of a great deal of my blood: but when country of mine, which uſed to be eſ- ed a paradiſe, is now like to be made a of injury; the liberty which we hoped tabliſh oppreſſed, all manner of profane- , looſeneſs, luxury, and lewdneſs ſet up s height; inſtead of piety, virtue, ſo- y, and modeſty, which we hoped God, our hands, would have introduced; the of our nation made prey to the worſt; parliament, court, and army corrupted, the le enſlaved, all things vendible, and no ſafe, but by ſuch evil and infamous ns as flattery and bribery; what joy can ve in my own country in this condition? a pleaſure to ſee all that I love in the ld, ſold and deſtroyed? Shall I renounce my old principles, learn the vile court , and make my peace by bribing ſome of n? Shall their corruption and vice be my y? Ah! no; better is a life among ngers, than in my own country upon ſuch ditions. Whilſt I live, I will endeavour reſerve my liberty; or, at leaſt, not con- to the deſtroying of it. I hope I ſhall in the ſame principles in which I have lived will live no longer than they can preſerve I have in my life been guilty of many es, but, as I think, of no meanneſs. I not blot and defile that which is paſt, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God ſhould caſt me into ſuch a condition, as that I cannot ſave my life, but by doing an in- decent thing, he ſhews me the time is come wherein I ſhould reſign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by ſuch means as are worſe than dying in it, I think he ſhews me I ought to keep myſelf out of it. Let them pleaſe themſelves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may juſtly be ſacrificed for the intereſt and pleaſure of one man, and a few of his followers: let them rejoice in their ſubtilty, who, by betray- ing the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preſerved, but advanced themſelves in theſe dangerous changes. Ne- verthelefs (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their ſhame, his plenty the people's miſery; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for deſtroying a nation, which, if it were preſer- ved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the moſt glorious in the world! and that others may find they have, with much pains, pur- chaſed their own ſhame and miſery; a dear price paid for that which is not worth keep- ing, nor the life that is accompanied with it: the honour of Engliſh parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and hap- py, not in ſelling and deſtroying the intereſt of it, to ſatisfy the luſts of one man. Mi- ſerable nation! that, from ſo great a height of glory, is fallen into the moſt deſpicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vileſt perſons in it! cheated and ſold by them they truſted! Infamous traffic! equal almoſt in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the ſure defenders of the oppreſſed:

they, who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us: they themselves led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices by themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means; when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, fraudulent proclamation for indemnity creased the imprisonment of those three m and turning out of all the officers of army, contrary to promise, confirmed m my resolutions, not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diver nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in time, will have mercy on his people; he save and defend them, and avenge the b of those who shall now perish, upon the h of those who, in their pride, think noth able to oppose them. Happy are those w God shall make instruments of his justic so blessed a work. If I can live to see day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and abl say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy vant depart in peace, &c. (So Sir Art Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewell. thoughts as to king and state, depend upon their actions, no man shall be a m faithful servant to [illegible] than I, if he make good and prosperity of his people his glo none more his enemy, if he doth the contra To my particular friends I shall be cons in all occasions, and to you a most affection servant.

Letter 22. *Mr. Boyle to the Countess Ranelagh.*

My dear Sister,

IF I were of those scribblers' humour, w love to put themselves to one trouble, to their friends to another; and who wee break their silence, only to acquaint us w their unwillingness to keep it, I must co fess I had much oftener written you lett not worth the reading. But having c looked upon silence and respect as things near of kin as importunity and affection, elected rather to trust to your good opini

our good-nature, than your patience with letters: for which to suppose a welcome, t have presumed a greater kindness, than could have exprest. For I am grown so ect a villager, and live so removed, not from the roads, but from the very by-s of intelligence; that to entertain you our country discourse, would have ex-nely puzzled me, since your children have the rickets nor the measles; and as for s, I could not have sent you so much as of my being well. To beseech you not rget me, were but a bad compliment to constancy; and to tell you I remember were a worse to my own judgment: and pliments of the other nature it were not for me to write from Stalbridge, and less to write to you: so that wanting all nes and strains, that might enable me to my letters with any thing, that might pay patience of reading them, I thought it onabler to say nothing by a respectuous ce, than by idle words. But the causes g just so many excuses of that silence, I ld have more need to apologize for my rs, if these seemed not necessary to pre-the misconstruction of their unfrequency, if I did not send up the antidote with , in the company of my brother Frank; whom it were equally incongruous and asonable to send you no epistle, and to you a long one; which (latter) that this not prove, I must hasten to assure you, though I have not very lately written you common letters, it is not long since I was ng you a dedicatory one, which may ibly) have the happiness to convey your to posterity; and having told you this, ll next take post to beseech you to be-, that whensoever you shall please to hsafe me the honour of your commands, my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can esteem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services, that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that stile me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, R. B.

Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

Letter 23. *Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My Sister,

I HAVE ever counted it amongst the highest infelicities of friendship, that it increasingly reflects upon us our imparted griefs; for if our friends appear unconcerned in them, that indifference offends us, and if they resent them, sympathy afflicts us. This consideration, concuring with my native disposition, has made me shy of disclosing my afflictions, where I could not expect their redress; being too proud to seek a relief in the being thought to need it, and too good a friend to find a satisfaction in their griefs I love, or to admit of the ill-natured consolation of seeing others wretched as well as I. This humour may in part inform you of the cause of my silence, and, I hope, in part excuse it; but I am not now at leisure to make apologies, though I will assure you I decline the employment for want of time, not justice. Since I wrote to you last, I was unlikely enough ever to be in a condition to write to you again; and my danger was so sudden and unexpected, that nothing could transcend it, except theirs, whose dilatory conversion makes them trust eternity to the uncertain improvement of a future contingent minute of a life obnoxious to numerous casualties, as impossible (almost) to be numbered as avoided.

What

What God has decreed of me, himself best knows; for my part, I shall still pray for a perfect resignation to his blessed will, and a resembling acquiescence in it; and I hope his Spirit will so conform me to his dispensations that I may cheerfully, by his assignment, either continue my work, or ascend to receive my wages. And in this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there. These three or four weeks I have been troubled with the visits of a quotidian ague, which yet had not the power to hinder me from three or four journies to serve Frank, and wait upon my dear Broghill, nor from continuing my Vulcanian feat; and, in the intervals of my fits, I both began and made some progress in the promised discourse of Public Spiritedness: but now truly weakness, and the doctor's prescriptions, have cast my pen into the fire; though, in spite of their menaces, I sometimes presume to snatch it out awhile, and blot some paper with it. My present employment is, the reviewing some consolatory thoughts on the loss of friends, which my poor lady Susan's death obliged me to entertain myself with, and which I am now recruiting. If ever I finish them, I shall trouble you to read them; and if I do not, beseech you to make use of them. The melancholy which some have been pleased to misrepresent to you as the cause of my distempers, is certainly much more the effect of them; neither is it either of that quality or that degree you apprehend, but much more just than dangerous: yet, to obey you, I shall endeavour a divorce; and, as the propereſt means, endeavour to wait upon you; in order to which, I came this night in a litter to this town, whence I intend not to dislodge, till God's blessing upon the remedies enable to do it on horseback. The kindness expressed in the letter I received this morni has brought me so high a consolation, tha should think it cheaply purchased by the casion of it, if I had ignored that the want of suitable opportunities restrained frequency of resembling strains; and if were not too well acquainted with the gra ness of your goodness, not to derive a hig joy from your obliging proffers, as they effects of your friendship than testimonies it. But though I value the blessing of y company at the rate of having the happin of more than an indifferent acquaintance w you, I cannot consent to purchase my felic (if such a thing could be done) by your quiet: for your remove will not more tainly discompose your family, than it will useless or unnecessary to me; the nature my disease being such, that it will eit frustrate your visit, or allow me to do so: if in a very short time it destroy not, it leave me strength enough to fetch a perfe cure of it at London, whither in spite of present distempers, which are not small, (I fear) very fugitive, the physicians wo persuade me that, by God's assistance, I be able to crawl in a short time. I shall seech you therefore not to stir, until you further either from me, or of me; and to lieve, that though your visits are favours too precious a quality to be fully receiv from your intention only, yet my concern your quiet will make me (in the purpo journey) more welcomely resent your de than your presence. I hope you will par the disorder of this scribble to that of writer, who is not only weary of his journ but is at present troubled with a fit of ague, which yet being but a sickness, can

ir an affection, which will be ſure to keep really and unalterably till death, my eſt, deareſt, deareſt ſiſter, your moſt affec-te brother and humble ſervant, R. B. ath, Auguſt 2, 1649, late at night.

Letter 24. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

My Siſter,

MUST confeſs that I ſhould be as much ebt for your letters, though I had an-ed every one of yours, as he is in his itor's, who for two angels has paid back wo ſhillings: for certainly, if any where in the productions of the mind, that the ity ought to meaſure extent, and aſſign ber, and equity to multiply excellency, re wit has contracted it. I could eaſily ce this truth, and the juſtneſs of the ap-tion too, did I not apprehend that your eſty would make you mind me, that the re of my diſeaſe forbids all ſtrains. I here, God be praiſed, upon the mending d, though not yet exempted from either or fears; the latter of which I could (but believe not) as much enemies to reaſon, as I find the former to my quiet. tend notwithſtanding, by God's bleſſing, on as I have here recruited and refreſhed purſe and ſelf, to accompliſh my deſigned oval to London; my hoped arrival at ch I look on with more joy, as a fruit of recovery, than a teſtimony of it. Sir liam and his ſon went hence this morning ng by the favour (or rather charity) of a made me ſome compenſation for the y I have lately received from perſons, ſe viſitations (I think I may call them) in of my averſeneſs to phyſic, make me find eater trouble in the congratulations, than inſtruments of my recovery. You will on, perhaps, the bitterneſs of this expreſſion, when I have told you, that having ſpent moſt of this week in drawing (for my particular uſe) a quinteſſence of wormwood, thoſe diſturbers of my work might eaſily ſhake ſome few drops into my ink. I will not now preſume to entertain you with thoſe moral ſpeculations, with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this laſt ſickneſs had not diverted me, I had before this preſented you with a diſcourſe, (which my vanity made me hope would not have diſpleaſed you,) of the theological uſe of natural philoſophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the inſtruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has ſo thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improveing the creatures have been very much diſplaced by thoſe of leaving them. Nor has my diſeaſe been more guilty of my oblivion, than my employment ſince it has begun to releaſe me: for Vulcan has ſo tranſported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taſte in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elyſium, ſo as if the threſhold of it poſſeſſed the quality the poets aſcribed to that Lethe, their fictions made men taſte of before their entrance into thoſe ſeats of bliſs, I there forget my ſtandiſh and my books, and almoſt all things, but the unchangeable reſolution I have made of continuing till death, ſiſter, your R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the laſt, 1649.

Letter 25. *Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill.*

My deareſt Governor,

I Receive in our ſeparation as much of happineſs as is conſiſtent with it, in hearing of you in ſo glorious, and from you in ſo obliging a way; and in being aſſured, by your

your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Partheniſſa, your ſucceſſes have ſo happily emulated or continued the ſtory of Artabanes; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleaſed, to ſee you as good at reducing towns in Munſter as Aſſyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with maſters of garriſons as miſtreſſes of hearts; for I eſteem the former both much the difficulter conqueſt, and more the uſefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprizes; but, for my part, I think that ſuch a celebration would extremely miſbecome a friendſhip, to which your goodneſs and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has rather given the occaſion than degree. Beſides that I have ſo great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the preſumption of my own modeſty does, as well as the greatneſs of yours, ſilence my praiſes. And truly, that which moſt endears your acquiſitions to me is, that they have coſt you ſo little blood. For, beſides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own ſingle virtue, and the intereſt it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thouſand men to help you, and ſhare as much the honour of your ſucceſſes as they contribute to them; beſides this conſideration, I ſay, certainly, though a laurel crown were more glorious amongſt the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodleſs victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Chriſtian, who is tied by the bindingeſt principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards thoſe that profeſs it; to uſe towards delinquets as much gentleneſs as infringes not the juſt rights of the innocent; and to be very tender of ſp ing their blood, for whom Chriſt ſhed But I am leſs delighted to learn your ſucce in the world, than to find (by your lette my ſiſter Ranelagh) that you mean not they ſhall tie you to it; and are reſolved, ſoon as your affairs and reputation will p mit you, to diveſt your public employm and retire to a quiet privacy, where you enjoy yourſelf, and have leiſure to con the vanity of that poſthume glory, which nothing in it of certain but the uſeleſ That, in the hurry of buſineſſes that diſtr you, you could find leiſure to bleſs me your letters, is a favour, which, thoug amaze me not, does highly ſatisfy me. kindneſs they expreſs is welcomer to me what it argues, than for what it promi and I am much more pleaſed to ſee you condition of making promiſes, than I ſh be with their accompliſhment. I ſhall o in general, deſire your countenance for t that manage my fortune in your prov whither I ſhould wait upon my dearest M. if black Betty did not; and, ſerio the jade arrived very ſeaſonably to ſave journey, for which I was but ſlenderly vided; for having not yet been able to off my L. Goring's ſtatute, I am kept in town, to do penance for my tranſgreſſio that precept, "My ſon, put money in "purſe." But the term aſſigned my ex tion is, I hope, near expired; and I do not to ſee myſelf ſhortly in a conditio make you a viſit, that ſhall prevent ſprings. I ſhall implore, for my lady P the ſelf-ſame paſſage I ſhall wiſh for my and ſolemnize the firſt eaſterly gale with

Farewel, fair ſaint, may not the ſeas and wind

m so entirely taken up with the con-
ion of her and you, that I had forgot
have to write this night more letters
he four and twenty of the alphabet.
ext shall give you an account of my
tions, my studies, and my amours;
latter of which, black Betty will
ou as many lies as circumstances;
pe you know too well what she is, and
e she comes, not to take all her stories
ions, almost as great as is the truth
yles me, my dearest brother, your most
onate brother, and humble servant,
don, this 20th of Dec. 1649. R. B.

26. *From the same to the Countess of ery, on the Earl's death, in October 9.*

OUGH I received so early the sad ac-
of my dearest brother's sickness, ac-
nied with ill presaging circumstances,
could not but doubt it would prove his
nd so had time to prepare myself for the
; yet, now that my fear is turned into
nty, I find, that though the warning I
ept me from being surprised, it cannot
me from being so afflicted and discom-
, that I am much more fit to keep you
any in your sadness, than endeavour to
you of it. And therefore, knowing
can offer you no consolations so perti-
and weighty as you may supply yourself
out of your own stock of reason and
on, I shall not trouble you with a long
, but only name to you two or three of
considerations, that my own experience
recommends to me in our common loss.
r so great a one, the chief thing I can
upon to quiet my troubled mind is, the
deration of that hand from which this
stroke comes: for God, who is infinitely wise and good, as well as absolute, has a much greater right of propriety in our relations than we ourselves have, they being but our friends or kindred, whereas he is their creator, preserver, benefactor, and owner; and, upon all these titles, has a right to dispose of them as may best conduce to his purposes; especially since the same course, by which he brings them to contribute to his glory, brings them to be the earlier partakers of it. Another thing, which has much impression on me, is the remembrance of those great torments and bodily infirmities that have, for divers years, made my dear brother's life very uneasy to him. This none knows better than yourself, whose extraordinary kindness have made you acquainted with it so much to your toil and trouble; so that, in a person that lived in so much pain, and died with so much willingness, a pious end ought not to be lamented by us, otherwise than upon our own account; especially since God, by vouchsafing him some years of retirement from the noise and hurry of the world, gave him leisure and opportunity to set his mind and house in order, against the arrival of his great change. These and the like considerations do much contribute to call my thoughts, under this sharp trial, as it relates personally to him, so that much of my sorrow does, I confess, proceed from my own private loss of so excellent a brother and a friend; and from the sense I have of the general miss that the poor country he lived in will find of him, and the particular loss sustained by his afflicted family, and especially by you, my dear sister, who being now, in a more strict sense than before, the great support, ornament and comfort of it, I humbly beseech you to contribute all you can to preserve so great a blessing to it; not so remembering

membering that you were a wife, as to forget that you are a Chriſtian and a mother; and as you have exemplarily performed the utmoſt of what the firſt relation could require of you, ſo I hope and beg you will now apply yourſelf to what the two other relations exact: both ſtrive to moderate your grief, and take great care of a health, which your kindneſs has made you too much, and I fear too long neglect; and for the recovery of which a great many, beſides your own family, are not a little concerned, but none more heartily and juſtly than, madam, your ladyſhip's, &c.

I beg to be repreſented as a moſt humble ſervant to all your diſconſolate children, whoſe pardon I beg, for not being able to write to them in particular upon ſo ſad an occaſion, which allows me not enough either of leiſure, or freedom of thoughts, for ſuch an employment. I wiſh my lord of Orrery much joy of his new title, and that he may ſucceed his father as well in better things as in that. Having been of late not well myſelf, I have made no viſits, but one to my brother Burlington, who kept his bed for the gout, and one to each of your daughters, whom I found (to day) as I expected, extremely troubled at their great loſs: but I hope that exceſs of ſorrow, that threatened their health, is ſo far moderated, that it will not now prove at all dangerous.

Letter 27. *Mr Boyle to the Lady Orrery.*

London, Nov. 28, 1682.

I LITTLE thought, my dear ſiſter, that ſo ſoon after I had ſent you a congratulatory letter about my poor lady Donegal, I ſhould have occaſion to write you a condoling one upon her account. But it is partly our fault, as well as our unhappineſs, if we ſo far forget the inſtability that human proſpe ſubject to, as to be much ſurpriſed wh do not find it laſting. You have been years ſo accuſtomed to the loſs of fr that it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, th much experience has not more exerciſed patience than confirmed it. And the fr accidents of this kind you have been ſu to, would have put a perſon far leſs pious conſiderate, upon reflections that dou would anticipate what I could offer to yo way of conſolation; which, therefore, I forbear to trouble you with: only I ca leave unmentioned this, that is a great o your friends and ſervants here, that they by a letter from ſo authentic a hand as lord primate's, that though the perſon lament died young and early, ſhe did no ſurpriſed nor unprepared; his grace gi ſuch an account of her behaviour during ſickneſs, and eſpecially in the laſt ſad ſce it, as forbids us to grieve for her, but onl ourſelves and for you; to whom a d ſupport, and a ſanctified uſe of this afflic is heartily wiſhed, by a ſharer with you i that begs the juſtice to be eſteemed, ma your ladyſhip's moſt humble, moſt faith and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Letter 28. *Lady Ranelagh to Mr. Boy*

Lees, Auguſt 6, 166

I AM glad, my brother, to hear you g to mend daily, in matter of your health, ſorry to find that you are not yet quite covered to your former ſtate therein. If reports do not ſpeak louder than truth g them leave to do, God has again put a hand of mercy upon this poor nation, draw it to himſelf. But, for aught I k we are like to make our returns as diſingen ous towards him for this deliverance of

preceding ones that he has afforded us; makes me fear, that even our blessings rove bitterness to us in the end. I conate with you the happiness God has you in making the employments of your such, as you may seasonably and comly review and continue in the times of sickness: the rarity of the mercy, that s any one to that course of life, highly mends it to your value and gratitude, ost people do so live, as to leave them no better hope for their death-beds, than hereon they may by repentance undo all have been doing in their way thither. her the dominion you are recommend men will take so much with them, to heir ambitions towards its attainment, t they most commonly pursue with much pains, I know not, and much doubt the But certainly it is most likely, the ay of man's ruling the creature is by nploying those faculties to that purpose, God himself has fitted in their emnent to make him able to do so; and are his rational ones, whereby as he liscover the properties and uses of other things, so he may chuse to apply them thereby to their proper ends, the service and instruction of mankind; but swords and guns are taken, upon the word of the great destroyer, to be more suitable means to that end, and send accordingly, though we daily see, that by that way of overcoming, we spoil what we should govern. Your naming Oxford to me as free from infection, makes me fear you may have some thoughts of going thither; which if you have, I shall much more repent my not staying with you, yet dare not persuade against it, because I assure myself you are carried thither in pursuit of aims, that I would rather excite than obstruct you in. But I earnestly petition, if you have, that you would before you go give me warning enough to make you a visit; for I have now got a lodging at Newington-Green, which miss's illness, which for two or three days has been pretty violent, though now turned into an ague at present, keeps from being used by, your's affectionately, K. R.

The ladies here present you services. My girls are your humble servants.

---

## ECT. II. MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE.

r 1. *From James Howell, Esq; to Sir J. S. at Leeds Castle.*

Westminst. 25 July, 1625.

was a quaint difference the ancients did it betwixt a letter and an oration; that ne should be attired like a woman, the like a man: the latter of the two is al large side robes, as long periods, paeses, similies, examples, and other parts etorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely-couched; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown: indeed we should write as we speak: and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two: the tongue *in udo posita*, being

being ſeated in a moiſt ſlippery place, may fail and faulter in her ſudden extemporal expreſſions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not ſo ſubject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any ſubject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, conſolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The firſt conſiſts of relations, the ſecond of reprehenſions, the third of comfort, the two laſt of counſel and joy: there are ſome who in lieu of letters write homilies; they preach when they ſhould epiſtolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have expoſed their letters to the world, but moſt of them, I mean among your Latin epiſtolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholemew ware, with trite and trivial phraſes only, liſted with pedantic ſhreds of ſchool-boy verſes. Others there are among our next tranſmarine neighbour eaſtward, who write in their own language, but their ſtyle is ſo ſoft and eaſy, that their letters may be ſaid to be like bodies of looſe fleſh without ſinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of ſimpering and lank hectic expreſſions made up of a bombaſt of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with ſuch fleazy ſtuff, with ſuch cobweb-compoſitions, where there is no ſtrength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his ſoul. One ſhall hardly find an apothegm, example, ſimile, or any thing of philoſophy, hiſtory, or ſolid knowledge, or as much as one new created phraſe in a hundred of them; and to draw any obſervations out of them, were as if one went about to diſtil cream out o froth; much that it may be ſaid of them, wha ſaid of the Echo, "That ſhe is a mere and nothing elſe."

I return you your Balzac by this b and when I found thoſe letters, wherein ſo familiar with his king, ſo flat; and to Richlieu, ſo puffed with prophane h boles, and larded up and down with groſs flatteries, with others beſides, whi ſends as urinals up and down the wo look into his water for diſcovery of the condition of his body; I forbore him ther. So I am your moſt affectionate ſer

Letter 2. *From James Howel, Eſq; Father, upon his firſt going beyond Se*

Sir, Broad-ſtreet, London, 1ſt March,

I SHOULD be much wanting to m and to that obligation of duty the law of and his handmaid Nature hath impoſed me, if I ſhould not acquaint you wit courſe and quality of my affairs and for eſpecially at this time, that I am upon of croſſing the ſeas to eat my bread ab Nor is it the common relation of a ſon only induced me hereunto, but that mo dulgent and coſtly care you have been pl (in ſo extraordinary a manner) to have b my breeding (though but one child of fif by placing me in a choice methodical ſc (ſo far diſtant from your dwelling) un learned (though laſhing) maſter; an tranſplanting me thence to Oxford, to be duated; and ſo holding me ſtill up by chin until I could ſwim without blad This patrimony of liberal education have been pleaſed to endow me withal, I carry along with me abroad, as a ſure in able treaſure; nor do I feel it any burd incumberance unto me at all: and what

er my perſon, or other things I have e, do incur, yet I do not fear the f this, either by ſhipwreck, or pirates or by robbers, or fire, or any other on ſhore: and at my return to , I hope at leaſt wiſe, I ſhall do my ur, that you may find this patrimony d ſomewhat to your comfort.

s my peregrination, if I happen, by cident, to be diſappointed of that al- I am to ſubſiſt by, I muſt make my to you, for I have no other rendez- flee unto; but it ſhall not be, unleſs of great indigence.

atter end of this week I am to go a rd, and firſt for the Low Countries. y pray your bleſſing may accompany heſe my travels by land and ſea, with uance of your prayers, which will be ny good gales to blow me to ſafe or I have been taught, that the parent's ions contribute very much, and have f prophetic virtue to make the child us, In this opinion I ſhall ever reſt tiſul ſon.

. *From the ſame to Dr. Francis ll, ſince Principal of Jeſus College in rd.*

London, 20th March, 1618.

NG to take leave of England, and to out into the world abroad, to breathe air a while, I thought it very hand- d an act well becoming me, to take e alſo of you, and of my dearly ho- Mother Oxford: otherwiſe both of ht have juſt grounds to exhibit a bill laint, or rather a proteſt againſt me, me up: you for a forgetful friend; n ungrateful ſon, if not ſome ſpuri- . To prevent this, I ſalute you both together: you with the beſt of my moſt candid affections; her with my moſt dutiful obſervance, and thankfulneſs for the milk ſhe pleaſed to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that meaſure ſhe offered it me while I ſlept in her lap: yet that little I have ſucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this courſe of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to ſtudy men as well as books. The ſmall time I ſuperviſed the glaſs-houſe, I got among thoſe Venetians ſome ſmatterings of the Italian tongue, which, beſides the little I have you know, of ſchool language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Graveſend, and ſo embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omer's excepted. I pray let me retain ſome room, though never ſo little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our ſeparation; and let our ſouls meet ſometimes by intercourſe of letters: I promiſe you that your's ſhall receive the beſt entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendſhip at a very high rate. So with apprecation of as much happineſs to you at home, as I ſhall deſire to accompany me abroad, I reſt ever your friend to ſerve you.

Letter 4. *From the ſame to Dr. Francis Manſel, from Valentia.*

Sir, Valentia, 1ſt March, 1620.

THOUGH it be the ſame glorious ſun that ſhines upon you in England, which illuminates alſo this part of the hemiſphere; though it be the ſun that ripeneth your pippins, and our pomegranates: your hops and our vineyards here; yet he diſpenſeth his heat in different

ferent degrees of ſtrength; thoſe rays that do but warm you in England, do half roaſt us here; thoſe beams that irradiate only, and gild your honey-ſuckle fields, do ſcorch and parch this chinky gaping ſoil, and ſo put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O bleſſed clime, O happy England, where there is ſuch a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the reſt of elementary qualities, that one may paſs (and ſuffer little) all the year long, without either ſhade in ſummer, or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the nobleſt cities in all Spain, ſituate in a large *vega* or valley, above ſixty miles compaſs: here are the ſtrongeſt ſilks, the ſweeteſt wines, the excellenteſt almonds, the beſt oils, and beautifulleſt females of all Spain, for the prime courteſans in Madrid and elſewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themſelves beds of roſemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at ſea, if the wind blow from the ſhore, he may ſmell this ſoil before he come in ſight of it, many leagues off, by the ſtrong odoriferous ſcent it caſts. As it is the moſt pleaſant, ſo it is alſo the temperateſt clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the ſecond Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thouſands were diſterred and baniſhed hence to Barbary, to think that paradiſe was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I paſſed, and ſaw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongſt others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the ſnake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wiſh you were here with me, and I believe you would not deſire to be a while in England. So I am yours.

Letter 5. *From the ſame to Chriſtopher Eſq; at Gray's Inn.*

Alicant, 27th March,

I AM now (thanks be to God) co Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed Spain; for I am to ſend hence a comm called barillia to Sir Robert Manſel, for ing of cryſtal glaſs; and I have treated Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, good round parcel of it, to the value of by letters of credit from Maſter Ri and upon his credit I might have taken thouſands pounds more, he is ſo well in the kingdom of Valentia. This is a ſtrange kind of vegetable, and it no where upon the ſurface of the earth perfection, as here. The Venetians hence, and it is a commodity wherebe maritime town doth partly ſubſiſt; fo an ingredient that goes to the making beſt Caſtile ſoap. It grows thus: round thick earthy ſhrub that bears like barberries, betwixt blue and gre lies cloſe to the ground, and when it they dig it up by the roots, and put it ther in cocks, where they leave it many days like hay; then they make a a fathom deep in the earth, and with an ment like one of our prongs, they tu tuffs and put fire to them, and when the comes to the berries, they melt and into an azure liquor, and fall down in pit till it be full; then they dam it up ſome days after they open it, and fi barillia juice turned to a blue ſtone, that it is ſcarce malleable; it is ſold hundred crowns a tun, but I had it f

also a spurious flower called gazull, s here, but the glass that is made of t so resplendent and clear. I have e now these three months, and most od hath been grapes and bread, with s, which have made me so fat, that f you saw me you would hardly , such nutriture this deep sanguine rape gives. I have not received a rom you since I was in Antwerp, nsforms me to wonder, and engen- thoughts of jealousy in me, that as grows fatter, your love grows lanker ne. I pray take off these scruples, hear from you, else it will make a friendship, which I hold to be a league, and no less than a pracle to ; in which opinion I rest your con- d.

*From the same to Richard Altham, Esq.*

ir, Venice, 1st July, 1621.

plunged in a deep fit of melan- urn had cast his black influence intellectuals, methought I felt my ump of dough, and heavy as lead breast; when a letter of yours of f this month was brought me, ntly begot new spirits within me, such strong impressions upon my , that it turned and transformed other man. I have read of a lan and others who were poisoned of a letter; but yours produced ects in me, it became an antidote, nost sovereign cordial to me, more an bezoar, of more virtue than , or the elixir of amber, for it udden cure upon me: that fluent xture of love and wit which I found up and down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial; they were as so many choice flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent, that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly over-clouded my brain; such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your person here a while; did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn-Walks for St. Mark's Place for a time. Farewell, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses; and love still yours.

Letter 7. *From the same to his well-beloved Cousin Mr. T. V.*

Cousin, London, 5th Feb. 1625.

YOU have a great work in hand, for you write to me that you are upon a treaty of marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth or comfortable to you; for of all civil actions that are incident to man there is not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, nor to take the ball before the bound. You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the tongue useth to tie so hard a knot that the teeth can never untie, no not Alexander's sword can cut asunder, amongst us Christians. If you are resolved to marry, chuse where you love, and resolve to love your choice; let love rather than

than lucre be your guide in this election; though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part, I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: the one is the pilot, the other but the ballast of the ship, which should carry us to the harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another guess wife than Socrates had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going through the portal, threw a chamber-pot of stale urine upon his head; whereat the philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, "I thought after so "much thunder we should have rain." And as I wish you may not light upon such a Xantippe (as the wisest men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent lawyers, C. B.), so I pray that God may deliver you from a wife of such a generation, that Strowd our cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the preacher) he had on Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his roast, and his wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and among other revilings, telling him often, "That the devil, the devil would "fetch him," at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, "I prithee, good wife "hold thyself content; for I know the devil "will do me no hurt, for I have married his "kinswoman." If you light upon such a wife (a wife that hath more bone than flesh), I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had, to suffer the grey mare sometimes to be the better horse. I remember a French proverb:

*La maison est miserabile & méchante,*
*Où la poule plus haut que le cocq chante.*

That house doth every day more wretch
Where the hen louder than the cock do

Yet we have another English proverb counter to this, "That it is better to "a shrew than a sheep;" for though be the dumb orator of beauty, and ornament of a woman, yet a phlegm wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, cousin, that I jest with so serious a business: I know you counsel of mine herein: you are enough of yourself; nor, I presume, want advice of parents, which by must go along with you. So wi all conjugal joy, and an happy confa I rest your affectionate cousin.

Letter 8. *From the same to Sir Knight.*

Sir, London, 25th M

YOU writ to me lately for a foot I think this bearer will fit you: I can run well, for he hath run away t me, but he knew the way back ag though he hath a running head running heels, (and who will exp man to be a stayed man?) I would with him were I not to go post to t There be some things in him that his waggeries; he will come when him, go when you bid him, an door after him; he is faithful and a lover of his master: he is a grea all dogs, if they bark at him in hi for I have seen him confront a h and knock him down; when you

urney, or have him run with you a g, you muſt ſpirit him with liquor; muſt allow him alſo ſomething extraor- for ſocks, elſe you muſt not have him t at your table: when his greaſe melts ning hard, it is ſubject to fall into his I ſend him you but for a trial; if he for your turn, turn him over to me when I come back.

e beſt news I can ſend you at this time t we are like to have peace both with e and Spain; ſo that Harwich men, neighbours, ſhall not hereafter need to e name of Spinola, who ſtruck ſuch prehenſion into them lately, that I un- d they began to fortify.

ay preſent my moſt humble ſervice to ood lady, and at my return from the I will be bold to kiſs her hands and So I am your much obliged ſervitor.

9. *From the ſame to Mr. E. O. Counſellor, at Gray's Inn.*

, Fleet, 3d Auguſt.

E ſad tidings of my dear friend Dr. rd's death ſunk deep into me; and the ruminate upon it, the more I reſent when I contemplate the order, and damantine laws which nature puts into rict execution throughout this elemen- orld; when I conſider, that up and his frail globe of earth we are but s and ſojourners at beſt, being de- or an infinitely better country; when that our egreſs out of this life is as to us as our ingreſs (all which he s much as any); theſe thoughts in a g way turn my melancholy to a coun- on; they beget another ſpirit within ou know that in the diſpoſition of all y things, "Nature is God's hand- "maid, Fate his commiſſioner, Time his in- "ſtrument, and Death his executioner." By the firſt we have generation; by the ſecond ſucceſſes, good or bad; and the two laſt bring us to our end: Time with his vaſt ſcythe mows down all things, and Death ſweeps away thoſe mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious ſcholar, as any that I have known born under our meridian; he was both ſolid and acute; nor do I remember to have ſeen ſoundneſs and quaintneſs, with ſuch ſweet ſtrains of morality, concur ſo in any. I ſhould think that he fell ſick of the times, but that I knew him to be ſo good a divine and philoſopher, and to have ſtudied the theory of this world ſo much, that nothing could take impreſſion in him to hurt himſelf; therefore I am content to believe, that his glaſs ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which ſhall make me the more your moſt affectionate ſervitor.

Letter 10. *From James Howell, Eſq. to Mr. R. K.*

Dear Sir, Weſtm. 15th Aug. 1630.

YOU and I are upon a journey, though bound for ſeveral places, I for Hamburgh, you for your laſt home, as I underſtand by Dr. Baſkerville, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectical diſeaſe will not ſuffer you to be long among us. I know by ſome experiments which I have had of you, you have ſuch a noble ſoul within you, that will not be daunted by thoſe natural apprehenſions which death doth uſually carry along with it among vulgar ſpirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now, though it be to ſome (φοβερων φοβερωτατον), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourſelf, God give

give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for, (which I doubt not will be heaven,) and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose.

And now, my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless bliss, where you shall have knowledge, as well as all things else, commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real causes, and perfect truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below: yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of your, &c.

Letter 11. *From the same to Mr. R. Howard.*

Sir, Fleet, 14th Feb. 1647.

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From him whom "I trust, God defend me; for, from him "whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad; which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full "chinks, he can hold nothing:" you kn a secret is too much for one, too little three, and enough for two; but Tom be none of those two, unless there wer trick to solder up his mouth: if he had c mitted a secret to me, and enjoined me sil and I had promised it, though I had shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should have bellowed it out. I find it now "That he who discovers his secrets to "ther, sells him his liberty, and becomes "slave;" well, I shall be warier hereafter, learn more wit. In the interim, the satisfaction I can give myself is, to exp him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him of the catalogue of my friends (thou cannot of my acquaintance), where name is inserted in great golden charac I will endeavour to lose the memory of and that my thoughts may never run upon the fashion of his face, which know he hath no cause to brag of; I such blateroons:

*Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi*———

I thought good to give you this little of advice, because the times are tickli committing secrets to any, though n your most affectionate friend to serve yo

Letter 12. *From the same to Sir K. Rome.*

Sir, Fleet, 3d March,

THOUGH you know well that carriage and course of my rambling had occasion to be, as the Dutchman a land-loper, and to see much of the abroad, yet methinks I have travelled since I have been immured and martyr

these walls than ever I did before; for e travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this world, which I have carried about me within me so many years: for as the of Pagan philosophers said, that the est learning was the knowledge of one's to be his own geometrician; if one do need not gad abroad to see fashions, he find enough at home, he shall hourly with new fancies, new humours, new ons within doors.

his travelling over of one's self is one of aths that leads a man to paradise: it is that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for hick set with extravagant desires, irre- affections and concupiscences, which are dd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in sh to cut our throats: there are also melancholy companions in the way, n are our thoughts, but they turn many to be good fellows, and the best com- ; which makes me, that among these solate walls I am never less alone than I am alone; I am ofttimes sole, but n solitary. Some there are, who are pestered with these companions, and too much mind for their bodies; but I one of those.

here have been (since you shook hands England) many strange things happened which posterity must have a strong faith lieve; but for my part, I wonder not at hing, I have seen such monstrous things. know there is nothing that can be casu- here is no success good or bad, but is ngent to man sometimes or other; nor here any contingencies, present or future, hey have their parallels from time past: he great wheel of fortune, upon whose (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all ly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution: which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like, formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church-windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry; if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our king is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council-table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expence of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume

to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather; and after a storm he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still most faithful humble servitor.

Letter 13. *From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. T. Morgan.*

Sir, May 12.

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me; but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian Doctor Dale, who being employed to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the secretary of state two letters, one to the queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was subscribed, "To "his dear Wife;" and that for his wife, "To her most excellent Majesty:" so that the queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with Sweetheart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake raised; but the doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to indorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more to you; but you needed not to have done that, for the name *friend* goes sometimes further than brother; and there be more examples of friends that sacrifice their lives for one another, than of brothers; which the writer doth think he should do for you, if the case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you, in [illegible] of news (for there is little good stirring [illegible] two other facetious tales of his; and fam[illegible] tales may become familiar letters well enou[illegible] When Queen Elizabeth did first propo[illegible] him that foreign employment to Flan[illegible] among other encouragements she told [illegible] that he should have twenty shillings *per* [illegible] for his expences. "Then, Madam," [illegible] he, "I will spend nineteen shillings a-d[illegible] "What will you do with the odd shillin[illegible] the queen replied.—"I will reserve that [illegible] "my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;" m[illegible] ing his wife and children. This induced [illegible] queen to enlarge his allowance. But [illegible] that comes last is the best of all, and ma[illegible] called the superlative of the three: w[illegible] was, when at the overture of the treat[illegible] other ambassadors came to propose in [illegible] language they should treat, the Spanish [illegible] bassador answered, that the French wa[illegible] most proper, because his mistress entitled [illegible] self "Queen of France." "Nay then," [illegible] Dr. Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for [illegible] "master calls himself King of Jerusal[illegible]

I performed the civilities you enjoine[illegible] to your friends here, who return yo[illegible] like centuplicated, and so doth your [illegible] friend.

Letter 14. *From the same to R. Davie[illegible]*

Sir, London, 5th [illegible]

DID your letters know how truly we[illegible] they are to me, they would make more [illegible] and not loiter so long in the way; for [illegible] not receive yours, of the 2d of June, [illegible] 1st of July; which is time enough to [illegible] travelled, not only a hundred English [illegible] so many Helvetian miles, that are five [illegible] bigger; for in some places they contain [illegible] furlongs, whereas ours have but eight

t be in Wales, where they are allowed r measure, or in the North parts, where is a wea-bit to every mile. But that s should be a whole month in making e one hundred English miles, (for the nce between us is no more,) is strange e, unless you purposely sent it by John g the carrier. I know, being so near ster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil, h is good for cheese as well as for cloth: fore, if you send me a good one, I shall n my cousin (your wife) something from e that may be equivalent. If you neglect I shall think that Wales is relapsed into irst barbarisms, [illegible] make use of the s arguments to prove the Britons barba-, because they had not the art of making se till the Romans came: but I believe will preserve them from this imputation n. I know you can want no good grass abouts, which, as they say, grows so fast me of your fields, that if one should put horse there over night, he should not find again the next morning. So, with my respectful commends to yourself, and to partner of your couch and cares, I rest, dear cousin, yours always to dispose of.

er 15. *From the same to Mr. T. C. at his house upon Tower Hill.*

Sir,

O inaugurate a good and jovial new-year u, I send you a morning's draught, *viz.* ttle of metheglin. Neither Sir John eycorn or Bacchus had any thing to do it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the rious bee, and king of insects. The ds and the old British bards were wont ke a carouse hereof before they entered their speculations; and if you do so when fancy labours with any thing, it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak too much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere: and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it to go upon these poetic feet:

*J. H. T. C. salutem, & annum Platonicum.*
*Non vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,*
*Quem ligimus bardos olim potasse Britannos.*
*Qualibet in bacca vitis Megæra latescit,*
*Qualibet in gutta mellis Aglaia nitet.*

The juice of bees, not Bacchus here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old:
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, "That there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine." So I wish you as cordially as to myself, an auspicious and joyful new-year, because you know I am your truly affectionate servitor.

Letter 16. *Lady Russel to King Charles II.*

(Indorsed by her, "My letter to the King a a few days after my dear Lord's death.")

May it please your Majesty,

I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death

was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment *) I often heard him discourse of the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it that another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true †; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, shewed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do, therefore, humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not, at the point of death, do so disingenious and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the cre my word, but upon the evidence of wh had to say. I hope I have written no in this that will displease your majesty; have, I humbly beg of you to consider coming from a woman amazed with g and that you will pardon the daughter person who served your majesty's father greatest extremities, and your majesty in greatest posts, and one that is not cons of having ever done any thing to offend (before). I shall ever pray for your m ty's long life and happy reign; who with all humility, may it please your maj &c.

Letter 17. *Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwill*

Woborne Abbey. 30th Sept.

I NEED not tell you, good doctor, little capable I have been of such an exa as this *. You will soon find how un am still for it, since my yet disordered thou can offer me no other than such words as press the deepest sorrows, and confused as yet amazed mind is. But such men as and particularly one so much my friend, I know, bear with my weakness, and passionate my distress, as you have alr done by your good letter and excellent pra I endeavour to make the best use I ca both, but I am so evil and unworthy a ture, that though I have desires, yet I hav dispositions or worthiness towards recei comfort. You that knew us both, and we lived, must allow I have just cause to wail my loss. I know it is common others to lose a friend; but to have lived such a one, it may be questioned how

* The words included in the parentheses are crossed out.

† It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his Lordship, concerning his last speech and paper.

* Lord Russell, her husband, was execute rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

glory in the like happinefs, fo confequent-
ment the like lofs. Who can but fhrink
ch a blow, till by the mighty aids of his
Spirit, we will let the gift of God,
h he hath put into our hearts, interpofe?
t reafon which fets a meafure to our fouls
rofperity, will then fuggeft many things
h we have feen and heard to moderate us
ch fad circumftances as mine: but, alas!
underftanding is clouded, my faith weak,
ftrong, and the devil bufy to fill my
ghts with falfe notions, difficulties, and
ts as of a future condition ———*
rayer: but this I hope to make matter of
iliation, not fin. Lord, let me under-
d the reafon of thefe dark and wounding
idences, that I fink not under the dif-
agements of my own thoughts! I know
ve deferved my punifhment, and will be
t under it; but yet fecretly my heart
rns too fadly, I fear, and cannot be com-
ed, becaufe I have not the dear companion
fharer of all my joys and forrows. I
t him to talk with, to walk with, to eat,
fleep with: all thefe things are irkfome
me now: the day unwelcome, and the
ht fo too: all company and meals I would
d if it might be; yet all this is, that I
y not the world in my own way, and this
hinders my comfort. When I fee my
dren before me, I remember the pleafure
ook in them; this makes my heart fhrink.
I regret his quitting a leffer good for a
ger? O! if I did fteadfaftly believe, I
d not be dejected. For I will not injure
felf to fay, I offer my mind any inferior
folation to fupply this lofs. No; I moft
ingly forfake this world, this vexatious
ubiefome world, in which I have no other

* Two or three words torn out.

bufinefs but to rid my foul from fin; fecure, by faith and a good confcience, my eternal interefts; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever after be above the fmiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of my work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the fame place of reft and repofe, where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do ———* fear. From that contemplation muft come my beft fupport. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reafon, that I fet no bounds when I let myfelf loofe to my complaints, but I will releafe you, firft fervently afking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful fervant.

Letter 18. *From the fame to the fame.*

Woborne Abbey, 20th April, 1684.

BELIEVE me, good Doctor, I find myfelf uneafy at reading your fhort letter of 8th April, (which I have but newly received,) before I had anfwered yours of the 11th March. I have feveral times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by difpatching lefs pleafing difpatches firft, and fo my time was fpent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pafs, as perhaps I would juft chufe: fenfe has been long enough gratified, indeed fo long I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleafant ftream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no fort of refreftment, but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows; while

* A word torn off.



I look

I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition: but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will, I verily believe, do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject; indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it; especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds: it was my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Dr. Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe, I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both, so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Straton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived a in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: But I must pass no more such days on earth; however, place indeed nothing. Where can I dwell the presence is not with me? Nor would I it otherwise: so I resolve that shall be no if it proves requisite for the better acqui any obligation upon me. That which is immediate one, is settling, and indeed gi up the trust my dear Lord had from my sister *. Fain would I see that perform as I know he would have done it had he li If I find I can do as I desire in it, I (by God's permission) infallibly go; but deed not to stay more than two or three we my children remaining here, who shall have my dilligent attendance, therefore haften back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accep your kind and religious offer, knowing not proper. I take, if I do go, my Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftsbury meet me there. This I chuse, as think some persons being there to whom I w observe some rules, will engage me to rest myself, or keep in better bounds my and sad thoughts. This is all I can do myself. But, blessed by the good prayer others for me, they will, I hope, help forward towards the great end of our creat I am, most cordially, good doctor, your mournful, but ever faithful friend, to s you.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and Lady will be shortly at Chilten. She is I do truly respect: I can never regret b near her, though my design is to con with none but lawyers and accomptants.

* Elizabeth Wriothesly, afterwards Noel

r 19. *Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 11th Oct. 1685.

OW I know where to find you, good r, (which I do by your letter written y cousin Spenser's,) you must be sure to rom her who is still not ashamed to be on ceiving hand with you. God has given he abilities, and opportunity for it, and o me; and what am I that I should say, is it not otherwise? No; I do not; o I grudge or envy you the pious and ious pleasure you have in it: my part is world is of another nature, and I you, Sir, (but God must give you compence,) you instruct me admirably to overcome, that I may once make cation of that text, Rev. iii. 12. and such hopes as cannot miscarry. The thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart good pleasure of God, who will prove the ways and dispensations he sees best, when he will break us to pieces, we must oken. Who can tell his works from eginning to the end? But who can praise ercies more than wretched I, that he has ut me off in anger, who have taken his sements so heavily, not weighing his es in the midst of judgments! The was of the fiercest sure; but had I hen a reasonable ground to hope, that I loved as I did my own soul, was raised a prison to a throne? Was I not en- to shut my own sorrows, that I encreased is sufferings by seeing mine? How my sinking spirits supported by the compassions of excellent and wise Christ- without ceasing admonishing me of my instructing, reproving, comforting me! know, doctor, I was not destitute; and t acknowledge that many others like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness, I trust, to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of the head-ach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity: I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, Sir, I did receive your papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated the 13th August; and another letter after that where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that time slipping, I know not where to find you, nor how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some unwished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady my uncle Ruvigny brought with him falling ill of the small pox, I first removed my children to Bedford house, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford house to take my last leave (for so I take it

it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous tender a friend as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt, their neice was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary: she died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her, ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence, yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them now they are so many, however, I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompence of all your labours, it is a poor one indeed, the weak unworthy prayers of your very much obliged servant.

You say, I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody; I freely give my judgment, it is a great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel: as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall; and as I believe it is an excellent discourse, why would it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

Letter 20. *Dr. Tillotson to Lady Ra*

[From Birch's Life of Tillotson.]

Canterbury Nov. 21

Honoured Madam,

WHEN I look back upon the date of ladyship's letter, I blush to see it so long by me unanswered. And I assure you, no day passeth in which ladyship and your children are not in mind. But I know not how, in the I am in in London, one business pre hard upon another, that I have less the things to which I have most inclin I am now, for a while, got out of the ment and noise of that great city, a enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me, to hear sad loss your dear friend sustained dur short stay in England *. But in some cumstances, to die is to live. And tha from heaven runs much in my mind, St. John heard in his vision of the lat think) and most extreme persecution, should befal the faithful servants of Go fore the final downfal of Babylon, "a "are the dead that die in the Lord "henceforth:" meaning that they wa py who were taken away before that t and utmost trial of the faith and patie the saints. But however that be, I do rejoice in the preservation of your d from the great danger they were in up occasion, and think God heartily for cause, whatever becomes of us, I hop will live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prom

* The death of her cousin, niece of Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter of 11th ber to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

parliament to the 10th of February, was surprising to us. We are not ut hopes, that in the mean time things e disposed to a better agreement against ext meeting. But when all is done, reatest comfort must be, that we are all hands of God, that he hath the care And do not think, Madam, that he you the less for having put so bitter a nto your hand. He, whom he loved tely best of all mankind, drank much r of it.

id hope to have waited on my good Lord edford at my return to London, but I doubt this prorogation will carry him he country before that time. I entreat o present my most humble service to ordship, to dear little master, and the g ladies. I am not worthy the con- tion you are pleased to have of me; pray continually for you all, and ever be, madam, your ladyship's most faith- d humble servant.

er 21. *Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.*

Honoured Madam,

RECEIVED both your letters, and be- he latter came to my hands, I gave your ip some kind of answer to the first, e time would let me, for the post staid But having now a little more leisure, will, I hope, give me leave to trouble with a longer letter.

as not at Hampton Court last Sunday, almost tired out with ten weeks attend- so that I have had no opportunity to rther in the business I wrote of in my but hope to bring it to some issue the pportunity I can get to speak with the I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson so a mixture of human frailty, with so considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure over-balanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of has, at some times, not used me over well; for which I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

The king, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker *, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him bishop of Londonderry, one of the best bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the king hath done in this matter, and is no small joy to me, to see that God directs him to do so wisely.

I will now give your ladyship a short account of his majesty's disposal of our English church performents, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern too much of court art and contrivance for the

* Mr. George Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland, when Lunde the governor would have surrendered it to King James the IId. After the raising of that seige, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their majesties; and on the 19th of November, 1689, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that seige, and had a present of 5000l. He was created D. D. by the University of Oxford on the 26th February, 1689-90 in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July, 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric.

 preferment

preferment of their friends; yea, even in my good Lord Nottingham, more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my station, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, as to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so, a year to an end.

I promised a short account, but I am long before I come to it. The dean of St. Paul's *, the bishop of Worcester, the dean of Peterborough †, of Chichester. An humble servant of yours, dean of St. Paul's. The dean of Norwich ‡ is dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Stanley, clerk of his majesty's closet, is residentiary of St. Paul's; and Dr. Fairfax, dean of Norwich. The warden of All Souls §, in Oxford, is prebendary of Canterbury; and Mr. Nixon hath the other prebend there, void by the death of Dr. Jeffreys. These too last merited of the king in the West, Mr. Finch by going in early to him, and Mr. Nixon, who is my lord of Bath's chaplain, by carrying messages between the king and my lord of Bath, as the king himself told me, with the hazard of his life. St. Andrew's and Covent-garden are not yet disposed. Dr. Birch (which I had almost forgot) is prebendary of Westminster; and, which grieves me much, Mons. Allix put by at present; but my lord privy seal ‖ would not be denied. The whole is as well as could easily be in th sent circumstances.

But now begins my trouble. After kissed the king's hand for the deanery Paul's, I gave his majesty my most h thanks, and told him, that now he h me at ease for the remainder of my life. replied, "No such matter, I assure you; spoke plainly about a great place, wh dread to think of, and said, "It was nec "for his service, and he must charge it "my conscience." Just as he had said he was called to supper, and I had only to say, that when his majesty was at le I did believe I could satisfy him that it be most for his service, that I should con in the station in which he had now place This hath brought me into a real diffic For, on the one hand, it is hard to d his majesty's commands, and much h yet to stand out against so much goodne his majesty is pleased to use towards me. the other, I can neither bring my inclin nor my judgment to it. This I owe t bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst best friends I know: best for his sin good opinion of me; and the worst for d ing the king to this method, which I he did; as if his lordship and I had certed the matter how to finish this f piece of dissimulation, in running away a bishopric to catch an archbishopric. fine device hath thrown me so far int briars, that, without his majesty's great ness, I shall never get off without a scra face. And now I will tell your ladyshi bottom of my heart. I have of a long I thank God for it, devoted myself t public service without any regard for m and to that end have done the best I co the best manner I was able. Of late

* Dr. Stillingfleet. † Dr. Si. Patrick.

‡ Dr. John Sharp.

§ Leopard Wm. Finch, fifth son of Heneage Earl of Winchelsea.

‖ Marquis of Halifax.

been pleafed, by very fevere ways *, in great goodnefs to me, to wean perfectly from the love of this world; at worldly greatnefs is now not only irable, but diftafteful to me. And verily believe, that I fhall be able to do ch or more good in my prefent ftation in a higher, and fhall not have one jot nterefl or influence upon any others to goodnefs; for the people naturally love n that will take great pains and little ment. But, on the other hand, if I force my inclination to take this great I forefee that I fhould fink under it, row melancholy, and good for nothing, after a little while, die as a fool dies.

t this, madam, is a great deal too much one of the worft and niceft fubjects in orld, a man's felf.

I was finifhing this long letter, which r goodnefs will forgive I hope never to ccafion to try it fo far again, I received letter, and fhall fay no more of Dr. of whofe preaching I always knew ladyfhip's opinion. The perfon I oned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the has beftowed the deanery of Peterh, and therefore cannot have it. I ly of your ladyfhip's opinion, that what rd Bedford does in this matter muft not to be done by him, for fear of bringher importunities upon the king. If rd thinks well of Dr. Herneck, Dr. would then certainly have St. Andrews. ank God for the health your family enas for that of my own; and equally r the continuance of it and all other s. I would fain find room to tender my humble fervice to my Lord Bedford, my Lord Ruffel, and two of the beft young ladies I know. I am, honoured madam, more than I can exprefs your moft obliged and obedient fervant.

* e lofs of his children, and having been with an apoplectic diforder.

Letter 22. *Lady Ruffell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 28th Aug. 1690.

I ASSURE you, good doctor, I was very well pleafed this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, becaufe your laft had fome gentle hints in it, as if you thought I had taken fome offence, though you kindly again faid, you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being confcious of omiffion or commiffion, and indeed you have good reafon for faying fo; I will at any time juftify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your miftruft of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of Auguft, you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a ftay at Windfor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to fuch as would congratulate my being well again, fome in kindnefs, and fome in ceremony. But fo it was, that when I went to write, I found I fhould not know where to fend it, fo I deferred it till I had learned that. I fent to Mrs. Smith; fhe could not tell: I bid John fend to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton; for I know Lady Gainfborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourfelf.

By

By report I fear poor Lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can. Indeed, doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life hath been so imbittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which inforces us to conserve life: and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham *. But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor on any other at this time. That I might be certain not to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my lady: I had done myself the honour to write to her, just, as I believe, she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour: either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business, I know, is an atte of the last. I am, sir, your constant and servant.

* Ejected as a Nonjuror.

Letter 23. *Lady Russell to* —— —— *(Supposed the Bishop of Salisbury.)*

16th October,

I HAVE, my lord, so upright an he my friends, that though your great w of business had forced you to a silence o kind, yet I should have had no doub that one I so distinguish in that little m God has yet left me, does join with lament my late losses: the one was a ju cere man, and the only son of a fath a friend I loved with too much passion other, my last sister, and I ever love tenderly.

It pleases me to think, that she deser be remembered by all those that kne But after above forty years acquaintanc so amiable a creature, one must needs, fecting, bring to remembrance so m gaging endearments as are yet at prese bittering and painful; and indeed we be sure, that when any thing below G the object of our love, at one time or an it will be matter of our sorrow. But time will put me again into my settle of mourning; for a mourner I must my days upon earth, and there is no should be other. My glass runs low. world does not want me, nor I want my business is at home, and within a n compass. I must not deny, as there something so glorious in the object biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some sure, kept me from being then overwh So now it affords me, together with t membrance how many easy years we li gether, thoughts that are joy enough f

looks no higher than a quiet ſubmiſſion to ot; and ſuch pleaſures in educating my g folks as ſurmount the cares that it will d. If I ſhall be ſpared the trial, where e moſt thought of being prepared to bear ain, I hope I ſhall be thankful, and I I aſk it faithfully, that it may be in y, not in judgment. Let me rather be red here, than they or I be rejected in other bleſſed peaceful home to all ages, hich my ſoul aſpires. There is ſome- in the younger going before me, that I obſerved all my life to give a ſenſe I ot deſcribe; it is harder to be borne a bigger loſs, where there has been ſpun longer thread of life. Yet I ſee no for it, for every day we ſee the young with the old: but methinks it is a vio- upon nature.

troubled mind has a multitude of theſe ghts. Yet I hope I maſter all murmur- : if I have had any, I am ſorry, and have no more, aſſiſted by God's grace; reſt ſatisfied, that whatever I think, I one day be entirely ſatisfied what God one, and ſhall do, will be beſt, and juſ- both his juſtice and mercy. I meant s a very ſhort epiſtle; but you have been years acquainted with my infirmity, and endured it, though you never had waſte I believe, in your life; and better do not, I hope, make your patience However it will become me to put an o this, which I will do, ſigning myſelf ally yours, &c.

r 24. *Lady Ruſſell to Lord Cavendiſh.*

29th October, 1690.

HOUGH I know my letters do Lord ndiſh no ſervice, yet, as a reſpect I love him, and to thank him alſo for his laſt from Limbeck: I had not been ſo long ſilent, if the death of two perſons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me ſo uncomfortable to myſelf, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converſe where I would never be ill company. The ſeparation of friends is grievous. My ſiſter Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainſborough was the only ſon of a ſiſter I loved with too much paſſion: they both deſerved to be remembered by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped ſhould have ended it ſo too; but the great and wiſe Diſpoſer of all Things, and who knows where it is beſt to place his creatures, either in this or the other world, has ordered it otherwiſe. The beſt improvement we can make in theſe caſes, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whoſe glaſs runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I ſay, that we ſhould all reflect there is no paſſing through this to a better world without ſome croſſes; and the ſcene ſometimes ſhifts ſo faſt, our courſe of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends on our ſpending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuouſly, my lord, and you cannot die too ſoon, nor live too long. I hope the laſt ſhall by your lot, with many bleſſings attending it. Your, &c.

Letter 25. *From Lady Ruſſell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

July 21ſt, 1692.

I WILL ſay but very little for myſelf, why you were ſo long without hearing from me, yet I could ſay much to my juſtification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and ſerious part of your laſt letter; not

not but I ſhould be very ſorry indeed, if I ſuſpected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you: I dare ſay you raiſe none upon appearances, and other reaſon you ſhall never have. In ſhort, my daughter Cavendiſh being ill, carried me twice a-day to Arlington houſe, where I ſtaid till twelve or one o'clock at night, and much buſineſs, being near leaving London, and my eyes ſerving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggeſt let of all, and hindered my doing what I deſired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpoſe of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard ſentence pronounced againſt my dear friend and huſband; it was the faſt day, and ſo I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleaſes me beſt. What ſhall I ſay, doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I ſhould lie. I bleſs God it has long been my purpoſe, with ſome endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude, I grieve without ſinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God, and ſubmiſſion to all his providences, that I can rejoice in; however, I bleſs him for his infinite mercy, in a ſupport that is not wrought from the world, though my heart is too much bound up in the bleſſings I have yet left; and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlaſting portion, and in the aſſured hope of good things in the other world.

Good doctor, we are travelling the ſame way, and hope, through mercy, to meet at the ſame happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal reſt; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this ſide heaven goes ſo near it; and being where God is, it is heaven. If he be in our he there will be peace and ſatisfaction, whe recollects the happineſs of ſuch a ſtate, w if my heart deceives me not, I hope is m and I will try to experience more and that bleſſed promiſe, "Come unto me, "ye that are heavy laden, and I will "you eaſe." This day and this ſubject clines me to be very long, and migh another be too tedious; but I know it is ſo to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uſes to fe the houſe of mourning. However, my to open my chamber door is near; a take ſome care not to affect in theſe re ments. In all circumſtances I remain, your conſtantly obliged friend and vant.

Letter 26. *Lady Ruſſell to (Rouvigny) of Galway* *.

June

ALAS! my dear Lord Galway, thoughts are yet all diſorder, confuſion, amazement; and I think I am very incap of ſaying or doing what I ſhould.

I did not know the greatneſs of my lo his perſon till I could ſee it no more. W nature, who will be miſtreſs, has, in meaſure, with time relieved herſelf, then not till then, I truſt the goodneſs which no bounds, and whoſe power is irreſi will aſſiſt me by his grace to reſt cont with what his unerring providence ha pointed and permitted. And I ſhall fe in this contemplation, that there was no uncomfortable in his death, but the

* Lady Ruſſell's only ſon Wriotheſley, of Bedford, died of the ſmall-pox in May in the thirty-firſt year of his age; upon occaſion this letter was written.

His God was, I verily believe, ever in oughts. Towards his laſt hours he upon him, and complained he could ay his prayers. To what I anſwered, , he wiſhed for more time to make up ounts with God. Then with remem- to his ſiſters, and telling me how nd kind his wife had been to him, and ſhould have been glad to have ex- himſelf to her, ſaid ſomething to me y double kindneſs to his wife, and ſo way. There ſeemed no reluctance to his world, patient and eaſy the whole and I believe knew his danger, but grieve thoſe by him, delayed what ht have ſaid. But why all this? The is paſt. I do not aſk your prayers, I ou offer them with ſincerity to Almighty or your afflicted kinſwoman.

27. *From Lord Shaftesbury to* ——.

Feb. 24th, 1706-7.

CCEPT kindly the offer of your cor- dence, and chiefly as it comes from ith heartineſs, and the beſt of charac- mplicity. When this diſpoſition of tends our ſearches into learning and phy, we need not fear being "vainly d up," or falling into that falſe way om, which the ſcripture calls "vain ſophy." When the improvement of nds, and the advancement of our rea- all we aim at, and this only to fit us erfecter, more rational, and worthier of God, we can have no ſcruples or no the work be an acceptable one But where neither our duty to man- nor obedience to our Creator, is any e end or object of our ſtudies or exer- e they ever ſo curious or exquiſite, y be juſtly ſtyled "vain;" and often the vainer for carrying with them the falſe ſhew of excellence and ſuperiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous, even towards divinity, than logics, metaphyſics, and what we call univerſity-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforewarned, or, what is worſe, prepoſſeſſed with the excellency of ſuch learning; as if all wiſdom lay in the ſolution of thoſe riddles of the ſchool-men, who, in the laſt ages of the church, found out an effectual way to deſtroy religion by philoſophy, and render reaſon and philoſophy ridiculous under that garb they had put on it. If your circumſtances or condition ſuffer you to enter into the world by a univerſity, well it is for you that you have prevented ſuch prepoſſeſſion.

However, I am not ſorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding; which may as well qualify for buſineſs and the world, as for the ſciences and a univerſity. No one has done more towards the recalling philoſophy from barbarity, into uſe and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer ſort; who might well be aſhamed of it in its other dreſs. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reaſoning. And, above all, I wonder to hear him cenſured ſo much by any Church of England-men, for advancing reaſon and bringing the uſe of it ſo much into religion; when it is by this only that we fight againſt the enthuſiaſts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat thoſe viſionaries, who in the laſt age broke in ſo foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at leaſt) eſteemed ſo terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of thoſe who in theſe truly happy times eſteem our church as wholly

wholly out of danger; yet ſhould we hearken to thoſe men who diſclaim this uſe of reaſon in religion, we muſt lay ourſelves open afreſh to all fanatics. For what elſe is all fanaticiſm? Where does the ſtreſs of their cauſe lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the Spirit; their unexpreſſible pretended feelings, apprehenſions, and lights within; their inſpirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c. are not theſe, I ſay, the foundations on which they build their cauſe? Are not our cold dead reaſonings (as they call them) a reproach and ſtumbling-block to them; if you will believe their leaders, who are inſtantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts, and ſpirits, and ſupernatural graces, if they are once brought to the teſt of cool reaſon and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cauſe, by giving up reaſon? Shall we give them up our Tillotſons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what elſe is it to give up this way of reaſon ſo much decried by thoſe condemners of Mr. Locke? But ſuch is the ſpirit of ſome men in controverſial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Maſter Locke, has (as I am lately told) turned rigid Calviniſt, as to all the points of predeſtination, free-grace, &c. and not only this clergyman, but ſeveral more in the univerſity of that high party, who ran as high in oppoſition to Calviniſm but one reign or two ſince. The reaſon of this is but too obvious. Our biſhops and dignified church-men, (the moſt worthily and juſtly dignified of any in any age,) are, as they ever where, inclinable to moderation in the high Calviniſtic points. But they are alſo inclinable to moderation in other points.

*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

They are for toleration, inviolable tole as our queen nobly and chriſtianly ſ in her ſpeech a year or two ſince; and itſelf intolerable with our high gen who deſpiſe the gentleneſs of their Lo Maſter, and the ſweet mild governm our queen, preferring rather that abom blaſphemous repreſentative of church p attended with the worſt of temporal g ments, as we ſee it in perfection of ca in France. From this, and from its a of every kind, and in every way, God deliver us, whilſt we are duly th for what in his providence he has done towards it, and to the happine glory of our excellent queen and co So farewell. I am your good friend to you.

Letter 28. *From Lord Shaftesbury to*

May 10th

SINCE your diſpoſition inclines ſtrongly towards univerſity-learning your ſound exerciſe of your reaſon, integrity of your heart, give good a againſt the narrow principles and con manner of thoſe corrupted places, wh noble and free principles ought rathe propagated: I ſhall not be wanting on my part, when I ſhall ſee the fruit ſtudies, life, and converſation, and to thoſe good ſeeds of principles you carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of real free-thought. Your piety and vi know, you will always keep, eſpecial your deſires and natural inclinations wards ſo ſerious a ſtation in life, whic

ke too ſlightly, and without examin-
r hearts.

God direct you, and confirm your
ginnings, and in the practice of vir-
religion; aſſuring yourſelf that the
principle, which is the love of God,
ttained, not by dark ſpeculations and
n philoſophy, but by moral practice,
e of mankind, and a ſtudy of their
s; the chief of which, and that which
iſes them above the degree of brutes,
dom of reaſon in the learned world,
od government and liberty in the civil
Tyranny in one is ever accom-
or ſoon followed, by tyranny in the
And when ſlavery is brought upon
e, they are ſoon reduced to that baſe
ntal ſtate, both in their underſtandings
rals.

zeal therefore for God or religion,
ſupported by real love for mankind:
e of mankind cannot conſiſt but with
knowledge of man's great intereſts,
the only way and means (that of
and freedom) which God and nature
de neceſſary and eſſential to his manly
and character. They therefore who
theſe principles, and the rights of
d, betray religion even ſo as to make
ſtrument againſt itſelf.

muſt have done, and am your good
o ſerve you.

9. *Letter from the ſame to the ſame.*

November 19th, 1707.

ULY if your heart correſpond en-
ith your pen, and if you thoroughly
ſe good principles you have expreſſed,
t but have a great increaſe of kind-
d eſteem for you.

ine not, that I ſuſpect you of ſo mean
a thing as hypocriſy or affected virtue: I am
fully ſatisfied you mean and intend what you
write. But alas! the misfortune of youth,
and not of youth merely, but of human na-
ture, is ſuch, that it is a thouſand times
eaſier to frame the higheſt ideas of virtue
and goodneſs, than to practiſe the leaſt part.
And perhaps this is one of the chief reaſons
why virtue is ſo ill practiſed; becauſe the
impreſſions, which ſeem ſo ſtrong at firſt, are
too far relied on. We are apt to think, that
what appears ſo fair, and ſtrikes us ſo forci-
bly, at the firſt view, will ſurely hold with
us. We launch forth into ſpeculation; and,
after a time, when we look back and ſee how
ſlowly practice comes up to it, we are the
ſooner led to deſpondency the higher we had
carried our views before.

Remember therefore to reſtrain yourſelf
within due bounds; and to adapt your con-
templation to what you are capable of prac-
tiſing. For there is a ſort of ſpiritual am-
bition; and in reading thoſe truly divine
authors whom you have ſometimes cited to
me, I have obſerved many to have miſcarried
by too fervent and eager a purſuit of ſuch
perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one
of thoſe dull ſouls that are incapable of any
ſpiritual refinement. I rejoice to ſee you
raiſe yourſelf above the rank of ſordid and
ſenſual ſpirits, who, though ſet apart and
deſtined to ſpirituals, underſtand not that
there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond
a little ſcholarſhip and knowledge of forms.
I rejoice to ſee that you think of other pre-
parations, and another diſcipline of the heart
and mind, than what is thought of amongſt
that indolent and ſupine race of men.

You are ſenſible, I perceive, that there is
another ſort of ſtudy, a profounder medita-
tion,

tion, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor illiterate and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the divine goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with; where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, viz. that we are made to contemplate and love God intirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you well see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means, without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till thos fires are extinct.

God grant that since you know this way, this chaste and holy discipline may still pursue it with that just and jealousy over your own heart, that your eyes, nor any of your senses, led away to serve themselves, or an but that Creator who made them service, and in whom alone is happin rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad still of you.

Letter 30. *From the same to the sa*

April

I HAVE received yours every we am highly satisfied with your thought doubting but they are truly your o natural, as well as your manner of ex them; for in this I would have you entire freedom, and deliver your sen still nakedly, and without art or orn For it is the heart I look for: and the ornaments of style are what you liged to study and practise on other oc the less you regard them, and the simplicity you discover in writing p to myself, the greater my satisfaction the more becoming the part you have

I was particularly pleased wi thoughts and reasonings on Christian and the zeal you shew for that nob ciple, by which we cease to be sla drudges in religion; and by being re to our duty, and to the excellence precepts and injunctions, which ten lutely to our good and happiness respect, we become liberal servants a dren of God.

A mind thus releaſed and ſet at liberty, if once ſees its real good, will hardly be deived of it, or diſheartened in the purſuit, hatever diſcouragement ſurrounds it. It the inward enemy alone can ſtop it. For ienta mind ſet free from voluntary error diſelf-darkening conceit, aſpires to what enerous and deſerving, nothing but what vile and ſlaviſh from within can deaden it; ing but a baſe love of inward ſlavery, ran adherence to our vices and corrupis able to effect this.

In ome, who are horridly degenerate, this miſſion is wholly voluntary. Self-intereſt ds them, whether it be a private one of ir own, or in ſociety and confederacy with faction or party, to the ſupport of temends. In this caſe it carries a ſpecious of public good; whether it be in or ſtate. And thus it is often the on of an open denial of reaſon, and of faced oppoſition to the glorious ſearch th.

others, it is mere ſloth and lazineſs, or appetite and luſt, which, bringing them the power of ſin and ignorance, fits for political ſervitude by moral proſti. For when the tyranny of luſt and n can be indulgently permitted, and eſteemed a happineſs, no wonder if y of thought be in little eſteem. Every civil or ſpiritual of this kind muſt be diſregarded, or rather looked upon ealouſy and apprehenſion.

one tyranny ſupports another: one y helps and miniſters to another. Vice ers to ſuperſtition; and a gainful reſs ſhe is: ſuperſtition on the other eturns the kindneſs, and will not be teful. Superſtition ſupports perſecuand perſecution ſuperſtition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward perſecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is firſt held in unrighteouſneſs and the γνωστον, "reaſon knowable, the in-"telligible, the divine part," is perſecuted and impriſoned. Thoſe who ſubmit to this tyranny, in time not only come to like it, but pleaſed for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and againſt nature.

So in the abſolute governments of the world: nations, that ſubmit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government; if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itſelf, knows neither law nor order.

In this ſtate the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reaſon, as an antagoniſt to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once loſt her intereſt with the ſoul by oppoſing every favourite paſſion, ſhe will then be ſoon expelled another province, and lie under ſuſpicion for every attempt ſhe makes upon the mind. She is preſently miſcalled and abuſed. She is thought notional in the underſtanding, whimſical in company, ſeditious in the ſtate, heretical in the church. Even in philoſophy, her own proper dominions, ſhe is looked upon as none of the beſt companions; and here alſo authority is reſpected as the moſt convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and ſenſe, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is eaſily ſeen by thoſe who ſee thoſe places, and can but make uſe of their eyes to obſerve manners and morals.

It is pretty viſible indeed that the original of all is in thoſe ſordid vices of ſloth, lazineſs, and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how ſhould theſe be ſo illuſtriouſly

luſtriouſly maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that thoſe mother vices are ſo indulgently treated in thoſe places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free and has aſſerted his inward liberty, can ſee truth thus held, reaſon and ingenuity ſuppreſſed, without ſome ſecret abhorrence and deteſtation?

But this you are happily apprized of; nor can you miſcarry or be turned aſide by impoſture, or aſſuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: uſe it, and be free. But uſe it as becomes you, with all due meekneſs and ſubmiſſion as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and reſcued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preſerve yourſelf from the contagion, and it is enough: a great taſk it is, and will appear ſo to you, if you are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itſelf, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and ſelf-conceit, which finds this way to ſcreen itſelf and manage undiſcovered.

Keep your virtue and honeſty to yourſelf; for if it be truly ſuch, it will be in no pain for being kept ſecret. And thus you may be ſafe, and in due time, perhaps, uſeful alſo to others. Learn to diſcourſe and reaſon with yourſelf, or as you honeſtly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to ſhew your ſentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to ſuch as can neither bear them, nor thoſe whom they ſuſpect to be in poſſeſſion of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all, ty; and ſubdue early your own temp appetites. It will then be time for ſpeculations, when thoſe wandering nations, vain conceits, and wanton th of youth, are mortified and ſubdued. ligion then will have no enemy oppo her; and in ſpite of ſuperſtition, a ſpiritual tyrannies of the world, will found a joyful taſk, the pleaſanteſt lives, quite other than is commonly ſented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for always permitted you; this you can ployed in every hour, even when boo privacy are denied you, and buſineſs a tendance required. The more you ſervant in this ſenſe, the more you wi take of that chief liberty which is lea obedience and ſubmiſſion. And thu they, who, perhaps, by their haughtin harſhneſs, would render you a ſlave, an you into ſervile thoughts, will moſt contribute to your manumiſſion; if by ſad example they teach you (in me ſtill and humility) to deteſt the mor narrow, perſecuting, and bitter ſpirit ported by their vices, and ſhew you ev that great truth, that "tyranny can "be exerciſed but by one who is alr "ſlave."

Be aſſured, therefore, that where th diſdains this original corruption, the will be its friend; and by delivering i all ſpiritual bondage will qualify it further progreſs, rewarding virtue by For of virtue there can be no reward the ſame kind with itſelf; nothing ſuperadded to it: and even heaven itſ be no other than the addition of g grace, virtue to virtue, and knowle

ge; by which we may still more and mprehend the chief virtue, and high-lence, the giver and dispenser of all; m I commit you, and pray your may be effectual. So farewell.

1. *Letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Oxford.*

Lord, Reygate, March 29, 1711.

honour you have done me in many quiries after my health, and the fa-u have shewn me lately, in forward-only means I have left for my reco-y trying the air of a warmer climate, me, ere I leave England, to return ordship my most humble thanks and ledgments in this manner, since I am to do it in a better. I might perhaps d, do injustice to myself, having had ortunity of late years to pay my par-respects to you, if I should attempt herwise to compliment your lordship late honours you have received, than ealing to the early acquaintance and orrespondence I had once the honour ntain with you and your family, for I had been bred almost from my in-to have the highest regard. Your o well knows my principles and be-r from the first hour I engaged in any concern, and with what zeal I spent ears of my life in supporting your , which I thought of greater moment public, than my own or family's could e. What the natural effects are of friendship so founded, and what the uence of different opinions intervening, rdship, who is so good a judge of men ngs, can better resolve with yourself, can possibly suggest. And being so g in friends (of whom your lordship has acquired so many), you can recollect how those ties or obligations have been hitherto preserved towards you, and whose friendships, affections, and principles you may for the future best depend upon in all circumstances and variations public and private. For my own part, I shall say only, that I very sincerely wish you all happiness, and can with no man living congratulate more heartily on what I account real honour and prosperity. Your conduct of the public will be the just earnest and insurance of your greatness and power; and I shall then chiefly congratulate with your lordship on your merited honours and advancement, when by the happy effects it appears evidently in the service of what cause, and for the advantage of what interest, they were acquired and enjoyed. Had I been to wish by what hands the public should have been served, the honour of the first part (your lordship well knows) had fallen to you long since. If others, from whom I least hoped, have done greatly and as became them, I hope, if possible, you will still exceed all they have performed, and accomplish the great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the rescue of liberty, and the deliverance of Europe and mankind. And in this presumption I cannot but remain with the same zeal and sincerity as ever, my lord, &c.

Letter 32. *From the same to Lord Godolphin.*

My Lord, Reygate, May 27, 1711.

BEING about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your lordship, to

to whom alone, had I but ſtrength enough to make my compliments, and pay a day's attendance in town, I ſhould think myſelf ſufficiently happy in my weak ſtate of health. I am indeed, my lord, little able to render ſervices of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myſelf in ſuch a capacity to any one, except your lordſhip only. But could I flatter myſelf that ere I parted hence, or while I paſſed through France, or ſtaid in Italy, I could any where, in the leaſt trifle, or in the higheſt concern, render any manner of ſervice to your lordſhip, I ſhould be proud of ſuch a commiſſion. Sure I am, in what to your honour and name (if that ca ceive ever any advantage from ſuch an as mine) your public as well as p merit will not paſs unremembered into ever region or climate I am transferred one has a more thorough knowledge i kind than myſelf, nor no one there is, on this account has a juſter right to p himſelf, as I ſhall ever do, with highe ligation and moſt conſtant zeal, my your lordſhip's moſt faithful and moſt dient humble ſervant.

# BOOK III. LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND LATE DATE.

## SECT. I. FROM MR. POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

### Letter 1. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherly.*

Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704 *.

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a man, whom, in his writings, I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and loved him: for I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate h I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun b violence of party, but it is no doubt were continued by envy at his ſucceſs fame. And thoſe ſcribblers who att him in his latter times, were only like in a ſummer's evening, which are never troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt ous ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that you told me my own performances above thoſe critics, I was ſo vain as to b it; and yet I may not be ſo humble think myſelf quite below their notice. critics, as they are birds of prey, hav

* The author's age then ſixteen.

† He ſince did ſo, in his Dedication to the of Newcaſtle, prefixed to the duodecimo edi Dryden's Plays, 1717.

a n

inclination to carrion: and though r writers as I are but beggars, no ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and r is ſo beggarly but he can keep a I am far from thinking the attacks people either any honour or diſho- n to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. ith you, that whatever leſſer wits n ſince his death, are but like ſtars when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle is abſence, and with the rays they owed from him. Our wit (as you s but reflection or imitation, there- e to be called ours. True wit, I ay be defined a juſtneſs of thought cility of expreſſion; or (in the phraſe) a perfect conception, with elivery. However, this is far from te definition; pray help me to a I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

2. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

March 25, 1705.

I write to you, I foreſee a long ought to beg your patience before if it proves the longeſt, it will be he worſt I have troubled you with. reſs my gratitude at large for your etter, is not more my duty than t, as ſome people will abundantly for one piece of kindneſs, to put ind of beſtowing another. The urable you are to me, the more I ſee my faults: ſpots and ble- u know, are never ſo plainly diſ- in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I ed by thoſe commendations which ned to encourage me: for praiſe to t is like rain to a tender flower; if rately beſtowed, it cheers and re- if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing themſelves will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excell them in good nature too. As for my green eſſays *, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and it is impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is, at beſt, but the ſmoke of friendſhip. I neither write nor converſe with you to gain your praiſe, but your affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at leaſt as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

Letter 3. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits, and the downright country fools; that the firſt are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gaiety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dullneſs which the wits muſt do at laſt, though after

* His paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age.

a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dullness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these: for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress, desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little m you should.

I must complain of the shortness laft. Those who have most wit, l who have most money, are genera sparing of either.

Letter 4. *From the same to the s*

April 1

I HAVE nothing to say to you letter; but I was resolved to write to so. Why should not I content my so many great examples, of deep profound casuists, grave philosoph have written, not letters only, b tomes and voluminous treatises, a thing? Why should a fellow like me his life does nothing, be ashamed nothing? and that to one who has n do but to read it? But perhaps y the whole world has something to thing to talk of, something to wish f thing to be employed about: but p cast up the account, put all these thi ther, and what is the sum total but thing? I have no more to say, but to to give my service (that is nothing) friends, and to believe that I am more than your, &c.

*Ex nihilo nil fit.* LUCR.

Letter 5. *From the same to the*

July

THE morning after I parted fr found myself (as I had prophesied) in an uneasy stage coach; a dolef from that agreeable company I e night before! without the least b tertainment but from my last recou cases, a book. I then began to acquaintance with your moralists

ved from them ſome cold conſolation nconveniences of this life, and the ty of human affairs; when I per- vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the the dreadful news of a ſick woman to enter it. It is not eaſy to gueſs rtification; but being ſo well fortified oſophy, I ſtood reſigned with a ſtoi- ncy to endure the worſt of evils, a n. I was indeed a little comforted y her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was d a gentlewoman; but no ſooner ood removed, but I ſaw one of the s I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my heard her ſalute me by my name. I more reaſon to accuſe nature for e ſhort-ſighted than now, when I recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair h knew me ſo well, and was utterly how to addreſs myſelf; till with a of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let (even before I diſcovered my igno- at ſhe was the daughter of one in hbourhood, lately married, who, een conſulting her phyſicians in s returning into the country, to try d air and a huſband could do to re- My father, you muſt know, has recommended the ſtudy of phyſic t I never had any ambition to be a this inſtant. I ventured to preſcribe (which I happened to have in the hich being forbidden her by her e had the more inclination to. In mpted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more Devil than ſhe like Eve. Having ſucceſs of the foreſaid tempter before I put on the gallantry of the old d in ſpite of my evil form accoſted ll the gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good an effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant; her colour returned, and ſhe was pleaſed to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: in a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame time be aſſured, that gentleman we ſpoke of ſhall never, by any alteration in me, diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: and I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores*
*Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!*

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs, you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have ſhewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the country, with more application and pleaſure:

the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Letter 6. *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell.*

Nov. 1

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one, and I am but this morning returned. The news you tell me of the many d[illegible] you found in your return from Ba[illegible] me such a kind of pleasure as we use in accompanying our friends in their adventures; for, methinks, I see you ing through all your inconveniences, rough roads, the hard saddle, the horse, and what not? What an surprise would it have been to me, met you by pure accident (which I w[illegible] an ace of doing), and to have carried triumphantly, set you on an easier relieved the wandering knight with lodging and rural repast, at our c[illegible] forest? But these are only the plea[illegible] ginations of a disappointed lover, suffer in a melancholy absence yet months. In the mean time, I ta[illegible] the muses for want of your better the muses, *quæ nobiscum pernoctant, [illegible]xantur, rusticantur*. Those aërial discover enough to me of their b[illegible] urge my pursuit, and draw me into ing maze of thought, still in hopes in hopes) of attaining those fa[illegible] them, which they confer on the m[illegible] admirers. We grasp some mor[illegible] idea in our own brain, than our en[illegible] express it can set to the view of o[illegible] still do but labour to fall short [illegible]

ion. The gay colouring which
e at the first transient glance we had
es off in the execution, like those
gures in the gilded clouds, which,
gaze long upon, to separate the
each imaginary image, the whole
fore the eye, and decays into con-

highly pleased with the knowledge
me of Mr. Wycherley's present
which seems so favourable to me. I
have such a fund of affection for
be agreeable to myself when I am
, and cannot but be gay when he is
humour, as the surface of the earth
will pardon a poetical similitude) is
gloomier, just as the sun is brighter
over-cast.—I should be glad to see
s to Lintot which you mention, for,
s, something oddly agreeable may be
from that subject.—For what re-
am so well, that nothing but the af-
of your being so, can make me
and if you would have me live with
faction these dark days in which I
ee you, it must be by your writing
es to your, &c.

er 7. *From the same to the same.*

Dec. 21, 1711.

have not writ to you so soon as I
let my writing now atone for the
as it will infallibly do, when you
hat a sacrifice I make you at this time
every moment my eyes are employed
s paper, they are taken off from two
nest faces in the universe. But in-
is some consolation to me to reflect,
le I but write this period, I escape
ndred fatal darts from those unerring
d about a thousand deaths or better.

Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) so elegant a spectator of forms; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day and silver goddess of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; they are eyes that have more persuasion in once glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition; let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever.—How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my pastorals, for one of them, and my Essay for the other? I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing

part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for this kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

Letter 8. *Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull* †.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, joined to that natur which first makes a man an author, tainly enough to render him a coxc life. But I must grant it is a judicio poets, that they, whose chief pretens should be treated as they themselv fools, this is, be cajoled with praises. I believe, poets are the only poor fellow world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say the obliging letter you sent me deserved putation, only it put me in mind of I fancy one may apply to one's fa Cæsar said of his wife: "It was no "cient that he knew her to be chast "but she should not be so much "pected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, an good news you are pleased to tell me self, I treat it, as you who are in t treat common news, as groundless things at a distance; which I, who the true springs of the affair, in breast, know to have no foundation fame, though it be (as Milton fancy the last infirmity of noble minds, is strong a temptation as to warrant ou time here: it can never make us lie d tentedly on a death-bed (as some of cients are said to have done with th You, Sir, have yourself taught me easy situation at that hour can proc no ambition less noble than that of felicity, which is unattainable by the endeavours of the wit, but may be g the sincere intentions of the heart on in the next world, so in this, the c blessings are owing to the good hum mind, not the extent of the capacity: ship here is an emanation from th

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

† Secretary of State to King William the Third.

beatitude there: the ſame benevo- grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us one, if extended farther, makes us s of the other. The utmoſt point eſires in my preſent ſtate, terminates ciety and good-will of worthy men, look upon as no ill earneſt and fore- the ſociety and alliance of happy reafter.

ontinuance of your favours to me is t only makes me happy, but cauſes ſome value upon myſelf as a part of e. The inſtances I daily meet with agreeable awakenings of friendſhip o pleaſing a nature not to be acknow- whenever I think of you. I am your,

ter 9. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.*

June 18, 1712.

have obliged me with a very kind y which I find you ſhift the ſcene of e from the town to the country and at mixed ſtate which wiſe men both n, and are qualified for. Methinks aliſts and philoſophers have generally much into extremes in commending either ſolitude, or public life. In the men, for the moſt part, grow uſeleſs by h reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed much precipitation; as waters, lying trify, and are good for nothing; and violently on, do but the more miſ- their paſſage to others, and are ſwal- up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. ndeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, be like gentle ſtreams, that not only rough lonely valleys and foreſts, the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit s towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem de- ſigned for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part I am one of thoſe whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe, quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimi- litude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe; but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his com- panions, can never be idle enough to be un- eaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt; but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am your, &c.

Letter 10. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

July. 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that no- thing 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 unfor- tunate 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,

part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for this kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

Letter 8. *Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull*†.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, joined to that natur which first makes a man an author, tainly enough to render him a coxc life. But I must grant it is a judgm poets, that they, whose chief pleas should be treated as they themselv fools, this is, be cajoled with praises. I believe, poets are the only poor fello world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this obliging letter you sent me deserved putation, only it put me in mind of I fancy one may apply to one's fri Cæsar said of his wife: "It was n "cient that he knew her to be chast "but she should not be so much "jealed."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and good news you are pleased to tell me self, I treat it, as you who are in d treat common news, as groundless r things at a distance; which I, who the true springs of the affair, in m breast, know to have no foundation at fame, though it be (as Milton finely the last infirmity of noble minds, is strong a temptation as to warrant our time here: it can never make us lie do tentedly on a death-bed (as some of cients are said to have done with the You, Sir, have yourself taught me easy situation at that hour can prod no ambition less noble than that of a felicity, which is unattainable by the endeavours of the wit, but may be g the sincere intentions of the heart only in the next world, so in this, the o blessings are owing to the good-nat mind, not the extent of the capacity; ship here is an emanation from th

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

† Secretary of State to King William the Third.

s beatitude there: the ſame benevo- grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us one, if extended farther, makes us s of the other. The utmoſt point eſires in my preſent ſtate, terminates ciety and good-will of worthy men, look upon as no ill earneſt and fore- the ſociety and alliance of happy reafter.

ontinuance of your favours to me is t only makes me happy, but cauſes ſome value upon myſelf as a part of re. The inſtances I daily meet with greeable awakenings of friendſhip o pleaſing a nature not to be reknow- whenever I think of you. I am your,

tter 9. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.*

June 18, 1712.

have obliged me with a very kind y which I find you ſhift the ſcene of e from the town to the country and at mixed ſtate which wiſe men both in, and are qualified for. Methinks aliſts and philoſophers have generally much into extremes in commending either ſolitude, or public life. In the men, for the moſt part, grow uſeleſs by h reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed much precipitation; as waters, lying trify, and are good for nothing; and violently on, do but the more mul- their paſſage to others, and are ſwal- up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. ndeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, be like gentle ſtreams, that not only rough lonely valleys and forests, the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit s towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem de- ſigned for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part I am one of thoſe whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratilis ſum, ut putem in turbido eſſe, quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimi- litude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe; but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his com- panions, can never be idle enough to be un- easy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt; but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am your, &c.

Letter 10. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

July. 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that no- thing 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 unfor- tunate 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 Whaller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our outworks. Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: it is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more 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 pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; excesſively weak as I now am, I may [illegible] conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy [illegible] thought, that many men, whom I no [illegible] any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this [illegible] after me. When I reflect what an [illegible] ſiderable little atom every ſingle man [illegible] reſpect to the whole creation, methinks [illegible] ſhame to be concerned at the removal [illegible] a trivial animal as I am. The morn[illegible] my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright [illegible] the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants [illegible] green, the world will proceed in its [illegible] courſe, people will laugh as heartily [illegible] many as faſt, as they were uſed to do. [illegible] memory of man (as it is elegantly ex[illegible] in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth as [illegible] the remembrance of a gueſt that tarries [illegible] one day. There are reaſons enough, [illegible] fourth chapter of the ſame book, to [illegible] any young man contented with the p[illegible] of death. "For honourable age is not [illegible] "which ſtandeth in length of time, [illegible] "meaſured by number of years. But [illegible] "dom is the gray hair to men, and a [illegible] "ſpotted life is old age. He was [illegible] "away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhou[illegible] "his underſtanding, or deceit begui[illegible] "ſoul," &c. I am your, &c.

Letter 11. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Addi[illegible]*

July 20, [illegible]

I AM more joyed at your retur[illegible] ſhould be at that of the ſun, ſo much [illegible] wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon [illegible] it is his fate too, like yours, to be diſp[illegible] to owls and obſcene animals, who [illegible] bear his luſtre. What put me in mi[illegible] theſe night-birds was John Dennis, [illegible] I think, you are beſt revenged upon [illegible] ſun was in the fable upon theſe ba[illegible]

beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it my misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men, and all the good men that ever lived, have had their part of, envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in a direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him *. But, indeed, the opinion that it is entirely to be neglected, could have been my own had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than did when first I saw his book against myself, though, indeed, in two minutes it made me merrily merry. He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from this's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to be too proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. ***, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous instruments are daily at work to make people of each suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your,

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's remarks upon Cato, called, "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

Letter 12. *Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.*

Oct. 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work * you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

Letter 13. *Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax.*

My Lord, Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend

* The translation of the Iliad.

me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I ſee between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one.

It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but if I may have leave to add, that becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much, as I ſincerely am, yours, &c.

Letter 14. *Mr. Caryll to Mr. Pope.*

May 6.

I HAVE the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendſhip and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I can aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the dean before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he miſſes me. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to enquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better; for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you not do too much. Pray give my ha ſervice and beſt wiſhes to your good m I am ſorry you do not tell me how Mr does in his health; I ſhould have bee to have heard he was better. My amanuenſis, as you call him, I am will prove but a wooden one: and you *ex quovis ligno, &c.* You will pardon R——'s pedantry, and believe me your, &c.

P. S. By the enclaſed you will ſee like to be impreſſed, and enrolled in of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I think I ſhall have your company. I ha high time you ſhould think of admitting another entrée.

Letter 15. *The Rev. Dean Berkeley to Pope.*

Leghorn, May

AS I take ingratitude to be a great than impertinence: I chuſe rather the riſque of being thought guilty of than not to return you my thanks agreeable entertainment you gave me. I have accidentally met with Rape of the Lock here, having not it before. Style, painting, judgment I had already admired in other of your irgs, but in this I am charmed with magic of your invention, with images, alluſions, and inexplicable which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. yet I cannot ſay that I was more plea the reading, of it than I am with the p gives me to renew in you thoughts membrance of one who values no h beyond the friendſhip of men of wit, h and good-nature.

I

remember to have heard you mention half-formed design of coming to Italy. t might we not expect from a mule that so well in the bleak climate of England, felt the same warm sun, and breathed me air with Virgil and Horace?

here are here an incredible number of that have all the inclination, but want nius, or perhaps the art, of the ancients. among them, who understand English, to relish our authors; and I am in- d that at Florence they have translated on into Italian verse. If one who knows ll how to write like the old Latin poets among them, it would probably be a s to retrieve them from their cold, trivial its, to an imitation of their predeces-

merchants, antiquaries, men of plea- &c. have all different views in travel- I know not whether it might not be a poet's while to travel, in order to his mind with strong images of nature. een fields and groves, flowery meadows urling streams, are no where in such per- n as in England: but if you would lightsome days, warm suns, and blue you must come to Italy; and to enable to describe rocks and precipices, it is tely necessary that he pass the Alps. u will easily perceive that it is self-in- makes me so fond of giving advice to ho has no need of it. If you came in- se parts, I should fly to see you. I am (by the favour of my good friend the of St. Patrick's) in quality of chaplain e earl of Peterborough; who, about months since, left the greatest part of mily in this town. God knows how we shall stay here. I am your, &c.

Letter 16. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas in Ireland.*

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think, since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror, that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much at the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the sea, and leave Eusden in full and peaceful possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither; especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am, like the rest of the world, a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, whilst I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet, than a taylor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

But why would you make your friends

fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need for it. We begin to expect you no more than anti-christ: a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence: I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family piece. Come, then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye, which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them; see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence; and with what sneaking city-attitudes our most celebrated personages appear in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortesque is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and, lastly, to climb by just steps and degrees, my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and, what is far more valuable than all, his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him; of whom I, the meanest, (next to some Italian fiddlers and English bricklayers,) am a living instance. Adieu!

Letter 17. *From the same to the same.*

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to f[illegible] your friends on this side the world. If [illegible] could transport me to you and your p[illegible] companions, I could do the same. [illegible] Swift, I believe, is a very good la[illegible] and a cheerful host at his own table: i[illegible] pose he has perfectly learnt himself, wh[illegible] has taught so many others: *rupt i non in[illegible] lagena*: else he would not make a p[illegible] host for your humble servant, who, you k[illegible] though he drinks a glass as seldom as [illegible] man, contrives to break one as often. [illegible] it is a consolation to me, that I can de[illegible] and many other enormities, under my [illegible] roof.

But that you and I are upon equal [illegible] in all friendly lazinesS, and have t[illegible] inviolable oath to each other always [illegible] what we will, I should reproach you [illegible] long a silence. The best amends you [illegible] make for saying nothing to me, is by [illegible] all the good you can of me, which [illegible] I heartily love and esteem the dean [illegible] Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His [illegible] awakened very much in the cause of the [illegible] which has broke forth in a courageous [illegible] or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore; [illegible] printed it with his name to it, and [illegible] assigns no other reason, than that the [illegible] Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I [illegible] also suffered in the like cause, and shall [illegible] more: unless Parnelle send me his Z[illegible] and Book-worm (which the bishop of [illegible] her, I hear, greatly extols,) it will be [illegible] *concurrere bellum atque virum.*—I love [illegible] all as much as I despise most wits in [illegible] dull country. Ireland has turned the [illegible] upon England; and if I have no p[illegible] friend in my own nation, I will be as [illegible] as Scipio, and say, since I am reduc[illegible]

l bone, *Ingrata patria, ne* ossa *quidem*

ter 18. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Fenton.*

May 5.

AD not omitted answering your's of h of last month, but out of a desire e you some certain and satisfactory which way, and at what time you ake your journey. I am now com- d to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will you on the rising of the parliament, will be as soon as he can receive the manner he would receive a *Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity l leisure. I dare say, your way of hich, in my taste, will be the best in ld, and with one of the best men in ld, must prove highly to your con- nt. And, I must add, it will be still e a joy to me, as I shall reap a par- advantage from the good I shall have bringing you together, by seeing it own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs n a house close by mine, whither he s to come in three weeks: in the me I heartily invite you to live with ere a frugal and philosophical diet, me, may give you a higher relish of gant way of life you will enter into desire to know, by the first post, how ay hope to see you.

a little scandalized at your complaint, r time lies heavy on your hands, when ses have put so many good materials r head to employ them. As to your , What I am doing? I answer, just ave been doing some years, my duty; , relieving myself with necessary ents, or exercises, which shall serve me f physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and, lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friends to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, (who think me not quite undeserving of it,) and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenuous and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend: therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

Letter 19. *Rev. Dean Berkeley* * *to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who, in any age, have come up to that character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an island where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two.

The island Inarime is an epitome of the

* Afterwards bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philoneus, the Minute Philosopher, &c.

whole

whole earth, containing, within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is, in the hotteſt ſeaſon, conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are moſtly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland, once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*; its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep, and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontary of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, th Naples, the promontory of Mi the whole Campagnia Felice, mak part of this noble landſcape, whic demand an imagination as warm, a bers as flowing as your own, to do The inhabitants of this delicious ile are without riches and honours, so without the vices and follies that attend and where they but as much strange venge, as they are to avarice and a they might, in fact, anſwer the notions of the golden age. But th got, as an alloy to their happiness habit of murdering one another o offences. We had an inſtance of t ſecond night after our arrival, a y eighteen being ſhot dead by our do yet by the ſole ſecret of minding t buſineſs, we found a means of living among thoſe dangerous people. We know how we paſs the time at Napl chief entertainment is the devotion neighbours. Beſides the gaity o churches, (where folks go to ſee w call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a fo ligious opera,) they make fire-work every week, out of devotion; the ſt often hung with arras, out of d and, what is ſtill more ſtrange, th invite gentlemen to their houſes, a them with muſic and ſweetmeats, o votion. In a word, were it not devotion of its inhabitants, Naples have little elſe to recommend it b air and ſituation. Learning is in thriving ſtate here, as indeed no wh Italy: however, among many pr ſome men of taſte are to be met w friend of mine told me, not long ſi being to viſit Salvini at Florence, h

ling your Homer: he liked the notes ly, and could find no other fault e version, but that he thought it ap d too near a paraphrase; which shews to be sufficiently acquainted with our ge. I wish you health to go on with he work, and when you have that, et with you success. You will do justice to believe that whatever relates welfare is sincerely wished by your,

Letter 20. *Mr. Pope to* * * *.

Dec. 12, 1728.

E old project of a window in the bo- o render the soul of man visible, is ery honest friend has manifold reason n for; yet even that would not do in e, while you are so far separated from d so long. I begin to fear you will reland, and that denunciation will be d upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiber- everteris*. I should be apt to think Sancho's case; some duke has made vernor of an island, or wet place, and e administering laws to the wild Irish. must own, when you talk of building anting, you touch my string, and I pt to pardon you, as the fellow that t himself Jupiter, would have pardoned er madman who called himself his Neptune. Alas! sir, do you know you talk to? One that has been a was degraded to a translator, and at rough mere dulness, is turned an ar- You know Martial's censure, *Præ- facito vel architectum*. However, I ne way left, to plan, to elevate, and prise, as Bays says; the next news ay expect to hear is, that I am in

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

*Tristi palus inamabilis unda*
*Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coercet!*

And I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not. This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose name I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him: but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin, and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-Abbey.—After these, the best natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to make a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Yours, &c.

Letter 21. *Mr. Pope to* [illegible]

THE gaiety of your letter proves [illegible] so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive [illegible] mirth from want of business. You [illegible] of those lawyers who deserve the [illegible] devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*, [illegible] your *Circuit* will at least procure you [illegible] of the greatest of temporal blessings, [illegible] What an advantageous circumstance is [illegible] one that loves rambling so well, to be [illegible] and reputable rambler; while, like [illegible] low circuiteer, the sun, you travel the [illegible] of the earth, and behold all the [illegible] under the heavens. You are much a [illegible] genius to me in rambling; you, [illegible] pigeon, (to which I would sooner [illegible] a lawyer than to a hawk,) can fly [illegible] hundred leagues at a pitch: I, like [illegible] squirrel, am continually in motion [illegible] but it is about a cage of three foot: [illegible] excursions are but like those of a shop[illegible] who walks every day a mile or two [illegible] his own door, but minds his business [illegible] while. Your letter of the cause lately [illegible] you, I could not but communicate to [illegible] ladies of your acquaintance. I am of o[illegible] if you continued a correspondence [illegible] same sort during a whole circuit, [illegible] not fail to please the sex better than [illegible] novels they read; there would be in [illegible] what they love above all things, [illegible] happy union of truth and scandal. [illegible] you, the Bath affords nothing equal [illegible] it is, on the contrary, full of grave [illegible] men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Just[illegible] Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has [illegible] pimple on the tip of his nose, but [illegible] it inconsistent with his gravity to

notwithſtanding the precedent of an nt judge. I am, dear ſir, your, &c.

er 22. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Sept. 10.

AM glad your travels delighted you; ve you I am ſure they could not; you t ſo much a youth as that, though you bout with a king of ſixteen, and, what him ſtill more a child, a king of nmen. My own time has been more choly, ſpent in an attendance upon which has ſeized one of our family: other is ſomething better, though at vanced age every day is a climacteric. was joined to this an indiſpoſition of n, which I ought to look upon as a one compared with my mother's, be- my life is not of half the conſequence body, that her's is to me. All theſe ts have hindered my more ſpeedy reply r obliging letter.

article you enquire of, is of little con- me as you deſire it ſhould; namely, ling papers about the Odyſſey. If ok has merit, it will extinguiſh all nſty ſcandal; as the ſun puts an end ks, merely by coming out.

ſh I had nothing to trouble me more; eſt mind is not in the power of any eſt one. To break its peace, there e ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is ſtent with its own principles. Not alice and injuſtice have their day, like oor ſhort-lived vermin that die in g their own ſtings. Falſehood is folly, omer, and liars and calumniators, at urt none but themſelves, even in this in the next, it is charity to ſay, God ercy on them! They were the devil's ents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I have had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and, which I ought to be as tender of as my own, the good character of another very innocent perſon, who, I am ſure, ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more juſtly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe only herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

Letter 23. *From the ſame to Edw. Blount, Eſq.*

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM juſt returned from the country whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſſed a week in the Foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which 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 moonſhine, 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

each shall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark, and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that for opinions like these which I discovered in your minds, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeed[illegible] much to mine, and, I believe, not [illegible] your satisfaction: for, if I know you [illegible] your pleasure is greater in obliging m[illegible] I can feel on my part, till it falls in my [illegible] to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of op[illegible] in politics or religion is often rather a [illegible]fication, than an objection, to peop[illegible] have sense enough to consider the [illegible] order of nature in her variations; n[illegible] think you have not construed Johann[illegible]cundus wrong, in the verse which pr[illegible] that which you quote: *be cuota fide*, take it, does no way signif[illegible] the Rom[illegible]tholic religion, though Secundus was [illegible] I think it was a generous thought, [illegible] that flowed from an exalted mind, t[illegible] not improbable but God might be [illegible] with the various methods of wor[illegible] him, which divided the whole world. am pretty sure you and I should [illegible] make good inquisitors to the modern [illegible] in faith, than we could have been [illegible] for Lictors to Praecursles, when he [illegible] refractory members with the rat[illegible] word, I can only repeat to you what, [illegible] I have formerly said; that I as firm[illegible] God will damn a man who has chan[illegible] hope that any priest can save him w[illegible] I am, &c.

Letter 24. *Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount*

Nov. 27,

THE question you proposed to [illegible] what at present I am the most unfit [illegible] the world to answer, by my loss of one [illegible] best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course o[illegible]perance as was enough to make the [illegible] life agreeable to him, and in such a

ety as sufficed to make the most sudden so also. Sudden indeed it was: how- I heartily beg of God to give me such e, provided I can lead such a life. I him to the mercy of God, and to the of a religion that extends beyond the; *Si qui est ea cura, &c.*

has left me to the ticklish management narrow a fortune, that any one false step be fatal. My mother is in that dispi- ate of resignation, which is the effect g life, and the loss of what is dear to We are really each of us in want of a , of such an humane turn as yourself, ke almost any thing desirable to us. I our absence more than ever, at the ine I can less express my regards to an ever; and shall make this, which most sincere letter I ever writ to you, ortest and faintest perhaps of any you eceived. It is enough if you reflect, arely to remember any person when mind is taken up with a sensible for- s a great degree of friendship. I can more but that I love you, and all of u ours; and that I wish it may be very efore any of yours shall feel for you now feel for my father. Adieu.

tter 25. *From the same to the same.*

eatcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

UR kind letter has overtaken me for I have been in and about this ever since your departure. I am ated to date this from a place so well to Mrs. Blount, where I write as *if* e dictated to by her ancestors, whose r all upon me. I fear none so much Christopher Guise, who, being in his seems as ready to combat me, as her ir John was to demolish Duke Lancastere. I dare say your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods; with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermetical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they give me how to slide

down

down and trip up the ſteepeſt ſteps of my mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

Letter 26. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

October 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life, at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwered and acknowledged. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, publiſhed by P. Coſte, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will "ſoon be over; but I grieve for that you "are to feel, which is to laſt you for "life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man ſomewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune ſaid one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to "die: I am a poor individual; no creature "to wiſh or fear for my life or death: it is "the only reaſon I have to repent being a "ſingle man; now I grow old, I am like a "tree without a prop, and without young "trees to grow round me, for company and "defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an in[illegible] to get hither, I care not what fit[illegible] y[illegible] terwards, except the gout. Pray co[illegible] never ſtir from us again. Do [illegible] dirty acres, caſt them to dirty pe[illegible] as in the ſcripture-phraſe poſſeſs the [illegible] Shake of your earth, like the noble ani[illegible] Milton;

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from [illegible]
Andrampant ſhakes his brinded mane: the[illegible]
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them th[illegible]
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought [illegible] fine verſes of his ſhould be applied to [illegible] ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; though [illegible] main, I think, it may have ſome reſem[illegible] For, God knows! this little ſpace of [illegible] nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, [illegible] of Eden did thoſe creatures, till w[illegible] ſhake it looſe, at leaſt in our affection[illegible] deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and [illegible] you; let Mrs. Blount know that th[illegible] the liſt of my *Memento Domine, fa[illegible] ſervulorumque's, &c.* My poor mo[illegible] far from well, declining; and I am [illegible] ing over her, as we watch an expiring [illegible] that even when it looks brightell, [illegible] faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee by [illegible] whole air of this letter) not in the ga[illegible] eaſieſt humour, but always with [illegible] your, &c.

Letter 27. *Mr. Pope to Edw. Blo[illegible]*

June 27.

YOU may truly do me the ju[illegible] think no man is more your friend [illegible] wiſher than myſelf, or more the fa[illegible]

of your whole family; with all which, not deny but I have a mixture of envy all, for loving one another so well; er enjoying the sweets of that life, which ly be tasted by people of good-will.

ey from all ha les the darkness can exclude, d from a desert banish solitude.

y is a paradise, and a storm is but an ment to such people. If you drink tea a promontory that overhangs the sea, it erable to an assembly: and the whistling e wind better music to contented and minds, than the opera to the spleen-mbitious, diseased, distasted, and dis-d soul which this world affords; nay, world affords no other. Happy they are banished from us! but happier they, can banish themselves; or more pro-banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

take that period to be very sublime, and clude more than a hundred sentences might be writ to express distraction, , multiplication of nothings, and all atiguing perpetual business of having no ess to do. You'll wonder I reckon lating the Odyssey as nothing. But ever I think seriously (and of late I met with so many occasions of thinking ally, that I begin never to think other-) I cannot but think these things very as idle as if a beast of burden should n jingling his bells, without bearing any g valuable about him, or ever serving his er.

s vain amusements, amidst which we dwell; weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell?

a Heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

Letter 28. *From the same to the same.*

Twickenham, June 2. 1725.

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 yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most 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 every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed

of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance, under the temple you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches; one towards the river, of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of.

*Hujus Nympha loci ſacri cuſtodia fontis;*
*Dormio, dum blandi ſentior murmur aquæ.*
*Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora ſomnum*
*Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſive lavere, tace.*

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah! ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the ſtone,
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You will think I have been very pr in this deſcription, but it is pretty ne truth. I wiſh you were here to bear mony how little it owes to art, either place itſelf, or the image I give of it am, &c.

Letter 29. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Sept. 13, 17

I SHOULD be aſhamed to own th ceipt of a very kind letter from you, whole months from the date of this; were not more aſhamed to tell a lie, make an excuſe, which is worſe than (for being built upon ſome probable cir ſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of tru falſify with, and is a lie guarded). letter has been in my pocket in conſtant ing, till that, and the pocket, and the are worn out; by which means I have forty times, and I find by ſo doing have not enough conſidered and reflected many others you have obliged me with true friendſhip, as they ſay of good wr will bear reviewing a thouſand times, ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, violent: I am now well, ſo it ſhall ta no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in tow make the winter to come more tolerable both. The ſummer is a kind of he when we wander in a paradiſaical ſcene groves and gardens; but at this ſeaſo are, like our poor firſt parents, turned that agreeable though ſolitary life, and to look about for more people to help t our labours, to get into warmer houſe live together in cities.

hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtored, riſen from your gout, happy in the de- of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, ing at greatneſs, merry over a Chriſtmas and exerciſing all the functions of an old rch in charity and hoſpitality. I will ell Mrs. B— what I think ſhe is doing; conclude it is her opinion, that he only to know it for whom it is done; and ill allow herſelf to be far enough ad- d above a fine lady not to deſire to ſhine e men.

ur daughters, perhaps, may have ſome thoughts, which even their mother excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a mo- I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe hts get the better of their devotions, rather excite them and aſſiſt the warmth an; while their prayer may be, that may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable ng family as their parents have done. word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and , juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that h you all with me.

xt to God is a good man; next in dig- and next in valour. *Minuiſti eum paullo ab angelis.* If, therefore, I wiſh well he good and the deſerving, and deſire only ſhould be my companions and cor- ndents, I muſt very ſoon and very much of you. I want your company and example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo ot again to leave us; diſcharge the load rth that lies on you, like one of the tains under which, the poets ſay, the s, (the men of the earth,) are whelmed: earth to the ſons of earth; your con- tion is in heaven. Which that it may complifhed in us all, is the prayer of who maketh this ſmall ſermon, value, to three pence. Adieu!

Letter 30. *Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.*

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleaſed myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I had been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your phyſicians *. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and, like the ancients, carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of railiery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions: as they think our doctors aſſes to them, we will think them aſſes to our doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill that Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſix-pence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean; moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean, ſo I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you ſhall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better bulto for it.

It is ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Warton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſkindeſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George.

* Aſſes.

George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two poets did, who were ignorant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant theſe two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expreſſed how heartily I wiſh the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

Letter 31. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf in correſponding with men of good nature and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till a time when another man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If, therefore, you are ever moved on my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs; pray never ſtint it in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, ſir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not, and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſ be put out of breath with laughter ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to back over how much wit you have p But I have found by experience, that now-a-days regard writing as little as do preaching: the moſt we can hope is heard with decency and patience, once a by folks in the country. Here in town hum over a piece of fine writing, and whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the place we ſeem alive at: there indeed we and roar, and clap hands for King G and the government. As for all other w but this loyalty, they are an abſolute ſo that men, women, and children hiſs out of all good company. Humility k ſo ſneakingly at the door, that every fo outraps it, and makes it give way to the entrance of pride, prodigality, and glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having cated in your company too long, really haves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is n drinks tea at nine in the morning, a thought to have ſaid her prayers before: without any manner of ſhame, of good b and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the juror. I rejoiced the other day to ſee on her toilette, which gives me ſome that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcand you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the of all the joys of this city, ſo all that re is to wiſh you would keep your happin yourſelves, that the happieſt here may n with envy at a bliſs which they cannot to. I am, &c.

ter 32. *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Colefhill, April 17, 1718.

AVE read your letter over and over light. By your defcription of the magine it to lie under fome great en- nt, and am very much concerned for all my friends in it. I am the more magining, fince you do not fly thofe monfters, rapine, diffimulation, and that a magic circle is drawn about you cannot efcape. We are here in try in quite another world, furrounded fings and pleafures, without any oc- f exercifing our irafcible faculties: e cannot boaft of good breeding and of life, but yet we do not live un- y in primitive fimplicity and good The fafhions of the town affect juft like a raree-fhow; we have a to peep at them, and nothing more. u call pride, prodigality, and vain- e cannot find in pomp and fplendour ftance; it appears to us a fine glitter- , which, if we do not envy you, we happier than we are, in your en- Whatever you may think to per- of the humility of Virtue, and her in rags amongft you, we can never our uninformed minds repefent her to us, that we neceffarily annex to her; and we could as foon ima- order of things inverted, and that o man in the moon, as believe the I cannot forget telling you, we d the Spoils of Rapine as boys do h Rogue, and hug ourfelves full ver it; yet our rofes are not without Pray give me the pleafure of hearing u are at leifure) how foon I may fee the next volume of Homer. I

Letter 33. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

May, 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myfelf, when, after long filence, (which however, to fay the truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you,) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finifhing a book, as in concluding a feffion of parliament, one always thinks it will be very foon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and fo I fee it is in mine. I have plagued myfelf, like great miniffers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a defire of doing more than was expected from me, have done lefs than I ought. For having defigned four very laborious and uncommon fort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publifh two only, the defign of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have alfo been obliged to leave unfinifhed in my defk the heads of two Effays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muft wait for future editions, or perifh: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I affure you, even without fuch good memorials of you as your fifters, with whom I fometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moft agreeable of all fubjects to them. My Lord Digby muft be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew them, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder fons wifh they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the fubject of filial



love,

love, without putting you in mind of an old woman who has a ſincere, hearty, old-fa-ſhioned reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my Lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſt this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them: my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? ſo little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, by Tuſcan porticos and Ionic pilaſters.

But, to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle, the beſt account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour, at this public houſe on the road, to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurpriſed with the account of the dea friend of mine, which makes all I ha been talking of a mere jeſt. Building dens, writings, pleaſures, works of w ſtuff man can raiſe, none of them, God capable of advantaging a creature that tal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is imm Dear ſir, I am, &c.

Letter 34. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Di*

July 20

YOUR kind deſire to know the my health had not been unſatisfied f had not that ill ſtate been the impe Nor ſhould I have ſeemed an unco party in the joys of your family, heard of from Lady Scudamore, whe eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarte page) I value as the ſhort glimpſe of afforded to ſome devout hermit; for cludes, as thoſe revelations do, a pro a better life in the Elyſian groves of ceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us Thither may we tend, by various one bliſsful bower: thither may health and good humour wait upon us as aff thither may whole cargoes of nectar of life and longevity!) by mortal ſpa-water, be conveyed; and there, ton has it, may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould get the green veſtments and ſcarfs wh ſiſters promiſed to make for this pu expect you too in green, with a hunt by your ſide, and a green hat, the

ou may take from Osborne's descrip-
King James the First.

t words, what numbers, what oratory,
etry can suffice, to express how in-
I esteem, value, love, and desire you
ve all the great ones of this part of
ld; above all the Jews, jobbers, bub-
ubscribers, projectors, directors, go-
, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in secula*
*um*.

your eyes and attention from this
le mercenary period; and turn your-
a just contempt of these sons of
on, to the contemplation of books,
, and marriage: in which I now leave
d return, wretch that I am, to water-
d palladio! I am, &c.

35. *From the same to the same.*

Sept. 1, 1722.

TOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath,
l stay there a fortnight or more: per-
u will be comforted to have a sight
whether you need him or not. I
m as good a doctor as any man for
is ill, and a better doctor for one
well. He would do admirably for
ary Digby: she needed only to follow
s, to be in eternal business and amuse-
mind, and even as active as she
ire. But, indeed, I fear she would
him; for, as Dean Swift observed
e very first time I saw the doctor,
a man that can do every thing: but
" His brother, who is lately come
gland, goes also to the bath; and is
extraordinary man than he, worth
ng thither on purpose to know him.
t of philanthropy, so long dead to
ld, is revived in him. He is a phi-
all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is checquered and mixed with acquisitions and losses, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory,) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stoner. It is certain, the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us. Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship, once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried? I am, &c.

Letter 36. *From the same to the same.*

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and, what is the happiest knowledge in the world, I know you will forgive me; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I am told, you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which, when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary, are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those c attend their sons to the field, to be of their glorious deeds; and the with all their charms displayed, pic spirit of the soldiers: tea and coffe the place of Lacedemonian blac This camp seems crowned with victory, for every sun that rises in der of cannon, sets in the music o Nothing is yet wanting but the con sence of the princess, to represent *exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes o There are a certain old people who all my time, and will hardly allo keep any other company. They w duced here by a man of their own has made me perfectly rude to all raries, and will not so much as look upon them. The person I co is the bishop of Rochester. Yet me (from something he has head character, and that of your family were of the old sect of moralists) three or four sides of paper to you tell you (what these sort of people but with truth and religious sinc I am, and ever will be your, &c.

Letter 37. *Mr. Pope to Mr.*

THE same reason that hindered ing, hindered mine; the pleasing to see you in town. Indeed, since ing confinement I have lain under my mother, (whom it is natural able I should rejoice with as well I could the better bear your abs London, for I could hardly have there; and it would not have been sonable to have drawn you to a hither from the first embraces of yo

her is now, I thank God, wonder-
overed, though not so much as yet
e out of her chamber, but enough
a few particular friends, when they
good nature to look upon her. I
ommend to you the room we sit in,
e, and that a favourite account, that
very warmest in the house; we and
will equally smile in your face.
a Persian proverb that says, (I think
ttily,) "The conversation of a
rightens the eyes." This I take to
ndour still more agreeable than the
so delightfully describe.

you may long enjoy your own fire-
the metaphorical sense, that is, all
your family who make it pleasing to
spend whole winry months together;
ore rational deilght, and better felt
honest heart, than all the glaring en-
ents, numerous lights, and false
rs, of an assemby of empty heads,
hearts, and false faces. This is my
wish to you and yours.

ay you propose much pleasure in see-
e new faces about town of my ac-
nce. I guess you mean Mrs. How-
d Mrs. Blount's. And, I assure
u ought to take as much pleasure in
arts, if they are what they sometimes
with regard to you.

ve me, dear sir, to you all a very faith-
nt.

r 38. *From the same to the same.*

Oct. 10.

AS upon the point of taking a much
journey than to Bermudas, even to
*iscovered country, from whose bourne*
*eller returns!*

ver carried me on the high gallop to-
wards it for six or seven days; but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness) "You shall neither go into the other world, "nor any where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy.

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried experienced friends and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days; and have, by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millennary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier where you are? I desire her opinion, under her hand, in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's *. I am confident, if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not

* Afterwards Dutchess Beaufort, at this time very young.

without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtable arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas *, the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the New Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: it is the beſt time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open through the thinner woods, over the vallies, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter dimonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome. What would you have? The moon ſhines too, though not for lovers theſe cold nights, but for aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting teleſcopes †, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt; (for what I have ſaid before relates only to the ladies; do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs;) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking ſanhedrim, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

* About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of the ſciences into America.

† Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good and reſolve to come to London, here ye find me, doing juſt the things I not, living where I ſhould not, and as ly, as idle, in a word, as much an Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear ſir, the ladies know I am their ſervant; know I am your's, &c.

Letter 39. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Dig*

A

I HAVE been above a month ſtr about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfor from garden to garden, but ſtill return Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfacti ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scuda till it has had the full advantage of B——'s improvements; and then I w pect ſomething like the waters of Riſkin the woods of Oakley together, which, out flattery, would be at leaſt as good thing in our world: for as to the ha gardens of Babylon, the paradiſe of and the Sharriwaggi's of China, I hav or no ideas of them; but, I dare ſay, B—— has, becauſe they were certainl great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Digby is quite tired of his lordſhip's *vagante bergerie*: and that ſhe is ju ſitting, or rather inclining on a bank, f with over much dancing and ſinging unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I your love of eaſe ſo well, that you m in danger of being too quiet to enjoy and too philoſophical to be a philoſop it not for the ferment Lord B—— w you into. One of his lordſhip's maxi that a total abſtinence from intemper buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than conſopiation of the ſenſes is repoſe: o feel enough of its contrary to have a r

But, after all, let your temper work, be as ſedate and contemplative as you I will engage you ſhall be fit for any of when you come to town in the winter. will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of mpany here; nothing will be able to nt your converſion to her, but indiſpoſi- which I hope will be far from you. I ling the worſt that can come of you; to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many oneſt man's, nay every good-humoured lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; ols (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the a little is excellent, though indeed a mouthful is juſtly called the devil. uch for your diverſions next winter, or mine. I envy you much more at than I ſhall then: for if there be on n image of Paradiſe, it is in ſuch per- on and ſociety as you all poſſeſs. I have my innocent envies and wiſhes of ate known to you all; which is far han making your compliments, for it rd approbation and eſteem. My lord has in me a ſincere ſervant, or would re there any occaſion for me to mani-

er 40. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Dec. 22, 1724.

s now the ſeaſon to wish you a good ne year, and a happy beginning of: but both theſe you know how to ourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life have been long accuſtomed to lead. good works, they are things I dare e, either to thoſe that do them, or to at do them not: the firſt are too and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the of what are become either too old- d, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſhed people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins).

They tell me, that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities, and obſolete devotions, are yet ſubſiſting: that a thing called Chriſtian cheerfulneſs (not incompatible with Chriſtmas pyes and plumbroth), whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive, and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſe-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourſcore miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe,

exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to your affectionate, &c.

Letter 41. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

Dear Sir, April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our and in our minds, and (what is more) lives and manners. I hope when we meet him next, we shall be more of a with him, and consequently not to be more separated from him. I will add one word that relates to what remai yourself and me, since so valued a part is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as by inheritance, of the vacancy he has a heart, which (while he could fill it such hopes, wishes, and affections for h suited a mortal creature) was truly warmly his; and shall (I assure you sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be fully at your service while I continue his memory, that is, while I continue myself.

Letter 42. *Mr. Pope to the Bishop of chester.*

March 14, 1

I WAS disappointed (much more those who commonly use that phrase o occasions) in missing you at the De where I lay solitary two nights. Ind truly partake in any degree of concern affects you, and I wish every thing ma ceed as you desire in your own family, that which, I think, you no less accoun own, and is no less your family, the world: for I take you to be one of th friends of it, and to your power its pro —Though the noise and daily bustle public be now over, I dare say, a good still tendering its welfare; as the sun winter, when seeming to retire from the is preparing benedictions and warmth better season. No man wishes your lo more quiet, more tranquillity, than I know you should understand the valu

o not wiſh you a jot leſs concerned or ive than you are, in all ſincere, and re warm, deſires of public good.

g the kindneſs (and it is for that I trouble you with this letter) to fa- e with notice as ſoon as you return to , that I may come and make you a viſit of a day or two; for hitherto I t been your viſitor, but your lodger, ccuſe myſelf of it. I have now no thing to oblige my being in town (a f no ſmall ſatisfaction to me), but the ſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, d, as you will let me call you ſo (and ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I never ſhall, my veracity and inte- I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in the South-Sea, poetry, popery, and .

nnot tell you how ſorry I am, you e troubled a-new by any ſort of peo- heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt ut tibi* -that you may teach me how to do e; who, without any real impedi- acting and living rightly, do act and oolifhly as if I were a great man. I .

er 43. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Lord, March 19, 1721-2.

M extremely ſenſible of the repeated of your kind letters, and your s of me in abſence, even among s of much nearer concern to yourſelf one hand, and of much more impor- the world on the other, which can- engage you at this juncture. I am rtain of your good-will, and of the which is in you inſeparable from it. remembrance of Twickenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to ſhew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthened in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the fathers of the deſert. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worſt work *;)

* The Paradiſe Regained.

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C— or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the church), your obedient, &c.

Letter 44. *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me. I sh[illegible] sure to hear of them at mine. But pre[illegible] they will despise me so much, and I shall [illegible] them so little, that we shall both of us [illegible] our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order [illegible] with you only; a president of the coun[illegible] a star and a garter, will make no mor[illegible] pression upon my mind, at such a time, [illegible] the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight [illegible] puppet-show. I have said to greatness [illegible] time ago—*Tu's tibi res habeto, ego mea[illegible] meas.* The time is not far off when we [illegible] all be upon the level: and I am resolved [illegible] my part, to anticipate that time, and be [illegible] the level with them now: for he is so, [illegible] neither seeks nor wants them. Let them [illegible] more virtue and less pride; and then I [illegible] court them as much as any body: b[illegible] they resolve to distinguish themselves [illegible] way else than by their outward trappi[illegible] am determined (and, I think, I have a [illegible] to be as proud as they are: though, I th[illegible] God, my pride is neither of so odious a [illegible] as theirs, nor of so mischievous a [illegible] quence.

I know not how I have fallen into this [illegible] of thinking—when I sat down to write, [illegible] tended only to excuse myself for not wr[illegible] and to tell you that the time drew near [illegible] nearer, when I must dislodge: I am pre[illegible] for it; for I am at this moment buil[illegible] vault in the abbey for me and mine. [illegible] to be in the abbey, because of my relat[illegible] the place; but it is at the west door of [illegible] far from Kings and Cæsars as the space [illegible] admit of.

I know not but I may step to tom[illegible] morrow to see how the work goes for[illegible] but if I do, I shall return hither in the [illegible] ing. I would not have given you the t[illegible]

letter, but that they tell me it will coſt thing, and that our privilege of frank- ne of the moſt valuable we have left) n allowed us. Your, &c.

ter 45. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

June 15, 1722.

U have generally written firſt, after our g; I will now be beforehand with you inquiries, how you got home, and how o, and whether you met with Lord and delivered my civil reproach to him manner I deſired? I ſuppoſe you did cauſe I have heard nothing either from from him on that head; as, I ſuppoſe, t have done, if you had found him.

n ſick of theſe men of quality; and re ſo, the oftener I have any buſineſs to t with them. They look upon it as their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to ctual in any buſineſs, of how great ance ſoever; nor to ſet other people with the loſs of the leaſt part of their This conduct of his vexes me; but t purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

ng to ſee the original MS. of Milton; not know how to come at it, without epeated aſſiſtance.

pe you will not utterly forget what in the coach about Samſon Agoniſtes. not preſs you as to time, but ſome other, I wiſh you would review and that piece. If upon a new peruſal of ich I deſire you to make) you think as hat it is written in the very ſpirit of the ts, it deſerves your care, and is capa- being improved, with little trouble, perfect model and ſtandard of tragic —always allowing for its being a ſtory out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c.

Letter 46. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip, both before and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no diſtance of time, or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me, which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of triumph, though ſure of the victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanery, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider.—You

and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have cloſed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without ſome degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
Tho' world was all before him, where to chuſe
His place of reſt, and Providence his guide.

Letter 47. *Mr. Pope to the Biſhop of Rocheſter.*

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authoriſe it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world, where you may be, where the very whiſper, or even the wiſh, of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to me for the friend I am; in judging the manner of your defence, and your reſolution by it, is a point of the higheſt compliment to me: and aſſuring me, it ſhall be that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do you the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the monuments of your fame to poſterity will be your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great uſeful work, and calls you to it this way? You may more eminently and effectually ſerve the public even now, in the ſtations you have ſo honourably. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*: is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and you would chooſe to have lived?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortunes purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by party-rage), and to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am neither willing nor unprepared to follow after: where (however various or uncertain roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener or better than of you: I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate of

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt work in baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon was written before his diſgrace, and the beſt work after his return from exile.

n which you will have from me all the s and warm wishes that can attend the and all the respect, and tender sense that we feel for the dead. And I ver depend upon your constant friend- ind memory, and good offices, though never to see or hear the effects of like the trust we have in benevolent who, though we never see or hear we think are constantly serving us, ying for us.

never I am wishing to write to you, I nclude you are intentionally doing so And every time that I think of you, believe you are thinking of me. I hall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be ntly remembered) the honour, the e, the pride I must ever have, in re- how frequently you have delighted w kindly you have distinguished me, rdially you have advised me! In con- n, in study, I shall always want you, h for you: in my most lively, and in st thoughtful hours, I shall equally out me the impressions of you; and it will not be in this life only, that I ve cause to remember and acknow- he friendship of the Bishop of Ro- I am, &c.

er 48. *From the same to the same.*

May, 1723.

CE more I write to you, as I pro- and this once, I fear, will be the last! ain will soon be drawn between my nd me, and nothing left but to wish ng good-night. May you enjoy a repose in this life, not unlike that the soul which some have believed is d it, where we lie utterly forgetful of rld from which we are gone, and for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and ratties of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean respects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame, as well as happiness, your, &c.

Letter 49. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Dear Mr. Gay. Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil! † welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtf future: Whether returned a Whig, or a desponding Tory, hail! equally beloved and welco If happy, I am to partake in yo tion; if unhappy, you have fo corner in my heart, and a retreat at B in the worst of times at your service you are a Tory, or thought so by any I know it can proceed from nothing your gratitude to a few people who ende to serve you, and whose politics were your concern. If you are a Whig, rather hope, and, as I think, your p ples and mine (as brother poets) had bias to the side of liberty, I know you be an honest man, and an inoffensive Upon the whole, I know you are inc of being so much of either party as good for nothing. Therefore once whatever you are, or in whatever state are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends plained they had heard nothing of you the Queen's death; I told them no ma ing loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet not once written to him in all his w This I thought a convincing proof truly one may be a friend to another w telling him so every month. But the reasons to themselves to allege in yo cuse; as men who really value one a will never want such as make their and themselves easy. The late univers cern in public affairs, threw us all hurry of spirits: even I, who am philosopher than to expect any thing any reign, was borne away with the and full of the expectation of the Su During your journey I knew not whe aim a letter after you; that was a shooting flying; add to this the

* 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.

† In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

omer had upon me, to write fifty verſes a y, beſides learned notes, all which are at a nclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, my friend, that my labour is over; come make merry with me in much feaſting: will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I an the ladies). Are not the Roſalindas of tain as charming as the Bloufalindas of Hague? or have the two great Paſtoral s of our nation renounced love at the e time? for Philips, immortal Philips, deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner ed his Roſalinda. Dr. Parnell and I been inſeparable ever ſince you went. are now at the Bath, where (if you are as I heartily hope, better engaged) your ng would be the greateſt pleaſure to us world. Talk not of expences; Homer pport his children. I beg a line from ected to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor is in an ill ſtate of health.

on me if I add a word of advice in tical way. Write ſomething on the or Prince, or Princeſs. On what- oot you may be with the court, this no harm,—I ſhall never know where and am confounded in the many I have to ſay to you, though they all but to this, that I am entirely as our, &c.

tter 50. *Mr. Gay to Mr. F——.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

E only news that you can expect to om me here, is news from heaven, quite out of the world, and there is ny thing can reach me except the noiſe nder, which undoubtedly you have oo. We have read in old authors of wers levelled by it to the ground, he humble valleys have eſcaped: the ing 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 unfaced, 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 more conſtant lovers than were found in romance under the ſhade of a beach tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might rather be 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 poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other 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 the wedding clothes, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſort of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding day. While th y were thus buſied (it was in 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 afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down

in

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed in the nobleſt minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life *, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views and all mean re roſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration. I am, with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame, as well as happineſs, your, &c.

Letter 49. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Dear Mr. Gay. Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native ſoil! † welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtf[illegible] future: Whether returne[illegible] Whig, or a deſponding [illegible] hail! equally beloved [illegible] If happy, I am [illegible] tion; if unhappy, yo[illegible] corner in my heart, and [illegible] in the world of times a[illegible] you are a [illegible], or thought ſo by any [illegible] I know it can proceed from no[illegible] your gratitude to a few people who [illegible] to ſerve you, and whoſe politics were [illegible] your concern. If you are a Whig, [illegible] rather hope, and, as I think, your p[illegible] ples and mine (as brother poets) h[illegible] bias to the ſide of liberty, I know you [illegible] be an honeſt man, and an inoffenſive [illegible] Upon the whole, I know you are [illegible] of being ſo much of either party as [illegible] good for nothing. Therefore once [illegible] whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate [illegible] are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends [illegible] plained they had heard nothing of you [illegible] the Queen's death; I told them no ma[illegible] ing loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet [illegible] not once written to him in all hi[illegible] This I thought a convincing proof; truly one may be a friend to another w[illegible] telling him ſo every month. But th[illegible] reaſons to themſelves to allege in you[illegible] cuſe; as men who really value one a[illegible] will never want ſuch as make their f[illegible] and themſelves eaſy. The late univer[illegible] cern in public affairs, threw us all [illegible] hurry of ſpirits: even I, who am [illegible] philoſopher than to expect any thing [illegible] any reign, was borne away with the c[illegible] and full of the expectation of the Su[illegible] During your journey I knew not whe[illegible] aim a letter after you; that was a [illegible] ſhooting flying: add to this the d[illegible]

* 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.

† In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occaſion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

had upon me, to write fifty verſes a
ndes learned notes, all which are at a
ſion for this year. Rejoice with me,
friend, that my labour is over; come
ke merry with me in much eating:
feed among the lilies (by the lilies I
he ladies). Are not the Roſalindas of
as charming as the Bioufalindas of
gue? or have the two great Paſtoral
of our nation renounced love at the
me? for Philips, immortal Philips,
ſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner
his Roſalinda. Dr. Parnell and I
een inſeparable ever ſince you went
e now at the Bath, where (if you are
I heartily hope, better engaged) your
would be the greateſt pleaſure to us
world. Talk not of expences; Homer
pport his children. I beg a line from
ected to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor
is in an ill ſtate of health.

on me if I add a word of advice in
tical way. Write ſomething on the
or Prince, or Princeſs. On what-
oot you may be with the court, this
no harm,—I ſhall never know where
and am confounded in the many
I have to ſay to you, though they all
but to this, that I am entirely as
our, &c.

tter 50. *Mr. Gay to Mr. F——.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

E only news that you can expect to
om me here, is news from heaven,
quite out of the world, and there is
ny thing can reach me except the noiſe
nder, which undoubtedly you have
o. We have read in old authors of
wers levelled by it to the ground,
he humble valleys have eſcaped: the
ing that is proof againſt it is the
laurel, which, however, I take to be no
great ſecurity to the brains of modern au-
thors. 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 neigh-
bourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a
cock of barley in our next field has been con-
ſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this
heap of barley had been all that had pe-
riſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhel-
ter ſat two more conſtant lovers than were
found in romance under the ſhade of a beach
tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of
about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might ra-
ther be 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 late fair
that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for
her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring
was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk
of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal
never affirmed that they had any other views
than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other 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 the
wedding clothes, and John was ſuiting ſeveral
ſort of poppies and field flowers to her com-
plexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding
day. While they were thus buſied (it was
in the laſt of July between two and three
in the afternoon) the clouds grew black,
and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder en-
ſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their
way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges af-
forded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down

in

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. Immediately 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 ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſkreen 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. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-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 furniſhed the epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire.
Here pitying Heav'n 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 victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country people will not underſtand this, and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of ſcripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *. Your, &c.

* The Epitaph was this:
Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and SARAH DREW,
an induſtrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this pariſh;
Who, being at harveſt work
(with ſeveral others),
were in one inſtant killed by lightni
the laſt day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment ſei
A pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure Heav'n ſaw well plea
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grav
Alike 'tis juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ba

Letter 51. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Ga*

July 13, 1

I WAS very much pleaſed, not i obliged, by your kind letter, which ſ ently warmed my heart to have anſw ſooner, had I not been deceived (a wa often is deceived) by hearkening to wo who told me that both Lady Burlingto yourſelf were immediately to return to bridge, and that my Lord was gone to you back. The world furniſhes us wi many examples of what you complain yours, and, I aſſure you, none of touch and grieve me ſo much as what to you. I think your ſentiments upon the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh we call great men had the ſame notions they are really the moſt little creatures world; and the moſt intereſted, in a one point: which is, that they want ment to know their greateſt intereſt, courage and chuſe honeſt men for friends.

e not once ſeen the perſon you com-
, whom I have late thought to be, as
oſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his

make my ſincere compliments to Lord
ton, whom I have long known to
ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is
d honourable, than almoſt any one of
.

e not forgot yours to Lord Boling-
hough I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller
nity, he returning for Flanders and
next month.

Howard has writ you ſomething or
a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe re-
She has as much good nature as if
never ſeen any ill nature, and had
d among lambs and turtle-doves, in-
princes and court-ladies.

e end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue
a few days with me: we ſhall re-
you in our potations, and wiſh you
with us, on my graſs-plat. In the
he we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of
t the Wells, a rejoicer of the com-
nd widow, and a play-fellow of the
I am your, &c.

2. *Mr. Pope to Hugh Bethel, Eſq.*

Auguſt 9, 1726.

VER am unmindful of thoſe I
well of as yourſelf; their number is
eat as to confound one's memory.
t you to decline writing to me, upon
nation, that I am much employed by
ple. For though my houſe is like
of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by
ay-ſide and receiving all travellers,
s I ſeldom go to-bed without the
that one's chief buſineſs is to be
ome: and I agree with you in your
opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others: whoſe neglect of him, whom they ſo groſsly followed and flattered in the former ſcene of his life, ſhewed him as worthleſs as they could imagine him to be, were he all his worſt enemies believed of him: for my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſſneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compoſed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. It is the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pulled up, that I remembered ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their ſpecies) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even

prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance of the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions; but a good mind rewards its sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*— I am but a lodger here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? but I could be glad you would take up with an inn at Twickenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

Letter 53. *Mr. Pope to Hugh Bethel, Esq.*

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or s[illegible]ness might (I fear) appear, to make it spectacle either instructive or agreea[illegible] others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acqu[illegible]ance to secure me from the like usage in future, by returning me any letters of [illegible] which they may have preserved; that I [illegible] not be hurt, after my death, by that w[illegible] was the happiness of my life, their part[illegible] and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, that I have had but indifferent health. I [illegible] not made a visit to London: curiosity [illegible] the love of dissipation die apace in me. [illegible] not glad nor sorry for it, but I am [illegible] sorry for those who have nothing [illegible] live on.

I have read much, but writ no mo[illegible] have small hopes of doing good, n[illegible] in writing, and little ambition to p[illegible] world not very candid or deserving. [illegible] can preserve the good opinion [illegible] friends, it is all I can expect, con[illegible] how little good I can do even to them [illegible] rit it. Few people have your candour, [illegible] so willing to think well of another from [illegible] they receive no benefit, and gratify no[illegible] But of all the soft sensations, th[illegible] pleasure is to give and receive mutual [illegible] It is my belief and firm hope, that [illegible] made happy, in this life, as well as [illegible] other. My confidence in your go[illegible] nion, and dependance upon that of [illegible] two more, is the chief cordial drop [illegible] amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, th[illegible] ing, or the dead-sweet, which are the [illegible] mon draughts of life. Some pleasu[illegible] too pert, as well as others too flat, to [illegible] lished long: and vivacity in some [illegible] worse than dulness. Therefore, in [illegible] many years I have not chosen my

r any of the qualities in fashion, but entirely for that which is the most fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware I am making your panegyric, and my own too; for next to possessing qualities is the esteeming and distin- g those who possess them. I truly value you, and so I stop short.

4. *Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow.*

Lord,

VER knew or heard of any person ile, and so fixed as your lordship: hile your imagination is carrying you every corner of the world, where e or have not been, can at the same nember to do offices of favour and to the meanest of your friends; and e scenes you have passed, have not e to attain that one quality peculiar at man, of forgetting every thing but Of this I am a living witness ou; for being the most insignificant our old humble servants, you were so never to give me time to ask a fa- it prevented me, in doing whatever ght I desired, or could be for my advantage.

often admired at the capriciousness ne in regard to your lordship. She ced courts to act against their oldest t constant maxims; to make you a because you had courage and con- ambassador, because you had wis- d knowledge in the interests of and an admiral on account of your maritime affairs; whereas, accord- he usual method of court-proceed- hould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

Letter 55. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson.*

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead *. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquility, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew; and it would

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

be

be the greateſt obligation which even that obliging art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you would come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this; and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily! Your, &c.

Letter 56. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſhed yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any diſtruſt, but by any vanity, much leſs any intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a laſt requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: it is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt precepts, as well as the beſt laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abſtract, without touching perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with ſhadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: cepts only apply to our reaſon, which in m^n is but weak: examples are pictures ſtrike the ſenſes, nay raiſe the paſſions call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt gen all motives) to the aid of reformation. I vicious man makes the caſe his own: that is the only way by which ſuch m be affected, much leſs deterred. So th chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſig which I found my writings ever di good, or had any weight, has been th raiſed the anger of bad men. An greateſt comfort, and encouragement to ceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who h ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, appeared touched by my ſatires.

As to your kind concern for my ſa can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. characters * I have drawn are ſuch, there be any who deſerve them, it is ev a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe me yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, I think, will own they take to them But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom world think in ſuch a manner, muſt I cannot fear. Such in particular as the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dar ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in of day; the talents that make a ch whiſperer, are not the ſame that qu man for an inſulter; and as to priv lany, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an at tion, as in a libel. I will conſult m ſo far as I think becomes a prudent but not ſo far as to omit any thing think becomes an honeſt one. As to attacks beyond the law, every man is

* The character of Sporus in the P Dr. Arbuthnot.

as for danger within the law, I am ility enough to fear any. For the good n of all the world, I know, it is not to d: for that of worthy men, I hope, I not forfeit it: for that of the great, or in power, I may wish I had it; but if gh misrepresentations (too common persons in that station) I have it not, I be sorry, but not miserable in the want

is certain, much freer satirists than I. enjoyed the encouragement and protec- f the princes under whom they lived. stus and Mæcenas made Horace their anion, though he had been in arms on de of Brutus; and allow me to remark, s out of the suffering party too, that favoured and distinguished Virgil. You ot suspect me of comparing myself with and Horace, nor even with another favourite, Boileau. I have always too modest to imagine my panegyrics worthy of a court; and that, I hope, be thought the true reason why I have offered any. I would only have ob-, that it was under the greatest princes best ministers, that moral satirists were encouraged; and that then poets exer- the same jurisdiction over the follies, as ians did over the vices of men. It may e worth considering, whether Augustus lf makes the greater figure in the ngs of the former, or of the latter? and her Nero and Domitian do not appear as lous for their false taste and affectation rsius and Juvenal, as odious for their government in Tacitus and Suetonius? e first of these reigns it was, that Horace rotected and caressed; and in the latter Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal ned.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy *.

Letter 57. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

country,

country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat *: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement: and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion: imagines your only design is to attend leisure to the life and adventures of lerus. This indeed must be gran greater importance than all the rest; wish I could promise so well of you. top of my ambition is to contribute great work, and I shall translate Hom the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted yo progress I have made in it. I cannot Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledg which I shall ever owe you, on his ac If I writ this in verse, I would tell yo are like the sun; and while men imagi to be retired or absent, are hourly e your indulgence, and bringing thi maturity for their advantage. Of a world, you are the man (without a who serve your friends with the least o tion; it is almost ingratitude to than considering your temper; and this period of all my letter which I fear yo think the most impertinent. I am, w truest affection, yours, &c.

Letter 58. *Anthony Henley, Esq. Swift.*

Dear Doctor, Nov.

THOUGH you will not send me broomstick †, I will send you as goo flection upon death as even Adrian's b though the fellow was but an old fa mine, that made it. He had been ill while; and when his friends saw him a they all came croaking about him as and one of them asking him how he d replied, "In great pain. If I could b this same breath out of my body, I

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarreling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

* Meditations on a Broomstick, wri Dr. Swift about this time.

re, by G—, how I let it come in This, if it were put in fine Latin, would make as good a ſound as any met with. I am, &c.

59. *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.*

M not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore ſt not expect from me the ſame indul- o lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe ds yours, and becomes your advocate e appeals to you as his judge: you the ſame on your part; and I, and of your common friends, ſhall have uſtice to expect from two righteous ls: you reſemble perfectly the two e-keepers in Holland, who were at the me Burgomaſters of the town, and ne another's bills alternately. I de- efore-hand I will not ſtand to the my title to your friendſhip is good, nts neither deeds nor writings to con- but annual acknowledgments at leaſt eſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to by your defrauding me of them, that e in time to diſpute it, and to urge tion againſt me. I would not ſay rd to you about myſelf (ſince it is a- on which you appear to have no curi- was it not to try how far the contraſt Pope's fortune and manner of life, e, may be carried.

e been, then, infinitely more uniform diſſipated, than when you knew me, d for me. That love which I uſed to with ſuch profuſion among the female as been theſe many years devoted to ect. A great many misfortunes (for are called, though ſometimes very im- ), and a retirement from the world, ade 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 buz about me, while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have ſince diſ- appeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a 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 be admitted, this diſtinc- tion is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pytha- goras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his Precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, 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 ab- ſtracted 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 Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and 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

grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering 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 titles and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every 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 indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquility is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, 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 nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, worth preserving. As soon as I len town (which will be in a few days), fall back into that course of life, which knaves and fools at a great distance fro I have an aversion to them both, but, ordinary course of life, I think I c the sensible knave better than the fool. must indeed with the former be in s other of the attitudes of those wooden whom I have seen before a sword-c shop in Germany; but even in the strained postures the witty rascal will me; and he that diverts me does me a deal of good, and lays me under an tion to him, which I am not obliged him in another coin: the fool obliges be almost as much upon my guard knave, and he makes me no amend numbs me like the torpor, or he tea like the fly. This is the picture of friend, and more like him than that which you once asked, and which send you, if you continue still to desi Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults thee entirely; make an effort, and love with all mine.

Letter 60. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swi*

Oct.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to w you; and your kind letter left for me Gay's affected me so much, that it m like a Girl. I cannot tell what to say I only feel that I wish you well in ev cumstance of life; that it is almost as be hated as to be loved, considering it is to minds of any tender turn themselves so utterly impotent to do a or give any ease to those who deser

. I would very fain know, as ſoon ecover your complaints, or any part . Would to God I could eaſe any of had been able even to have alleviated found I was not, and truly it grieved was ſorry to find you could think eaſier in any houſe than mine, though me time I can allow for a tenderneſs way of thinking, even when it ſeemed that tenderneſs. I cannot explain my , perhaps you know it: But the beſt convincing you of my indulgence, if I live, to viſit you in Ireland, and e as much in my own way as you did yours. I will not leave your roof, if . To your bad health I fear there dded ſome diſagreeable news from which might occaſion your ſudden re: For the laſt time I ſaw you, you me you would not leave us the whole unleſs your health grew better, and I find it did ſo. I never complied ſo ngly in my life with any friend as with ſtaying ſo entirely from you: Nor have had the conſtancy to do it, if you promiſed that before you went, we meet, and you would ſend to us all to I have given your remembrances to ou mention in yours: We are quite r you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, do, that we ſhall meet in more durable re ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure of that, the more I would indulge it We are to believe, we ſhall have ng better than even a friend there, but here we have nothing ſo good. for this time; may you find every ou go to as pleaſed and happy, as iend you went from is ſorry and ! Your's, &c.

Letter 61. *Lord B. to Dr. Swift.*

March 29.

I HAVE delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet a-going, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: Let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy, for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. Paſſions (ſays Pope, our Divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this

hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: My head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: Why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering ninety-first year of her age; her much diminished, but her senses ve hurt, her sight and hearing good; not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, prayers; this is all she does. I haver thank God for continuing so long very good and tender parent, and for me to exercise for some years the which are now as necessary to her, have been to me. An object of daily before one's eyes very much sof mind, but perhaps may hinder it willingness of contracting other like domestic nature, when one painful it is even to enjoy the tender I have formerly made some strong get and to deserve a friend: Perhaps wiser never to attempt it, but live and look upon the world only as pass through, just pay your hosts disperse a little charity, and hurry I am just now writing (or rather a book, to make mankind look life with comfort and pleasure, and rality in good humour.—And just I am going to see one I love very and to morrow to entertain seve people, whom if we call friends, it courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juva umbras.* While we do live, we the best of life,

Cantantes *licet usque (minus via lad*

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when was long and heavy. I am your's.

Letter 62. *Dr. Swift to Mr.*

Dublin, Nov.

I WRIT to you a long lette

t paſt, concluding you were in Lon-
om whence I underſtood one of your
was dated: Nor did I imagine you
me back to Aimſbury ſo late in the
which ſeaſon I take the country to
a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill-
a court on account of their virtues;
s a ſtate of happineſs the more va-
becauſe it is not accompanied by
lthough nothing deſerves it more.
gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe fa-
the manner their Graces have done.
e my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no
Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and
told him often that I only hated him
enant: I confeſs he had a genteeler
of binding the chains of this king-
an moſt of his predeceſſors, and I
at the ſame time that he had, ſix
regard to my recommendation by
ng ſo many of my friends in the
the two laſt acts of his favour were
to the dignities of Dr. Delany and
pford, the laſt of whom was by you
Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands.
ou in my laſt, that a continuance of
s (though not in a violent degree)
d my thoughts of England at pre-
for in my caſe a domeſtic life is ne-
where I can, with the centurion, ſay
ſervant, go, and he goeth, and do
d he doth it. I now hate all people
cannot command, and conſequently
ſs is at this time the hateſulleſt lady
orld to me, one only excepted, and
r Grace's pardon for that exception,
the way I mean, her Grace is ten
d times more hateful. I confeſs I
o apprehend you will ſquander my
becauſe I hope you never leſs want-
nd if you go on with ſucceſs for two
years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: And I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

Madam, *To the Ducheſs.*

MY beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in

England, that the first advances hath been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps, you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate: For I have cer- intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings your's have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

Letter 63. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.*

Dublin, April 15, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one: The Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way, not to do so and so, like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parli and princes in alliance; and so the p goes on, but grows too long to plea I prove that poets are the fittest person treasurers and managers to great p from their virtue, and contempt of &c.—Pray, why did you not get a n to your shoe, unless you would mak court at St. James's by affecting to imi Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of letter being wholly taken up in a w character of the Duchess, I shall more to you, but apply myself Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms, th love to have your own way, and since the same perfection, I will settle th ter immediately, to prevent those ill quences he apprehends. Your Grac have your own way, in all places your own house, and the domains a There and there only, I expect to hav so that you have all the world to re bating only two or three hundred acr two or three houses in town and coun will likewise, out of my special gra tain knowledge, and mere motion, you to be in the right against all huma except myself, and to be never in the but when you differ from me. Y have a greater privilege in the third of speaking your mind; which I gra ciously allow you now and then to d to myself, and only rebuke you when not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far a Grace's letter, which having not re fortnight (having been out of town not daring to trust myself with the of it), the presumptuous manner in you begin had slipt out of my memory

e you to the ſeventeenth line, where in to baniſh me for ever, by demand- o anſwer all the good character ſome friends have given me. Madam, I ed ſixteen years in Ireland, with only miſſion of two ſummers in England; ſequently am fifty years older than I he Queen's death, and fifty thouſand aller, and fifty million times more perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under advantages I can only pretend to ex- our other acquaintance about ſome ars' length. Pray, Madam, have ear voice? and will you let me ſit at hand at leaſt within three of you, vo bad ears, my right is the beſt? m tells me that he likes your park, houſe is too little. Can the parſon riſh play at back-gammon, and hold me? Is any one of your women a rſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick and-twenty hours? how many days maintain me and my equipage? eſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt oor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt nfortunate, if I do not attend you at y. For I profeſs you are the firſt I ever deſired to ſee ſince the firſt ſt 1714, and I have forgot the date t deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but was not then in England, elſe I ve gone on foot for that happineſs to your houſe in Scotland. But I recollect the time, by aſking ſome e the month, the day, and the hour began to endure their company? owever, I think was a ſign of my ent, for I do not perceive they ny thing but envying or admiring ce. I diſlike nothing in your let- affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. —Pray God preſerve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude that I am with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant, &c.

*To. Mr.* GAY.

I have juſt got your's of February 24, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine! I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

Letter 64. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Feb. 23, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vaſt hopes you ſhould hear no more from me, I being ſlow in my motions; but do not flatter yourſelf; you began the correſpondence, ſet my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to pleaſe myſelf when I could; and though I do not juſt take the turn my mother did of faſting and praying, yet to be ſure that was her pleaſure too, or elſe ſhe would not have been ſo greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your meſſage this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been

dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy of spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat †, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book: If so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. Floyd is much your's; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

Letter 65. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are

* The deaf housekeeper at Lord Berkeley's.

† Colley Cibber.

over; for I never was for your Hyd courses, although my courage ser very well at a hand-gallop in the cou six or seven miles, with one horsem a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that cloathed when he can run fast enou keep up with my horse, who has ye proved his dexterity by escaping from But my courage fails me for riding in where I should have the happiness t with plenty of your very pretty fellow manage their own horses to shew th or that think a postilion's cap, with frock, the most becoming dress. T their grooms I am most bitterly afr because, you must know, if my com friend, your Presbyterian housekeepe remember any thing like such days that is a very good reason for me to ber that time is past; and your toupe rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient woman.

I am sorry to hear you are no Ireland than we English; for our b was as fine as hands could make us question much whether we all pa money. I mightily approve of chess's being dressed in your manufa if your Ladies will follow her ex all things, they cannot do amiss. dare say you will soon find that the know of them both, the better you them; or else Ireland has strangely your taste, and that my own vanity let me believe, since you still flatter

* Mrs. Brent.

† The Duchess also appeared at th Dublin, wholly clad in the manfactu land, on his Majesty's birth-day in 1 the Duke was a second time Lord Lie

do you tantalize me? Let me ſee you and again, if you dare; and chooſe dence, ſummer or winter, St. James's- or Drayton. I defy you in all be it Dean of St. Patrick governing or Ireland, or politician Drapier. choice ſhould be the parſon in Lady chamber. Make haſte then, if you nind to oblige your ever ſincere and ld friend.

r 66. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

well for Mr. Pope your letter came or elſe I had called for my coach, going to make a thorough ſearch at e; for that I was moſt poſitively hat you were there in private, the Dorſet can tell you. *Non credo* is I know, and the moſt uſeful word occaſions to me. However, like er people, I can give it up for what ſo for once I believed, or at leaſt lf way in what I hoped was true, for the only time, your letter was me. You tell me you have requeſt, purely perſonal to me: *Non credo* for I am ſure you would not be ſo ble as not to have made it, when v it is a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to any thing you deſire, by which you you are not *ſans conſequence* to

with your friend Mr. Pope the other e complains of not being well, and ooked ill. I fear that neither his nſe do arm him enough againſt being malice; and that he is too ſenſible of ls ſay; the run is much againſt him uke of Chandois's * account; but I s ſaid that Mr. Pope intended the cha-

believe their rage is not kindneſs to the Duke, but they are glad to give it vent with ſome tolerable pretence. I wiſh your preſence would have ſuch a miraculous effect as your deſign on Mrs. Biddy's † ſpeech: You know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept ſtill *per* force, for ſhe conſtantly gets a violent cold that laſts her all winter. But as to that quarrelſome friend of the Duke of Dorſet's, I will let her looſe at you, and ſee which can get the better. Miſs Kelly was a very pretty girl when ſhe went from hence, and the beaux ſhew their good taſte by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if ſhe is not mightily altered, ſhe would give up ſome of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are ſo good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have eſcaped both head-achs and gout: And that your's may not be endangered by reading ſuch a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

Letter 67. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is ſo) that I can make you uneaſy at my not writing; though I ſhall not often care to exert it, leſt you ſhould grow weary of me and my correſpondence; but the ſlowneſs of my anſwers does not come from the emptineſs of my heart, but the emptineſs of my head; and that you know is nature's fault,

racter of Timon, in his epiſtles on the uſe of riches in works of taſte, addreſſed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandois.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy of spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat †, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book: If so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. Floyd is much your's; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

Letter 65. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are

* The deaf housekeeper at Lord Berkeley's.

† Colley Cibber.

over; for I never was for your H
courses, although my courage se
very well at a hand-gallop in the cou
six or seven miles, with one horsem
a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that
cloathed when he can run fast en
keep up with my horse, who has
proved his dexterity by escaping from
But my courage fails me for riding
where I should have the happiness
with plenty of your very pretty fello
manage their own horses to shew th
or that think a postilion's cap, with
frock, the most becoming dress. T
their grooms I am most bitterly af
because, you must know, if my co
friend, your Presbyterian housekeep
remember any thing like such days
that is a very good reason for me to
ber that time is past; and your toup
rejoice to see a horse throw an ancie
woman.

I am sorry to hear you are no
Ireland than we English; for our
was as fine as hands could make
question much whether we all p
money. I mightily approve of
chess's being dressed in your manuf
if your Ladies will follow her e
all things, they cannot do amiss
dare say you will soon find that the
know of them both, the better yo
them; or else Ireland has strangel
your taste, and that my own vani
let me believe, since you still flatte

* Mrs. Brent.

† The Duchess also appeared at
Dublin, wholly clad in the manfac
land, on his Majesty's birth-day in
the Duke was a second time Lord L

o you tantalize me? Let me see you nd again, if you dare; and choose lence, summer or winter, St. James's- or Drayton. I defy you in all be it Dean of St. Patrick governing or Ireland, or politician Drapier. choice should be the parson in Lady chamber. Make haste then, if you ind to oblige your ever sincere and d friend.

r 66. *From the same to the same.*

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

well for Mr. Pope your letter came or else I had called for my coach, going to make a thorough search at ; for that I was most positively hat you were there in private, the Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is I know, and the most useful word occasions to me. However, like r people, I can give it up for what o for once I believed, or at least f way in what I hoped was true, for the only time, your letter was e. You tell me you have request, purely personal to me: *Non credo* for I am sure you would not be so le as not to have made it, when it is a pleasure and satisfaction to any thing you desire, by which you you are not *sans consequence* to

ith your friend Mr. Pope the other complains of not being well, and oked ill. I fear that neither his se do arm him enough against being alice; and that he is too sensible of say; the run is much against him ke of Chandois's * account; but I said that Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epistles on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandois.

believe their rage is not kindness to the Duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Mrs. Biddy's † speech: You know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per* force, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: And that your's may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

Letter 67. *From the same to the same.*

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault,

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain as he does? who has lain so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland? for there I hoped he would have given a better example.

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope †, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time, nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferrer's memorandum that I might know whether it was time ‡ of gooseberries.

Surely your Irish air is very bad for if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, m cross father let her come over, and not use her so in England. If my Du sees company in a morning, you r grumble at the hour; it must be pure great complaisance, for that never taste here, though she is as early a ri generality of ladies are: And, I there are not many dressing-rooms don, but mine, where the early idle

Adieu, abruptly; for I will have formal humble servants, with you name at the bottom, as if I was ask your catechism.

Letter 68. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr*

Drayton, July

I BELIEVE you will not w my long silence, when I tell you, th Floyd ‖ came ill here, but that pretty much to herself; and ever has been here, till within these two days, I have had no hopes of her li may easily guess what I must have for so long tried, prudent, useful,

* The Duke of Dorset.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription:

"Underneath lieth the body of lady
"Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the Right
"Honourable Charles Earl of Berkeley. She
"died September the 3d, 1699."

‡ In the petition of Frances Ha Lords Justices, losing her purse, there verses:

"Yes, says she, the steward I remem
"I was at my Lady's Shrewsbur
"Such a thing as this happen'd just
"time of goosberries.

This steward was Mr. Ferrers; and da was the old deaf housekeeper in Lord family, when he was one of the Lords Ireland.

§ The Duchess of Dorset.

‖ Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

ion and friend. And God knows, now exceſſively weak, and mends but however, I have now great hopes, am very good at believing what I wiſh. As I dare ſay, you will be ed for her; you may want to know eſs, but that is more than I can tell She has fancied herſelf in a conſump- great while: But though ſhe has had t dreadful cough I ever heard in my the doctors ſaid, it was not that; but f them did ſay what it was. The here, who is an extraordinary good t lives fourteen long miles off) has been left ten thouſand pounds, and tes his buſineſs; he ſays, it is a ſharp that falls upon her nerves, ſometimes ſtomach and bowels; and indeed what given her, has, to appearance, had etter effect than the millions of things been forced to take. After this, you expect I ſhould have followed your and ride, for I have ſcarcely walked; h I dare not be very much in her becauſe ſhe conſtrained herſelf to hide eſs from me.

Duke and Ducheſs of Dorſet have here yet, but I am in hopes they n. I do not know whether you re- Mrs. Crowther and Mrs. Acourt: nd Mr. Parſode are my company; but e my houſe full, I expect more ſtill. ly —— talks of making me a ſhort have been ſo full of Mrs. Floyd, that ke to have forgot to tell you, that I a dunderhead, that I really do not what my ſiſter Pen's age was, but I he could not be above twelve years he was the next to me, but whether three years younger I have forgot; t is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurſe uſed to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young Lady ſtill, ſo will not allow myſelf to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wiſh I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

Letter 69. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have anſwered your's ſooner, but that I every day expect another from you, with your orders to ſpeak to the Duke; which I ſhould with great pleaſure have obeyed, as it was to ſerve a friend of your's. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have ſeen her theſe many years, though ſhe has ſtill her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I muſt never expect ſhe ſhould be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glaſſes, ſuch as are commonly filled at ſober houſes; and that ſhe makes ſo great a route with, ſo many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely ſuſpect ſhe drinks drams in private.

I am ſorry to find our taſte ſo different in the ſame perſon; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, ſo it is ſurpriſing to me to find lady S—— dwindle in your's, who riſes infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you ſay, you will ſay no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are ſo already, ſince you level all without knowing them, and ſeem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am ſure this cannot be really and truly your ſenſe, becauſe

because it is unjust: And if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true), that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle *, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

Letter 70. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Feb. 8, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED your's of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier †. She knew her hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: And in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: The friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to to give you advice, when you asked had all the appearance of sincerity, nature, and right judgment. And that, the court did not do what you and she both believed and wished they was it her fault? At least, I cannot out, that you have hitherto proved her. And though you say, you the hour had seen her, yet I cannot to suppose that your good sense and can impute any thing to her, because not fall out just as she endeavoured, and it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will and sincerely subscribe to it.—That avarice in courts; corruption in mi schisms in religion; illiterate fawni trayers of the church in mitres. Bu same time, I prodigiously want an i judge, to determine when it is really as I have lived longer in the wor seen many changes, I know those power and place always see the faults in, with dreadful large spectacles; dare say, you know many instances Lord Oxford's time. But the stro my memory is Sir R—— W——, b pulled to pieces in the year 1720, bec South-Sea did not rise high enoug since that, he has been to the full banged about, because it did rise t So experience has taught me, how unjust, and senseless party-factio therefore, I am determined never w believe any side or party against th and to shew that I will not, as my fr in and out of all sides, so my house them altogether; and those people m that have, and would fight in a place. Those of them that have

* In Kent, the seat of the Duke of Dorset.

† The Countess of S——

nalities and virtues I love and admire; h number is lady ——; and I do like e her, becauſe I believe, and, as far capable of judging, know her to be diſcreet, honeſt, and ſincere courtier, ll promiſe no farther than ſhe can per- and will always perform what ſhe does ; ſo, now, you have my creed as

ought I had told you in my laſt, at am ſure I deſigned it, that I deſire uld do juſt as you like about the mo- ; and then, it will be moſt undoubt- proved by your moſt ſincere and faith- ant.

71. *Ducheſs of —— to Dr. Swift.*

ar Sir, April 12, 1733.

CEIVED your's of the 23d of March. al pains in my head have hindered me riting till this moment; ſo you ſee you the only perſon that way tormented. believe there are as many bad heads in d as in Ireland; I am ſure none worſe own; that I am made for pain and me; for, of late, we have been in e. It is a moſt diſpiriting diſtemper, ngs on pain of mind, whether real or ry, it is all one.

ſt I had that very ſincere good friend, ſometimes lay open all my rambling s, and he and I would often view and hem, but now they come and go, and find out whether they be right or or if there be any thing in them. n! he was moſt truly every thing you y of him. I have loſt, in him, the t limb of my mind. This is an odd n; but I cannot explain my notion e.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to ſeem ſo again, by aſſuring you my letters are never falſe copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it juſtice, often directs it better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the ſame; yet whatever I write is at that inſtant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis ſaid); but the making a memorandum of one's own falſe heart would ſtare one in the face immediately, and ſhould put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unſettled way of thinking, and of my ſincerity, I ſhall tell you, that I am not ſo much in the wrong as you obſerved I was in my luſt: For my regard to you is leſſened extremely, ſince I obſerved you are juſt like moſt other people, viz. diſobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what elſe are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wiſh to ſerve you, till you have tried me; till then proteſtations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendſh of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be ſuſpected. I ſeldom make any for that reaſon; ſo that I have the peculiar happineſs to have any wiſe good people my flatterers, God know how I came by it; but ſure nothing can equal ſuch glory, except that of having the ſilly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no ſuch can depreſs your ſpirits; and if our conſtitutions are alike, I will not preach up good ſpirits, but preſcribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themſelves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unleſs they have my help) I ſhall not deſerve it. If fools ſhun my company, it is be-

cause I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to a man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much as unjust ill-usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to: by that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. Lancelot, and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more, therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear sir, most sincerely &c.

Letter 72. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr.*

Knowle, July

NOW, says parson Swift *, W devil makes this woman write to me filthy white ink? I cannot read a wo without more trouble than her silly sc worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is men are always accused of having bad implements; but to my comfort be it this is his Grace the Lord Lieutenant's My bureau at London is so well fu that his grace and his secretary make use of it, that they are often obliged me half-a-crown, that I may not run estate in paper. It is very happy go-between pleases both sides, and very well pleased with my office; grace is delighted that it was in his p oblige you. So *treve de compliment.* I have declared my passion against and a parson, it is but fair I should the story, whether you care to hear it But if you do not, I give you leave mind it, for now it is over I am calm

As to the bishop ‡, I know ne principles nor his parts, but his d Peterborough; and having a small Northamptonshire, which I had a increase by a small addition, to make stand in the middle of it. Three and sixpence worth of land, at th computation, belongs to the chur which my old parson (who flatters

* The name she called the dean b stanza which she inserted in his ballad Game of Traffic."

† Duke of Dorset. ‡ Dr. Robert

e, when he comes from a Sunday din-
d ſays he loves me better than any
n the world,) has made me give him
ieu of that land, a houſe and ground
s for forty ſhillings a-year, and is
content with that, but reckons it a vaſt
And the biſhop has put me to ten
nore charge than it is worth, by ſend-
mmiſſioners to view it, and making me
etitions, and dancing me through his
beſides a great dinner to his naſty peo-
Now, am I not in the right to be angry?
rhaps you will ſay, If I will have my
I muſt pay for them; ſo I will ſay
e about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly
near ſo well as ſhe ſays; and a gentle-
at came from Briſtol, ſays ſhe looks
lly, and fears it is almoſt over with
nd that no mortal could know her;
youth and beauty! That is ſuch a
reflection, that, leſt it ſhould make
lancholly, I will tell you ſomething
e you: Your old friend Mrs. Floyd
ectly recovered. I think I have not
r ſo well this great while; but winter
ys her bane, ſo I ſhall live in dread of

our next I deſire to know what I am
r debt for my ſiſter's monument.
my dear, good, old, beloved friend.

r 73. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

London, July 12, 1735.

AVE not anſwered your's of the 15th
e ſo ſoon as I ſhould; but the Duke
ſet had anſwered all your's ere your let-
e to my hands. So I hope all cauſes
plaint are at an end, and that he has
himſelf, as he is, much your friend
mble ſervant, though he wears a garter,
his original from Normandy, if he-
ralds do not lie, or his granums did not play
falſe; and whilſt he is lord lieutenant, (which
I heartily wiſh may not be much longer,) I
dare ſay, he will be very glad of any oppor-
tunity to do what you recommend to him.
Thus far will I anſwer for his grace, though
he is now in the country, and cannot ſubſcribe
to it himſelf.

Now to quite another affair. The Coun-
teſs of Suffolk, whom you know I have
long had a great eſteem and value for, has
been ſo good and gracious as to take my
brother George Berkeley for better, for worſe;
though I hope in God the laſt will not hap-
pen, becauſe I think he is an honeſt good-
natured man. The town is ſurpriſed, and
the town talks, as the town loves to do, up-
on theſe ordinary and extraordinary occa-
ſions. She is indeed four or five years older
than he, and no more; but for all that, he
hath appeared to all the world, as well as me,
to have long had (that is, ever ſince ſhe hath
been a widow, ſo pray do not miſtake me)
a moſt violent paſſion for her, as well as eſ-
teem and value for her numberleſs good
qualities. Theſe things well conſidered, I
do not think they have above ten to one
againſt their being happy: And if they ſhould
not be ſo, I ſhall heartily wiſh him hanged,
becauſe I am ſure it will be wholly his fault.
As to her fortune, though ſhe has been twenty
years a court favourite, yet I doubt ſhe has
been too diſintereſted to enlarge it, as others
would have done. And Sir Robert *, her
greateſt enemy, does not tax her with getting
quite forty thouſand pounds. I wiſh—but
fear it is not that ſum. But what ſhe has,
ſhe never told me, nor have I ever aſked;
but whatever it is, they muſt live accord-

* Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.



ingly;

ingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth *Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant*, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambre, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Ann Long, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their deserts; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more, but adieu!

Letter 74. *Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset.*

My Lord, Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman: Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence, in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains; and this arrear I have assigned to Mr. John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. grace is now disposing of the *debris* * bishoprics, among which is the dea Ferns, worth between eighty and on dred pounds a-year, which will ma gentleman easier, who, besides his oth qualities, is as loyal as you could wi

I cannot but think, that your gr whom God has given every amiabl is bound, when you have satisfied all pectations of those who have power i club †, to do something at the req others, who love you on your own without expecting any thing for them I have ventured once or twice to drop favour of some very deserving gentlem I was assured, had been recommended by persons of weight; but I easily fo your general answers, that althoug been an old courtier, you knew how to me by diverting the discourse, whi me reflect that courtiers resemble ga the latter finding no arts unknown older; and one of them assured me, has lost fourteen thousand pounds left off play, merely by dabbling wi who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will as a divine, quote sc although the children's meat should given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scr fall from the children's table. This second request I have ever made grace directly. Mr. Jackson is co to live on his own small estate, part is in his parish about four miles from where he hath built a family house, m pensive than he intended. He is a cl of long standing, and of a most unbl

* The shattered remains.
† The parliament of Ireland.

ch

r; but the misfortune is, he hath not my to whom I might appeal for the f what I say.

my lord, be not alarmed at the word , nor imagine it a dignity like those in England; for, except three or e rest have little power, rather none, n and chapter, and seldom any land It is usually a living consisting of one parishes, some very poor, and others endowed, but all in tythes.

Jackson cannot leave his present situa- d only desires some moderate addition. d, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers, even of those who are most at your devo ion, by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end. *Multa—venit manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus,) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

---

# K III. LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

## SECT. II. MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

### er 1. *Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waring* *.

adam, Dublin, May 4, 1700.

M am extremely concerned at the ac- ou give of your health; for my uncle , he found you in appearance better u had been in some years, and I was s you had still continued so. God for- hould ever be the occasion of creating oubles to you, as you seem to intimate! ter you desired me to answer, I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required: However, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well I am able. You would know, what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over? If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and some times in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much

* is letter, Mr. Faulkner says, was written ady of family in the North of Ireland;" dds, that it was "supposed to be previous r. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." It itten not long before the time of Stella's her residence in Ireland.

much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of ſtyle be owing to the thoughts of a new miſtreſs? I declare, upon the word of a Chriſtian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other perſon but yourſelf. I had ever an opinion that you had a great ſweetneſs of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it as a thing put on as neceſſary before a lover: But I have ſince obſerved, in abundance of your letters, ſuch marks of a ſevere indifference, that I began to think it was hardly poſſible for one of my few good qualities to pleaſe you. I never knew any ſo hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the intereſt and concern are intirely you own; all which, I ſay, paſſed eaſily while we were in the ſtate of formalities and ceremony; but ſince that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common eſteem and friendſhip for me.

When I deſired an account of your fortune, I had no ſuch deſign as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common ſenſe to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I aſked, in order to conſider whether it were ſufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour eaſy in a married ſtate. I think it comes to almoſt a hundred pounds a-year: And I think at the ſame time, that no young woman in the world, of the ſame income, would dwindle away their health and life in ſuch a ſink, and among ſuch family converſation; neither have all your letters been once able to perſuade, that you have the leaſt value for me, becauſe you ſo little regarded what I ſo often ſaid upon th ter. The diſmal account you ſay given you of my livings *, I can aff is a true one; and, ſince it is a di even in your own opinion, you can b conſequences from it. The place wh Bolton † lived is upon a living w keeps with the deanery; but the place dence for that they have given me is mile of a town called Trim, twenty mi hence; and there is no other way, bu a houſe at Trim, or build one on th The firſt is hardly to be done, and th I am too poor to perform at preſen coming down to Belfaſt, it is what I yet think of, my attendance is ſo ch ſo much required of me; but our g ment ſits very looſe, and, I believ change in a few months: Whether ou will partake in the change, I kno

* Thoſe of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Sw chaplain to Lord Berkeley, when one of t juſtices in Ireland; and was promoted deanery of Derry, which had been previ miſed to Dr. Swift: But Mr. Buſh, the ſecretary, for weighty reaſons beſt k himſelf, laid Dr. Swift aſide, unleſs h pay him a large ſum, which the doctor with the utmoſt contempt and ſcorn.— ton, who was alſo miniſter of St. W Dublin, was advanced to the biſhopric of Sept. 12, 1722; tranſlated to Elphin, 1724; to Caſhel, Jan. 6, 1729; and 1744. He was one of the moſt eloque ers of his time, and was particularly ecclesiaſtical hiſtory.

‡ Meaning Lord Berkeley, who was of the three lords juſtices.—The earl of ter was appointed lord lieutenant in Se following.

I am very apt to believe it; and hall be at leisure for a short journey. ope your other friends, more power- n I, will, before that time, persuade m the place where you are. I desire ice to your mother, in return for her rance; but for any other dealings y I entreat your pardon; and I think more cause to resent your desires of hat cause, than you have to be angry efusals. If you like such company duct, much good do you with them! cation has been otherwise. My uncle asked me one day in private, as by n, what my designs were in relation , because it might be an hindrance to I did not proceed. The answer I n (which I suppose he has sent you) his effect: "That I hoped I was no rance to you; because the reason you d against a union with me was drawn your indisposition, which still con- d; that you also thought my fortune ufficient, which is neither at present condition to offer you: That, if your h and my fortune were as they ought, uld prefer you above all your sex; hat, in the present condition of both, ught it was against your opinion, and d certainly make you unhappy: That, you any other offers which your friends ourself thought more to your advan- ge, I should think I were very un- o be an obstacle in your way." Now t concerns my fortune, you have an- it, I desire, therefore, you will let ow if your health be otherwise than it hen you told me the doctors advised

hose daughter Anne, married a clergy- the name of Perry.

you against marriage, as that would certainly hazard your life. Are they, or you, grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a-year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting or visited? Can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so much power in your heart, or so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ——? Have you so much good-nature, as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your husband is thrown, be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep-read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear

bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this, without ———, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

Letter 2. *Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave.*

My Lord, Oct. 23, 1679.

IT was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining of your lordship to our religion, which I am most firmly persuaded to be the truth; but yet 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 understandings, will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of their wills. I remember your lordship once told me, 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 among the first that should hear of it. Before the time I last waited on your lordship, I had heard something which afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth then to trouble your lordship about it; but having the same since from those whom I b bear no ill-will to your lordship, I no it my duty to acquaint you with it. To plainly; I have been told, that your is of late fallen into a conversation da both to your reputation and virtue, the tendereſt and dearest things in the I believe your lordship to have great co and conduct of yourself, but am very of human frailty, and of the dangerou tations to which youth is exposed dissolute age; and therefore I earnes seech your lordship to consider, beid high provocation of Almighty God, hazard of your soul whenever you eng a bad course, what a blemish you wil upon a fair and unspotted reputation, uneasiness and trouble you will create to self from the severe reflections of a conscience, and how great a violence offer to the good principles of you and education, and to a mind the be for virtuous and worthy things. not imagine you can stop when you experience shews us the contrary; thing is more vain than for men to set bounds to themselves in any thing bad: I hope in God that no temptatio yet prevailed upon your lordship so f be guilty of any lewd act; if it have love your soul, let it not proceed to The retreat is easy and open, but wil day become more difficult and obs God is so merciful, that upon our re and resolution of amendment, he is ready to forgive what is past, but to by his grace to do better for the futu I need not enforce these consideratio a mind so capable and easy to recei council; I shall only desire your lor

ain and again, how great a point of t is, in all our actions to consult the our own minds, and to have no with the constant and inseparable com- of our lives. If others displease us quit their company; but he that is d at himself is unavoidably un- ecause he hath no way to get rid of

ord, for God's sake, and your own, f being happy, and resolve by all o save yourself from this untoward on; and determine rather upon a change of your condition, than to the inclinations of youth in any way t is lawful and honourable; and let the contentment to be assured from rdship, either that there hath been no for this report, or that there shall be r the future, which will be the wel- news to me in the world. I have now beg of your Lordship to believe, that not done this to satisfy the formality rofession; but that it proceeds from st affection and good will that one man ibly bear to another.

y God every day for your Lordship, e same constancy and fervour of de- as for myself; and do now more y beg of him, that this counsel may table and effectual. I am, &c.

3. *Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Oxford.*

r Obby, [Of uncertain date.]

ANK you for your letter, because e manifest signs in it of your endea- to excel yourself, and by conse- to please me. You have succeeded in pects, and will always succeed, if you worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently. Get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in letters, by all means, to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of your's, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves into blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you took the hint of the thought from a poem, and it is no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phrase a little, when you were expressing it: The rest is as it should be, and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: With these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says (you know) "my son, give me thy heart—" implying that without it all other gifts signify nothing: Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good breeding; I need not

tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much even as I am, when I tell you that I am your loving father.

Letter 4. *Bishop Atterbury to Lord Townshend.*

My Lord, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I AM thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way, but was in hopes the restraint of an officer's presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness, especially since we have been parted now for near eight months *, and must soon, if the Bill takes place †, be parted for ever.

My Lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother, and my little family affairs, which cannot with ease, to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your Lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be in any degree watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life, and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me). Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

Your Lordship, who is known t tender father ‡, will feel what I fa consider how far it is fit to indulge t innocent a request. It is a little thing but nothing is little that can give an to a man in my sad circumstances, wh serve your Lordship's compassion, and will obtain it.

I am, with all respect, your Lo most humble and most obedient servan

Letter 5. *The Bishop of Rochester t Morice.*

Montpelier, Sept.

My dear Heart,

I HAVE so much to say to you, th hardly say any thing to you till I se My heart is full; but it is in vain to upon paper what I can never end. I thousand desires to see you, which are c by a thousand fears lest any ill acciden happen to you in the journey. God p you in every step of it, and send y hither! And I will endeavour, by li ing and assistance, to send you we again, and to accompany you in the j as far as the law of England will su I stay here only to receive and take you (for no other view should have b my coming into the north of Fran autumn); and I live only to help t lengthening your life, and rendering can, more agreeable to you: For I fe what use I am, or can be, in other r I shall be impatient till I hear you ar landed, and as impatient after that till safely arrived in your winter quarters. I hope, will favour you with good w

* The Bishop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It passed the House of Commons on the 9th of April, and received the royal assent May 27.

† This Nobleman retired from public in 1730, and died in June 1738.

nanner of good accidents on the
d I will take care, my dear love, to
u as easy and happy as I can at the
ur journey.
written to Mr. Morice about every
an think of relating to your ac-
ion on the road, and shall not
repeat any part of it in this letter,
intended only to acknowledge a
under which I find myself. I
loved you before as much as I
ibly: But I feel such new degrees
ness arising in me upon this terrible
ney, as I was never before ac-
with. God will reward you, I
your piety to me, which had, I
its share in producing this resolu-
will in rewarding you reward me
being the chief thing I have to beg

my dear heart, till I see you! and
tisfy yourself, that, whatever un-
ur journey may give you, my ex-
of you, and concern for you, will
ore. I am got to another page,
do violence to myself to stop here—
—and abruptly bid you, my dear
u, till I bid you welcome to Mont-

under your own hand, pray, by
at first sets out after you land at
.

*Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London.*

rother, Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.
a very tedious and fatiguing
Mr. Morice and his lady arrived
onday morning, the 7th, about
ck, when she met her father; the
I believe she had to desire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last; and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it if possible) about an hour and a half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said, "Dear Mr. "Morice, take care of the children—I know "you will: Remember me to the Dutchess of "Buckingham!"——This fatal stroke, being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England, as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpelier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu. Your's most affectionately.

Letter 7. *The Bishop of Rochester to* * * *.

Dear Sir, [Undated.]

YOUR endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from resolution. They shall not depress me; but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean, which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system,

Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess
In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetise, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow; but a sort of

of a comical way of treating things ſerious, not after the ſubtle faſhions of thoſe you ſpeak of, that would magnify nature by depreſſing the Deity; who, ſetting forth their neceſſary agreement, make unneceſſary ſtrife. With reverence do I mention theſe things, and know,

How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
And univerſal kindneſs to thy kind.

I am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer againſt, extremes. Thoſe ſymptoms ſtrongly bode a ſecond youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame: It is the innervated arm of Priam, impotently raiſed againſt the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epiſtle, my dear friend, ſhall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece: For I will conclude with anſwering your laſt ſerious queſtion with another ſcrap of poetry:

Whate'er the ſoul of nature has deſign'd,
And wrought-on matter, is the effect of mind;
The form of ſubſtance is the former's art,
Hence beauty and deſign that ſtrike the heart;
There's nought in ſimple matter to delight,
'Tis the fair workmanſhip that takes the ſight.
The beautiful effect of mind alone
Is comely, and in all things comely ſhown.
Where mind is not, there horror needs muſt be,
For matter formleſs is deformity.

Letter 8. *Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Scurlock.*

Dear Madam, Sept. 5, 1707.

THE pleaſing hope with which my mind is poſſeſſed, is too delicate a touch of the ſoul to be explained, but it is founded on ſo ſolid and laſting motives, that I am ſure it will actuate the behaviour of my whole life: I do not entertain my imagination with transports only which are raiſed by be but fix it alſo on the ſatisfactions which from the reverence due to virtue. T am not only allured by your perſon, but vinced by your life, that you are the amiable of women. Let us go on, my creature, to make our regards to each mutual and unchangeable, that, whi world around us is enchanted with th ſatisfactions of vagrant deſires, our may be ſhrines to each other, and fa conjugal faith, unreſerved confiden heavenly ſociety. While we live aft manner, angels will be ſo far from bei ſuperiors, that they will be our atte Every good being guard my faireſt, an duct her to that boſom that pants to her, and protect her from all the ca viciſſitudes of life with an eternal tend I am ever moſt obligedly your's.

Letter 9. *From the ſame to the ſ*

My Dear Wife, Oct.

YOU were not, I am ſure, awak as I was for you, and deſired the b God upon you. After that firſt d next is to let you know I am in he morning, which I know you are for. I believe it would not be amiſ time this afternoon, you took a chair, and went to ſee an houſe ne lady Bulkley's, towards St. Jame which is to be let. I have a ſolid quickening my diligence in all affa world, which is, that you are my them, and will make me labour any incitation of ambition or we

After I have implored the help of dence, I will have no motive to my ns but the love of the best creature to whom I am an obedient husband.

10. *Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Steele.*

adam, Aug. 12, 1708.

AVE your letter, wherein you let me that the little dispute we have had is m being a trouble to you; neverthe- assure you, any disturbance between us greatest affliction to me imaginable. lk of the judgment of the world; I ever govern my actions by it, but by es of morality and right reason. I u better than the light of my eyes, or -blood in my heart; but, when I have know that, you are also to understand, ther my sight shall be so far inchanted, ffection so much master of me, as to e forget our common interest. To my business as I ought, and improve ime, it is necessary that my time and should be under no direction but my Pray give my most humble service to ins. I write all this rather to ex- y own thoughts to you than answer ter distinctly. I inclose it to you, on second thoughts, you may see the ful manner in which you treat your ate, faithful husband.

1. *Dutchess Dowager of Somerset to Mrs. ——*

1754.

sorry, good Mrs. ——, to find that ness seems rather to increase than di- yet the disposition of mind with ou receive this painful dispensation, convert your sufferings into a bless- ing: While you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful Being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for your profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burden of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son *, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "English angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: But, alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependance. This justly-beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness; that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day †, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent chearfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor ‡, to acquaint his unhappy father that

* Lord viscount Beauchamp.

† September 11, 1744.

‡ Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Bi- "ographical Dictionary" (published in 1767) "says, a bad state of health prevented him from "attending

he had loſt the moſt dutiful and beſt of ſons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the ſtroke like a wiſe man and a Chriſtian, but never forgot, nor ceaſed to ſigh for it. A long ſeries of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, ſhewed me the ſword which appeared ſuſpended over my head by an almoſt cobweb-thread long before it dropped §. As to my bodily pains, I bleſs God, they are by no means inſupportable at preſent: I rather ſuffer a languid ſtate of weakneſs, which waſtes my fleſh and conſumes my ſpirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful ſuffering; and am ſpending thoſe remains of nature which were almoſt exhauſted in continued care and anxiety for the ſufferings of a perſon dearer to me than myſelf. My daughter ‖, who is very good to me, has ſent me her youngeſt ſon ¶, juſt turned of four years old, to amuſe me in my ſolitude, becauſe he is a great favourite of mine, and ſhews a great deal of his uncle's diſpoſition, and ſome faint likeneſs of his perſon. It is high time to releaſe you from ſo long a letter, but there are ſome ſubjects on which my tears and pen know not how to ſtop when they begin to flow. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Letter 12. *Mr. Warburton to Dr. Doddridge.*

Dear Sir, Feb. 14, 1702-3.

I SHOULD not have been ſo long in making my beſt acknowledgments for laſt kind letter, had not my abſence home, and a late unhappy domeſtic prevented me and engroſſed all my th —the misfortunes of an excellent ſiſt her children, by her huſband's ill ſuc trade, yet attended to with the utmoſt and ſobriety; ſo that, to his own ruin, been a conſiderable benefactor to the while in trade, and his creditors at loſers, but himſelf undone. I do no whether this be an alleviation or agg of the misfortune. But I can tell yo the utmoſt truth, that I ſhare with t treſſed ſiſter and her children (who with me) the ſmall revenue it has God to bleſs me with, with much ſatisfaction than others ſpend their's pleaſures. I do not know how it though I am far from being an her find Brutus expreſſes my exact ſen when he ſays to Cicero, *Aliter alii vivunt. Nihil ego poſſum in Sor Liberis facere, quo poſſit expleri volu aut officium.* But you will repro know for this falſe modeſty in ap for this compariſon; and ſay, whe wonder, that a man who pretends Chriſtian ſhould not come behind how great ſoever in the performance duties. However this may be, I you my only concern on this occaſio an incomparable mother, whom I misfortunes of a favourite daugh have too much affected. But, I th religion, that religion which you amiable drawings of in all your was more than a ſupport to her. pardon for talking ſo long of myſe is a ſubject I never chooſe to talk could not forbear mentioning it to

" attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and " ſaved him the mortification of being an eye-" witneſs of his death."

§ Algernon duke of Somerſet died February 7, 1749 50.

‖ The counteſs (afterwards dutcheſs) of Northumberland.

¶ Afterwards lord Algernon Percy.

esteem, and whose heart I know to be so

was with great concern I found Mrs. idge so ill at Bath. I know the grief ust have occasioned you. But I know ufficiency. I trust in God she has by ne received the expected benefit from ters. It was by accident I saw her in Leake's book (for then I had not d your last) a little before I left Mr. . I visited her twice. The first time going out to drink the waters, the time a visiting; so I had not the e of much of her company. You assured, I would not hinder her the ne; and I made a conscience not to do econd: For it was a new acquaintance going to make; a matter perhaps as o her amusement, while she stayed at s the other for her health.

s you see, my good friend, we have all ng to make us think less complacently world. Religion will do great things. always make the bitter waters of wholesome and palatable. But we t think it will usually turn water to ecause it once did so. Nor is it fit it unless this were our place of rest e were to expect the bridegroom. I est I can, and should, I think, do the I were a mere pagan, to make life To be always lamenting the of it, or always seeking after the s of it, equally take us off from the our salvation. And though I be y cautious what sect I follow in re- yet any in philosophy will serve my d honest Sancho Panca's is as good as o on his return from an important on, when asked by his master, they should mark the day with a *black* or *white* stone, replied, 'Faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown ochre*. What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the complection of it.

I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a palace with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen for two or three months. The gentleman I mentioned last is, I verily believe, the greatest private character that ever appeared in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath Hospital. This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies; but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too for the consolation of the envious; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from heaven, would they study to deserve them.

I received your agreeable present of your Pupil's Sermons *, with your Life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it. He is now of Jesus College in Cambridge. But I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to an excellent, though unfortunate mother.

Dr. Taylor has just now shewn me the first part of your excellent answer to Christianity not founded on Argument; which he

* By the Rev. Mr. Thomas Steffe.

highly esteems, and we wait impatiently for the second.

Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do had I time. But now I have not a moment more than to conclude, with my best respects to Mrs. Doddridge, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

Letter 13. *Dr. Doddridge to a Young Gentleman, on his recovery from a dangerous illness.*

Dear Sir, 1740.

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I think it not improbable, that you have learnt my name from your excellent parents, who honour me with their friendship in a degree far beyond what I could ever pretend to have deserved. They early informed me of your illness, and recommended you to my earnest and affectionate prayers; which, I will assure you, dear Sir, you have had, and shall continue to have a share in them. God has been gracious to us, and heard our prayers. He has brought you back from the borders of the grave, when you had received the sentence of death in yourself. And now, my dear friend, for so methinks I have a kind of hereditary right to call you, give me leave seriously to remind you of the goodness of God in this respect, and to call upon you in his name to a proper improvement of it. I doubt not, but in the intervals of your disorder, you had some solemn thoughts of death and eternity. I doubt not, but you cried to God, and formed some purposes for his service. But I know how ready our treacherous hearts are to forget such deliverances, and to forget those vows of God that are upon us; and therefore let me, wi simplicity and plainness, though at the time with the sincerest respect, renew the monition as in the name of my great and Master, who, I would hope, means graciously in inclining me to write to upon this occasion. I would beseech seriously to examine your heart and and to ask yourself before God, "Wi the fever had finished its work, and bro me down to the dust of death, and my had returned to God who gave it, how it have been received by him?" You descended from the most gracious pair think I ever knew. But they cannot co grace to you. Even from them, excell they are, you derive a corrupt nature. your own heart then, "Have I been earnest with God for renewing grace? I ever pleaded with him in prayer, might experience that change which gospel requires, without which no man enter into the kingdom of heaven?" are matters of infinite importance; must lie at the root of all our hop heaven, or those hopes will prove spider's web. I beseech you, therefore, Sir, in the name of our Lord Jesus C and by all your prospects in the eternal that you take these things under an att consideration. I hope you have thou them. I would fain persuade myself t lieve, you are experimentally acquainted them. But I would court you to apply heart to them more and more. I know that in your circumstances of life innum temptations will surround you; and i good thing in order to be fortified them all, that the heart be established grace. You have all the encouragem can desire, to attempt the work of seri

n, and that betimes; for it muſt be done ediately, or perhaps it may not be done ll, probably it will not. You have a ious God to go to, who is not willing any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould e to repentance. You have a moſt paſſionate Redeemer, who ſhed his d for the ſalvation of periſhing ſinners; I humbly hope for your ſalvation. The it of God has conquered hearts much er than yours can be, even ſuppoſing you now in an unrenewed ſtate. You are the of God's ſervants: You were early de- d to god in baptiſm: You have a large of prayers laid up in the preſence of for you. I do really apprehend, even ovenant of God with believing parents a favourable aſpect upon their children: though I dare not ſay, nor think, that it es their ſalvation; for I fear fact lies gly againſt ſuch a preſumption, as we re it did even in the children of Abra- yet there is ſome peculiar encourage- for ſuch to ſeek the God of their rs. I believe the Spirit ſtrives peculi- with them; and that when they ſeek it, more immediately and more fully com- cated to them than generally to others. ſure I am, that thoſe early inſtructions have received, have often a bleſſed reſur- n in their hearts, even after they have long forgotten; and the ſeed, which d to have periſhed, often brings forth in abundance. And therefore, dear hank God, and take courage. In his and ſtrength, ſet out in your heavenly mage, with the word of God in your and heart, and with your eyes to the of God, as your guide and ſtrength: e aſſured, there are many who will bid ood ſpeed in the name of the Lord, and icice to aſſiſt you in your courſe. I am thout hope, that our gracious God may at length favour me with more immediate and renewed opportunities of ſerving you *. In the mean time be aſſured, that I moſt cordially love you, though perſonally unknown. Be aſſured, my heart overflows with a true concern for your welfare; that I pour out my ſoul before God in prayer on your account; and that to hear of your health and happineſs, and above all that your ſoul proſpers, will yield me unutterable delight; for I am not merely in form, but with the utmoſt ſincerity and tenderneſs of heart, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and affectionate friend, and humble ſervant.

Letter 14. *Dr. Doddridge to Sir J——.*

Dear Sir, Northampton, Dec. 8, 1742.

PERMIT me frankly to ſpeak my mind to you on a head, on which I fear to be ſilent, leſt I ſhould fail in a branch of duty and gratitude to a gentleman to whom I think myſelf obliged, and whom I would gladly ſerve to the beſt of my little ability. Be not angry, when I tell you, I was heartily grieved at the liberties you took laſt night in uſing the venerable name of the Ever Bleſſed God in ſo light a manner; and in the needleſs appeals which you made to him, as to things which would have been believed on much leſs evidence than the word of Sir J——. I have not heard ſo much of that kind of language, except when paſſing by people of low education in the ſtreets, for ſome years; whether it be owing to the complaiſance with which gentlemen commonly treat our profeſſion, or, as I rather hope, to a ſenſe of what is in itſelf reaſonable and decent.

I am ſure, Sir, that your knowledge of men and things is capable of making converſation pleaſant and improving, and of fill-

* He afterwards became the Doctor's pupil.



ing

ing up your full ſhare in it without theſe dreadful expletives; for dreadful I muſt call them, when conſidered in a view to that ſtrict account which muſt ſo certainly, and ſo quickly, be rendered up to God for all our words as well as our actions. I was the more ſolicitous, Sir, to mention the affair to you in conſideration of your office as a magiſtrate; the dignity of which muſt certainly be moſt effectually ſupported by avoiding whatever it might require you to puniſh in others. In this view, Sir, permit me to entreat you to join your efforts with thoſe of all other wiſe and good men to diſcountenance, and, if poſſible, to drive out of the world this unprofitable enormity of ſwearing in common converſation; concerning the evil of which, I am ſure it is not neceſſary to enlarge, when addreſſing myſelf to a gentleman of your good underſtanding.

I conclude, Sir, with my moſt affectionate good wiſhes and prayers for you, that the whole of your conduct in every circumſtance of life, may be ſuch as will yield the moſt pleaſing reflections in the awful hour of death, and the moſt comfortable account before the divine tribunal, to which we are haſtening; and in the ſerious views of which, I have preſumed to give you this trouble, hoping you will eſteem it, as it undoubtedly is, a proof that I am with great ſincerity, honoured Sir, your moſt faithful and obedient humble ſervant.

Letter 15. *The Biſhop of Oxford (Dr. Secker) to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.*

Rev. Sir, Cuddeſden, Sept. 29, 1743.

I RETURN you many thanks for your favourable opinion both of my ſermon and its author, though expreſſed in a manner, which you would have forborn, if you had known me better. Plain men ſhould [illegible] treated in a plain way: and nobody [illegible] have things ſaid to him, which he doth [illegible] deſerve; and ought not to hear it he [illegible] Let us all endeavour to do what good [illegible] can; and give thoſe who ſeem to [illegible] it faithfully, the comfort of knowing [illegible] think they do: But never tempt one [illegible] to forget we are unprofitable ſervants. [illegible] in no danger of tranſgreſſing this rule, [illegible] I ſay, that I have read your works with [illegible] ſatisfaction, and I hope ſome benefit: [illegible] both rejoice and wonder, that in the [illegible] your other occupations you continue [illegible] I pray God you long may, to oblige your [illegible] low-chriſtians ſo often and ſo highly from [illegible] preſs. Indeed it muſt and ought to be [illegible] in general, that the diſſenters have done [illegible] cellently of late years in the ſervice of [illegible] tianity; and I hope our common warfare [illegible] make us chiefly attentive to our common [illegible] tereſt, and unite us in a cloſer alliance [illegible] believe, on the beſt inquiry I can make, [illegible] what I have ſaid in favour of our [illegible] ſchools is true. And you do very [illegible] propagate a ſenſe of religion amongſt [illegible] own people by the ſame method. I have [illegible] Dr. Watt's Eſſay on the ſubject, which [illegible] into my hands but yeſterday, with [illegible] pleaſure, and a little ſurpriſe, to ſee [illegible] many points we have coincided: And [illegible] I preſume, that we are both in the right [illegible] congratulate you heartily on the proſpect [illegible] have of ſucceſs in your hoſpital: And [illegible] very ſenſible of what peculiar advantage [illegible] would be to have one at Oxford, ſo [illegible] not only taken all opportunities of [illegible] and inculcating my opinion, but [illegible] before now have made ſome trial what [illegible] be done in the matter; if hopes had not [illegible] given me, that Dr. Radcliffe's truſtees [illegible]

ibrary is finiſhed, will employ ſome part he reſidue of his money in this excellent . You were much to blame in not-g me ſee you at Gloceſter; and the op, when he knows it, will be as ſorry as , that you paſſed by us in the manner did. The time of my being in town hat of your coming thither, I am afraid, ifferent. But if any occaſion bring you me, either there or here, I beg you will hink you need any introducer: For I am great eſteem and regard, Rev. Sir, your humble ſervant.

r 16. *Nathaniel Neal, Eſq. to Dr. Doddridge.*

Tunbridge Wells,
Dear Sir, Sept. 1, 1751.

FEEL a ſtruggle in my breaſt whilſt I erate, whether conſidering the feeble ſtate our health, I ſhould break or keep e; but ſuch is the officiouſneſs of dſhip, that anxious (though impotent) ord relief, inquiry muſt be made after ficted friend, though at ſome hazard of bing his ſlumbers.

ow affected we all were, (in which num- include Mr. Barker and his lady, for in ove and in our diſtreſs for you, we are e;) I ſay how affected we were with various events which befell you in your eſs to and on your arrival at Briſtol, I e not to mention; yet I truſt in God, l be ſeen in the iſſue, that it was the kind of his Providence that conducted you r, as to the waters of life; for though u it were a matter of choice not to re- t all, till you obtain a part in the better ection; yet in compaſſion to us, in aſſion to this bankrupt-world, it is my daily prayer, (Oh, forgive me this wrong!) that you may not yet increaſe the number, and enhance the triumphs, of the bleſſed.

I perſuade myſelf, my dear friend, that you have left all your cares as well as all your buſineſs at Northampton, and that you will be inacceſſible to every uninvited gueſt. Ceremony is the bane of ſolitude; and even the draught of pious or cheerful converſe, ſhould be taken in meaſure, and under a guard, where the appetite of the ſoul is ſo eager, and every kind of exerciſe has been found ſo fatal.

I preſume you know before this time, that the examination of your pupils on Monday laſt (as far as was conſiſtent with your abſence) proceeded with ſignal honour to Mr. Clark, and ſatisfaction to the truſtees; of which Mr. Price has, by letter ſince his return, given me a moſt obliging and circumſtantial account, knowing how much I intereſted myſelf in the event.—But whence have you your remittances to Briſtol? The ſettling accounts, or ſending in bills, is a trouble of which you ſhould now be eaſed: I deſire, therefore, that either you or Mrs. Doddridge will draw on me for any ſum you want, without any other ceremony than adviſing me of it by a line; or if you can deviſe any other method to prove my friendſhip, it will be a kind relief to one who is oppreſſed under a ſenſe of his inability, in this ſeaſon of difficulty, to do you ſervice.

And now, my dear friend, though I am no advocate for the ſleeping of the ſoul, yet methinks I could wiſh, that you, who are all ſoul, (having ſo nearly worn out the frail vehicle in its ſervice,) could for a while ſuſpend the thinking power, that the body might have time to revive. We all ſubmit to deny

ourselves the expectation of hearing from you, that the time a letter would cost you may be devoted to rest. A line from any hand will satisfy us, if you are better; and if otherwise, a word will be more than we can well support. Compliments are vain, whilst you possess our hearts; and as for Mrs. Doddridge, as ministering to you, she shares the office, may she partake of the refreshments, of angels!

Adieu. Be God ever with you; which is the most comprehensive good that can be wished you by your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

Letter 17. *Henry Baker, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge.*

Catherine-street,
Dear Sir, Feb. 13, 1749-50.

THE shortest apologies are best, and as you are, I hope, convinced of my sincere respect, I shall not waste the little time I can command in writing you the reasons of my long silence, but come directly to the purpose of this letter, which is to inquire, if you, at Northampton, felt any thing of the earthquake that surprised us last week in London, and to send you some account thereof.

On Thursday last, the 8th of this instant, as I was walking along Chancery lane towards Holborn, at about forty minutes past twelve at noon, people came out of several houses to their doors, in great surprise, complaining of the shaking of their houses, and imputing it to the fall of some building, large timber, or other heavy body, which they imagined to have fallen at some little distance from them, and which they came out to inquire after.

When I was got into Holborn, I found the people there under the same consternation, and expressing themselves nearly in the sa manner. Going on to Gray's Inn, m people were got together in the great sq talking about the shock they had felt, and, particular, a lamplighter was giving an count, that being on his ladder pouring into a lamp, he was in great danger of fal by the unexpected shaking of the ladder. then went to a friend's chambers, u Gray's Inn library, where the shock had b so great that they thought a clock would h fallen down; and fancied, at the time, t some large box or vast heap of books been tumbled down over head. The pa in all the streets, as I returned home, w talking of this strange motion, which every body understood to be an earthqu and many women complained it had m them sick, in which their fright might p bably be equally concerned. At co home, I found my own family had bee less surprised, and Mrs. Baker had sent to neighbours to inquire if any thing had f down in their houses to occasion the sha of mine, which she described as very vio She sat at the time in the dining-room, o first floor next the street, and her suppo at the instant was, that one of the sem had fallen all along with great violence back room of the next story; had tried t up, stumbled, and was fallen down a thereby shaking the house and making a noise. My son was then at the tower, w the same shock was felt, and every body startled with the immediate apprehensio some explosion of gunpowder, of w there are great quantities. A gentleman was sitting at a table writing, at his ho the Mint in the Tower, was tossed out o chair against the table with violence.

I inquired of many people in di

eets, that by comparing their accounts I ight form a better judgment, and I found em agree univerſally in the firſt ſuppoſition the fall of ſome ponderous body, moſt ſaid th a great noiſe, but ſome few were not ible of that; I endeavoured likewiſe to rn its courſe, and by comparing the re- ts of people in different ſituations, it ſeems have lain eaſt and weſt, and to have paſſed n the weſt eaſtward.

felt nothing of it myſelf as I walked in ſtreet, nor do I find that many who were king did, but that I impute to the noiſe ſhaking of the carts and coaches.

ur worthy preſident of the Royal Society ſome gentlemen with him at his houſe in en-Square, who were all ſurpriſed with ething falling as they imagined, with a t noiſe, and at the inſtant, the houſe ed to heave up, then to ſink down again, totter ſideways till it ſeemed to ſettle. o coaches waiting at his door, the coach- found themſelves lifted up, and almoſt bled from their ſeats; other people took ce alſo of this riſing and ſinking. In Miniſter-Hall both the judges and ders thought the hall would tumble on heads; and the judges, whoſe ſeats are iguous to the wall, felt it ſhake from its dation. Doors were opened, pewter and things thrown down in many houſes, ſome chimnies fell.

his day fortnight, a moſt extraordinary appeared in the ſky towards the ſouth- between ſix and ſeven in the evening, ſurpriſed the whole town, with the appre- on of a great fire; for the ſky appeared fiery redneſs at the beginning, and then ed to form a line of dark red fire of t fifteen degrees in width, which con- d for ſome time, then diſſuſed, and left a remarkable lightneſs in the ſky during the whole night after.

One cannot, I think, let ſuch uncommon phænomena paſs unheeded: if theſe terrors of the Almighty will not excite reflection, ſurely nothing will. I hope, therefore, this ſhort account will prove acceptable, and that you will excuſe my great omiſſions towards you for a long time paſt, which I aſſure you have often given me ſome uneaſineſs.

I have ſeveral times been thinking of the two inſtances you mentioned, when I ſaw you laſt, of the effect ſome wounds have on the jaws and nervous ſyſtem, by locking up the mouth as it were, and thereby bringing on death. As ſuch caſes are very little known, and we have none of them among the many papers ſent to the Royal Society, you would oblige us much by an account thereof, eſpecially of the laſt caſe; which happening in your own houſe, you can more particularly ſpeak to; and if you ſhall not judge it proper to mention the gentleman's name, if you call him only a young gentleman, it will be (from you) ſufficiently ſatisfactory.

I have juſt received a letter from Dr. Miles, informing me that the earthquake was felt at Tooting, though not by his family; it was felt pretty ſtrongly at Greenwich, and at Darking in Kent, at Hampſtead, at Kilburn, at Richſord, and Kingſton in Middleſex, and alſo at Enfield. Other places I am as yet uncertain of. A line from you will always give me unſpeakable ſatisfaction, and I hope you will do me the juſtice to believe, that I am, with the moſt cordial wiſhes for the proſperity of you and yours, in which Mrs. Baker and my ſons join moſt heartily, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt affectionate humble ſervant.

Letter 18. *Dr. Cotton * to Dr. Doddridge.*

St. Alban's, April 29, 1749.

Dear and Hon. Sir,

I AM very much obliged to you for your late tender instances of condescension and friendship. The comfort and advice, which you most kindly administer, are extremely acceptable; and I heartily pray God to give them their due weight. For my own part, I am, and have long been, abundantly persuaded, that no system, but that of christinity, is able to sustain the soul amidst all the difficulties and distresses of life. The consolations of philosophy only, are specious trifles at best, all cold and impotent applications indeed to the bleeding heart! But the religion of Jesus, like its gracious and benevolent author, is an inexhaustible source of comfort in this world, and gives us the hopes of everlasting enjoyment in the next.

I presume humbly to hope, that the Supreme Being will support me under my affliction; and I most earnestly intreat, that he will sanctify my sorrows to every gracious and good purpose.

What the mind feels upon such a painful divorce, none can adequately know, but they who have had the bitter experience of this sad solemnity. However, delicate and worthy minds will readily paint out to themselves something unutterably soft and moving upon the separation of two hearts, whose only division was lodgment in two breasts.

I am extremely indebted to your lady, for her kind sympathy with me in my sorrows, and the only return that I can make either to herself or her consort, is my hearty prayer, that the dissolution of their happy union, may be at a very distant period. I am with the highest esteem, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

* An eminent physician at St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and author of the Visions, the Fire-side, and some other very pleasing poems.

Letter 19. *Dr. Thomas Rundle * to Mr. Taylor, Esq.*

Dublin, January 3, 175[illegible]

IT is an age, my dear Taylor, since I heard from you: I hope nothing worse than perverse business hath obtruded itself so entirely on your mind, as to drive me from you. If you are happy, I shall be very easy, whatever is the motive; because I am sure nothing can have made your old friend less dear to you than formerly. Though this winter has its influence on my crazy constitution, yet the noble cordial, *ipecacuanha*, frequently taken, undoes all the mischiefs of the weather, and makes me enjoy ease and cheerfulness, in spite of the season. We have had certainly the most fine winters, and dry summers, that can be imagined. Scarcely a day passeth but the greatest part of it is mild and bright, as April; and if a few happy showers refresh the ground, a gentle wind fans it away presently, and all is serene and delightful, during the dark days of other climates. But the summer shall not make my paper dismal, and therefore I will not describe it.

My house will be quite finished in about [illegible] weeks. It hath cost me a shameful deal of money; but I am not afraid, that my wife and children that I am to get in my dotage should upbraid me. The whole is handsome, but nothing magnificent, but the garret in which I have lodged my books; and if I have been extravagant in doing them honour

* Lord Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

ope it will be pardoned; becauſe I owe it in ome meaſure to them, that I was enabled to e at the expence; and gratitude, I hope, an excuſe the fault it occaſions. Some think too ſplendid for me in my ſtation, and will ontend it would have been wiſer and more ecent to have locked my money in a cheſt, ent to France for ſocial claret, than to ander it among Iriſh workmen, to enable em to procure beef and potatoes for their ngry families; and build an habitation too gant for an Iriſh prelate. *Laudatur ab his, atur ab illis*, is the condition of every on that is done by thoſe who are placed in ay of life that is expoſed either to flattery nvy; and I am reſigned under the com- n misfortune. Candour ſurely is all that be expected, or ſhould be deſired, in life. ave the conſolation to hear, that every one lauds my taſte and my contrivance. I ed my old houſe, as Meduſa did the old n, cut it in pieces, cooked it up with my and made it young again. In my li- y, for they have dignified it with that iderable name, I can ſay, *hic ver perpe- m ac alienis menſibus æſtas*. It is 64 feet ; at the eaſt is a bow window that takes moſt variegated and extended proſpect. a bright evening the mountains in Wales ſeen by an unaſſiſted eye; on the north higheſt hills in Ireland, more than a de- diſtant from us, are beheld diſtinctly. ocean with its iſlands, a large river, an bour rich with ſhips, a city, an univerſity, e villages, woods, and meadows, and er hills of leſs and more cultivated height, mingled together in the moſt amuſing con- —Three windows on the ſouth overlook nge of nurſery-gardens, and meadows verdant, interſperſed with houſes, neat, and cheerful, where induſtry and contentment ſeem married, and become the parents of many children. Round the place, an half circle of lofty hills, faſhioned in the moſt delightful ſhapes, like Virgil's Fame, tread on the earth, and lift their heads above the clouds. Could I have the joy to ſee you in Dublin, you ſhould own this deſcription not ſo delightful as the reality. The room is 20 feet wide, and only 16 high. It is caved almoſt a third. An entablature of the Ionic order over round the whole room, unbroken. The frize is enriched with the Vitruvian ſcrole, adorned with its proper foliages. The ceiling is divided into three compartments: the diviſion made agreeable by the plain Vitruvian fret, and the other work on the ceiling rather elegant than heavy and expanſive. The entablature is ſupported with two-and-thirty three-quarters columns of the Ionic order, which ſtand on a pedeſtal that goes round the room, exactly of the height of the window from the floor. In this pedeſtal are my largeſt books, between the pillars; my leſſer books are ranged uniformly round the room. In the weſt ſide is the chimney, formed in the beſt taſte, of an Iriſh marble of an excellent poliſh; over which I will place a buſt of the Chancellor, and on one ſide the Biſhop of Durham; and if I can get a noble copy of Mr. Edward Talbot, by Vanderback, he ſhall adorn the other; and then the three perſons deareſt to my heart, to whom I have had the higheſt (I had almoſt ſaid the only) obligations in life, will appear there to conſecrate my expence, and do them honour. In the eaſt end is my bow window, exactly half a circle, whoſe diameter is 10 feet. The glaſs is bent to anſwer the curvature of the building.

I have explained to you the room at large, that you may call me an extravagant fellow,

or justify me to those who call me so. If I live and do well, I shall spend my days here in an elegant and cheerful retirement, in old age and the vale of life: If I do not, those who come after me need not grudge what I have bestowed; because it will fell to some one who likes its beauty, perhaps for as much as it cost, at least for as much as any, who complain of it, could deserve. If I could see my old English friend in it, it would give me infinitely more joy than all the dead fine landscapes I behold. My chief pleasure here is in conversation with chosen friends, who bring learning into chit-chat, and are not ashamed of being cheerful, while they are talking on the most sublime subjects.—We endeavour to make the Muses, and all their polite arts, serve as handmaids to adorn real wisdom; and introduce into our hearts every truth, that can make us love the Creator, or make us worthy his love; that can make us enjoy life ourselves, or contribute to make others to do so, with thankfulness as well as contentment and resignation. Gentlemen and ladies, old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and bishops, meet together often in my library, and find something in the conversation pleasing, and not unuseful to any of them. They all contribute their share of the entertainment, and are most exquisitely pleased when they please.

You see, my friend, my banishment is not grievous, though it was severe. When they removed me from business and an active life, among my friends in my own country, they gave me *otium cum dignitate* instead of it. Perhaps the sweetest condition of man is to know what was best for him.

I have filled this letter in talking on the worst subject in the world, myself and my own concerns; but it is a fault that a friend will pardon, though it would be nauseous to others; and the more pardonable, because this corner of the world, no news or adventures can happen fit to fill a letter.

I hope the very great wind which we had on Sunday, the 13th of this month, did not reach you. Had it lasted long, it would have done incredible mischief; but as it was it run through the whole kingdom, killed some, and ruined many.

My most affectionate service to your father and mother. I am, my dear Taylor, your most sincerely, &c.

Letter 20. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to the Reverend Dean Clarke.*

Barrington, Sept. 9, 17[illegible]

My dear friend,

IF I was not the most inactive man living, I would quickly come to you at Winchester, to assure you what esteem and affection for you have ever been in my heart; but, I believe, I must defer my visit to you till I can pay it in that city (Exeter) where I was educated, and which still continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the finest climate, and most agreeable place of his residence in England, it never appeared in so fair a light to me as it will, when I see you presiding in its cathedral. I have still some few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who think themselves happy in your friendship, and rejoice to perform to you all the rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and I am confident they will think themselves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities I have ever been in my power to shew them.

Your house there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily situated under

dew of the church; crowded with houſes ſuch a manner, as not to ſuffer you to any gardens of value; but the variety public walks round the town, and the ity of the landſcapes, and the warmth of air, will make you ample amends for inconvenience at home, if any ſuch be. But I am juſt informed that you not yet taken poſſeſſion of it. Whence delay? I hope it is not from indifference. ou go down next ſpring, I will offer you company, if that can make the journey agreeable.—You will find there every that your hoſpitable heart can deſire, in ter plenty, greater elegance, and at leſs nce, than in any city in England, and, y almoſt ſay, Ireland, if I am not de- d by my memory and my friends. For- my indulging myſelf in the praiſes of my ove, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, t I am baniſhed to Thulè, far from ſun- , and the converſation of thoſe friends, e company would make even Thulè nt, and ſunſhine forgotten. If you any taſte for gardening, and cultivating umaſſing any kind of vegetable riches, rees there ſhoot with a more luxuriant re; the flowers glow with warmer co- ; and the fruits ripen to a richer fla- than in any part of this iſland; and the d the grape ſcarce deſire better ſkies.

m glad you are pleaſed with Colonel t; he is a ſenſible, friendly, upright indefatigable in obliging thoſe for he has conceived an eſteem, and ge- s to the full extent of his fortune. He taſte for the beauties of nature, and ges himſelf in the enjoyment of every al amuſement of that kind, which he urchaſe with diſcretion. You and he many things in common, in the turn of your indefatigable charity, to relieve the diſtreſſes of mankind; and our hoſpital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raiſed from being *vox & prætereà nihil*, into a comfort for many hundreds of unhappy wretches; and is now an honour to our kingdoms; and whilſt it continues ſo, will preſerve to poſterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wiſdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's, in Red Lion-ſquare. You knew me well enough, to be ſure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of thoſe friends, to whoſe family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my preſent journey. I deſign to continue the winter and ſpring in London, and in the beginning of the ſummer ſee my other friends, and then return to Ireland for ever. I grow too old, and too inactive, to propoſe any future expeditions. I have recovered my health and ſpirits, but not my ſtrength. I am infinitely better than ever I expected, or could even hope for, without preſumption; but yet the effects of a diſtemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will diſable me from any proſpect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my ſituation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any poſſibly could be, remote from the early friendſhips of my life. I have been ſerved as Plato in his common-wealth would have Homer treated; "Firſt," ſays the philoſopher, "do him honours, reward his merit, and then—baniſh him." At Dublin I enjoy the moſt delightful habitation, the fineſt landſcape, and the mildeſt climate, that can be deſcribed

or desired. I have a house rather too elegant and magnificent; in the north an easy diocese, and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five benificed clergymen under my care, and they are all regular, decent, and neighbourly: each hath considerable and commendable general learning; but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors such a stipend as hath, alas! tempted most of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to support them.

The only discipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to discard three out of my diocese, who, though refused certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their success; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they should sincerely seek it with tears.

My Dean, your kinsman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the first object of his fondness, and agrees with his constitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great economist; lives splendidly, yet buys estates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300*l.* *per ann.* but he hath seven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increase daily, and the outgoings continue the same. It is now a clear 1000*l.* and will next year be probably better. I have only room to assure you that I am your's most sincerely, &c.

Letter 21. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

MY Lord has commanded me to write to you. He hath the most melancholy excuse for not doing it himself, that ever a poor brother had. He hath lost his second son, a clergyman *, who was the delight and honour of his father, and beloved by all mankind. I have lost a friend, in whom I had placed all the comfort and happiness of life. I never had a thought of pleasure, in which his company and conversation did not contribute the greatest and most amiable part. He gave a relish to all my expectations. Perhaps there may have been many superior to him in learning; some few his equals in abilities, who have had the same accuracy of judgment, the same discernment, the same clearness of thought; but what divine world would this be, were there numbers that had his sweetness of temper, his sincerity, his love for virtue! He lived nothing else!—The whole ambition of his life was to make others happy: He valued abilities only as they could contribute to this God-like end. His conversation had much spirit and wit, joined with as much right sense and instruction, as ever, when single, made men desired for their company; yet he valued these himself, not as they made him beloved and praised by all, but his share of the satisfaction arose from the thought that he entertained others, not from any superiority over others on that account. My heart is full of affection for him. Nothing can be said equal to his merit; or can I

* Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Durham, to whose friendship Dr. Rundle owed his introduction to the family, and consequent preferment. He died 1720.

ſs my grief for his loſs. We lived toge- r ten years in the moſt tender and en- red friendſhip. When in the ſame place, ſouls were open to each other; in con- ſation, we thought aloud. When abſent, letters were the pictures of our ſouls, and y poſt we converſed. I had no pleaſure what his friendſhip gave me.

beg pardon, Madam, for my talking ſo ch of my own ſelf and my ſorrows, when ould be begging your aſſiſtance, by a kind er, to comfort my poor Lord. So much, haps, you may learn from this letter, that m unable to do it myſelf; and therefore it induce you to haſten your charity. I on a forced eaſineſs and cheerfulneſs when his company, and make my looks belie heart; but when I retire, I am glad to ulge my grief. I loved him; I think all knew me will ſay that I loved nothing But I muſt beg your excuſe, Madam, I ſhould let my concern overflow, when ght to be entertaining you; but I am you are ſenſible of the pleaſure of friend- , and can forgive rudeneſſes which are ed by ſuch a virtue. It is the only vir- that I can boaſt my heart was ſincerely of. Madam, your moſt obedient, moſt ble ſervant.

Letter 22. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, May, 1729.

DO not write to entertain you. Poor Clarke is dying *. This morning we ght him out of danger; but now he is g to his Newton. He is above our pity. It is ſelfiſhneſs to lament him; but a ſelfiſhneſs that a man cannot love virtue without feeling. My heart is big with concern and tenderneſs, and longing for the dear inſtruction of even his moſt careleſs converſation! With what eaſe and cheerfulneſs did he familiarize knowledge, and bring the higheſt ſubjects into the ſprightlineſs of converſation! Religion pities the world, for its not deſerving the bleſſing of his ſweet authority, to ſtop the torrent of infidelity amongſt the great. They knew his ſenſe and integrity. They could not believe there was no truth in what he defended, obeyed, and for which he ſuffered. What puniſhment, good God! art thou preparing to inflict on a diſſolute world! that thou calleſt out of it the ſervant who is beſt prepared to promote thy bleſt deſire of making it wiſe and virtuous, and by them happy! but he is going to enjoy the reward of his goodneſs. If there is a God *(and that there is, all Nature cries aloud in all her works)* he muſt delight in ſuch worth, ſuch love for truth, ſuch reſignation, ſuch active virtue; and that which he delights in, muſt be happy: Happier than this world can make it, though he was happy here. Our preſent bleſſings are all that juſtice can require; but are not equal to the bounty of infinite goodneſs! What good man, that had it in his power to reward ſuch worth, but would rejoice in doing it? and doth any mortal preſume to think he loves virtue more than God doth? what we would, he can reward; and what he can he wills. He who gave us being, when nothing but his own kindneſs prompted him, will be ſolicited more ſtrongly to continue it on ſo much worth, and to one who ſo amiably reſembled him. But why do my thoughts run on into ſuch meditations? I know not how; recollecting ſuch aſſurances, is the natural reſource

* Dr. Clarke died the 17th of May, 1729. lneſs began on the 11th, from which he had recovered, as to give hopes of his reſtora- till the day preceding his diſſolution.

resource of a mind oppreſt by the loſs of a friend he loved; it is our only ——— ——

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

I had almoſt forgot to ſay, that I left London on Monday; but my thoughts are too much engaged, to think of any thing but the poor Doctor. I know you will be equally concerned with us. You knew him as well; and your goodneſs loved equally his virtue. Madam, your's ſincerely.

Letter 23. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, 1729.

SINCE you are ſo good as not to inſiſt on my paying you the debt of honour (for ſuch ſurely are promiſes) till I come to Durham; I will endeavour then to be honeſt, and return you thankfully both the principal and intereſt; though it is an odd ſort of payment, which will doubly increaſe my debt to you by your receiving it. I ought to have thanked you ſooner for your laſt; but hoping to get every poſt more time, I have ſquandered what I had, and am obliged now to write, not only in an hurry, but in company. You do not well to compare your manner of writing to the workings of the ſpider, though nothing can ſo fully expreſs the native treaſures and untaught art that adorn your mind. I remember the Egyptian writers in hieroglyphics thought it fit to repreſent the Creator, who produced all from himſelf, and was conſcious of every thing which touched any part of this offſpring of his power; and as much as I admire you, I will not allow you to apply to yourſelf what hath been conſecrated before, to ſo peculiar a ſubject; though if any had a right, it would be one that makes it the amiable duty of life to reſemble the great mind in a much more lively manner than can be expreſſed by that figured language. Mr. Sayer begs your pardon for omitting to thank Mrs. Sandys for her lampreys, and aſſure her that nothing was ever better; but don't wonder that ſhe forgot it; when ſhe was writing, ſhe was too full of you, to think even of your preſents: And this, Lord Archbiſhop of Cambray ſays, is the true ſpirit of devotion when applied to an higher object, to be in that tranſport of admiration at the perfections, which will even obſcure his very bounties, and make his infinite kindneſs unregarded, and unthought on; and it is no wonder if ſincere friendſhip humbly imitates that noble natural working of the heart, which is only friendſhip ſublimed and enlarged, and only differs from it as a river doth from the ocean.

My Lord and Mrs. Talbot are extremely well, and preparing to remove into their retirement; but ſweet as it is, it will be always agreeable, till you animate the grove and meadows with a muſic, which is more delightful than that of nightingales, your converſation —Spadille calls, and I muſt obey that pretended enemy, yet trueſt friend, idleneſs! that tyrant to deſtroy the only joy of company, even whilſt he boaſts of having ſociable! I may rail, but he will triumph over me, and becauſe I hate him, he plays me, but the loſs of time is worſe than that of money; but there is none but a Parthian victory to be obtained over him, and I ſhall next Monday to conquer by flying from him. I carry down with me the ſon of the Creator*; if my converſation can be of ſervice to him I ſhall rejoice: For I would live any longer, than I could get opportunities to ſhew my gratitude to that family, which I owe all the happineſs and dignity

* William, late Earl Talbot.

life. He is perfectly ſober and innocent, I would animate thoſe blank virtues with iments of honour, and a noble zeal and our for the brave virtues, from whence s the ſplendour and uſefulneſs of large unes, without which the enjoyment of n is only a gaudy idleneſs.—Spadille, I e! I am unwillingly torn from you; but ll ſtill interrupt his diverſion, and ſuſpend eagerneſs, till I have aſſured you, that I receive no pleaſure at Durham ſo great caring from you, and thanking you for letters. I am your moſt ſincere, &c.

Letter 24. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, 1729.

COULD not ſuffer my ſervant to go to rden, without thanking you for the en- inment you gave us there, which had y thing in it that could make life delight- and though your table was with the moſt nt eaſe covered with the greateſt variety, he low pleaſures which the art of cookery pretend to beſtow, are not thought of we reflect on the happineſs we enjoyed our retirement. Converſation, which on rightly calls the food of the ſoul, was oble feaſt, and angels themſelves would hink it below them to partake of, and an entertainment, which was compoſed iſdom and virtue.

y friend hath left me, and though I am ith other friends, whom gratitude and ation made me love, yet I know not he hath ſo taken poſſeſſion of my heart, is preſence is not only the higheſt plea- o me itſelf, like the beholding of ſun- but like that, neceſſary alſo to make ew and receive pleaſure from all other oſt beloved objects.

y Lord continues well, but methinks his air hath not that ſerene complacence in it that we admired at Miſerden; there was ſomething then that ſhed a gladneſs over his countenance, and enlightened his features: His look differs from what it then appeared, as a landſcape viewed in the ſhade doth from the ſame landſcape beheld in the brighteſt day. He deſires that you would be ſo good as to ſend him ſome of your rob of elder; a medicine of which he is extremely fond, and of which I have the meaneſt opinion; but if the juice itſelf hath no virtue, expectation may add ſome to it, and as many have found relief from an hearty good opinion, as from a natural efficacy; and if good is received, it is no matter whether it be from the drugs or our own fancy.

When I return to London, I hope to be able to furniſh out a letter of diverſion for you; this place affords no accounts but of the murders and aſſaſſinations of innocent hares and pheaſants, which ſport of death I have a perverſe good nature in me, which, though reaſon juſtifies, is unable to be ſubdued to approve of. If I could explain to my underſtanding that great myſtery of natural religion, the ordaining, that the life of ſome ſhould be ſupported always by the death of others, I ſhould believe it right, though unintelligible; for what Goodneſs hath evidently appointed is good; and I would have reprimanded the reluctance of my heart for diſliking what the Author of nature, the Father of mercies, hath choſen. But I think I ſee clearly the wiſdom and benevolence of this ſcheme of things; my reaſon is convinced, but my averſion to miſery is ſo indiſcreetly ſtrong, that it overpowers my judgment, and I am downright vicious, out of an exceſs of goodneſs. This prevents my joining in the amuſements of the place, this and my lazineſs together; and though I am in a crowd of company,

company, I ſpend my day in ſolitude. I am, &c.

Letter 25. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, July 16, 1730.

I HAVE preſumed to ſend you a preſent of Mr. Thomſon's Seaſons; a volume, on which reaſon beſtows as many beauties as imagination. It is a ſubject, that our firſt parents would have ſung in Paradiſe, had they never been ſeduced, by the ſerene flattery of falſe knowledge, to forſake humility and innocence. But they would ſcarcely have excited, by what they ſung, a purer praiſe of virtue or higher raptures of adoration, than will warm your heart, when you read the deſcription of theſe rural ſcenes of the graces and benevolence of nature. Such writings give dignity to leiſure, and exalt entertainment and amuſements into devotion. If I praiſe the performance more than it deſerves, conſider it as an honeſt art of giving value to my preſent: For I would not willingly offer any thing to you, of which I had not an high eſteem. But I confeſs, I am ſo fond of poetry, that every attempt to unite and marry it to virtue, is extremely agreeable to me; and I can, on ſuch occaſions, ſcarcely forbear compoſing their epithalamium. Hail ſacred verſe, thou eldeſt offſpring of human ingenuity! before letters were invented, numbers and the muſic of regularly unequal ſyllables retained thoſe hiſtories in the memory of mankind, which then there was no outward learning to preſerve. By thee thoſe ſons of reaſon, arts, philſophy, and laws, were nourſhed and educated; men were civilized and ſociety made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards and the inſtruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life were adorned by harmony, and by pleaſing imagin were remembered with eaſe.

How much better known is the hunting Chiviot, than the glorious deeds of our ceſtors at Creſſy and Agincourt? In w oracles were delivered to mankind. The limity, and beauty, and difficulty of meaſured language were thought a proof it came from more than mortal beings. have not been unwilling to acknowledge aſtoniſhing accompliſhment to be owing to aſſiſtance of ſome divinity; that whilſt praiſed thoſe noble abilities they might fort their own vanity, and not think an their brethren naturally ſo very much ſuperiors: for an oak was ſtill an oak, the Jove returned his anſwers from it.

In verſe, men offered up their gratitud temples, though ſanctity of manners an harmony of life were a more acceptable crifice than the moſt exalted hymn; y who hath poured beauty, and order, an gularity over all his works, reaſon cries a ſurely delights in beauty. What he del in is amiable, and it is our honour and vilege to delight in it alſo: To admoni aſſiſt us in doing this, they argued, "
" conſecrate every thing truly great,
" portioned, and graceful, in human
" and inventions to his ſervice."

Poetry and muſic were thus intro into public worſhip. The care of cency in ranging and giving harmon the order of their words taught an care of the infinitely more ſublime, pleaſing decency of a right conduct in and a right harmony amidſt the affe of the heart. Devotion thus was d ſlovenly and careleſs and inſtructive, ſeparated from verſe; like coming in preſence of a king undreſſed, it was a

, which was interpreted disrespect. The of communicating knowledge to each and expressing the gratitude and thank- s with which they glowed towards hea- gave birth to the sweet art of adding mu- words. They joined uniformity and y (in which every sort of beauty con- to the measures, with which their sen- moved from the tongue. But a love oney and trade at last invented letters, died thought, and made sounds become and immortal.

ere was then no longer a necessity to m stories in verse, to induce men to nber them; because they could now graven on marble, or, what is more le, on paper, and last to future ages te of the carelessness of the present. having now their hearts turned to the ion of the new goddess, daughter of unnecessary riches, neglected the pomp gnity of that worship, which was their hilst innocence and contentment with 's bounty governed them. Verse, there- nd the laboured simplicity of its charms, o longer cultivated for the temple, but ydry beauties which trade invented, ba- her thence to seat themselves in her Gold and embroidery, sculpture and g, wantoned with mimic finery, to cap- he heart, and recommended and pleaded service of that idol Superstition, be- e in return pleaded for their high use igious value.

n poetry was degraded from being the s of nature, she soon was seduced to r office to meaner purposes, and be- e servant of every passion in the tem- nd vanity and love chiefly retained service, and flattery and lasciviouss- re soon made too agreeable by her assistance. How worthy therefore is the design of chiding her meanness, to recall her to her first high office of adorning piety, and raising an ambition after virtue. This is the intention of Mr. Thomson's work, which I send you. I am willing to be blind to every imperfection, where so worthy a wish guided the pen. But what are the imperfections! a rough or hard word, now and then indulged to lift his numbers above prose, and make the paltry gingle of rhime unnecessary; the repetition of the same phrase, every where highly proper perhaps; but the warmth of writing concealed from him the remembrance, that the reader is, though the writer is not, cool enough to demand variety; a hint not worked up to the height which our unexperienced imagination thinks it might be carried; but if we had tried ourselves, we should wonder at the dignity to which words have raised it. These and such mighty imperfections offend those who are untouched enough to be so minutely judicious. But the sentiments of liberty, of virtue, of generous manly piety, hurry away my approbation, and I have not leisure enough to be sagacious.

The most amusing paintings of poetry, that swiftly transport me from scene to scene of nature, ever charming, ever wonderful, so fill my heart with rapture, that I forget the poet and myself, and am only attentive on him and his works, whose goodness ordained the present only useful proportion of these changes, which are in all their majesty of wisdom placed before my reason to demand its gratitude. Out of the abundance of the heart the pen as well as the tongue speaketh, and my love of poetry hath made me forget, to what an indecent length of praise I have suffered it to ramble, and take up that paper, which

which ſhould be allotted to more epiſtolary ſubjects.

I yeſterday was at Aſted; my Lord is better, and intends to ſee you this ſummer. But Dr. Sayer flatters me, that he will ſoon give me an opportunity of performing my promiſe, and viſit you at Miſerden. We have no news, and ſcarcely know what news to deſire; war people expect, they blame our miniſters for deferring it ſo long; but whenever it is begun, they will, with higher clamour, blame them for not preventing it. Dr. Clarke's Sermons is the only book of note or value, which hath been lately publiſhed; thoſe you will read; and then you will deſpiſe all the praiſes and all the cenſures of them; the firſt cannot increaſe, or the other leſſen, the opinion your own judgment will give you of thoſe performances. If any thing which can entertain you ſhall be publiſhed before I leave London, I will bring it with me, rejoicing in the treaſures of other people's wit to divert you, who can pretend to none of my own; but whether I can be ſo fortunate or no, I doubt not of being welcome to you, who value nothing in your friends ſo much as their ſincerity and good-nature, the firſt of which, in my profeſſions of a value for you, none ſhall exceed, and I ſhall learn the other from your example. I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 26. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, 1730.

WHAT can I write to Mrs. Sandys on this ſad ſad occaſion? Look into your own heart, and that will tell you what I feel, better than any words I can uſe to deſcribe my ſorrow. I have loſt, I have loſt my patron, friend, father *! To him I owe all the happineſs I have ever enjoyed in life; all comfort (if life hath any future comfort me!) that I am ſtill to receive, flows from his bounty to me! I ſaw him in miſery, never before was beheld by any that depend on him, but with gratitude and pleaſure; look on him, who loved us all, was a that made us reliſh the good fortune which he had bleſt us. What can I do ſhew my ſenſe of gratitude to him? the h of my life, the ambition of my life, ſ to enjoy the ſatisfaction of acting with gard and love to his dear dear memory. hath left Mrs. Talbot, though in no yet in no diſtreſſed condition. She hath a year, paid to her free from deductions; by the generoſity of Mr. Talbot, no inc derable ſum to relieve her preſent wants, reward thoſe who ſhall ſhew her reſpect, oblige her if ſhe pleaſes to preſerve it. Talbot's behaviour on this occaſion hath ſuch as becomes the beſt man and be that ever lived. He hath ſhewn a gent and tenderneſs, and regard to his poo beloved father, which will make him only, as he ever was, the admiration the love, of all who know and love Poor Mrs. Sayer! you know the ſenſibi her temper, and how it muſt have wounded by this dreadful unexpected mity! I want to be with you to pour heart on this diſtreſs; you would aſk a ſand queſtions, and I ſay a thouſand that converſation gave riſe to, that neither think on when writing, nor proper to be written. When I am ease, I will write more to you on this ful ſubject. Grief is never talkative but after the ſorrow is ſubſided a lit is melancholy pleaſure in talking on occaſion of it, and by frequent rem

* Biſhop Talbot, who died Oct. 12, 1730.

iliarize it to the thought, and make it ore easily borne, but have a sort of ho- ride in being able to bear it. I know ow human nature often enjoys grief at nd turns the poison itself into a kind of l.

poor dear friend is under the deepest on; he loved my Lord, my Lord loved Though he made his will before the was married, my Lord made him his ex- , with Mr. Talbot; tho' a troublesome, leasing office, as it is a pleasure to be ed and known to be so by such a man, lly to him, whose chief enjoyment in the pleasure of labouring to serve those es. Your, &c.

er 27. *From the same to the same.*

Madam, Oct. 24, 1730.

E condition of our grief has no va- and therefore affords nothing for me te different from my former; time, stifies the first tumult of affection, gives for thought to look around; but, he more seriously we think, the more y we feel the calamity of his loss; and row which at first was only passion, is ion. It is reason indeed, but selfish; at concern, which arises from consi- it as a misfortune and distress to one's ough most natural to feel, it is unbe- to acknowledge. That tender la- ion, which flows from gratitude and benevolence, which forgets that kind- itself was the foundation of it, is that hich virtue will permit us to indulge; it cherishes in the heart the same amiable we melancholily commend. If these eserve our tears of fondness in him, one can excite the same sentiments of owards ourselves; and what man is , as not to desire to be beloved? But s generous and improving grief is to be watched over and restrained, lest it softens us too much, disables us from performing the duties of life, and destroys that meek and cheerful resignation to the nature of things, that Providence hath ordained; which alone can make us pass through this life with comfort. That gratitude of sorrow towards others is bad indeed, which makes us repine, discontented and ungrateful, to him our supreme Benefactor. When one is calm and alone, such reflections throw the mind into a melancholy composure, and one resolves to submit to those accidents which the condition of humanity requires us to feel and submit to. But every new friend we meet, every new occasion, silences these whispers of religious philosophy, and the heart prevails over the understanding; grief is again awakened, and one almost thinks it right to act against reason, and place a kind of sublime virtue in being self-condemned. Among the many calamities which attend his death, there is one which, though it may appear trifling to vulgar minds, you will think is no small misfortune;—he was the centre, which drew and united together many of us into a sweet society of friends, where we met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, with freedom, and that mutual good-will and confidence, which alone make friendship sincere; without which, it is only well-bred hypocrisy, or, like echo, a mere sound, without a substance; before him, we dared open the sentiments of our cautious hearts, and the observations or suspicions of our inquiries; and though we were of opinions different from those he embraced, he had the greatness of mind not to dislike those he thought mistaken; and from this variety of opinions he saw among those whose learning and sincerity he valued, he obtained that wisdom of charity with which so few are ever enlightened, that our duty is to be of

one

one heart here, and it will be time enough to be of one mind hereafter. To repair this loſs as much as we can, I reſolve, when in London, to live with my friend, whoſe friendſhip now is the chief happineſs I propoſe in life; but to confeſs ſincerely, I have a ſcrupulous uneaſineſs at the figure I muſt make to the world, in living long in town from my preferment, when I have no call, but my own pleaſure, to make me do ſo.

Whilſt my Lord lived, the duty of attending the beſt benefactor, juſtified my abſence to the world and myſelf; but now, though I have no cure of ſouls * to demand conſtant attendance, yet, methinks, people will believe it ill beſtowed preferment on one, who ſeems to have no buſineſs in life, but in the dignity of polite idleneſs to gratify himſelf. The gratification of myſelf, indeed, will ariſe from what is ever amiable, ever praiſe-worthy, the friendſhip of a man of the beſt ſenſe and virtue; but this cannot be ſeen by all, who obſerve my having nothing here to do; and though it is the hardeſt, yet it may be a neceſſary ſelf-denial to refuſe an indulgence of thoſe reaſonable ſatisfactions, rather than injure a reputation; when the power of doing good in life, and the honour of religion, may in ſome meaſure depend on it. This will certainly oblige me to ſpend no ſmall part of the ſummer in the north, which now I fear will ever be made more bleak and diſagreeable to me, than the niggardlineſs of our ſunſhine hath yet made it, by the abſence of thoſe I love. How vain are the ſchemes we propoſe! How did we flatter ourſelves with meeting there together next ſummer, and enjoying the beſt pleaſure of life, the converſation of friends, whoſe very trifling and unbendings are tinguiſhed by good ſenſe, as well as collected behaviour. I ſhall never ſee there more! My unkind, though great fortune, will oblige me to retire from the love, in that ſeaſon of the year, when they will be able to have what they moſt value, the leiſure of being happy in company.

Mrs. Talbot is ill, but bears her mi tune as well as could be expected or wi I know not how, age bears affliction than youth; paſſions are not in the ſtrong, and, therefore, their leſs ſtreng ſufficient to ſupport them; paſſion is one of fever, and fevers always are moſt gerous in young and healthy conſtitu the mind, as well as the body, grows ca by uſe, and as age hath been more expo afflictions, ſo it is hardened to them, by ing often endured them.

She deſigns to live with her m Young, and hath taken a leſs, but ſomer houſe, than that my Lord live near Groſvenor-ſquare. Where we ſh thrown, is not yet determined; but wh I am, the whole felicity I can promi ſelf, muſt ariſe from loving and being by thoſe whoſe virtue and right heart good ſenſe, make converſation an imita felicity, ſuperior to mortality; and, this is my taſte and ambition, you wonder that I am deſirous to ſubſcrib ſelf, your, &c.

Letter 28. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Sandys.*

Madam,

Mrs. Talbot hath at laſt prevailed ſelf to read your letter; and though overwhelmed with tenderneſs and your ſenſe and partaking of her loſs,

* Dr. Rundle's preferment were, a prebend of Durham, and the Archdeaconry of Wilts, prior to his advancement to the mitre.

ess gave her as great pleasure as it is e for her to receive in her present con- Nothing most certainly can afflict eart with greater anxiety than grief, s, and the perplexity of preparing for , and, alas! different scene of life, than which she hath so long been happy; l these unite to contribute their share to her distress. If the respect of those oved my Lord can any way lessen her the sad change, she will always be se- f being treated in the best manner that st people in the world can think it be- them to behave towards one for whom rd had the highest affection and esteem. day presents us with some new me- ly scene, which awakens our grief, and to upbraid us with our loss.

present inventories of all that belonged are making, in order to be disposed d among the rest his books must be which obliges me to say, that in a ime we will send you down a catalogue at belonged to him, among those which ent to you, to desire that you would ose first, as being likely to be sooner d than the others. Though we may ou of part of your entertainment, I e shall always be able to send others in ce of them; it is pity you should be ed of that rational luxury you are fond The temper of your mind is most ex- described in a line of Pope's, corrected proved by Thomson,

— A friend to learned ease,
ent with science in the vale of peace.

ince your ambition hath chosen the part, it is the duty of all that value o take care it shall not be taken from

There is a new piece of T. Chubb's * which will be soon published, containing a vindication of God's character, against those who represent him as approving his creatures, not in proportion to their goodness and resembling his own perfections; but requiring them to perfect those natural amiable graces by performances of no use or comeliness, but merely because they were appointed. He is insolent enough in his zeal of reason, to dare expostulate with no less a person than the Bishop of London, for injuring, as he terms it, in the simplicity of an unlearned heart, the reputation of the Almighty, by abusing reason, the gift of God to man for his conduct; throwing the blame due to their negligence on the imperfection of his imparted light, which proved an *ignis fatuus* to mislead, instead of guiding them to his approbation and their duty. You shall see what common sense can do, when neither improved or spoilt by reading. I have got a bad habit of writing long letters; but I will not make an apology when I write to you, because you have the leisure to permit me to be impertinent: And if it is no otherwise agreeable, it will serve to give a variety to your solitude. I am your, &c.

Letter 29. *From the same to the same.*

Madam, 1730.

I HAVE your watch, which I will send to you by the first opportunity that I can meet with, and at the same time send you the

* Thomas Chubb was originally a mechanic at Salisbury; but, having an extraordinary faculty of reasoning, became a formidable controversialist, without the least knowledge of the classic languages. His first tract was against Dr. Clarke's doctrine of the Trinity. His opinions were absolutely heretical. He died 1747.

per-

performance of Thomas Chubb against the Bishop of London *.

How saucy a thing is reason, to dare inspire an illiterate fellow to attack a man of profound learning and power, a very Goliah in controversy, and hope to destroy him by such a weak arm's throwing this smooth stone at his forehead! Fie upon the insolence of human reason! What success he hath, or ought to have, you will know when you read him. He will be railed at by the worldly-learned, the fashionable-wise, the much commended prudent; and admired by the very few truly knowing and good, and by all the libertines. For, alas! the dissolute think, pulling down any popular argument is pulling down the truth it was offered to support; and foolishly imagine, that destroying the indiscreet reasoning of any writer in defence of religion, is opposing the religion itself, and shewing there is nothing in it. And that unhappy voluntary blunder of the abandoned, hath given those, who defend and blend their own schemes and designs with religion, an unhappy opportunity to rail at all who do not submit to the whole of what they plead for, or do not approve of their treacherous manner of pleading for truth itself; they censure them for joining in with the enemies of religion and virtue, and by that means make the pious weak people detest those they see thus misrepresented. This intimidates more cautious people (who lament secretly the ill usage those can thus make of opposition to themselves) from opposing them. This hath prevented numbers from shewing their dissi what hath been said to the dishonour of soning and substituting means, insted (what is the perfection of God him goodness. But I have no time for such flections.

Mrs. Talbot is so very ill, that Mrs. S though I do not, gives her over absolu gone: I think her case is extremely gerous, but not desperate. She thinks will not live many days, nor can she, i grows not better soon; she continually v and purges, voids blood, and hath kep nourishment since Sunday. Grief mad apply for consolation to, what she was much used to, strong cordials; that treach flattering Syren, whom so many still b though they daily see the numbers it dest that gave, after short refreshment, a this required larger doses, these again vomitings, which demanded still larger d The short ease was attributed to its po but not the increase of misery which follo The Doctor railed at it, his medicines too late to overcome this evil soon; and fore, in natural impatience of sickness, despised; and the old short-lived inter ease again desired, which still increase distemper and disappointed all the rem Your's sincerely.

Letter 30. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Sandys.*

Madam, Jan. 30, 173

MY rambling life is over, and now have the leisure of performing the du writing to my friends: I have spen Christmas in Berkshire, with Mr. Talb his delightful family. No man is more than he is, in the prospect of seeing noble and great branches spring fro

* Entitled, "A discourse concerning reason with regard to religion and divine revelation: wherein is shewn, that reason either is, or else that it ought to be, a sufficient guide in matters of religion; occasioned by the Lord Bishop of London's Second Pastoral Letter. 8vo. 173."

Wit and ſprightlineſs, when they ac-
any good ſenſe and virtue, will recom-
the more worthy qualities, and make
doubly ſucceſsful; and theſe are united
ſweet contraſt in his ſecond boy, who
Chriſtmas with us. There is a cheerful
y in the next, which makes him thought-
nd induſtrious, but will preſerve theſe
accompliſhments from ——— and
nſociable ſelfiſhneſs which too often de-
learning. The third is all life and
, good-nature and innocence, with the
bloſſoms of reaſon, which the care of
Talbot, in his education, will ſecure
being blaſted, and ripen into abun-
.

w mean a ſight is the ſpring, with all its
es, when compared to the opening of
, with ſo full a promiſe of every virtue,
e joy to themſelves, and happineſs and
nent to their country! His eldeſt is at
and behaves as one would wiſh he
behave. His rough Engliſh love for
diſdains the embroidered ſlavery that
s in that trifling court. He hates chains,
made of gold; and contemns a na-
who can be mean enough to be contented
love with wretchedneſs, becauſe it hath
ted face. With a ſort of virtuous ſur-
his good ſenſe is ſo much offended at
flattery of thoſe that oppreſs them, in
hain of mutual ſlaves and tyrants, that
ds from the higheſt to the loweſt among
that one almoſt fears he ſhould, in-
of learning complaiſance in that polite
of diſſimulation, run counter to the
rs he hates, and be in danger of grow-
love with that plain dealing which is
o where faſhionable, if his good ſenſe
od-nature did not ſecure him from it:
The firſt teaches all, that civility and obligingneſs is a virtue as much due, as more important branches of juſtice; the other, that benevolence in the heart will accommodate itſelf to all, and throw light and amiableneſs over the behaviour; and he that knows this, is well bred by nature, though he makes a bow awkardly, and never learnt to cut a caper.

To-morrow Dr. Sayer and Mrs. Sayer return to London; the firſt is better; but Mrs Sayer, I think, rather worſe than uſual; —think her illneſs is rather troubleſome than dangerous. Mr. —— with his whole family are come ſafe to town, and have brought ——— with them, who every day grows a more delightful girl. She hath an ambition to obtain every accompliſhment, and hath ſenſe enough to uſe them, to purchaſe real eſteem, not to nouriſh vanity. They promiſe to make themſelves happy in ſeeing Mi-ſerden this ſummer in their journey from Bath. Mrs. Sandys's recommendations are never forgotten by me, though I cannot always have opportunity to ſhew I take notice of them.

The boy you recommended for a ſervant, I could provide for at preſent, in the beſt place he could deſire, and in the way of preferment, if his age is not an objection. I ſhould be glad to receive immediately an account of his ſtature, looks, age, and general character; if he hath the look of a boy, it cannot do; but if he hath a ſerious and decent appearance of a man, I may perhaps get over the difficulty of his real age, on account of his right accompliſhments for ſuch an employment as he will be put into. He muſt wear a livery, and conſtantly attend a man of the greateſt dignity, and therefore the figure of a lad cannot be admitted. The poſt is going,

going, and I will finish at present, but write to you a more entertaining letter speedily. I am, &c.

Letter 31. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, March 18, 1730-31.

I AM quite astonished, when I recollect how long since it was that I writ last to you, who ought to have been the last person in the world neglected by me. I have had of late, indeed, but little heart to write to any one, much less to you, before whom I would never willingly appear, but with spirit and good humour. But how could I have either, when a friend, whom I most sincerely, most tenderly love, hath been so long in danger? This is the fourteenth day in which poor George Sayer hath been struggling with a violent fever. You know Mrs. Sayer and the Doctor too well, not to feel what they have felt, under the anxiety for the sufferings, and the uncertainty for the life, of so delightful, so valuable a relation! I am almost afraid to say that we have any assurance, even yet, of his safety, so many accidents disappoint the credulity of hope, and make the promises of physicians of no more certainty than a fortune-teller's, though they often, perhaps, both contribute to bring about what they foretel, and by persuading the imagination that it must be, make it be. They at present comfort us with the expectation that all danger is over; and though this gives refreshment, it cannot restore quiet to the mind immediately, which hath been terribly wounded in that part of it which is most sensible, friendship. My concern hath been deeply increased, by having been confined from him. The many, many hours, that I have spent in gloom and solitude of late, have given my thoughts opportunity to torment themselves. Imagination in absence can augment every possibility of danger, and by his bad magic transform every trifle into a monster to terrify. Though I know I could have been of no service to him if present, yet not being present makes me dread lest things are worse than they are represented, or than I should fear them if I saw them; and if wishing to be with a friend in sickness is not out of kindness to him, it is, at least, out of a right sense of selfishness. I am uncertain whether I know the little misfortunes which prevented attending him: About twenty-five days since I was, in preposterous activity, skipping across the street to avoid a coach, my foot turned under me, and I fell in the kennel. I fear'd I had hurt myself, but suspected only a sprain; but it was discovered at last, that a little bone was broken, which time and patience and a will sodder, and make me a sound man again; and I am forced, to the mirth of my friends and my own satisfaction, to stretch my enormous length of a leg on a couch, and be contented to be a prisoner for six or seven weeks, bound to my good behaviour. The pains I have endured is not comparable to the fatigue of doing nothing. If I could have been with those I love, it would have been an agreeable confinement, but whilst they are obliged to be at another place, it is terrible to me to be thus from them; but I have no time for complaints. Company hath been so good as to amuse me the greatest part of this day, and scarce left me time to say I am soon to have an opportunity of sending you a more agreeable letter, and to assure you that no one is more sincerely sensible of your goodness to him, than, Madam, your,

ter 32. *From the same to the same.*

Madam, Durham, Sept. 24, 1731.

HE joy with which you received my last account of my dearest, dearest friend's out of danger *, will increase your ion, at reading the dreadful account must now send to you. He was then, d, out of danger, but the blunders, or dness of a physician, fatally of great ation in this country, gave him, that night I sent away my letter, an *opiate* hath killed him.

at dearest, dearest creature died on Tuesast, lamented by all; for he was the on friend of all, the joy of all that him. What will be your affliction! is mine! How dreadful is poor Mrs. 's! I wish we may be able to carry ve to London. How can I ask you to s, who will equally want it yourself! u saw his worth, and loved him accord- The tender things he said to me, he feared that his life was endangered, our sending for so many other physicians, never be forgotten by me. I loved nolike him whilst he lived, and now he e, will love others in the proportion he them. I knew his sacred friendship u, and this thought will increase to- you that of your, &c.

ter 33. *From the same to the same.*

Ashdown Park,

Madam, Friday morning, 1731.

HE servant who brings you this, is the to whom the important trust of cong the black colony into Wales is com-; and I could not suffer any one to go from hence, without sending you an account of the health of that family for whom you have the goodness to be concerned. I hear that Mrs. Sayer is by no means worse than when I left her; that she appears with as much ease as she hath done since her misfortune, and though not with cheerfulness, yet with freedom. But I confess, I gather but little hope from these fair appearances; because, in company with those she loves, her goodness would conceal, with a well-bred deceit, that pain which she knew would give pain to her company.

This little solitary island, in the midst of a vast verdant ocean, secured from the intrusion of chance company and the interruption of business, can afford no news to fill a letter. Every one that inhabits it is gay and happy according to their various ranks and desires. Philosophy, exercise, and cards, hospitality profuse in generosity without luxury, freedom uncontrouled by any thing but voluntary decency and ever-wakeful reason, mirth that seems to neglect thoughtfulness, but shews, by its becoming ease and gracefulness, and insinuating instruction with amiable negligence every moment, that it hath used it much in private, as the carriage of a gentleman shews he hath learned to dance, though he doth not in company lead up a minuet or cut a caper, vary our hours and heighten each other's pleasures by the perpetual change. All the nine Muses came hither with Mr. Thomson, wit and sprightliness with Billy, and wisdom (though she left her solemn state behind her) with the solicitor. From this description you will imagine that I am very happy, though I contribute but little to the entertainment besides becoming a pleased auditor, which is as essential a character to fill up a society as that of the best performer in any

* Mr. George Sandys.

any of those delightful acts of diversion above-mentioned. But no rapture can ever so engage my thoughts as to make me forget or neglect my friend, or lose an opportunity of assuring you that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 34. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, 1730.

I AM much concerned that the letter which I sent you at Bath, did not come thither time enough to prevent your leaving it, in expectation of seeing Mrs. Talbot and myself at Miserden—because your company to the unhappy family there, must give much greater pleasure than you could receive from us. And though there is nothing I so much long for, as a few hours free conversation with you, yet I hope I never shall be so selfish, as to desire that you should deny yourself the greatest satisfaction of your life—doing good; though it is to bestow on me the truest pleasure I know, the privilege of unburdening my thoughts in all the genuine sincerity and confidence of friendship, to one who is able to correct all my mistakes, advise in the most delicate difficulties, laugh at unreal fears, and chide for indulging improper expectations, which give more uneasiness by peevishness and unnecessary anxiety, than the ills we apprehend could do when they happen. I do not allude to any concerns of my own in what I have mentioned. Though I am not so vainly self-denying, as to pretend that I am indifferent whether I am restored to my friends, and settled agreeably in my own country; yet I am resolved not to make my absence doubly disagreeable by repining and fretfulness. I will do all in my power to soften it, by deserving the kindness and regard of my new countrymen, and behave in a manner that shall make those who contributed to return; not ashamed of their zeal for me, my friends here unwilling to receive me, I shall be ever thought to deserve the fate of being recalled from my splendid banishment *. I have done all in my power, I will not be unhappy, if others have done in theirs to gratify my wishes. I know a thousand accidents and rivalries that prevent their endeavours for me; and being already obtained so much more of fortune than I deserve, I will be easy if is not granted to me I may desire; for I learnt the wise lesson of being content and think there is no virtue and pleasure doing so, in my affluence of every blessing this world, excepting one, and that and the chief of all—living in the company those, that esteem, and gratitude, and tion make me prefer beyond all the whose value for me is my honour, my and my boasting; and which would be, the highest reward. All here are in health: We were, about a month since a little alarmed for the Chancellor; his was frightful, and Billy † quite out in his apprehensions. You know the rous worthy impatience of his excellent when those he loves are concerned. at once for his giving up the seals, and rid of the burden of business, which had endangered the life of the best parent,

* Dean Swift always used this language correspondence with his English friends, with the same view, that of paying an compliment to those of whose conversation was necessarily deprived, rather than a on the country, which certainly deserved of him.

† William Earl Talbot.

heſt man, that ever lived. But freſh three weeks exerciſe have entirely re- d him, and he is now in as good ſpirits eerfulneſs of health as I have ever re- ered him.

t not quite diſloyal in the winds and ves to detain the monarch of the ſeas his longing people, and make him do e, and keep Lent, whilſt others are ng in a carnival? But the perverſe- ontinues, and we can now no more when he will be ſafe at St. James's, e could thirty days ago. His late was as great as any man ever was in, eaped.—The calm courage of Sir C. preſerved him. This adventure will ny mortal humility, and make all ſen- hat patience is a moſt heroic virtue, dained to be of ſervice to a prince as a plowman. The late attempt to re- which hath loſt one man of war and ed many others, will moſt certainly fill heart with the intrepidity of being calm ndiſturbed in waiting until the weſt ceaſe, and the ſea is complaiſant to iſhes. I hope the ſtorms on the waters ominous of any at land; for there is ſpirit kindled in the nation. Never eople ſo uneaſy, though they have not gal thing to complain of. But I hope, hſtanding, there will be a calm and eaſon during the ſeſſions of parliament. friend Thomſon, the poet, is bringing untoward heroine on the ſtage, and ferred writing on the ſubject you choſe m, though he had the whole ſcheme out into acts and ſcenes, proper turns ion and ſentiments pointed out to him, e diſtreſs made as touching and impor- s new, and intereſting, and regular as at was ever introduced on the ſtage at s, for the inſtruction of that polite na- tion. But, perhaps, the delicacy of the ſub- ject, and the judgment required in ſaying bold truths, whoſe boldneſs ſhould not make them degenerate into offenſiveneſs, deterred him. His preſent ſtory is the death of Aga- memnon *. An adultereſs, who murders her huſband, is but an odd example to be pre- ſented before, and admoniſh the beauties of Great Britain. However, if he will be ad- viſed, it ſhall not be a ſhocking, though it cannot be a noble ſtory. He will enrich it with a profuſion of worthy ſentiments and high poetry, but it will be written in a rough, harſh ſtyle, and in numbers great, but care- leſs. He wants that neatneſs and ſimplicity of diction, which is ſo natural in dialogue. He cannot throw the light of an elegant eaſe on his thoughts, which will make the ſub- limeſt turns of art appear the genuine, unpre- meditated dictates of the heart of the ſpeaker. But with all his faults, he will have a thou- ſand maſterly ſtrokes of a great genius ſeen in all he writes. And he will be applauded by thoſe who moſt cenſure him.

My deſign is this: After Eaſter I will get on horſeback, and ramble to Bath, and ſpend a few days with the unhappy. Thence come to you, and ſtay with you until Jack † ſhall fetch me to Barrington. This is my wiſe intention; but whether I ſhall have courage to attempt ſo heroical an enterpriſe, or throw myſelf into a chariot, time alone can determine. I ſee what is right, but, like other weak mortals, fear I ſhall not be able to accompliſh my diſcreet reſolutions.

* A tragedy by Thomſon, acted at Drury-lane, 1738.

† The honourable John Talbot, third ſon of the Chancellor, afterwards a Welch judge. He died Sept. 23, 1756.

My humble ſervice to your neighbours. When I began my letter, I imagined I had nothing to ſay, fit to be intruſted to ſo frail a protection as a little ſealing-wax; but I find when one is in company with a perſon we value, the difficulty is not to find what to ſay, but when to give over; but though my pen hath no prudence and moderation, my paper obliges me to be no longer troublesome, but ſubſcribe myſelf your, &c.

Letter 35. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Oh, Madam! Feb. 15, 1736-37.

THE Chancellor, the beſt man that ever breathed, the beſt judge, the beſt father, the beſt friend is dead*!—What in his providence, doth the Almighty deſign to do in merited ſeverity to puniſh this nation, by removing from it the perſon whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs united was able and deſirous to ſave it, to make it honeſt and happy! I dread to conſider and foreſee! What hath the public loſt! What hath his dear deſerving family! What have I! What have I not loſt! I have loſt him whoſe friendſhip for me was the only merit to which I pretended, and my higheſt and ſweeteſt reward. He died yeſterday morning. His illneſs was an inflammation on his lungs. He continued only from Thurſday till Monday five in the morning. The phyſicians say, to comfort us, and excuſe themſelves, or rather their ignorance, that he was worn out in the ſervice of his country, and could not have laſted any time, had not this carried him off. He was but fifty-one; might have bleſt and done good to his country thirty years longer. But God Almighty knows what is beſt for him and proper for us. May he, in his anger, remember mercy!—All parties unite to call him the wiſe and greateſt man that ever lived. The whole town, from the court to the city, are in the deepeſt aſtoniſhment, and ſhew in their countenance, that the nation is under a dreadful and public calamity. Great as he was allowed to be in his public character, you know he was more amiable, more delightful in his domeſtic behaviour. Was ever any ſo reaſonably beloved as himſelf by all, from the higheſt to the loweſt, in his family? Did his children ever enjoy more eaſe, more cheerfulneſs, more ſprightly innocence, and entertaining inſtruction in bendings to mirth, than in his conversation and laughter? Oh, madam! what a world of diſappointments is life! I came to enjoy the company of the beſt friend ever lived: I ſaw him—had daily reaſons to love and admire him—received new obligations—and loſt him for ever! I hoped, by enjoying his wiſdom and virtue for a few months, to have returned with ſpirit, and ſupported abſence from him by the reflection of my having been with him, and might be with him again. Farewel all! that my ſplendid baniſhment from my country ſhall ever have an end! I must withdraw, and ſigh out my few remaining years in ſolitude, amidſt ſtrange company; ſince every place that I am hereafter in habit, will be empty of all with whom I contracted the ſacred ties of friendſhip. My poor dear Billy! what doth he

* Charles Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of England, died Feb. 14, 1736-37, univerſally lamented. He was allowed by all parties to have poſſeſſed the eloquence of Cicero, and the integrity of Cato. Thomſon publiſhed a poem to his memory, replete with gratitude, and a very elegant delineation of his patron's character.

have seen him in agonies of fear, lest he lose what he loves. He now hath lost he loves above all things upon earth; and what deserved his highest, his mpled affection. Poor dear youth! I that I was in England when this fatal t happened; if I can be of any consola- ny comfort, to that ever-beloved youth! he six last years how many friends ou and I lost in one family! and such as the world cannot parallel! the of Durham, and Doctor Sayer, Mrs. nd her brother, and his son! Had r bishop lived, as he might from age, ferable would this day have made him! re happy: Let us imitate them, and be so too: We shall meet them again, y a friendship no more to be separated uded with tears, if we deserve it. l enjoy their friendship again, if we it, or be admitted to a degree of hap- o which even their company, (how in- able must that degree of happiness be!) their company can be no addition. Madam, will share our affliction yet it is impossible to conceal it from d, therefore, I thought it better you hear it from me, than from common because the letter which brings you t you have lost one friend that loved l remind you, that there are others o so too, whilst there is a Talbot left tion, or I am alive to subscribe my- affectionate friend.

36. *From the same to the same.*

m, Feb. 22, 1736-37.

N I wrote to you last, I was under zement and agony of concern, that new what wild and improper things y to you; but be they ever so in- d unbecoming my age and station, yet you will not only excuse, but be pleased with the sincere overflowings of an heart torn by the justest sorrow, before it had leisure to recollect and compose itself to a more decent and religious expression of what it felt. In no moment of my life shall I be less sensible of his loss than at present; but though it is impossible to be unmoved at the reflection, that we have been deprived of the noblest happiness which Providence had bestowed on us; yet often meditating on his unequalled virtues, will change grief into veneration, and raise and consecrate the pious melancholy into a solemn enjoyment, to be preferred to pleasure. All parties in their public papers, are striving which shall profess the highest esteem and honour for him; and mention his behaviour, in his great office, with the warmest gratitude and applause. These praises, which prove the greatness of our misfortune, bring, at the same time, a consolation with them; it gives me a lovely view of mankind, to observe, that they all can drop their prejudices, and unite to reverence a truly great and amiable character. Nothing is universally popular but goodness! And every action of his life, in public or private, towards his friends or his enemies, flowed from that divine principle in which alone we can obey that sublime precept of our Lord, (the sublimest that can be given to men or angels,) *Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* Did I name his enemies?—he had none; he hated none but ill men; nay, even for them he felt not hatred, but pity. The virtues, which mankind, in spite of their partialities and weakness, revere, and desire should be everlastingly rewarded, must be infinitely pleasing to the Father of Mercies.—What men wish, he can bestow: And make those virtues live again for ever, which (the voice of human nature cries aloud)

aloud) deſerve never to die. It was the love for ſuch benevolent characters, which firſt dictated to every nation the belief of the immortality of the ſoul.—The learned expreſſed this affection by arguments, to prove the truth of this hope, which ſuch worthineſs had lighted up in their hearts. But the ignorant uttered the genuine ſentiments of their nature, by worſhipping theſe benefactors of mankind, as ſoon as they withdrew from the earth. They judged, that their goodneſs would ſecure them an intereſt in the Governor of the World, and recommend them to his love. What he loves, he will reward, in the manner which will make them moſt happy.—Enjoying the deſire of the heart, is the ſincereſt felicity. The deſire of their ſouls was always to make others virtuous and proſperous. New abilities to ſerve thoſe above, whom they delighted to bleſs when below, they imagined, therefore, the only ſuitable and acceptable reward to ſuch generous natures. Hence they concluded them appointed guardians over their kindred people, and from lamenting, were, by an enthuſiaſm of gratitude, miſled to worſhip them. A love of merit thus betrayed them into error and ſuperſtition; but methinks virtue herſelf will plead and obtain pardon for ſuch idolators. It hath been obſerved, that the world have ſeldom done juſtice to characters till after men have been ſome time dead; but it hath not been ſo now. He was dear to his prince and the people whilſt he lived, and equally mourned by both as ſoon as he is dead. He was truſted by the prince, as his moſt faithful and zealous ſervant; and regarded by the jealous nation, as the warmeſt and moſt intrepid lover of their liberties; each thought their rights ſecure in his hands. To be a popular miniſter of ſtate, is a felicity ſcarcely before exampled; but though ſcarcely before exampled, nothing more eaſy to any perſon, who hath his litics, and will imitate his integrity.

You knew the Chancellor, and loved as well as I have done; but had I writing to a ſtranger, I would have ſoothe concern, by tranſcribing a ſketch of his I could repeat almoſt every action, fr childhood to his death; and ſhew th was uniform in his progreſs to virtue never once deviated from the ſeverest precepts; ſevere in the judgment o many, but to him an uninterrupted ſou cheerfulneſs and tranquillity. I could tion ſuch inſtances of filial piety, as be hardly believed by others, but must be true by you. How amiable an hu how tender and generous a parent! H have often ſaid, he never refuſed them any thing in his life; but that own, as well as his praiſe. He lov them as a brother and a friend, and arized his wiſdom into chit-chat, and them more effectually by common co tion, than others could do by ſolemn p

The nation, by their common ſhew what a judge and ſtateſman loſt. My name will be ever a proof rity, how warm and intrepid a could be to one he thought fit to hon reward with that dear and voluntary him. His diſtreſſed and melancholy ſhew what a maſter he was to them a theſe various relations, he was ſuper perſon whom I ever knew or read day before he died, he ſaid to his
" It is indifferent and equal as to my
" ther I die now, or ſeven years h
" it will not be the ſame to you; for
" of my children I could be pleaſed to
" longer with them."—The night

vants offered him a medicine: "It is in n," he answered; "death cannot be re-ed; God's will be done; I am satisfied." He immediately fell into a calm sleep, ued three hours in it, then awaked, look-nd him a few moments, and died without st struggle or pain. His distemper was an mation on his lungs; the natural cure s large bleeding, but on taking from nly eight ounces, he sunk so uncom-much, that the Doctor dared not pro-On opening him, a large polypus was in his heart. From thence, probably, ded his not being able to lose blood. ypus, say physicians, is the effect of nd intensenes of thought: If that is man ever did more to cause it. He ed his life for the good of others; ho will not envy a death so glorious? ed enough to make himself beloved living, and revered and lamented by men of every party and denomination, e is gone. He lived to perfect his to a love of goodness, and adorn it very Christian, as well as natural grace, n make virtue either divine or amia-He lived to obtain the best fame; he nough for himself, but not enough for nds and his country. I am, Madam, &c.

37. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

adam, March 15, 1736-37.

KNOW not to what my promise of may come, because I have little rea-expect that a power of performing it g be in me. I am seized again with order most violently; how that will od only knows; and what he thinks oper, will be most acceptable to me. and ought now to be, indifferent to am a guest that have been nobly entertained; when the feast is over I will rise satisfied, and thank the great Master for his generosity. I have lived to see the best friend in the world die before me; and am of no service any longer in the world. The ruffle which my concern hath given me, has relaxed and dissolved my whole frame, and turned the humours again from a more painful into a more dangerous channel. But I submit, be the consequence what it will, to the disposal of Him who is equally good and wise.

Lord Talbot is well, may God preserve him so! there is not a more amiable or worthy man living; may his happiness be equal to his merit! my fondness for him desires no more. When I am dead, he will not want me; my loss, added to what he hath already, dear youth, sustained, will be as a drop thrown into the ocean. Oh! that it was in my power to make him as happy as I wish him, and then nothing in life should ever give him one moment's uneasiness! The whole family is well also. Lady Talbot hath an excellent understanding*, and a more sprightly entertaining wit, capable of making a considerable figure in public life and giving cheerfulness, familiarized into easy chit-chat, to retirement and the speculations round an evening's table.

Jack will soon enter into his profession, and I question not, succeed in it by his abilities, industry, and virtues, though he is not nourished and sheltered, and encouraged by the example and instruction and recommenda-

* This lady was the daughter and sole heir of Adam de Cardonnel, secretary at war in the reign of Queen Anne. She was married in February 1733-34, at the age of 15. She resided at Barrington until her death, in 1784. A very elegant monument, by Nollekens, is lately erected to her memory in the church of that parish.

mendation of his great father. George * will steal into every one's esteem in a more silent way, will be beloved rather than shine with the eclat of noisy applause. He will spend this life in doing good in the most amiable, not the most shewish way; he will have the dignity and generosity and character of his grandfather, secured from that only overflowing of his good qualities, which one wished had been prevented, to make him the most engaging of all characters. I love them all. I cannot flatter them to their faces; but I love to praise them. If I speak fondly with esteem of them even to their faces, it is only to warm them to be what I say; and shew them the virtues which are blossoming in their hearts, that must be ripened by their own care. Public news I do not attend to; I am weaned from my concern in the tumults and ambitions and scramble of life. If I do well you will see me; if I die you will remember me. Among the many who have highly valued you, none have done so more than myself, because none knew you better; and it will be always your singular advantage to improve on your acquaintance, and grow daily more beloved, by a nearer intimacy. If in any of those you love, you see any thing you wish otherwise, you will have the friendly freedom and courage that becomes virtue and independence to say it with spirit and dexterity; and even venture to offend, to serve those you love. Without it, friendship is but flattery and treachery; with it, deservedly honoured with that divine character of being the medicine of life. This hint you will treasure up unmentioned, till you shall find you have an occasion to use it. Believe me, Madam, your's most sincerely.

* George Talbot, D. D. vicar of Guiting, in Gloucestershire.

Letter 38. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sa*

Madam, April 9,

I WOULD not answer your kind till I could give you an assurance that disorder is stopt by bark, &c. but thou am relieved from this threatening illne cannot boast that I am a sound man a My health resembles very much the se one hour is sunshine; and the next, c deform the sky, and all is ruffled and tering. But I am and ought to be conte My life is not of general importance whole nation, as was that of my friend. resembled the sun, which warms and en ens half the earth at once; mine perhaps be compared to a lamp, which serves to perse the gloom of a single room; but it is broken and extinguished, a will immediately supply its place, a loss be of no consequence: but even comparison, I feel, is vanity, and with it more praise than I can claim. I pose to see you next month, thou friends will not be at Barrington till I Ireland; I will not leave this country out seeing one I most value in it. According to custom, I must give you trouble employ you. Could you get me a do Cirencester cheeses, such as I once had order them to be sent to a trusty per Bristol, who should see them safe on b Dublin ship, and directed for me? last year's making, and fit to eat, the I will desire also, that some of this may be secured for me for another. them will be dispersed in presents those to whom I want to make little ac ledgments for great favours. I want cloth enough to make two gowns an socks, the finest that can be procure not the thinnest; if you have a wear

l honeſtly, direct him to ſend me 17 f his beſt.

and Lady Talbot are well, and ſo girl; ſhe is a delightful child*, and s to have as much beauty and good as ever met together. But the firſt is that may be blaſted and ſpared; the one is ſufficient to, and can alone ſe happy.

Secker is moſt aſtoniſhingly cured. e in it; the Biſhop was compelled to ge Briſtol for Oxford by his friends, to e brother of his friend the Biſhop of y. It is of no great advantage, and e not eligible. But it is always eli- oblige thoſe who can return the fa- I hope you enjoy the ſpring in the , as much as we do in London, t ſeems to give new life to every thing, of the duſt that chokes its favours to will get out of it as ſoon as I can, and partake of its freſhneſs with you on ountain. My friend Jack ſeems in- o lay out his fortune near you alſo, the whole family in Glocesterſhire. I r good Biſhop † yeſterday, who is nd ſpeaks of you with an eſteem and which will doubly endear him to, , your, &c.

r 39. *Dr. Thomas Secker to Dr. Iſaac Watts.*

. Sir, Glouceſter, Nov. 18, 1711.

ORE I give you an account of the our academy, and thoſe other things ed me, pleaſe to accept of my hearty

l de Cardonnel, Baronneſs Dinevor, ſuc- er father William Earl Talbot, who ed Baron Dinevor by patent, October , with remainder to her and her heirs. married in 1756 to George Rice, Eſq. f the ſhire for the county of Carmar- n died in 1779.

Martin Benſon.

thanks for that ſervice you have done me, both in adviſing me to proſecute my ſtudies in ſuch an extraordinary place of education, and in procuring me admittance into it. I wiſh my improvements may be anſwerable to the advantages I enjoy; but however that may happen, your kindneſs has fixed me in a place where I may be very happy, and ſpend my time to good purpoſe; and where, if I do not, the fault will be all my own.

I am ſenſible how difficult it is to give a character of any perſon or thing, becauſe the moſt probable gueſſes we make very often prove falſe ones. But, ſince you are pleaſed to deſire it, I think myſelf obliged to give you the beſt and moſt impartial account of matters I can.

Mr. Jones, then, I take to be a man of real piety, great learning, and an agreeable temper; one who is very diligent in inſtructing all under his care, very well qualified to give inſtructions, and whoſe well-managed familiarity will always make him reſpected. He is very ſtrict in keeping good orders, and will effectually preſerve his pupils from negligence and immorality. And accordingly I believe there are not many academies freer in general from thoſe vices than we are. In particular, my bedfellow Mr. Scott is one of unfeigned religion, and a diligent ſearcher after truth. His genteel carriage and agreeable diſpoſition gain him the eſteem of every one. Mr. Griffith is more than ordinary ſerious and grave, and improves more in every thing than one could expect from a man who ſeems to be not much under forty; particularly in Greek and Hebrew he has made a great progreſs. Mr. Francis * and Mr.

* Not improbably Mr. Henry Francis, for ſome time aſſiſtant in London to the Rev. Mr. John Foxon, and afterwards paſtor of the church at Southampton.

Watkin's are diligent in ſtudy, and truly religious. The elder Mr. Jones, having had a better education than they, will, in all probability, make a greater ſcholar; and his brother is one of quick parts.

Our logic, which we have read once over, is ſo contrived as to comprehend all Heereboord, and the far greater part of Mr. Lock's Eſſay, and the Art of Thinking. What Mr. Jones dictated to us was but ſhort, containing a clear and brief account of the matter, references to the places where it was more fully treated of, and remarks on, or explications of, the authors cited, when need required. At our next lecture we gave an account both of what the author quoted and our tutor ſaid, who commonly then gave us a larger explication of it, and ſo proceeded to the next thing in order. He took care, as far as poſſible, that we underſtood the the ſenſe as well as remembered the words of what we had read, and that we ſhould not ſuffer ourſelves to be cheated with obſcure terms which had no meaning. Though he be no great admirer of the old logic, yet he has taken a great deal of pains both in explaining and correcting Heereboord, and has for the moſt part made him intelligible, or ſhewn that he is not ſo.

The two Mr. Jones's, Mr. Francis, Mr. Watkins. Mr. Sheldon, and two more gentlemen, are to begin Jewiſh antiquities in a ſhort time. I was deſigned for one of their number, but rather choſe to read logic once more; both becauſe I was utterly unacquainted with it when I came to this place, and becauſe the others having all, except Mr. Francis, been at other academies, will be obliged to make more haſte than thoſe in a lower claſs, and conſequently cannot have ſo good or large accounts of any thing, nor ſo much time to ſtudy every head. We have gone through our courſe in abo years time, which I believe nobody tha knows Mr. Jones will think too long.

I began to learn Hebrew as ſoon as I hither, and find myſelf able now to o and give ſome grammatical account of twenty verſes in the eaſier parts of the after leſs than an hour's preparation. read every day two verſes a-piece in th brew Bible, which we turn into Gre one knowing which his verſes ſha though at firſt it was otherwiſe). An with logic is our morning's work.

Mr. Jones alſo began about three ago ſome critical lectures in order to t poſition you adviſed him to. The p things contained in them are about t tiquity of the Hebrew language, vowels, the incorruption of the Scr antient diviſions of the Bible, an acc the Talmud, Maſora, and Cabala. at preſent upon the Septuagint, and ſh ceed after that to the Targumim, an verſions, &c. Every part is manag abundance of perſpicuity, and ſeldo material thing is omitted that other have ſaid upon the point, though ve quently we have uſeful additions o which are not to be found in them. ſcarce been upon any thing yet, b Jones has had thoſe writers which valued on that head, to which he alw fers us. This is what we firſt ſet the afternoon; which being finiſhed, a chapter in the Greek Teſtament, a that mathematics. We have gone all that is commonly taught of alg proportion, with the ſix firſt books o which is all Mr. Jones deſigns for the men I mentioned above, but he in

something more to the class that comes them.

This is our daily employment, which in morning takes up about two hours, and thing more in the afternoon. Only on dnesdays in the morning we read Dionys Periegesis, on which we have notes ly geographical, but with some criticisms mixed; and in the afternoon we have no re at all. So on Saturday in the after- we have only a thesis, which none but who have done with logic have any con- in. We are also just beginning to read rates and Terence, each twice a week. he latter our tutor will give us some notes ch he received in a college from Perizonius. e are obliged to rise at five of the clock y morning, and to speak Latin always, pt when below stairs amongst the family. people where we live are very civil, and greatest inconvenience we suffer is, that fill the house rather too much, being en in number besides Mr. Jones. But ppose the increase of his academy will ge him to remove next spring. We pass time very agreeably betwixt study and ersation with our tutor, who is always y to discourse freely of any thing that is l, and allows us either then or at lecture imaginable liberty of making objecti- against his opinion, and prosecuting them r as we can. In this and every thing he shows himself so much a gentleman, manifests so great an affection and ten- ess for his pupils, as cannot but com- d respect and love. I almost forgot to tion our tutor's library, which is compo- for the most part of foreign books, h seem to be very well chosen, and are y day of great advantage to us.

hus I have endeavoured, Sir, to give you ccount of all that I thought material or observable amongst us. As for my own part I apply myself with what diligence I can to every thing which is the subject of our lectures, without preferring one subject before another; because I see nothing we are engaged in, but what is either necessary, or extremely useful for one who would thoroughly understand those things which most concern him, or be able to explain them well to others. I hope, I have not spent my time, since I came to this place, without some small improvement both in human knowledge, and that which is far better; and I earnestly desire the benefit of your prayers, that God would be pleased to fit me better for his service both in this world and the next. This if you please to afford me, and your advice with relation to study, or whatever else you think convenient, must needs be extremely useful, as well as agreeable, and shall be thankfully received by your most obliged humble servant *.

Letter 40. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, April 13. 1737.

I WOULD sooner have thanked you for the favour of your letter, and the book which I received just after, but delayed it till I could get time to finish the inclosed lines, which I began soon after Mrs. Rowe's death † but had not leisure to proceed with them till after my Lord's return to London, whither he and my daughter went last

* This very sensible letter was written by Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Secker at the early age of eighteen It does honour to himself, at the same time it pays such distinguished and deserved respect to his learned, vigilant, and amiable tutor, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Jones.

† Verses on Mrs. Rowe's death.

week. He was taken, while he was here* with a violent pain in the ſtomach and bowels, which, whether it were gout or colic, reduced him very low, and alarmed me extremely; but I bleſs God, he is now in perfect health again, and I hear has recovered his good looks entirely. I am myſelf much better than I was in the winter, bating a ſhortneſs of breath, which makes them judge my continuance in the country abſolutely neceſſary. I muſt now thank you for your excellent Diſcourſe on Humility, which I have read with great pleaſure, and I hope I ſhall receive profit from the juſt manner in which you have treated ſo uſeful a ſubject. I muſt alſo repeat my gratitude for your book "on the Strength and Weakneſs of Human Reaſon." I never read any thing more entertaining and inſtructive. I ſhould be very happy if I could flatter myſelf that I had goodneſs enough to make my life as uſeful as the benevolence and charity of your temper incline you to think it may. I beg the favour of you not to give any copy of the encloſed verſes; for I would wiſh my excurtions of this kind to be a ſecret from every body but you, and a friend or two more, who know that I do not aim at the character of a genius by any attempts of this nature, but am led to them merely to amuſe a leiſure hour, and ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart. I have no company at preſent but my ſon, his tutor being gone to London about buſineſs, but I do not mention this as a mortification. I am afraid the decline of years, and the languiſhing ſtate of health I have laboured under for ſome time, make it rather neceſſary for me to endeavour to find arguments to reconcile myſelf to the variety of company to which my ſtation and the occupation I am attached to in a court require me to accommodate myſelf. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 41. *Frances Counteſs of Hartford, afterwards Dutcheſs of Somerſet, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, Marlborough, July 13, 17[illegible]

NOTHING but my own very bad ſtate of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is juſt recovering from a ſevere fit of the gout, ſhould ſo long have hindered me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers incloſed with it, particularly the letter which you were good as to deſign to prefix to Mrs Rowe's Meditations. I can with the ſtricteſt truth affirm, that I do not know any diſtinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleaſure in receiving, were I deſerving of it; but, I am forced to ſee how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myſelf by that very incident which might miniſter a laudable pride to a more worthy perſon. If I am conſtrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth, you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than ſelf-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debaſe me, or thoſe who I believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done any thing, wilfully I am ſure I have not, to raiſe any ſuch ſentiments in the breaſt of the meaneſt perſon upon earth; but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been humble enough to eſcape them. For theſe reaſons, Sir, I muſt deny myſelf the pleaſure and the pride I ſhould have in ſo public a mark

* Suppoſed at Marlborough.

iendſhip and candour, and beg that, will deſign me the honour of joining dreſs to me with thoſe valuable re- of Mrs. Rowe, that you will either the favourable expreſſions you in- to inſert, or elſe give me no other the top of it than that of a friend of and her's, an appellation which, in the y of my ſoul, I am prouder of, than I e of the moſt pompous name that hu- andeur can lay claim to. My Lord children deſire me to aſſure you of rvice and beſt wiſhes. I incloſe you a the letter which Mrs. Rowe left for and am glad of every opportunity to

e following is an exact copy of Mrs. letter, tranſcribed from Lady Hartford's nd writing :

*e Right Hon. the Counteſs of Hartford.*

ADAM,

s the laſt letter you will ever receive from laſt aſſurance I ſhall give you on earth of and ſtedfaſt friendſhip; but, when we ain, I hope it will be in the heights of l love and extaſy. Mine, perhaps, may ſt glad ſpirit to congratulate your ſafe n the happy ſhores. Heaven can wit- ſincere my concern for your happineſs her I have ſent my ardent wiſhes that be ſecured from the flattering delu on orld, and, after your pious example has g a bleſſing to mankind, may you calm- your breath, and enter the confines of ed joy!

ow taking my farewel of you here, but rt adieu, for I die with full perſuaſion ſhall meet again.—But, O, in what of happineſs! in what enlargement of d perfection of every faculty! What ng reflections ſhall we make on the s of which we ſhall feel ourſelves eter- eſt!

that loved us, and waſhed us from our repeat that I am, with the greateſt eſteem, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 42. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

Sir, October 27, 173-.

I SHOULD ſooner have thanked you for Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, which you were

ſins in his own blood, we ſhall aſcribe immortal glory, dominion, and praiſe for ever. This is all my ſalvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the families on earth are bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite purity and juſtice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on thoſe works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good, and which, if examined by Divine purity, would prove perhaps but ſpecious ſins? The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſhed holineſs in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean.—Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement?—How deſperate, how undone my condition?—With the utmoſt advantage I can boaſt, I ſhould ſtart back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſhed Majeſty.—O Jeſus, what harmony dwells in thy name!—Celeſtial joy and immortal life are in the ſound—Let angels ſet thee to their golden harps; let the ranſomed nations for ever magnify thee!

What a dream is mortal life!—What ſhadows are the objects of ſenſe! All the glories of mortality, my much-beloved friend, will be nothing in your view at the aweful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeparated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something perſuades me that this will be my laſt farewel in this world. Heaven forbid that it ſhould be an everlaſting parting. May that Divine protection, whoſe care I implore, keep you ſtedfaſt in the faith of chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue! Adieu, my moſt dear friend, till we meet in the paradiſe of God. ELIZABETH ROWE.

ſo

so good as to send me, but that I had a mind to read them carefully over first. You have in your preface taken the kindest and most judicious care to excuse some expressions in them which I must confess appear to me to stand in need of some apology; but upon the whole I think there are several excellent sentiments in them, which I think cannot fail of doing good, especially to those, who, by their acquaintance with her, know how sincerely they came from her heart. Lady Betty returns her thanks for the book you sent her, and says she shall always value it as being written by Mrs. Rowe, and as a mark of your kind regard to herself. I have many acknowledgments to make you for the honour you have done me in your dedication * which by your kindness in suppressing my name, gives me an unmixed pleasure, by affording me the satisfaction of receiving such a mark of your partiality without the hazard of raising the public envy.

My Lord and my son present their services to you, and I am, with the sincerest gratitude and esteem, Sir, &c.

Letter 43. *Frances Countess of Hertford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, St. Leonard's Hill, Aug. 8, 1738.

I WOULD much sooner have thanked you for the favour of your last letter, but have been hindered by my attendance on my Lord in a severe fit of the gout, though I thank God, it has been only in his limbs, and not affected either his head or [illegible]

I think every body must wish a [illegible] Mr. Pope's were more inclined to exe[illegible] self on divine and good-natured sub[illegible] but I am afraid satire is his highest [illegible] For I think his Universal Prayer is [illegible] means equal to some other of his wo[illegible] and I think his tenth stanza † an in[illegible] how blind the wisest men may be [illegible] errors of their own hearts; for he cer[illegible] did not mean to imprecate such a prop[illegible] of vengeance on himself as he is too a[illegible] load those with whom he dislikes; nor [illegible] he wish to have his own failings expo[illegible] the eye of the world with all the [illegible] and ridicule with which he publishes [illegible] of his fellow-creatures.

I have lately met with some riddles [illegible] we think pretty enough in their way, [illegible] I remember you once told me you th[illegible] them tolerable amusements, I will [illegible] you one or two of them, and, if th[illegible] not displease you, can furnish you [illegible] a few more, which we do not think bad [illegible] My Lord and our young people assu[illegible] of their services. I am, Sir, with th[illegible] cerest esteem, your, &c.

Letter 44. *From the same to the s[illegible]*

Sir, Jan. 17[illegible]

I AM truly sorry to find you comp[illegible] any decay, but I am sure if you have [illegible] must be bodily, and has no other effe[illegible] that, which both Mr. Waller and [illegible] have so happily described as letting [illegible] upon the soul.

I never read any thing in my li[illegible]

* This declaration of her Ladyship, make it evident to whom the Doctor inscribed Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, though the name is concealed in the dedication. The whole of it agrees to her Ladyship, and shews what a high opinion and esteem he entertained concerning her.

† Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to other's shew,
That mercy show to me.

ased me better than your meditations on velation roth, and I hope I shall not on- delight in reading the words but lay the stance of it to my heart, to which end ow me to beg your prayers as an assistance. My dear Lord's state of suffering, (for he gain confined to his bed by the gout,) es me little opportunity and less inclina- n to lose much time in the gay amuse- nts which are apt to divert other people m the thoughts of their dissolution; but n not sure that a life of care and anxiety not as bad an effect, by fixing the mind attentively on the present gloom which cures every cheerful ray which would erwise enliven one's spirits.

wish I had any thing to send more th your reading than the following ver- ; but I have so little leisure that I can ce get time to write letters to the few nds I correspond with. These lines were ten one morning in October as I was ng in a bow-window in my chamber at Leonard's Hill, which looks on a little ve in the garden, and beyond has an ex- ive view of the forest:

ow lately was yon russet grove
he seat of harmony and love?
ow beauteous all the sylvan scene?
he flowers how gay, the trees how green? &c.

am importuned by a very valuable old man, who is declining apace, to beg your ers. She took me from my nurse, and, have any good in me, I owe it to her. was trusted by my mother with the care n of my sister and by myself, and has liv- with me ever since. But now, though 70, she cannot meet death without terror, yet I believe I may venture to answer, she has always lived under the strictest sense of religion; but lowness of spirit joined to many bodily infirmities will shed darkness on the most cheerful minds, and her's never was of that cast. I fear she has very few months (if weeks) to come on earth, and a notice that you will grant her request would make her I believe pass them with more comfort.

I am forced to take another page to assure you of my Lord's compliments, and those of my young people; the two latter are very well. I have no other view in sending the above verses, but to prove that my confidence in your friendship has received no alteration from the length of time which has passed since I had an opportunity of assuring you in person with how true a regard I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 45. *From the same to the same.*

Sir, Windsor-Forest, May 19, 1739.

I WOULD sooner have expressed my concern for your illness had I been free from complaint myself. I have been afflicted for some weeks with a pain in my jaws and face, which is yet very little better, and really disheartens me from doing any thing. My Lord and Betty are in town, as is my son's governor on account of a violent rheumatism; so that he, and I, and a young gentleman three or four years older than himself, live here in perfect solitude. Our amusement within doors is at present Rapin's History of England in English, which they abridge as they go along; I work or draw while they read aloud, and we do not seem tired of our way of life.

Your good prayers for poor Rothery have met with unexpected success. She is so much recovered that I begin to think she will get entirely

entirely well, and if she does, I think nothing of that kind has since I can remember looked more like a miraculous operation of the healing power of the Almighty.

I hope the same divine mercy will long preserve you a blessing to the age, and that you will find your strength return with the warm weather.

My son assures you of his kindest wishes and services, and I am sure the other branches of my family would do the same if they were here.

I hoped every week (of late) for the publication of the sermons you were so good as to say you intended me. I find Mr. Grove's are going to be published by subscription. I have sent to town to desire that my name may be added to the list.

I have just had the oddest pamphlet sent me which I ever saw in my life, called *Amusemens Philosophiques sur le Language des Bêtes*. It was burnt by the hands of the common executioner at Paris, and the priest who wrote it banished till he made a formal retraction of it, and yet I think it very plain by the style that the man was either in jest or crazed. It is by no means wanting of wit, but extremely far from a system of probability. I will now only recommend myself to your prayers, and subscribe myself, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 46. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, Marlborough, June 7, 1739.

YOU will have great reason to think me very ungrateful for your kind present to my son, and very indifferent in regard to your health, till I have told you what has so long hindered my returning you thanks for the one, and assuring you of my concern for the other. I have been since I received your's afflicted with a pain in my head, which was almost ready to deprive me of my eye-sight. It lasted four or five days, and, as soon as it was over, we prepared to remove hither, where we have only been three days. These have been impediments which have kept me silent at a time when I had the strongest inclination to inquire after you, and assure you of my sincerest wishes and prayers for your perfect recovery.

I have the pleasure of finding my garden extremely improved in the two years I have been absent from it. Some little alterations I had ordered are completed. The trees which I left small ones are grown to form an agreeable shade, and I have reason to bless God for the pleasantness of the place which is allotted me to pass many of my retired hours in. May I make use of them to fit me for my last; and that I may do so allow me to beg the continuation of your prayers!

My poor old woman is got hither, contrary to her own, and all our expectations. She has the deepest gratitude for your goodness to her, and begs you will accept her thanks. She is still very weak, and I fear will hardly get over the autumn. My Lady and Betty desire to assure you of their compliments. I am, Sir, with the truest esteem, your, &c.

Letter 47. *From the same to the same.*

Sir, Marlborough, July 30, 17[illegible]

I WOULD much sooner have written to you to thank you for the favour of your letter, had I enjoyed more leisure; but I have had a friend with me this last month who has engrossed a good many of those hours which I used to employ in writing to my correspondents. She is a very pious and religious, as well as agreeable, woman,

een enough of the world in her younger to teach her to value its enjoyments, ear its vexations, no more than they de- ; by which happy knowledge she has ght her mind and spirits to the most per- state of calmness I ever saw, and her ersation seems to impart the blessing to all partake of her discourse. By this you udge that I have passed my time very to my satisfaction while she was with and, though I have not written to you, have shared my time with her; for almost e hours I passed alone I have employed ading your works, which for ever re- nt to my imagination the idea of a ladder ght of steps, since every volume seems e a step nearer the language of heaven, here is a visible progression towards that country through every page; so that, h all breathe piety and just reason, the eems to crown the whole, till you shall publish something to enlighten a dark bstinate age; for I must believe that the er in which you treat divine subjects is likely to reform and work upon the af- ns of your readers than that of any other now living. I hope God will in mercy any thousands, myself in particular, g your life many years. I own this not seem a kind wish to you, but I you will be content to bear the infir- of flesh some years longer, to be an ment in the hands of God toward the ion of your weak and distressed breth- The joys of heaven cannot fade, but e as glorious millions of ages to come y are now; and what a moment will ngest life appear when it comes to be red with eternity! My Lord desires re you of his regards and best wishes. Sir, your's, &c.

Letter 48. *Mr. John Locke, to Mr. Samuel Bold, at Steeple.*

Sir,

YOUR'S of the eleventh of April, I received not till last week. I suppose Mr. Churchill staid it till that discourse, wherein you have been pleased to defend my Essay, was printed, that they might come together; though neither of them needs a companion to recommend it to me. Your reasonings are so strong and just, and your friendship to me so visible, that every thing must be welcome to me, that comes from your pen, let it be of what kind soever.

I promise myself, that to all those who are willing to open their eyes, and enlarge their minds, to a true knowledge of things, this little treatise of your's will be greatly acceptable and useful. And for those, that will shut their eyes for fear they should see farther than others have seen before them, or rather for fear they should use them, and not blindly and lazily follow the sayings of others, what can be done to them? They are to be let alone to join in the cry of the herd they have placed themselves in, and to take that for applause, which is nothing but the noise that of course they make to one another, which way ever they are going; so that the greatness of it is no manner of proof that they are in the right. I say not this, because it is a discourse wherein you favour any opinions of mine (for I take care not to be deceived by the reasonings of my friends), but say it from those who are strangers to you, and who own themselves to have received light and conviction from the clearness and closeness of your reasonings, and that in a matter at first sight very abstruse, and remote from ordinary conceptions.

There is nothing that would more rejoice me,

me, than to have you for my neighbour. The advantage that you promise yourself from mine, I should receive from your conversation. The impartial lovers and seekers of truth are a great deal fewer than one could wish or imagine. It is a rare thing to find any one to whom one may communicate one's thoughts freely, and from whom one may expect a careful examination and impartial judgment of them. To be learned in the lump by other men's thoughts, and to be in the right by saying after others, is the much easier and quieter way: but how a rational man, that should inquire and know for himself, can content himself with a faith or religion taken upon trust, or with such a servile submission of his understanding, as to admit all, and nothing else but what fashion makes passable among men, is to me astonishing. I do not wonder you should have, in many points, different apprehensions from what you meet with in authors; with a free mind, that unbiassedly pursues truth, it cannot be otherwise. First, All authors did not write unbiassedly for truth sake. Secondly, There are scarce any two men, that have perfectly the same views of the same thing, till they come with attention, and perhaps mutual assistance, to examine it. A consideration that makes conversation with the living a thing much more desirable and useful than consulting the dead; would the living but be inquisitive after truth, apply their thoughts with attention to the gaining of it, and be indifferent where it was found, so they could but find it.

The first requisite to the profiting by books, is not to judge of opinions by the authority of the writers. None have the right of dictating but God himself, and that because he is Truth itself. All others have a right to be followed as far as I, *i. e.* as far as the evidence of what they say convinces; a that my own understanding alone m judge for me, and nothing else. If we our own eyes our guides, and admitted jected opinions only by the evidence of a we should neither embrace or refuse any because we find it published by anoth what name or character soever he was.

You say you lose many things becau slip from you: I have had experience myself, but for that my Lord Bac provided a sure remedy. For, as I re ber, he advises somewhere, never to go out pen and ink, or something to wri and to be sure not to neglect to write d thoughts of moment that come into the I must own I have omitted it often, an often repented it. The thoughts tha unsought, and as it were dropt into the are commonly the most valuable of have, and therefore should be secured, they seldom return again. You say a you lose many things, because your th are not steady, and strong enough to them to a just issue. Give me leave to that herein you mistake yourself an own abilities. Write down your th upon any subject as far as you have time pursued them, and then go on some other time when you find yo disposed to it, and so till you have ca as far as you can, and you will be co that, if you have lost any, it has no want of strength of mind to bring the issue; but for want of memory to long train of reasonings, which the m ing once beat out, is loth to be at th to go over again; and so your connec train having slipped the memory, th stops, and the reasoning is neglected comes to the last conclusion. If

it, you cannot imagine the difference s in ſtudying with and without a pen in hand. Your ideas, if the connections m that you have traced be ſet down, ſo ithout the pains of recollecting them in memory you can take an eaſy view of again, will lead you farther than you pect. Try, and tell me if it is not ſo. not this that I ſhould not be glad to have onverſation upon whatever points you mploy your thoughts about. Propoſe you have of this kind freely, and do ſpect that it will interfere with my af-

ow, that beſide the pleaſure that it is to ſe with a thinking man and a lover th, I ſhall profit by it more than you. you would ſee by the frequency of my if you were within the reach of them.

at which I think of *Deut.* xii. 15. is hat the reaſon, why it is ſaid, *as the k and the hart*, is becauſe (*Lev.* xvii.) vent idolatry, in offering the blood to Gods, they were commanded to kill all tle that they ate at the door of the taber- as a peace offering, and ſprinkle the on the altar; but wild beaſts that were might be eaten, though their blood not offered to God (v. 13.); be- being killed before they were taken, lood could not be ſprinkled on the altar; erefore it ſufficed in ſuch caſes, to pour ir blood wherever they were killed, and t with duſt. And for the ſame reaſon, he camp was broken up, wherein the people was in the neighbourhood of the acle, during their forty years paſſage Egypt to Canaan, and the people were d in their habitations through all the f Promiſe; thoſe who were ſo far from ple were excuſed (*Deut.* xii. 21, 22.) illing their tame cattle at Jeruſalem, and ſprinkling their blood on the altar. No more was required of them than in killing a roebuck or any other wild beaſt; they were only to pour out the blood and cover it with duſt, and ſo they might eat of the fleſh. Theſe are my thoughts concerning that paſſage.

What you ſay about critics and critical interpretations, particularly of the Scriptures, is not only in my opinion true, but of great uſe to be obſerved in reading learned commentators, who not ſeldom make it their buſineſs to ſhew in what ſenſe a word has been uſed by other authors; whereas the proper buſineſs of a commentator, is to ſhew in what ſenſe it was uſed by the author in that place, which in the Scripture we have reaſon to conclude was moſt commonly in the ordinary vulgar ſenſe of the word or phraſe known in that time, becauſe the books were written, as you rightly obſerve, and adapted to the people. If critics had obſerved this, we ſhould have in their writings leſs oſtentation and more truth, and a great deal of darkneſs now ſpread on the Scriptures had been avoided. I have a late proof of this myſelf, who have lately found in ſome paſſages of Scripture a ſenſe quite different from what I underſtood them in before, or from what I found in commentators; and yet it appears ſo clear to me, that when I ſee you next, I ſhall dare to appeal to you in it. But I read the word of God without prepoſſeſſion or bias, and come to it with a reſolution to take my ſenſe from it, and not with a deſign to bring it to the ſenſe of my ſyſtem. How much that has made men wind and twiſt and pull the text in all the ſeveral ſects of Chriſtians I need not tell you. "I deſign to "take my religion from the ſcripture, and "then, whether it ſuits or ſuits not any other "denomination, I am not much concerned: "for I think, at the laſt day, it will not be "inquired

"inquired whether I was of the church of "England or Geneva, but whether I sought "or embraced truth in the love of it."

The proofs I have set down in my book of one infinite independent eternal Being, satisfy me; and the gentleman that designed others, and pretended that the next proposition to that of the existence of a self-sufficient Being should be this, that such a Being is but One, and that he could prove it antecedent to his attributes, *viz.* infinity, omnipotency, &c. I am since pretty well satisfied, pretended to what he had not, and therefore I trouble not myself any farther about the matter. As to what you say on the occasion, I agree with you, that the ideas of modes and actions of substances are usually in our minds before the idea of substance itself; but in this I differ from you, that I do not think the ideas of the operations of things are antecedent to the ideas of their existence; for they must exist before they can any ways affect us, to make us sensible of their operations, and we must suppose them to be before they operate.

The Essay is going to be printed again: I wish you were near, that I might shew you the several alterations and additions I have made, before they go to the press. The warm weather that begins now with us, makes me hope I shall now speedily get to town. If any business draws you thither this summer, I hope you will order it so, that I may have a good share of your company. Nobody values it more than I, and I have a great many things to talk with you. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 49. *Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, (afterwards Archbishop), to a Friend, who lay very ill of a languishing distemper, whereof he died.*

Sir,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. T—'s letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline fast. I am very sensible how much easier is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear only child; in which I do perfectly submit his good pleasure, firmly believing that always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that God hath thought fit give me a nearer summons, and a clear warning of my mortality, in the danger an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections; but this, perhaps, is more owing natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it, for both which great allowances to be made.

And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties infirmities of the flesh; such as these, God is perfect love and goodness; that are not only his creatures, but his children and as dear to him as to ourselves; that does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions which befall us, are intended for cure and prevention of greater evils or and punishment; and therefore we ought only to submit to them with patience, being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by to do us that good, and to bring us to sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps

ng else would have done; that the suf-
s of this present life are but short and
, compared with that extreme and end-
misery, which we have deserved; and
that exceeding and eternal weight of
, which we hope for in the other world;
f we be careful to make the best prepara-
ve can for death and eternity, whatever
s us nearer to our end, brings us nearer
r happiness; and how rugged soever the
be, the comfort is, that it leads to our
r's house, where we shall want nothing
ve can wish. When we labour under a
rous distemper that threatens our life,
would we not be content to bear, in or-
a perfect recovery, could we be assured
And should we not be willing to en-
much more, in order to happiness, and
ternal life, which God, that cannot lie,
romised? Nature, I know, is fond of
nd apt to be still lingering after a longer
uance here; and yet a long life, with
sual burdens and infirmities of it, is
n desirable; it is but the same thing over
, or worse, so many more days or nights,
ers and winters; a repetition of the
pleasures, but with less pleasure and re-
very day; a return of the same, or
r, pains and trouble, but with less pa-
and strength to bear them.

ese, and the like considerations, I use
ertain myself withal, and not only with
tment, but comfort, though with great
ality of temper, at several times, and
much mixture of human frailty, which
ways stick to us whilst we are in this
However, by these kind of thoughts,
becomes more familiar to us, and we
be able by degrees to bring our minds
p to it without startling at it. The greatest
ness I find in myself is with regard to
some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them that love him and hope in his mercy.

I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation; I have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health, to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it; and then you have nothing now to do, but as well as you can, under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance, for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation for our sins; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land; the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then it will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God

to

to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewell, my good friend; and while we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, Sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant.

Letter 50. *Mrs. Rowe to her Mother.*

Madam,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust! May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure!

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you!—It is but a short space I have to measure:—My shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: That Name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming forti is a part above the powers of nature, which I can perform by no power or he of my own; for oh! in my best estate, altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpl ner; but in the merits and perfect righ ness of God my Saviour, I hope to a justified at the supreme tribunal, wh must shortly stand to be judged.

[N. B. This letter was not to be s her mother till she was dead.]

Letter 51. *Archbishop Herring to W Duncombe, Esq.*

Croydon-Hous

Dear Sir, October 16, 17

I SHALL be very glad to see the of your summer's meditation, and, i desire it, will submit it to a friend's p though I had rather be excused doing for the reason which you suggest, it very likely that the person I would c trust may possibly engage in the cause h What you are about is quite out of th of the following reflection, which I am make by knowing that several weak p at work upon Bolingbroke. I own I h fears on this head, that more harm m done than good. Lord Bolingbroke, justly observe, is obscured in a cloud intelligible metaphysicks, in many p his works is dark and obscure, and d throughout; has no consistent system; tiresomely long; his mischievous tene of them absurd (as the denial of final &c.), and the poison of his book so that it cannot, I think, do much hur if injudicious writers set themselves t the essence of it, and draw all his *ignis fatuus* as it lies) to a *focus*, th should be very strong, and the op

ymist, to prevent its doing mischief. ork should not be trusted to bunglers. les, the people in danger from Lord broke's writings, are the loose and the who will never sit down to read grave lid answers. Irony and joke in the way, are the only means to deal with and one cannot help wishing, that the hich produced Lord Bolingbroke had ed such an antagonist wit as Mr. Bayle who could render him ridiculous while futed him. Dr. Warburton, you see, ts this *; and, if he had more delicacy, ld be with more success. However, re more excellent things in his second and I think he has exposed his reason- ell upon the moral nature of the Deity. e your plan will coincide with him; hough I know your heart and your , you will not be offended, if I say, u will combat the better, for attacking rmour of Cicero. I am, dear Sir, &c.

52. *Dutchess of Somerset to W. Shenstone, Esq.*

Piercy-Lodge, near Colnebrook,
, Nov. 20, 1753.

Lady Luxborough has not been so just t you know, that she never conveyed wo excellent poems to my hand till last ay night, you must look upon me as lt ungrateful and tasteless of all mor- I have read them both over more than ith pleasure: but will it not appear , if I confess to you, that the honour ve done me by the inscription of the nd a stanza or two in the poem itself, ven me some pain? And I shall look as a very great addition to the favour, his "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Phi- ."

if whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodness to fill the blank (which leaving out those words must occasion) with stars, dashes, or any other mark you please, without suspecting me of an affected or false modesty, since to either of these accusations I can honestly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a partial friend, whose good-nature may have (and in this case certainly has) warped her judgment. The world in general, since they can find no fault in your poem, will blame the choice of the person to whom it is inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons betwixt the ideal Lady and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce, than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which though it may flatter me, I am not quite so faulty as the latter would represent me, at the same time loudly admonishes me, that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me.

I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most serious sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honour you designed me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verses of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Dodsley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson. If you should have mislaid the original, I have a copy at your service, which I will transmit either to you, in case you should have a mind to look it over again, or transmit it directly to Mr. Dodsley.

I am, with unfeigned esteem and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged, &c.

Letter

to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewell, my good friend; and while we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, Sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant.

Letter 50. *Mrs. Rowe to her Mother.*

Madam,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust! May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure!

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you!—It is but a short space I have to measure:—My shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: That Name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fait is a part above the powers of nature, which I can perform by no power or hel of my own; for oh! in my best estate, altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpless ner; but in the merits and perfect right ness of God my Saviour, I hope to a justified at the supreme tribunal, wh must shortly stand to be judged.

[N. B. This letter was not to be s her mother till she was dead.]

Letter 51. *Archbishop Herring to Wi Duncombe, Esq.*

Croydon-Hous

Dear Sir, October 16, 1

I SHALL be very glad to see the of your summer's meditation, and, if desire it, will submit it to a friend's pe though I had rather be excused doing for the reason which you suggest, it very likely that the person I would c trust may possibly engage in the cause hi What you are about is quite out of th of the following reflection, which I am make by knowing that several weak pa at work upon Bolingbroke. I own I h fears on this head, that more harm m done than good. Lord Bolingbroke, justly observe, is obscured in a cloud intelligible metaphysicks, in many p his works is dark and obscure, and d throughout; has no consistent system; tiresomely long; his mischievous tenet of them absurd (as the denial of final &c.), and the poison of his book so that it cannot, I think, do much hur if injudicious writers set themselves to the essence of it, and draw all his *ignis fatuus* as it lies) to a *focus*, the should be very strong, and the opa

ymist, to prevent its doing mischief. ork should not be trusted to bunglers. les, the people in danger from Lord broke's writings, are the loose and the who will never sit down to read grave lid answers. Irony and joke in the way, are the only means to deal with and one cannot help wishing, that the hich produced Lord Bolingbroke had ed such an antagonist wit as Mr. Bayle who could render him ridiculous while futed him. Dr. Warburton, you see, ts this *; and, if he had more delicacy, ld be with more success. However, re more excellent things in his second and I think he has exposed his reasonil upon the moral nature of the Deity. e your plan will coincide with him; hough I know your heart and your , you will not be offended, if I say, u will combat the better, for attacking rmour of Cicero. I am, dear Sir, &c.

52. *Dutchess of Somerset to W. Shenstone, Esq.*

Piercy-Lodge, near Colnebrook,
r, Nov. 20, 1753.

Lady Luxborough has not been so just t you know, that she never conveyed o excellent poems to my hand till last y night, you must look upon me as t ungrateful and tasteless of all mor- I have read them both over more than ith pleasure: but will it not appear , if I confess to you, that the honour e done me by the inscription of the nd a stanza or two in the poem itself, ven me some pain? And I shall look as a very great addition to the favour, his "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Phi- ."

if whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodness to fill the blank (which leaving out those words must occasion) with stars, dashes, or any other mark you please, without suspecting me of an affected or false modesty, since to either of these accusations I can honestly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a partial friend, whose good-nature may have (and in this case certainly has) warped her judgment. The world in general, since they can find no fault in your poem, will blame the choice of the person to whom it is inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons betwixt the ideal Lady and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce, than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which though it may flatter me, I am not quite so faulty as the latter would represent me, at the same time loudly admonishes me, that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me.

I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most serious sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honour you designed me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verses of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Dodsley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson. If you should have mislaid the original, I have a copy at your service, which I will transmit either to you, in case you should have a mind to look it over again, or transmit it directly to Mr. Dodsley.

I am, with unfeigned esteem and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged, &c.

Letter

Letter 53. *Dutchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.*

Piercy-Lodge, Nov. 23, 1753.

I DID, dear Madam, begin to despair of having the honour, and (what I felt more sensibly) the pleasure of hearing from you again. I am so subject to fall into errors, that I was afraid some unguarded expression in my last letter might have given you offence, and yet my heart bore witness, how far I had been from intending it.

I have been extremely ill the whole summer, and for some weeks believed in great danger; but, by the blessing of God upon Dr. Shaw's prescriptions, I am at present, though lean and ill-favoured, much better; yet still obliged to be carried up and down stairs, for want of strength and breath to carry myself: But I have great reason to bless God for the ease I now enjoy. When one comes to the last broken arches of Mirza's bridge, rest from pain must bound our ambition, for pleasure is not to be expected in this world; where I have no more a notion of laying schemes to be executed six months, than I have six years hence; which, I believe, helps to keep my spirits in an even state of cheerfulness to enjoy the satisfactions which present themselves, without anxious solicitude about their duration. We have lived to an age that necessarily shews us the earth crumbling under our feet, and as our journey seems approaching towards the verge of life, is it not more natural to cast our eyes to the prospect beyond it, than by a retrospective view, to recall the troublesome trifles that ever made our road difficult or dangerous? Methinks it would be imitating Lot's wife (whose history is not recorded as an example for us to follow), to want to look back to the miserable scene we are so near escaping from.

I have spent the last three weeks me ably. The first of them the Bishop ford and Mr. Talbot passed with us, a the goodness to leave Miss Talbot character I think you must have heard they went away. She is all the we said of her, as to an uncommon share derstanding: But she has other charms, I imagine you will join with me in giv preference even to that: A mild an temper, an unaffected pious heart, most universal good-will to her fello tures, that I ever knew. She nobody, she despises nobody; and wi own life is a pattern of goodness, not exclaim with bitterness against vic spend a good deal of our time in rooms, except in the mornings, but is a good deal broken in upon. So nine we meet in the chapel; as soon as are over, we go to breakfast, and a we work, during which, Mr. Cow my chaplain, read aloud; at eleven the weather is tolerable, to take th two hours at least, which Dr. Sha upon my doing. The moment we of the coach, we see no more of o till three, when the dinner is punctu the table. Dinner and tea are both five, when we retire till eight, and to prayers; after which we adjourn little library, where we work, and tlemen read, as in the morning, ti a quarter before ten, and it is a rul in our rooms a quarter before eleven

We are at present very highly with the history of Sir Charles G which is so vastly above Pamela that I shall not be easy till you ha and sent me your sentiments upon Talbot received Lady Gray's

*l, perhaps some remarks on Grandison*] tter of six sides, wrote with the greatest ense and vivacity imaginable. I fancy an excellent and agreeable young wo-

s now more th time to return you s for the trouble you have taken in con- Mr. Shenstone's admirable poem * I have wrote to him this post, and not do it sooner, because his letter was dated Leasowes, and I could not find s post-town, without sending to Mrs. y, whom I do not visit, and who lives miles from me. I have expressed my de in the best manner I am able; but der the necessity of declining the ho- he intended me, and have begged him up the blanks with stars, or what he , whenever my name, or that of Pier- dge, was designed, and I hope he will me.

say, you have been in a lethargy. Madam, this must have proceeded from pression upon your spirits, for which known tar-water to be a sovereign re- and wish you would try it. Poor Ward! But since we can say nothing honour, let us not expatiate upon her e.

thing directed to be left with William , my porter, in Downing-street, will to me directly.

dear Madam, your Ladyship's most and obedient servant.

r 54. *From the same to the same.*

Piercy-Lodge,
r Madam, Feb. 25, 1754.

Y never think excuse can be neces- me about exactness in answering my Elegance, inscribed to the writer of r.

letters; I am always glad to hear from you when it is agreeable to you to write, but am not one of those over-kind friends who are for ever out of humour with those whom they rather enthral than oblige, by giving them that name. As a proof I never wish to act so by my friends, or am afraid of being treated so by them, I will own to you, I am not quite sure I should have answered your last letter so soon, were it not that I am under serious concern to find how awkwardly I must have expressed myself to Mr. Shenstone, if I gave him room to believe I harboured a secret wish to have so fine a poem as his Ode suppressed. On the contrary, I should think myself guilty of a very great crime and injustice to the public, if I were to be the means of depriving them of so charming and rational an entertainment. I gave him the true reasons in my letter, for desiring that my own name, nor that of my humble, yet peaceful, dwelling, might be inserted. You know I always envied the lot of "*la violette, qui se cache sous l'herbe.*"

It is true, my dear Lady Luxborough, times are changed with us, since no walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough, to hurt us, as we childishly imagined; yet after a ball or masquerade have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes in order to go to rest? Such methinks is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of our bodily decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully than any night's sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow, and crying, and pains, shall be no more; we shall then without wat-

riness

rinefs move in our new vehicles, tranfport ourfelves from one part of the fkies to another, with much more eafe and velocity, than we could have done in the prime of our ftrength, upon the fleeteft horfes, the diftance of a mile. This cheerful profpect enables us to fee our ftrength fail, and await the tokens of our approaching diffolution with a kind of aweful pleafure. I will ingenuoufly own to you, dear Madam, that I experience more true happinefs in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the fplendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could not fatisfy a rational mind; and at the moft heedless time of my youth, I well remember, that I always looked forward, with a kind of joy, to a decent retreat, when the evening of life fhould make it practicable.

Boadicea I have read; there is an intereffting fcene or two in it; but there is fomething wanting in the management of the drama to keep up the fpirits of the audience. Philoclea I have not feen, nor have heard fuch a character of it, as to raife my curiofity. If you have not read Deformity, an Effay, by Mr. Hay, nor his *Religio Philofophi* (I do not know how that laft word fhould end), I believe they will entertain you very well in their different ways. The Adventurer will foon be publifhed in volumes, and will be very well worth buying. I doubt I muft agree with Mr. Shenftone, that the ftyle of Sir Charles Grandifon is too prolix, and yet I do not know any of it I fhould be willing to part with, except Harriot Byron's converfation with the Oxonian, in the firft volume, and the preparations and entertainments at Sir Charles's wedding in the fifth.

When I came home from taking the air on Friday, I was very agreeably furprized to find Lady Northumberland ready to receive me, as I had no notion of her coming. I had been alarmed with a falfe report, that she had not been fo well for fome days as fince I came. I took the opportunity of fhewing her your letter, and fhe defired me to make her compliments to your ladyfhip, and tell you fhe keeps no fervant about Lady Harriot while fhe is at fchool, and at her return think it neceffary to have a perfon of a middle age about her. Such a one fhe now has with her little boy; a pretty fort of woman, that fpeaks French and Englifh equally well, grave and properly behaved, and, I think, hopes for Lady Elizabeth's place, when the little angel of a maftER goes into the hands of the men. His mamma took him away with her on Saturday, after lending him to me a month (though fhe is exceffively fond of him), becaufe fhe fees he is the joy of my life. He has fome faint refemblance (but not a good one) of his poor uncle; but his openneffs and mildneffs of temper are the fame. Her eldeft boy too is a very fine and good one. He and Lady Greville came with me from Eaton every Sunday; they are here at prefent for two or three days, on account of there being holidays. I have left myfelf room to make Mr. Cowfland's compliments, and fubfcribe myfelf, dear Madam, your, &c.

Letter 55. *Countefs of Hertford to Dr. Dennet, occafioned by fome meditations the Doctor fent her, upon the Death of her Lord Beauchamp.*

Sir,

I AM very fenfibly obliged by the compaffion you exprefs for me, under this heavy affliction. The meditations you have furnifhed me with, afford the ftrongeft

s for consolation that can be offered to a on under my unhappy circumstances. dear lamented son I have lost, was the e and joy of my heart; but I hope I may he more easily excused for having looked im in this light, since he was not so from outward advantages he possessed, but from irtues and rectitude of his mind. The pects which flattered me, in regard to him, not drawn from his distinguished rank, om the beauty of his person, but from hopes that his example would have been ceable to the cause of virtue, and would shewn the younger part of the world, it was possible to be cheerful without g foolish or vicious, and to be religious out severity or melancholy. His whole was one uninterrupted course of duty and tion to his parents; and, when he found hand of death upon him, his only regret to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly content to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, Sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years, which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, Sir, your, &c.

---

# BOOK IV. RECENT LETTERS.

## T. I. FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. AND MR. GRAY, TO AND FROM THEIR FRIENDS.

ter 1. *Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds.*

Dear Sir, Leasowes, Aug. 1740.

WONDERFUL were the dangers and difficulties through which I went, ight I left you at Barels; which I looked as ordained by Fate for the temporal hment of obstinacy. It was very kind, in character, for you to endeavour to me from the ways of darkness; but g a sort of penchant for needless diffi-s, I have an undoubted right to indulge lf in them, so long as I do not insist upon any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree; they should be *lenia tormenta*; and I must own the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an

amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god, I owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little alehouse about ten o'clock, and lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more safely swear to than to either bed or blanket. For farther particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth.—Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to shew you any civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance; and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your chance will be but small this year, &c. If the former part of this news gives you any pleasure, I assure you it gives me no less to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle which would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power —I saw Mr. Littleton last week: He is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with Lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somervile will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced Chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The Chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf, which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-halfpenny piece of ribboning; but that it will

" High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
" Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
" Usurp the head, and push the wig away."

I hope it will prove ominous, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it would entirely quadrate with the fa wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somer Mrs. Knight, and your family.

Letter 2. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Wh.*

London, April, Thur

YOU are the first who ever made a m a cough; to me it seems a much more task to verify in one's sleep, (that indeed were of old famous for*,) than for wanto Not the wakeful nightingale (when sh h cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give thanks for your warble, and wish you c sing yourself to rest. These wicked rem of your illness will sure give way to w weather and gentle exercise; which I you will not omit as the season adva Whatever low spirits and indolence, the of them may advise to the contrary, I you add five steps to your walk daily fo sake; by the help of which, in a mo time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concludin had seen it; if you have not, do you c I should get and send it to you? I have self, upon your recommendation, been re Joseph Andrews. The incidents are i and without invention; but the char have a great deal of nature, which a pleases even in her lowest shapes. P Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Sli and the story of Wilson; and throughou shews himself well read in stage co country 'squires, inns, and inns of a His reflections upon high people and low ple, and misses and masters, are very However the exaltedness of some mind rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their ind and want of feeling or observation) may

* At Eton School.

hem insensible to these light things, (I mean ch as characterise and paint nature,) yet urely they are as weighty and much more eful than your grave discourses upon the ind *, the passions and what not. Now as e paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahome- ns consist in playing upon the flute and ing with Houris, be mine to read eternal y romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the ble to read and find fault with my long angues. Your freedom (as you call it) so little need of apologies, that I should ce excuse you treating me any otherwise; ich whatever compliment it might be to my ity, would be making a very ill one to understanding. As to matter of style, ave this to say: The language of the age never the language of poetry; except ong the French, whose verse where the ght or image does not support it, differs othing from prose. Our poetry, on the rary, has a language peculiar to itself; hich almost every one that has written, added something by enriching it with fo- n idioms and derivatives; nay sometimes ls of their own composition or invention. kespear and Milton have been great tors this way; and no one more licen- s than Pope or Dryden, who perpetu- borrow expressions from the former. me give you some instances from Dry- whom every body reckons a great mas- f our poetical tongue. Full of *mateful ngs*—unlike the *trim* of love—a plen- *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—flood in his *mood*—with knots and *knares* de- ed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array* s *boon* was granted---*disarray* and shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbish- ed* for the field—the *soiled doddered* oaks—*disherited*—*smouldering* flames—*reckless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-bag*—*villanize* his father's fame.——But they are infinite: And our language not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advan- tage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great exellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern dramatics;

But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's ma-
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph: jesty
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up—

and what follows. To me they appear un- transfateable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited, or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty ex- pressions may be these—*silken* son of *dalli- ance*—*drowsier* pretensions—wrinkled *bel- dams*—*arched* the hearer's brow and *riveted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted; and indeed, if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first

* He seems here to glance at Hutchinson, the le of Shaftesbury; of whom he had not a better opinion than of his master.

ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the best *; and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus; only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines: Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion *una litura* may do the business, better than a dozen; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of spider; and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself. I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks. But no matter; it makes the hours pass; and is better than εν αμαθια και αμοισια καθευδειν. Adieu.

Letter 3. *Mr. Grey to Mr. West.*

London, May 27, 1742.

MINE, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ce ne laisse que de s'amuser*. The only fault of it is insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith *Credo quia impossibile est*; for it believes, nay, it is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasable; from this the Lord deliver us! none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society; if you have any charity, you will come to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens: "*Poulets à la broche, poulets en ragoût, poulets en hâchis, poulets fricacées.*"—Reading here, reading there, nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses:

*Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.*

I shall see Mr. —— and his wife, and his child too, for he has got a boy: is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? They are my Lords —— and ——, they are fathers: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket; as for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then: No, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you?

Letter 4. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Cambridge, Dec. 11, 1742.

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave any credit to myself in these; but I know they are never true. Nothing so silly as indolence when it hopes to disguise itself: Every one knows it by sauntering, as they do his Majesty (God

* The lines which he means here are from—*thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection*—to *Subdolus illecebrae*. For the part of the scene, which he sent in a former letter, began there.

at a masquerade, by the firmness of his and the elevation of his chin. How- somewhat I had to say that has a little ow of reason in it. I have been in town pp se you know) flaunting about at all of public places with two friends lately ned from abroad. The world itself has attractions in it to a solitary of six years ing; and agreeable well-meaning peo- f taste (thank Heaven there are so few of ) are my peculiar magnet. It is no der than if I felt some reluctance at part- with them so soon; or if my spirits, I returned back to my cell, should sink time, not indeed to storm and tempest, a good deal below changeable. Besides ca says (and my pitch of philosophy not pretend to be much above Seneca) *quam mores, quos extuli, refero. Alli- ce eo quod composui, turbantur: Alli- d ex his, quæ fugavi, redit.*" And it ppen to such as us, mere imps of ce. Well it may, when Wisdom her- s forced often

in sweet retired solitude
ame her feathers, and let grow her wings
in the various bustle of resort
all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

is a foolish thing that without money cannot either live as one pleases, or e and with whom one pleases. Swift where says, that money is liberty; and money is friendship too and society, lmost every external blessing. It is a though an ill-natured, comfort, to see of those who have it in plenty, without re, without liberty, and without friends. m not altogether of your opinion as to historical consolation in time of trouble: n melancholy it may produce, a stiller sort of despair (and that only in some circumstances, and on some constitutions): but I doubt no real comfort or content can ever arise in the human mind, but from hope.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth year of the war *, and yet say nothing of the retreat before Syracuse: Is it or is it not, the finest thing you ever read in your life? And how does Xenophon or Plutarch agree with you? For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals, though I do not well know which is which. In the first place, he is the hardest author by far I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness, that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book: It tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribblers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you are to expect from him.

Letter 5. *Mr. Gray to his Mother.*

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

THE unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me †.

* Thucydides l. vii.

† The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke church-yard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.

I have loſt a perſon I loved very much, and have been uſed to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loſs, the circumſtances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you muſt be too ſenſible of them yourſelf; and will, I fear, more and more need a conſolation that no one can give, except He who has preſerved her to you ſo many years, and at laſt, when it was his pleaſure, has taken her from us to himſelf: And perhaps, if we reflect upon what ſhe felt in this life, we may look upon this an inſtance of his goodneſs both to her, and to thoſe that loved her. She might have languiſhed many years before our eyes in a continual increaſe of pain, and totally helpleſs; ſhe might have long wiſhed to end her miſery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even loſt all ſenſe, and yet continued to breathe; a ſad ſpectacle to ſuch as muſt have felt more for her than ſhe could have done for herſelf. However you may deplore your own loſs, yet think that ſhe is at laſt eaſy and happy; and has now more occaſion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will ſupport yourſelf with that reſignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the ſame reaſon. I would have come to you directly, but you do not ſay whether you deſire I ſhould or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

Letter 6. *Mr. ray to Mr. Palgrave* *.

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I DO not know how to make you amends having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice, near me to ſend you; they do not grow in ſouth: But only ſay the word, if you w have a compact neat box of red brick ſaſh windows, or a grotto made of flints ſhell work, or a walnut tree with three m hills under it, ſtuck with honey-ſuckles a baſon of gold fiſhes, and you ſhall be ſ fied; they ſhall come by the Edinb coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you your new acquaintance with the ſavage, rude, and the tremendous. Pray, tell me, any thing like what you had read in book, or ſeen in two-ſhilling prints? not you think a man may be the wiſer (I almoſt ſaid the better) for going a hun or two of miles; and that the mind has room in it than moſt people ſeem to think you will but furniſh the apartments? I ad envy your laſt month, being in a very in ſituation myſelf: And deſire you would fail to ſend me ſome furniture for my G apartment, which is very cold at preſent will be the eaſier taſk, as you have no to do but tranſcribe your little red h if they are not rubbed out; for I con you have not truſted every thing to mem which is ten times worſe than a lead p half a word fixed upon or near a ſp worth a cart-load of recollection. Wh truſt to the picture that objects draw of t ſelves on our mind, we deceive ourſe without accurate and particular obſerva it is but ill-drawn at firſt, the outlines ſoon blurred, the colours every day fainter; and at laſt, when we would pro it to any body, we are forced to ſuppl defects with a few ſtrokes of our own gination. God forgive me, I ſuppoſe I done ſo myſelf before now, and miſled ny a good body that put their truſt in

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeſton in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

, tell me (but with permiſſion, and with-any breach of hoſpitality), it is ſo much mer on the other ſide of the Swale (as e people of honour ſay) than it is here? the ſinging of birds, the bleating of , the lowing of herds, deafened you at nton? Did the vaſt old oaks and thick ves in Northumberland keep off the ſun much from you? I am too civil to ex- my inquiries beyond Berwick. Every g, doubtleſs, muſt improve upon you en advanced northward. You muſt tell though, about Melroſs, Roſslin Chapel, Arbroath. In ſhort, your port-feuille be ſo full, that I only deſire a looſe ter or two, and will wait for the reſt till mes out.

Letter 7. *From the ſame to the ſame.*

London, July 24, 1759.

AM now ſettled in my new territories manding Bedford Gardens, and all the s as far as Highgate and Hampſtead, ſuch a concourſe of moving pictures as ld aſtoniſh you; ſo *rus-in-urbe-iſh*, that lieve I ſhall ſtay here, except little excur- and vagaries, for a year to come. What gh I am ſeparated from the faſhionable d by Broad St. Giles's, and many a court and alley, yet here is air, and ſun- , and quiet, however, to comfort you: ll confeſs that I am baſking with heat he ſummer, and I ſuppoſe ſhall be blown all the winter, beſides being robbed night; I truſt, however, that the æum, with all its manuſcripts and rari- by the cart-load, will make ample amends ll the aforeſaid inconveniences.

This day paſt through the jaws of a great than into the den of Dr. Templeman, indendant of the reading-room, who gratulated himſelf on the ſight of ſo much good company. We were, firſt, a man that writes for Lord Royſton; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he ſpeaks the worſt Engliſh I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himſelf, the very worſt perſon he could write for; and, laſtly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without ſome difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have ſold only fourſcore; that they have 900l. a year income, and ſpend 1300l. and are building apartments for the under-keepers; ſo I expect in winter to ſee the collection advertiſed and ſet to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his Hiſtory? Do you remember Mr. **'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the groſſeſt taſte is better than ſuch a ſort of delicacy.

Letter 8. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

London, June 22, 1760.

I AM not ſorry to hear you are exceeding buſy, except, as it has deprived me of the pleaſure I ſhould have in hearing often from you; and as it has been occaſioned by a little vexation and diſappointment. To find one's ſelf buſineſs, I am perſuaded, is the great art of life; I am never ſo angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wiſhing they had been bred to ſome poking profeſſion, or employed in ſome office of drudgery, as if it were pleaſanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go unleſs they were wound up: Yet I know and feel what they mean by this com-

complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself: I say a man; for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper, they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies); a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As to myself, I have again found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room*, and hope that you will find at least an equal satisfaction at Old Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you, and only wish you may brew no worse than I bake.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses: I know I am no conjuror in these things; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined; and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason when he tells me that he understands these things. The prophetic eye of taste (as Mr. Pitt called it) sees all the beauties, that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Croisfall or Warden-law.

* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal estate at Old-Park, near Durham.

I am much obliged to you for your a[illegible] q[illegible]e news. Froissard is a favourite book [illegible] mine (though I have not attentively read [illegible] but only dipped here and there); and [illegible] is strange to me that people, who would [illegible] thousands for a dozen portraits (originals [illegible] that time) to furnish a gallery, should [illegible] cast an eye on so many moving pictures [illegible] the life, actions, manners, and thoughts [illegible] their ancestors, done on the spot, and in [illegible] though simple colours. In the succeed[illegible] century Froissard, I find, was read with [illegible] satisfaction by every body that could [illegible] and on the same footing with King Ar[illegible] Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin: [illegible] because they thought him a fabulous w[illegible] but because they took them all for tru[illegible] authentic historians; to so little purpose [illegible] it in that age for a man to be at the pain [illegible] writing truth. Pray, are you come to [illegible] four Irish Kings that went to school to [illegible] Richard the Second's Master of the Cere[illegible] nies, and the man who informed Froissa[illegible] all he had seen in St. Patrick's purgato[illegible]

The town are reading the King of Pr[illegible] poetry (*La Philosophe sans Souci*), a[illegible] have done like the town; they do not [illegible] so sick of it as I am: It is all the fe[illegible] Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the cr[illegible] recocta of our worst free-thinkers, toss[illegible] in German-French rhyme. Tristram S[illegible] dy is still a greater object of admiration [illegible] man as well as the book; one is inv[illegible] dinner, where he dines a fortnight b[illegible] As to the volumes yet published, there is [illegible] good fun in them, and humour some[illegible] hit and sometimes missed. Have you [illegible] his sermons, with his own comic figure [illegible] a painting by Reynolds, at the head of [illegible] They are in the style I think most p[illegible] the pulpit, and shew a strong imag[illegible]

d a ſenſible heart; but you ſee him often ering on the verge of laughter, and rea- to throw his periwig in the face of the dience.

Letter 9. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonhewer.*

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancho- employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I pe) will have all the ſucceſs it deſerves*. was the beſt and moſt natural method of e, and ſuch as could not have been ad- niſtered by any but your gentle hand. I nk you for communicating to me what muſt e you ſo much ſatisfaction.

I ſo was reading M. D'Alembert, and ke you) am totally diſappointed in his ements. I could only taſte a little of the it courſe: It was dry as a ſtick, hard as a ne, and cold as a cucumber. But then letter to Rouſſeau is like himſelf; and the ſcourſes on elocution, and on the liberty of ſic, are divine. He has added to his nſlations from Tacitus; and (what is narkable) though that author's manner ore nearly reſembles the beſt French wri- rs of the preſent age, than any thing, he tally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with hird ſpecimen, inferior in kind (becauſe is merely deſcription), but yet full of na- re and noble wild imagination. Five bards s the night at the caſtle of a chief (him- f a principal bard); each goes in his turn obſerve the face of things, and returns th an extempore picture of the changes he has ſeen (it is an October night, the harveſt month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a pre- paration of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddeſt thing is, that every one of them ſees ghoſts (more or leſs). The idea that ſtruck and ſurpriſed me moſt, is the following. One of them (deſcribing a ſtorm of wind and rain) ſays,

> Ghoſts ride on the tempeſt to night:
> Sweet is their voice between the guſts of wind,
> Their ſongs are of other worlds!

Did you never obſerve (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pauſe, as the guſt is re- collecting itſelf, and riſing upon the ear in a ſhrill and plaintiff note, like the ſwell of an *Æolian* harp? I do aſſure you there is no- thing in the world ſo like the voice of a ſpi- rit. Thomſon had an ear ſometimes: He was not deaf to this; and has deſcribed it glori- ouſly, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: It is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It deſcribes the breaking of the clouds after the ſtorm, before it is ſettled into a calm, and when the moon is ſeen by ſhort intervals.

> The waves are tumbling on the lake,
> And laſh the rocky ſides.
> The boat is brimful in the cove,
> The oars on the rocking tide.
> Sad ſits a maid beneath a cliff,
> And eyes the rolling ſtream:
> Her lover promiſed to come, ſlake;
> She ſaw his boat (when it was evening) on the
> Are theſe his groans in the gale
> Is this his broken boat on the ſhore?

* Mr. Stonhewer was now at Houghton-le- ring, in the Biſhoprick of Durham, attending his ſick father, rector of that pariſh.

Letter 10. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Clarke**.

Pembroke-Hall, August 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and, what they call, doing something, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill † like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. —— (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fare was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never h up his head more, and a violent lookin carried him off.—— They say he made very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments f they were printed? I am more puzzled th ever about their antiquity, though I still cline (against every body's opinion) to lieve them old. Those you have alre seen are the best; though there are fo others that are excellent too.

Letter 11. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Cambridge, August 20, 17

I HAVE sent Musæus back as you fired me, scratched here and there; and it also a bloody satire, written against less persons than you and I by name. concluded at first it was Mr. * *, becau he is your friend and my humble serva but then I thought he knew the world well to call us the favourite minions of and of fashion, especially as to odes. to them his ridicule is confined: So it is he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to L Bath, author of the Connoisseur, a m ber of one of the inns of court, and a p ticular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. W have you done to him? For I never h his name before; he makes very tolerable with me where I understand him (whic not every where); but seems more an with you. Lest people should not un stand the humour of the thing (which deed to do they must have our lyricism their finger ends), letters come out in Lo Evening-post to tell them who and wha was that he meant, and says, it is like to duce a great combustion in the lit world. So if you have any mind to *bustle* about it, well and good; for m am neither so literary nor so combusti

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley.

Monthly Review, I see, just now has ffuff about us on this occasion. It ne of us at least has always borne his ies meekly. I leave you to guess of us that is: I think I know. You ion you! you must be meek, must and see what you get by it.

tter 12. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

London, 1761.

EJOICE to find that you not only reconciled to your northern scene, but r beauties round you that once were nities: I am persuaded the whole mat- o have always something going for- Happy they that can create a rose- erect a honey-suckle; that can watch ood of a hen, or see a fleet of their cklings launch into the water: It is sentiment of envy I speak it, who hall have even a thatched roof of my or gather a strawberry but in Covent- n. I will not, however, believe in the y of Old-Park till next summer, erhaps I may trust to my own ears.

Nouvelle Heloise cruelly disappoint- but it has its partisans, amongst are Mason and Mr. Hurd; for me, I nothing but Fingal (I conclude you en it, if not Stonhewer can lend it yet I remain still in doubt about the icity of these poems, though inclining o believe them genuine in spite of the whether they are the inventions of y, or of a modern Scotchman, ei- se is to me alike unaccountable; *ard.*

d you a Swedish and English calen- e first column is by Berger, a dis- Linnæus; the second by Mr. Stil- the third (very imperfect indeed) You are to observe, as you tend your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old-Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other side a light sandy loam; all the country about is a dead flat: You see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place); and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man; his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it into execution, as he is himself a botanist.

Letter 13. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

August, 1761.

BE assured your York Canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you*. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor: Age and diseases vanish at your name;

* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, Mr. Mason expected to be made a residentiary in his cathedral.

severs

fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas into iſſues: It is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his eaſe, when he was about it; and all his family (I ſuppoſe) are curſing you for it.

I wrote to Lord —— on his recovery; and he anſwers me very cheerfully, as if his illneſs had been but ſlight, and the pleuriſy were no more than a hole in one's ſtocking. He got it (he ſays) not by ſcampering, racketing, and riding poſt, as I had ſuppoſed; but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray ſo tell him, if you ſee him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and veniſon), and loſing his great toe with a mortification, ſaid to the laſt, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his ſtomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I gueſs, at your inſtigation) has earneſtly deſired me to write ſome lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Belleiſle. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams ſo ſlightly as I did: But he is ſo friendly a perſon, and his affliction ſeemed to me ſo real, that I could not refuſe him. I have ſent him the following verſes, which I neither like myſelf, nor will he, I doubt: However, I have ſhewed him that I wiſhed to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

Letter 14. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am ſure my thoughts expatiate to where oftener, or with more pleaſure, than to Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, wh[illegible] name were in my letter or not, ſ[illegible] preſent to my memory as the [illegible] whole family; and I deſire you w[illegible] ſent her with two kiſſes in my name, [illegible] a-piece to all the others; for I ſhall [illegible] liberty to kiſs them all (great and [illegible] you are to be my proxy.

In ſpite of the rain, which I think [illegible] nued, with very ſhort intervals, till [illegible] ginning of this month, and quite diſ[illegible] ſummer from the year, I made a [illegible] paſs May and June not diſagreeably in [illegible] I was ſurpriſed at the beauty of the [illegible] Canterbury, which (I know not wh[illegible] not ſtruck me before. The whole [illegible] is a rich and well-cultivated gard[illegible] chards, cherry-grounds, hop gardens, [illegible] mixed with corn and frequent village[illegible] the riſings covered with wood, a[illegible] where the Thames and Medway bre[illegible] upon the landſcape with all their na[illegible] It was indeed owing to the bad weat[illegible] the whole ſcene was dreſſed in the [illegible] emerald green, which one uſually [illegible] for a fortnight in the opening of the [illegible] and this continued till I left the [illegible] My reſidence was eight miles eaſ[illegible] terbury, in a little quiet valley on t[illegible] of Barham-Down*. In theſe [illegible] whole ſoil is chalk, and whenever it [illegible] in half an hour it is dry enough [illegible] out. I took the opportunity of the [illegible] days fine weather to go into the iſle [illegible] net; ſaw Margate (which is Ram[illegible] fair by the ſea-ſide), Ramſgate, [illegible] places there; and ſo came by [illegible]

* At Denton, where his friend [illegible] William Robinſon, brother to Matth[illegible] ſon, Eſq. late member for Canter[illegible] reſided.

Dover, Folkſtone, and Hithe, back . The coaſt is not like Hartlepool; are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of eat height till you come to Dover; indeed they are noble and pictureſque, he oppoſite coaſts of France begin to d your view, which was left before to unlimited by any thing but the horizon; is by no means a ſhipleſs ſea, but every peopled with white ſails, and veſſels of s in motion: And take notice (except Iſle, which is all corn-fields, and has ittle incloſure) there are in all places rows, and tall trees even within a few of the beach. Particularly, Hithe on an eminence covered with wood. I confeſs we had fires at night (aye, and too) ſeveral times in June; but do not d take advantage in the north at this, was the moſt untoward year that ever I ber.

compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family; I will not name them, leſt I ſhould affront any body.

Letter 15. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Maſon.*

March 28, 1767.

I BREAK in upon you at a moment, when we leaſt of all are permitted to diſturb our friends, only to ſay, that you are daily and hourly preſent to my thoughts. If the worſt be not yet paſt, you will neglect and pardon me: But if the laſt ſtruggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer ſenſible to your kindneſs, or to her own ſufferings, allow me (at leaſt in idea, for what could I do, were I preſent, more than this?) to ſit by you in ſilence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at reſt, but you who loſe her. May He, who made us, the Maſter of our pleaſures and of our pains, preſerve and ſupport you! Adieu.

I have long underſtood how little you had to hope.

## SECT. II. FROM LAURENCE STERNE AND OTHERS.

1. *Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.*

y Dear, Paris, May 16, 1762.

s a thouſand to one that this reaches ore you have ſet out—however, I take nce—you will receive one wrote laſt the moment you get to Mr. E. and you joy of your arrival in town—to er which you will find in town, I have to add that I can think on—for I moſt drained my brains dry upon the For God's ſake riſe early and gallop n the cool—and always ſee that you ot forgot your baggage in changing ſts. You will find good tea upon from York to Dover—only bring a carry you from Calais to Paris—give the Cuſtom-houſe officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch fourr—but as tobacco is good here, you had beſt bring a Scotch mill and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—it will keep him out of miſchief. I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourſelves. See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look ſharp—drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool (that is, if you like it.) Live well, and deny yourſelves nothing your hearts with. So God in heaven proſper and go along with you—kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately your's.

Letter

Letter 2. *Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne.*

My Dear, Paris, May 31, 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts, so I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still—I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-house-office at Calais—it will be sent you next post. You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. It is well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as your's we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never kown to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month; so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation——and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice yo give me, that I may have apartments and fit for you when you arrive. Fo own part I shall continue writing to fortnight longer—present my respects friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my tions at P. done for me, &c. &c. I offers are made about the inclosure at R they must be inclosed to me—nothing fairly proposed shall stand still on my Do all for the best, as He who guid things will I hope do for us—to Heave serve you both—believe me your affecti &c.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought gold watch to present to her when she c

Letter 3. *Mr. Sterne to Lady D*

Paris, July 9,

I WILL not send your Ladyship the you bid me purchase, without a line. very well pleased with Paris—indeed with so many civilities amongst the here, that I must sing their praises—the have a great deal of urbanity in their sition, and to stay a little time among will be agreeable. I splutter French be understood—but I have had a droll ture here in which my Latin was of so vice to me—I had hired a chaise and to go about seven miles into the count Shandean-like, did not take notice horse was almost dead when I took Before I got half way, the poor anim ped down dead—so I was forced to app fore the Police, and began to tell my French, which was, that the poor be to do with a worse beast than himself, his master, who had driven him all before (Jehu like), and that he had had corn, or hay, therefore I was no

e horſe—but I might as well have d, as have ſpoke French, and I believe atin was equal to my uncle Toby's Li- o—being not underſtood becauſe of its , but by dint of words I forced my to do me juſtice—no common thing, e way, in France. My wife and ter are arrived—the latter does nothing k out of the window, and complain of ment of being frizled. I wiſh ſhe may emain a child of nature—I hate children

pe this will find your Ladyſhip well— at you will be kind enough to direct to Toulouſe, which place I ſhall ſet out y ſoon. I am, with truth and ſince- our Ladyſhip's moſt faithful, &c.

4. *Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouſe,
y dear Foley, Auguſt 14, 1762.

TER many turnings (*alias* digreſ- to ſay nothing of downright over- , ſtops, and delays, we have arrived e weeks at Toulouſe, and are now ſet- our houſes with ſervants, &c. about us, k as compoſed as if we had been here ears. In our journey we ſuffered ſo rom the heats, it gives me pain to re- r it. I never ſaw a cloud from Paris nes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, ſtewed, and carbonaded on one ſide r all the way—and being all done (*aſſez cuits*) in the day, we were eat ight by bugs, and other unſwept-out the legal inhabitants (if length of n gives right) of every inn we lay at you conceive a worſe accident than that a journey, in the hotteſt day and hour our miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we ſhould break a hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged in conſequence to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or poſſibility of getting any? To mend the matter, my two poſtilions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—No thing was to be done! By Heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horſe, and ride like two devils to the next poſt, for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourſelves. Our luggage weighed ten quintals—it was the fair of Beaucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were aſked by every ſoul who paſſed by us, if we were going to the fair of Beaucaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raiſon, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſhed, and elegant beyond any thing I looked for—It is built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the beſt garden in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent—"the more the merrier." The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs joining to the very great *ſalle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing rooms to them—below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the other to ſee company. I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the ſame landlord I have bargained to have the uſe of a country

a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other. My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more nor less than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very very little. I dined yesterday with Mr. H——; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well. As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send a bill along with them. I will write to him about it. I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily—but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for I am most truly your's.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

Letter 5. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.*

Reverend Sir, [1766.]

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. —A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the greatest families in the king[illegible] my chief pleasure has been books—P[illegible] thropy I adore. How very much, ge[illegible] am I, (amongst millions,) indebted [illegible] the character of your amiable uncle! I declare I would walk ten miles [illegible] days, to shake hands with the honest [illegible] ral. Your sermons have touched [illegible] heart, and I hope have amended it; [illegible] brings me to the point. In your [illegible] course, is this very affecting passage—"[illegible] "sider how great a part of our species [illegible] "ages down to this—have been trod[illegible] "the feet of cruel and capricious [illegible] "who would neither hear their cries, [illegible] "their distresses. Consider slavery—[illegible] "is—how bitter a draught—and how [illegible] "millions are made to drink of it." [illegible] my favourite authors, not one has [illegible] tear in favour of my miserable black[illegible] ren—excepting yourself, and the hum[illegible] ber of Sir Geo. Ellison. I think y[illegible] forgive me; I am sure you will app[illegible] for beseeching you to give one half-ho[illegible] tent on to slavery, as it is this day p[illegible] in our West-Indies. That subject ha[illegible] your striking manner would ease [illegible] (perhaps) of many—but if only [illegible] racious God! what a feast to a be[illegible] heart! and sure I am, you are an e[illegible] in acts of charity. You who are un[illegible] read, and so universally admired—y[illegible] not fail. Dear Sir, think in me you [illegible] the uplifted hands of thousands of my [illegible] Moors. Grief (you pathetically [illegible] quent: Figure to yourself the [illegible] hear their supplicating addresses!—A[illegible] cannot refuse. Humanity must con[illegible] which hope I beg permission to subsc[illegible] self, Reverend Sir, &c

ter 6. *Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.*

Coxwould, December 20, 1766.

NKS my dear W., for your letter n just preparing to come and greet many other friends in town---I have my ink-ſtandiſh to the bottom, and ve publiſhed, ſhall ſet my face, not Jerusalem, but towards the Alps--- and once more fly from death whilſt ength---I ſhall go to Naples; and her the air of that place will not ſet r frame to rights---As to the pro- ting a bear to lead, I think I have to do to govern myſelf---and however e it might be (according to your opi- am ſure it would be unpleaſurable re the minutes of life, and I do not at I have any to throw away on any g. I ſhall ſpend nine or ten months and call upon my wife and daughter t at my return---ſo ſhall be back by g's birth-day---what a project!--- my dear friend, am I going to not for the ſake of ſociety---nor to the ſide of the muddy Ouſe, but myſelf of the moſt violent ſpitting that ever mortal man experienced; had rather (in caſe it is ordained ſo) than in a poſt-chaiſe on the road. amour of my uncle Toby do not , I am miſtaken---and ſo with a y I will finiſh this letter---A ſenſi- of mine, with whom, not long nt ſome hours in converſation, met ecary (an acquaintance of ours)--- aſked him how he did? why ill, -I have been with Sterne, who has ſuch a doſe of Attic ſalt that I am ---Attic ſalt, Sir, Attic ſalt! I have ſalt,---I have Epſom ſalt in my ſhop, h! I ſuppoſe it is ſome French ſalt--- you would truſt his report of the medicine, he care not what he takes himſelf--- I fancy I ſee you ſmile--I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there ---and ſhall enjoy myſelf a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the reſt of the joyous ſect---As to the females---no, I will not ſay a word about them---only I have borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her ſhift) for the purpoſe ſhe intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu---I am your's, &c.

Letter 7. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. B——.*

London,
My dear Friend, July 13, 1777.

NO THING could poſſibly be more welcome than the favour of your truly obliging letter, which I received the day before yeſterday. Know, my worthy young man--- that it is the pride of my heart when I reflect that, through the favour of Providence, I was the humble means of good to ſo worthy an object. May you live to be a credit to your great and good friends, and a bleſſing and comfort to your honeſt parents!---May you, my child, purſue, through God's mercy, the right paths of humility, candour, temperance, benevolence---with an early piety, gratitude, and praiſe to the Almighty Giver of all your good!---gratitude---and love for the noble and generous benefactors his providence has ſo kindly moved in your behalf! Ever let your actions be ſuch as your own heart can approve---always think before you ſpeak, and pauſe before you act---always ſuppoſe yourſelf before the eyes of Sir William-- and Mr. Garrick. To think juſtly, is the way to do rightly---and by that means you will ever be at peace within. I am happy to hear Sir W—— cares ſo much about your welfare---his character is great becauſe it is good; as to your noble friend Mr. Garrick —his

---his virtues are above all praiſe---he has not only the beſt head in the world, but the beſt heart alſo;---he delights in doing good. Your father and mother called on me laſt week, to ſhew me a letter which Mr. Garrick has wrote to you---keep it, my dear boy, as a treaſure beyond all price---it would do honour to the pen of a divine---it breathes the ſpirit of father---friend-- and Chriſtian!—indeed I know no earthly being that I can reverence ſo much as your exalted and noble friend and patron Mr. Garrick. Your father and mother, I told you, I ſaw lately ---they were both well, and their eyes overflowed at the goodneſs of your noble patrons ---and with the honeſt hope that you would prove yourſelf not unworthy of their kindneſs.

I thank you for your kindneſs to my poor black brethren---I flatter myſelf you will find them not ungrateful---they act commonly from their feelings: I have obſerved a dog will love thoſe who uſe him kindly---and ſurely, if ſo, negroes in their ſtate of ignorance and bondage will not act leſs generouſly, if I may judge them by myſelf---I ſhould ſuppoſe kindneſs would do any thing with them;---my ſoul melts at kindneſs---but the contrary---I own with ſhame---makes me almoſt a ſavage. If you can with conveniency---when you write again---ſend me half a dozen cocoa-nuts, I ſhall eſteem them for your ſake---but do not think of it if there is the leaſt difficulty. In regard to wages, I think you acted quite right---do not ſick too haſtily to be independent---it is quite time enough yet for one of your age to be your own maſter. Read Mr. Garrick's letter night and morning---put it next your heart ---impreſs it on your memory---and may the God of all mercy give you grace to follow his friendly dictates!---I ſhall ever truly to hear from you, and your well-doing a comfort to me for ever; it is not in y power and option to command riche dom and health are immediately the God---but it is in your own breaſt to ---therefore, my dear child, make t right election---be good, and truſt th God, and remember he is about y and about your paths, and ſpieth ou ways. I am, with pride and delig true friend.

Letter 8. *Ignatius Sancho to Mrs. H*

February

IT is the moſt puzzling affair in a mind that labours under obliga know how to expreſs its feelings former tender ſolicitude for my well and your generous remembrance in ſent order---appear friendly beyond mon actions of thoſe we in general fort of people;---but I will not with my nonſenſical thanks---for ſuch kind of hearts as you are bl have ſufficient reward in the conſcio acting humanely.---I opened ſhop day the 29th of January---and with a ſucceſs truely flattering;---i my ſtudy and conſtant care not to good opinion of my friends.---I h ſure in congratulating you upon Mrs happy delivery and pleaſing incre family;---it is the hope and wi heart---that your comforts in all th multiply with your years---that in tain great end---you may emerg pain---full of hope---from corrup ſure---to immortal and incorrupti happineſs without end---and paſt comprehenſion;---there may you

we love (or care for) meet!---the the parties---distinctions---feuds of ---enthusiasm---lust---and anger of rable motley world---all totally for- ery idea lost, and absorbed in the mansions of redeeming love.

e not seen Sir Jacob near a fortnight hope and conclude him well.---R—— and grows very fat---an easy mirth, purse---and a good table---great -and much indulgence---all these terribly to plumpness.---I must beg u see Mr. ——, if not improper venient, that you will inform him--- ere there is but little---every little -I think he is too humane to be of- the liberty---and too honest to be d with a truth.---I am, with grate- ks to Mr. H——, your sincerely servant and poor friend.

best half and Sanchonetta's are all

9. *Ignatius Sancho to Miss L——.*

Sept. 12, 1775.

RE is nothing in nature more vex- an contributing to the uneasiness of hose partiality renders them anxious well-doing---the honest heart dilates ure when it can happily contribute to its friends. You see by this that xcomb enough to suppose me and consequence!---but if it is so---it is ou whose partial goodness have graf- olly on my natural trunk of dul- am, in truth, in a very unfit mood ing---for poor Lydia is very soso--- ncho not very stout;---and for me, ou, that of my pair of feet---two his instant in pain!---This is the e---but courage! *Hope!* delusive, cheating Hope! beckons Self-love, and enlists him of her side---and, together, use their friendly eloquence to persuade me that better times are coming.---Your beloved wife (cries Self-love) will have a happy time, and be up soon, strong and hearty.---Your child (cries Hope) will get the better of her illness---and grow up a blessing and comfort to your evening life---and your friend will soon be in town, and enliven your winter prospects.---Trust, trust in the Almighty---his providence is your shield---it is his love, it is his mercy, which has hitherto supported and kept you up.---See, see! cries Hope! look where Religion, with Faith on her right, and Charity on her left, and a numerous train of blessings in her rear, come to thy support.---Fond foolish mortal, leave complaining---all will be right---all is right.---Adieu, my good friend---write me something, to chase away idle fears, and to strengthen hope.---Too true it is, that where the tender passions are concerned, our sex are cowards. Your's sincerely.

Mrs. Sancho sends her best wishes.

Letter 10. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. M——.*

July 23, 1777.

YES---too true it is---for the many (aye, and some of those many carry their heads high) too true for the miserable---the needy---the sick---for many, alas! who now may have no helper---for the child of folly, poor S---, and even for thy worthless friend Sancho.---It is too true, that the Almighty has called to her rich reward --she who, whilst on earth, approved herself his best delegate.---How blind, how silly, is the mortal who places any trust or hope in aught but the Almighty! ---You are just, beautifully just, in your sketch of the vicissitudes of worldly bliss.---

We

We rise the lover---dine the husband---and too oft, alas! lay down the forlorn widow er.---Never so struck in my life; - -it was on Friday night, between ten and eleven, just preparing for my concluding pipe---the duke of M———'s man knocks.---" Have you heard the bad news?"---No----" The Duchess of Queensbury died last night!"---I felt fifty different sensations---unbelief was uppermost---when he crushed my incredibility, by saying he had been to know how his Grace did---who was also very poorly in health. ---Now the preceding day, Thursday (the day on which she expired), I had received a very penetential letter from S———, dated from St. Helena;---this letter I inclosed in a long tedious epistle of my own---and sent to Peterham, believing the family to be all there. ---The day after you left town her Grace died;---that day week she was at my door ---the day after I had the honour of a long audience in her dressing room.---Alas! this hour blessed with health---crowned wich honours---loaded with riches, and encircled with friends—the next reduced to a lump of poor clay—a tenement for worms!—Earth repossesses part of what she gave—and the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:—Her disorder was a stoppage—she fell ill the evening of the Friday that I last saw her—continued in her full senses to the last.—The good she had done reached the skies long before her lamented death—and are the only heralds that are worth the pursuit of Wisdom:—As to her bad deeds, I have never heard of them.—Had it been for the best, God would have lent her a bit longer to a foolish world, which hardly deserved so good a woman;—for my own part, I have lost a friend and—perhaps it is better so. "Whatever is," &c. &c. I with S——— knew this heavy news, for many reasons. I am inclined to hope Grace's death is the only thing that will conduce to his reform. I fear neither gratitude nor sensibility will be moved upon hearing the news—it will act upon fears and make him do *right* upon principal. Hang him! he teazes me whenever I think of him. I supped last night with St. ———; he called in just now, says he has a right to be remembered. You and he are two old monkies—that I abuse and rate you, the better friends think me. As you have found out that spirits govern your head—you will of course contrive every method of keeping your instrument in tune;—sure I am, that bathing—riding—walking—in succession—the latter not violent—will brace your nerves, rarify your blood—invigorate its circulation ---Add to the rest *continency*---yes---I repeat it, *continency*;---before you think---rethink---and think again---go to your *Bible*---look in *Young*---look in your own breast---if your heart and what your head counsels---act then ---Oh! *à propos*---pray thank my friend Mrs. H———— for her friendly letter C--- J---; it did Mrs. Sancho sent does poor Billy great good---who has his teeth) plagued with a cough---I hope will not run to the whooping. the girls greet you as their respected master. As to your spirited kind of F———, why when you please---you what I intend doing with it.

Poor Lady S———, I find, still this side the world. Alas! when happy period arrive, that the sons of lity may greet each other with the joy that sin, pain, sorrow, and death more; skies without clouds, earth

ife without death, would without end! , bliſs, and harmony, where the od--All in all---King of kings -- of lords---reigneth---omnipotent--- r---for ever! --may you, my dear and all I love---yea the whole race m, join with my unworthy weak ſelf ipendous---aſtoniſhing---ſoul-cheer- lelujahs!---where charity may be d up in love---hope in bliſs---and glorious certainty!---We will mix, with all countries, colours, faiths--- ountleſs multitudes of the firſt world yriads deſcended from the---ark--- archs---ſages---prophets---and he- y head turns round at the vaſt idea! mingle with them, and try to untwiſt chain of bleſſed providence---which and baffles human underſtanding. Yours &c.

. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. M——.*

Auguſt 14, 1777.

ear M——, I know full well thy muſt proceed from ill health. To cerns me is dull nonſenſe---ſelf-love rinciple will inſpire even devils with ; by ſo much leſs as their appre- y friend has diabolical about him--- thou judge of his feelings towards Why wilt thou not part with thy ut aſſuredly I do believe it would ce paſt meaſure---thou doſt not fan- ngth (like Sampſon's the Iſraelite) y hair. Remember he was ſhorn olly---he loſt his wits previous to his locks---do thou conſent to loſe order to ſave thy better judgment. o worſe ſoul ſinking pain than the though (thank Heaven) I am not ed with it. I long to ſee thee--- and will ſoon, if in my power:---ſome odd folks would think it would have *been* but good manners to have thanked you for the fawn---but then, ſays the punſter, that would have *been* ſo like *fawn*-ing---which J. M--- loves not, *no*, nor Sancho either;---it is the hypocrite's key to the great man's heart--- it is the reſource of cowardly cure---and deceitful b---p---s---it is the ſpaniel's ſort--- and man's diſgrace---it is in ſhort---the day is ſo hot---that I cannot ſay at preſent any more about it---but that the fawn was large, freſh and worthy the giver, the receiver, and the joyous ſouls that eat it. Billy has ſuffered much in getting his teeth---I have juſt wiſhed him joy by his mother's deſire, who ſays, that he took reſolution at laſt, and walked to her ſome few ſteps quite alone. Albeit it gave me no ſmall pleaſure---yet upon conſideration, what I approve of now, perhaps, (ſhould I live to ſee him at man's eſtate,) I might then diſapprove--- unleſs God's grace ſhould as ably ſupport him through the quick ſands---rocks---and ſhoals of life---as it has happily the honeſt being I am now writing to.---God give you health!---your own conduct will ſecure peace---your friends bread. As to honors, leave it with titles--- to knaves---and be content with that of an honeſt man, "the nobleſt work of God." Shave---ſhave---ſhave. Farewell, your's ſincerely.

Letter 12. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. S---W---e.*

My dear W—e, May 4, 1778.

YOUR ſhort letter gave me much pleaſure ---which would have been enlarged, had your epiſtle been longer;---but I make allowances ---as I ought---for the number of friends who wiſh equally with me---and expect to be gratified. You are greatly fortunate in enjoy-

joying your health---for which I doubt not but you are truly thankful to the Almighty Giver.---As to your ſucceſs, it is the beſt comment upon your conduct;---for rectitude of principle and humble deportment, added to ſtrict attention and good nature, muſt make even fools and knaves with you well---though envy will mix itſelf with the tranſient kindneſs of ſuch---but with ſuch noble natures as you went out happily connected with, you are every day ſowing the good ſeeds of your future fortune. I hope to live to ſee you return---the comfort and honour of your good father and family;---but obſerve--I do not wiſh you half a million, clogged with the tears and blood of the poor natives;---no---a decent competence got with honeſty---and that will keep increaſing like the widow's curſe, and deſcend down to poſterity with accumulated bleſſings. You deſire to transfer your ſhare in me to your brother Joe;---now be it known to you---Joe has intereſt ſufficient in his own natural right with me, to ſecure him every attention in my poor power. But you flatter, my good friend---though your flattery carries a good excuſe with it---you flatter the poor.

I ſay nothing of politics---I hate ſuch ſubjects;---the public papers will inform you of miſtakes---blood---taxes---miſery---murder---the obſtinacy of a few---and the madneſs and villainy of a many. I expect a very very long letter from you---in anſwer to a ſermon I wrote you laſt year. Miſs ——— is ſtill divinely fair;---ſhe is a good girl, but no match for Nabobs. Mrs. C——— is as handſome as ever------and R——— as friendly. God bleſs them! feaſting or faſting! ſleeping or waking! May God's providence watch over and protect them---and all ſuch! ---Your brother Frank is a ſweet boy---a painter, who would wiſh to dar[illegible] will find no fitter ſubject. The C[illegible] ---but what have I to do with good [illegible] who will of courſe all write for th[illegible] ---ſo let them. Your father---Oh, what a cordial!---what a rich luxu[illegible] to be able to contribute, by well-doing [illegible] father's, nay a whole family of kind[illegible] and heart-felt affection! what a bal[illegible] to all their happineſs---and to [illegible] own at the ſame time!---May this hi[illegible] fire be thine! and may the God [illegible] and fountain of all good enrich thy h[illegible] head with his ſpirit and wiſdom---[illegible] your labours with ſucceſs---and g[illegible] from avarice---ambition---and every evil---ſo that your native land may [illegible] you with riches and honour---you[illegible] with true joy---heightened with ſincer[illegible] So wiſhes---ſo propheſies---thy tr[illegible] and obliged ſervant.

Letter 13. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. W[illegible]*

Charles-ſtreet, Ma[illegible]

YOU wiſh me to write a condol[illegible] to Mrs. W———e. My good fri[illegible] can I poſſibly write but your g[illegible] muſt have anticipated? The ſoul-[illegible] ſoothings of cordial love have the ſtrongeſt effects upon the grief-to[illegible] you have of courſe told her that th[illegible] due, greatly ſo! to a merciful G[illegible] might have bereaved her of a chi[illegible] of a worthy couſin; or that ſhe ou[illegible] comfort---and to acknowledge div[illegible] ---that it was not her huſband:--I [illegible] ment the death of that amiable gir[illegible] ſorrow in the extreme:---Why l[illegible] great bliſs and *choice prize* of what [illegible] ---what is it ſhe has not gained by [illegible] death?---you will ſay ſhe was g[illegible]

pose that in the tender connexions of friend---and mother---she would have n honoured and esteemed example. he might---and it is as true, she might een unhappily paired, ill-matched to horose, ill-minded, uneven bashaw; might have fell from affluence to want honour to infamy---from innocence :---In short, we mistake too com- he objects of our grief;---the living our tears---the dead (if their lives tuous) our gratulations;---in your ll that can be said is---earth has lost ning sweet flower (which, had it lasted must of course soon fade)---and hea- gained an angel, which will bloom ---so let us hear no more of grief. must follow. No! let us rejoice, ur worthy friend Mrs. —— *. Joy good couple! May they each find spective wishes! May he find the acknowledgment of obliged and duty!—and she, the substantial, olid rewards due to a rectitude of con- narked strongly with kindness and ! And may you, my friend!---but aches---my foot swells---I can only love to the C---ds, and to poor Joe ank. Read this to Mrs. W——e. reasoning may be too weak to reach but, however, she may smile at my ies;---if so, I shall have a comfort ever wish to give pleasure to her dear nd the pride of my heart is ever to ne---alas!---and that one a wife. s thy true friend.

W——e comes as far as P--- Gar- but cannot reach Charles-street.

*w's that?*

union was remarkable for disparity of he bridegroom being 78, the bride in n of youth.

I hear my scheme of taxation was inserted directly, and should be glad to see the paper, if easily got.

*Vanity!*

Letter 14. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. H——.*

Dear Madam, June 17, 1779.

YOUR son, who is a welcome visitor wherever he comes, made himself more welcome to me by the kind proof of your regard he brought in his hands. Souls like your's, who delight in giving pleasure, enjoy a heaven on earth; for I am convinced that the disposition of the mind in a great measure forms either the heaven or hell in both worlds. I rejoice sincerely at the happiness of Mrs. W——, and may their happiness increase with family and trade!—and may you both enjoy the heart-felt delight of seeing your children's children walking in the track of grace! I have, to my shame be it spoken, intended writing to you for these twelve months past—but in truth I was deterred through a fear of giving pain: Our history has had little in it but cares and anxieties—which (as it is the well-experienced lot of mortality) we struggle with it, with religion on one hand, and hope on the other.

Mr. W——, whose looks and address bespeak a good heart and good sense, called on me. I will not say how much I was pleased—pray make my kindest respects to your good partner, and tell him, I think I have a right to trouble him with my musical nonsense. I wish it better for my own sake—bad as it is, I know he will not despise it, because he has more good-nature:—I hear a good report of Mr. S——, and that his humanity has received the thanks of a community in a public manner. May he and you! and all I love, enjoy the blissful feelings of large humanity! There is a plaudit—as

 much

much ſuperior to man's as heaven is above earth! Great God! in thy mercy and unbounded goodneſs, grant that even I may rejoice through eternity with thoſe I have reſpected and eſteemed here! Mrs. Sancho joins me in love to yourſelf and Mrs. H——. Your ſon Jacob is the delight of my girls—whenever he calls on us, the work is flung by, and the mouths all diſtended with laughter: He is a vile romp with children. I am, dear Madam, with true eſteem and reſpect, your obliged ſervant.

Letter 15. *Ignatius Sancho to Miſs L——.*

Charles-ſtreet, Sept. 11, 1779.

I CANNOT forbear returning my dear Miſs L—— our united thanks for her generous preſent—which came exactly in time to grace poor Marianne's birth-day, which was yeſterday:—the bird was good, and well dreſſed; that and a large apple-pye feaſted the whole family of the Sanchos. Miſs L—— was toaſted; and although we had neither ringing of bells, nor firing of guns, yet the day was celebrated with mirth and decency—and a degree of ſincere joy and urbanity ſeldom to be ſeen on R——l birth-days. Mary, as queen of the day, invited two or three young friends—her breaſt filled with delight, unmixed with cares, her heart danced in her eyes—and ſhe looked the happy mortal. Great God of mercy and love! why, why, in a few fleeting years, are all the gay day dreams of youthful innocence to vaniſh? why can we not purchaſe prudence, decency, and wiſdom, but at the expence of our peace? Slow circumſpect caution implies ſuſpicion—and where ſuſpicion dwells, confidence dwells not. I believe I write nonſenſe—but the dull weather, added to a dull imagination, muſt, and I truſt will, incline you to excuſe me: If I miſtake not, writing requires—w could tell you, but dare not—for I ſmarted once already. In ſhort, I wri what I think—and you know Congrev ſomewhere, that

"Thought precedes the will,"

and

"Error lives ere reaſon can be born."

Now will—reaſon—and gratitude, al powerfully impel me to thank you—n your gooſe—nor for any pecuniary ſelf-fying marks of generoſity—but for the volent urbanity of your nature—which ſels your good heart to think of the low leſs fortunate. But what are my th what the echoed praiſes of the world, heart-approving ſenſations of true ch —which is but the prelude to the Divi dreſs at the laſt day—"Well done good," &c. &c. That you and all I and even poor me—may hear thoſe words, is the prayer of your's, &c. &c

Letter 16. *Dr. Iſaac Schomberg to a l the Method of Reading for Female Im ment.*

Madam,

CONFORMABLE to your deſire, promiſe, I preſent you with a few th on the method of reading; which you have had ſooner, only that you gave m to ſet them down at my leiſure hours. complied with your requeſt in both the ticulars; ſo that you ſee, Madam, ho lute your commands are over me. remarks ſhould anſwer your expectatio the purpoſe for which they were inten they ſhould in the leaſt conduce to the ing your time in a more profitable and able manner than moſt of your ſex g

will give me a pleasure equal at least you will receive.

ere to be wished that the female part of uman creation, on whom Nature has out so many charms with so lavish a would pay some regard to the culti- their minds and improving their under- ng. It is easily accomplished. Would bestow a fourth part of the time they away on the trifles and gewgaws of in reading proper books, it would per- answer their purpose. Not that I am the ladies adorning their persons; let be set off with all the ornaments that d nature can conspire to produce for mbellishment, but let it be with reason ood sense, not caprice and humour; for is good sense in dress as in all things Strange doctrine to some! but I am Madam, you know there is—You prac-

e first rule to be laid down to any one ads to improve, is never to read but ttention. As the abstruse parts of g are not necessary to the accomplish- of one of your sex, a small degree of suffice. I would throw the subjects of the ladies ought not to be wholly ig- , under the following heads:

istory,
Morality,
oetry.

e first employs the memory, the second gement, and the third the imagination. enever you undertake to read History, small abstract of the memorable events, t down in what year they happened. entertain yourself with the life of a person, do the same by his most re ble actions, with the addition of the nd the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or two low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off

the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsence on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say anything that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am, Madam, your faithful humble servant.

Letter 17. *To Colonel R——s, in Spain.*

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries m yond my strength, and enables me to te the most painful thing in the prospect of is, that I must part with you; but let comfort to you that I have no guilt ha upon me, no unrepented folly that retard but I pass away my last hours in ref upon the happiness we have lived in tog and in sorrow that is so soon to have a This is a frailty which I hope is so fa being criminal, that methinks there is of piety in being so unwilling to be sep from a state which is the institution of H and in which we have lived according laws. As we know no more of th life, but that it will be an happy one good, and miserable to the wicked, wh we not please ourselves at least, to a the difficulty of resigning this being, i gining that we shall have a sense of wha below, and may possibly be employed i ing the steps of those with whom we with innocence when mortal? Why not hope to go on in my usual work though unknown to you, be assistan the conflicts of your mind? Give m to say to you, O best of men! that I figure to myself a greater happiness such an employment; to be present at adventures to which human life is e to administer slumber to thy eye-lids agonies of a fever; to cover thy belov in the day of battle; to go with thee a dian angel, incapable of wound o where I have longed to attend thee, weak, a fearful woman. These, my d the thoughts with which I warm my p guid heart; but indeed I am not under my present weakness, of bea strong agonies of mind I fall into, form to myself the grief you must be

rſt hearing of my departure. I will ell upon this, becauſe your kind and s heart will be but the more afflicted, e the perſon, for whom you lament, offers you conſolation. My laſt breath will, if I am myſelf, expire in a prayer for you. I ſhall never ſee thy face again. Farewell for ever.

---

## III. FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, LORD CHESTERFIELD, DR. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

*. Lady M. W. Montague to the Counteſs of ———*

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

ATTER myſelf (dear ſiſter) that give you ſome pleaſure in letting you at I have ſafely paſſed the ſea, though he ill fortune of a ſtorm. We were d by the captain of the yacht to ſet a calm, and he pretended there was ſo eaſy as to tide it over; but, after s ſlowly moving, the wind blew ſo at none of the ſailors could keep , and we were all Sunday night toſſed ndſomely. I never ſaw a man more than the captain. For my part, I n ſo lucky, neither to ſuffer from fear ſickneſs; though, I confeſs, I was ent to ſee myſelf once more upon dry at I would not ſtay till the yacht to Rotterdam, but went in the long- elvoetſluys, where we had voitures us to the Briel. I was charmed neatneſs of that little town; but my t Rotterdam, preſented me a new pleaſure. All the ſtreets are paved d ſtones, and before many of the rtificers doors are placed ſeats of va- ured marbles, ſo neatly kept, that I e you, I walked almoſt all over the terday, *incognito*, in my ſlippers, eceiving one ſpot of dirt; and you may ſee the Dutch maids waſhing the pavement of the ſtreet, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town ſeems ſo full of people, with ſuch buſy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not ſome celebrated fair; but I ſee it is every day the ſame. It is certain no town can be more advantageouſly ſituated for commerce. Here are ſeven large canals, on which the merchants ſhips come up to the very doors of their houſes. The ſhops and warehouſes are of a ſurprizing neatneſs and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and ſo much cheaper than what we ſee in England, that I have much ado to perſuade myſelf I am ſtill ſo near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be ſeen. One is not ſhocked with thoſe loathſome cripples, ſo common in London, nor teized with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that chuſe to be naſty and lazy. The common ſervants and little ſhop-women here, are more nicely clean, than moſt of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dreſſes (every woman dreſſing her head after her own faſhion) is an additional pleaſure in ſeeing the town. You ſee, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear ſiſter, and, if I continue to like travelling, as well as I do at preſent, I ſhall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me ſatisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity

opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the stile of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

Letter 2. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. S. C.*

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower, they call Julius Cæsar's, has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it, the Trent-field, Adboulton, places so well known to us. It is true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war, bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing at all of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, it is a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly the Belvidere, where people go to din fee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the fine pects in the world. The public walk no great beauty, but the thick shade trees, which is solemnly delightful. must not forget to take notice of the which appeared very surprizing to me, large enough to hold hundreds of men horses and carriages. They give the an English two-pence to get upon then away they go, bridge and all, other side of the river, with so slow a one is hardly sensible of any at all. yesterday at the French church, and very much at their manner of service parson clapped on a broad brimmed h first place, which gave him entirely th what d'ye call him, in Bartholom which he kept up by extraordinary a tures, and preaching much such the other talked to the puppets. H the congregation seemed to receive great devotion; and I was informed, of his flock, that he is a person of p fame amongst them. I believe by you are as much tired with my ac him, as I was with his sermon; but your brother will excuse a digressio vour of the church of England. Yo speaking disrespectfully of the Cal the same thing as speaking honourab church. Adieu, my dear S. alway ber me, and be assured I can ne you, &c. &c.

Letter 3. *The same to the Lady*

Cologne, Aug. 16, O

IF my Lady —— could have any the fatigues I have suffered these two I am sure she would own it a great

that I now ſit down to write to her. ed horſes from Nimeguen hither, not the conveniency of the poſt, and found y indifferent accommodation at Rein- ur firſt ſtage; but it was nothing to ſuffered yeſterday. We were in hopes Cologne; our horſes tired at Stamel, ours from it, where I was forced to night in my clothes, in a room, not tter than a hovel; for though I have with me, I had no mind to undreſs he wind came from a thouſand places, this wretched lodging at day-break, ut ſix, this morning, came ſafe here, got immediately into bed. I ſlept ſo three hours, that I found myſelf per- covered, and have had ſpirits enough nd ſee all that is curious in the town, to ſay, the churches, for here is no- ſe worth ſeeing. This is a very large ut the moſt part of it is old built. its church, which is the neateſt, was e, in a very complaiſant manner, by me young Jeſuit; who, not knowing as, took a liberty in his compliments eries, which very much diverted me, never before ſeen any thing of that I could not enough admire the mag- of the altars, the rich images of the ll maſſy ſilver), and the enchaſures lics, though I could not help mur- in my heart, at the profuſion of iamonds, and rubies, beſtowed on ment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. t I had wickedneſs enough to covet a's pearl necklace; though perhaps no wickedneſs at all, an image not ainly one's neighbour; but I went , and wiſhed the wench herſelf con- to dreſſing-plate. I ſhould alſo converted into ſilver, a great St. Chriſtopher, which I imagine would look very well in a ciſtern. Theſe were my pious reflections; though I was very well ſatisfied to ſee piled up, to the honour of our nation, the ſkulls of the Eleven Thouſand Virgins. I have ſeen ſome hundreds of relics here of no leſs conſequence; but I will not imitate the common ſtyle of travellers ſo far, as to give you a liſt of them, being perſuaded, that you have no manner of curioſity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am juſt going to ſupper, where I ſhall drink your health in an admirable ſort of Lorrain wine, which I am ſure is the ſame you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

Letter 4. *The ſame to the Counteſs of B—.*

Nuremburg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling poſt, I could not ſit down to write on any other occaſion than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgot her obliging command of ſending her ſome account of my travels. I have already paſſed a large part of Germany, I have ſeen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtſburg, and this place. It is impoſſible not to obſerve the difference between the free towns, and thoſe under the government of abſolute princes, as all the little ſovereigns of Germany are. In the firſt there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The ſtreets are well built and full of people, neatly and plainly dreſſed. The ſhops are loaded with merchandize, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other you ſee a ſort of ſhabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow naſty ſtreets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common ſort aſking alms. I cannot help fancying one, under the

figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted, and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.—They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger, than our fashions. I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially, the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm of the wearer), one is forced to confess that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money, which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the multitude pays to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth. These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, whi told me very gravely, was the sam pierced the side of our Saviour. bu particularly diverted in a little Roman lic church which is permitted here, wh professors of that religion are not ver and consequently cannot adorn their in so rich a manner as their neighbours not to be quite destitute of all finer dressed up an image of our Saviour o altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig, ve powdered. I imagine I see your stare at this article, of which you ver doubt the veracity; but, upon my have not yet made use of the privile traveller, and my whole account is with the same plain sincerity of heat which I assure you that I am, dear your, &c. &c.

Letter 5. *Lady M. W. Montague to M*

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O.

I HAD the pleasure of receivin but the day before I left London. I a thousand thanks for your good wis have such an opinion of their efficacy am persuaded, I owe, in part, to t good luck of having proceeded so fa long journey without any ill accident do not reckon it any, to have been few days in this town by a cold, fin not only given me an opportunity of that is curious in it, but of making quaintance with the ladies, who have to see me with great civility, particul dame ——, the wife of our King from Hanover. She has carried me assemblies, and I have been magnific tertained at her house, which is one here. You know that all the no this place are envoys from differe

e a great number of them, and they pafs their time agreeably enough, if re lefs delicate on the point of cere- But inftead of joining in the defign ing the town as pleafant to one another can, and improving their little foci- ey amufe themfelves no other way th perpetual quarrels, which they take eternife, by leaving them to their fuc- and an envoy to Ratifbon receives, y, half a dozen quarrels, among the tes of his employment. You may be ladies are not wanting, on their fide, fhing and improving thefe important which divide the town almoft into as parties as there are families. They ther to fuffer the mortification of fit- noft alone on their affembly nights, recede one jot from their pretenfions. not been here above a week, and yet I ard from almoft every one of them, le hiftory of their wrongs, and dread- plaints of the injuftice of their neigh- n hopes to draw me to their party. ink it very prudent to remain neuter, if I was to ftay amongft them, there e no poffibility of continuing fo, their running fo high, that they will not to thofe who vifit their adverfaries. ndation of thefe everlafting difputes tirely upon rank, place, and the title lency, which they all pretend to, and, very hard, will give it to nobody. part, I could not forbear advertifing r the public good) to give the title of cy to every body, which would in- e receiving it from every body; but mention of fuch a difhonourable peace ived with as much indignation as ackaire did the motion of a reference. deed, I began to think myfelf ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are fo few diverfions, fo entertaining an amufement. I know that my peaceable difpofition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is publicly whifpered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been faucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I fhould be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to purfue my journey in a few days. I have been to fee the churches here, and had the permiffion of touching the relics, which was never fuffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an obfervation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they fhew round their relics and images, are moft of them falfe; though they tell you that many of the crofles and madonas, fet round with thefe ftones, have been the gifts of emperors and other great princes. I doubt not indeed but they were at firft jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other ufes, and the people are juft as well fatisfied with bits of glafs amongft thefe relics. They fhewed me a prodigious claw fet in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin, and I could not forbear afking the reverend prieft that fhewed it, whether the griffin was a faint? The queftion almoft put him befide his gravity; but he anfwered they only kept it as a curiofity. I was very much fcandalized at a large filver image of the Trinity, where the Father is repreefented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on a crofs, and the Holy Ghoft, in the fhape of a dove, hovering over him. Madame —— is

is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

Letter 6. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of* ——.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectations, nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive high. For as the town is too little for the number of people that desir live in it, the builders seem to have proje to repair that misfortune, by clapping town on the top of another, most of the ho being of five, and some of them of six flo You may easily imagine that, the streets ing so narrow, the rooms are extremely d and, what is an inconveniency much mor tolerable in my opinion, there is no house so few as five or six families in it. The ap ments of the greatest ladies, and even of ministers of state, are divided, but by a tition, from that of a taylor or shoe-ma and I know nobody that has above two f in any house, one for their own use, and higher for their servants. Those that houses of their own, let out the rest of to whoever will take them, and thus the stairs (which are all of stone) are as com and as dirty as the street. It is true, you have once travelled through them, thing can be more surprisingly magni than the apartments. They are comm a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all i the doors and windows richly carved and and the furniture such as is seldom seen palaces of sovereign princes in other coun Their apartments are adorned with han of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodi large looking glasses in silver frames, japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and dow curtains of the richest Genoa dam velvet, almost covered with gold-lace o broidery. All this is made gay by pi and vast jars of Japan china, and large of rock crystal. I have already had th nour of being invited to dinner by of the first people of quality, and I m them the justice to say, the good tast magnificence of their tables very well a to that of their furniture. I have been

an once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, l served in silver, and well dressed; the de- rt proportionable, served in the finest china. ut the variety and richness of their wines what appears the most surprising. The nstant way is, to lay a list of their names on the plates of their guests along with the pkins, and I have counted several times, to e number of eighteen different sorts, all quisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at ount Schoonbourn, the vice-chancellor's rden, where I was invited to dinner. I ust own, I never saw a place so perfectly lightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It very large, and almost wholly composed of licious palaces. If the emperor found it oper to permit the gates of the town to be d open, that the Fauxbourgs might be ned to it, he would have one of the largest d best-built cities in Europe. Count hoonbourn's villa is one of the most mag- ficent; the funiture all rich brocades, so ll fancied and fitted up, nothing can look ore gay and splendid; not to speak of a llery full of rarities of coral, mother-of- arl, and throughout the whole house a ofusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, e most beautiful porcelain, statues of ala- ster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon es in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly e and well ordered, and made still more reeable by the good humour of the Count. ave not yet been at court, being forced to y for my gown, without which there is no iting on the empress; though I am not thout great impatience to see a beauty that s been the admiration of so many different tions. When I have had the honour, I ll not fail to let you know my real thoughts, ways taking a particular pleasure in commu- cating them to my dear sister.

Letter 7. *The same to the Countess of* ——.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court. In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget, and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than it is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the uglines, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally

ſpeaking. Even the lovely empreſs herſelf is obliged to comply, in ſome degree, with theſe abſurd faſhions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empreſs; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of ſweetneſs; her complexion the fineſt I ever ſaw; her noſe and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thouſand charms, that touch the ſoul. When ſhe ſmiles, it is with a beauty and ſweetneſs, that forces adoration. She has a vaſt quantity of fine fair hair; but then her perſon!—one muſt ſpeak of it poetically to do it rigid juſtice; all that the poets have ſaid of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous ſtatue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I ſaw them, I did not believe there were any in nature ſo perfect, and I am almoſt ſorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiſs them; but they are kiſſed ſufficiently, for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their firſt entrance, and when they take leave. When the ladies were come, ſhe ſat down to quinze. I could not play at a game I had never ſeen before, and ſhe ordered me a ſeat at her right hand, and had the goodneſs to talk to me very much, with that grace ſo natural to her. I expected every moment when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand maſter, who comes in to advertiſe the empreſs of the approach of the emperor. His Imperial Majeſty did me the honour of ſpeaking to me a very obliging manner, but he never ſpa to any of the other ladies, and the wh paſſes with a gravity and air of ceremony th has ſomething very formal in it. The em preſs Amelia, dowager of the late emper Joſeph, came this evening to wait on t reigning empreſs, followed by the two arc ducheſſes her daughters, who are very agre able young princeſſes. Their Imperial M jeſties roſe and went to meet her at the do of the room, after which ſhe was ſeated in armed chair next the empreſs, and in t ſame manner at ſupper, and there the m had the permiſſion of paying their court. T arch-ducheſſes ſat on chairs with backs withc arms. The table was entirely ſerved, and the diſhes ſet on by the empreſſes maids honour, which are twelve young ladies of firſt quality. They have no ſalary but th chamber at court, where they live in a ſort confinement, not being ſuffered to go to aſſemblies or public places in town, exc in compliment to the wedding of a ſiſter ma whom the empreſs always preſents with picture ſet in diamonds. The three firſt them are called Ladies of the Key, and w gold keys by their ſides; but what I f moſt pleaſant, is the cuſtom, which obli them as long as they live, after they have the empreſs's ſervice, to make her ſome p ſent every year on the day of her feaſt. Majeſty is ſerved by no married women the *Grande Maitreſſe*, who is generally a dow of the firſt quality, always very and is at the ſame time groom of the ſtole mother of the maids. The dreſſers are at all in the figure they pretend to in Engla being looked upon no otherwiſe than as do right chamber-maids. I had an audience day of the empreſs mother, a princeſs g

t virtue and goodnefs, but who piques elf too much on a violent devotion. She is etually performing extraordinary acts of nce, without ever having done any thing ferve them. She has the fame number of s of honour, whom fhe fuffers to go in rs; but fhe herfelf never quits her rning; and fure nothing can be more dif- than the mourning here, even for a bro- There is not the leaft bit of linen to een; all black crape inftead of it. The , ears, and fide of the face are covered a plated piece of the fame ftuff, and the that peeps out in the midft of it, looks it were pilloried. The widows wear, and above, a crape forehead-cloth, and s folemn weed, go to all the public places verfion without fcruple. The next day to wait on the Empref Amelia, who w at her palace of retirement, half a rom the town. I had there the pleafure ing a diverfion wholly new to me, but is the common amufement of this court. empref herfelf was feated on a little e at the end of the fine alley in her gar- and on each fide of her were ranged two s of her ladies of quality, headed by oung arch-duchefes, all drefed in their full of jewels, with fine light guns in hands, and at proper diftances were three oval pictures, which were the to be fhot at. The firft was that of a filling a bumper of Burgundy, and ito, "It is eafy to be valiant here." econd a Fortune holding a garland in nd, the motto, "For her whom For- favours." The third was a Sword laurel wreath on the point, the mottto, e is no fhame to the vanquifhed."— eempref was a gilded trophy wreathed owers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkifh handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the fmall prizes. The empref gave the firft with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring fet round with diamonds in a gold fnuff-box. There was for the fecond, a little Cupid fet with brilliants, and befides thefe a fet of fine china for the tea table, enchafed in gold, Japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the fame nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were fpectators; but the ladies only had permiffion to fhoot, and the arch-duchefs Amelia carried off the firft prize. I was very well pleafed with having feen this entertainment, and do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-fhooting in the Æneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleafure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without fome feaft of this kind, which makes the young ladies fkilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to fee me afraid to handle a gun. My dear fifter, you will eafily pardon an abrupt conclufion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I fhall never conclude at all.

Letter 8. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. J* * *.*

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably furprized than by your obliging letter. It is a peculiar mark of my efteem, that I tell you fo, and I can affure you, that if I loved you one grain lefs than I do, I fhould be very forry to fee it fo diverting as it is, The mortal averfion I have to writing makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correfpondent, and I believe I difobliged no lefs than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refufing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended

intended to ſend me very entertaining letters. But I had rather loſe the pleaſure of reading ſeveral witty things, than be forced to write many ſtupid ones. Yet in ſpite of theſe conſiderations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendſhip, and beg a continuation of the ſame goodneſs, though I fear the dulneſs of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Auſtria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a ſurpriſing temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they ſhow all their paſſions, and it is not long ſince two coaches meeting in a narrow ſtreet at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjuſt the ceremonial of which ſhould go back, ſat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both ſo fully determined to die upon the ſpot rather than yield, in a point of that importance, that the ſtreet would never have been cleare till their deaths, if the Emperor had not ſent his guards to part them, and even then they refuſed to ſtir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the ſame moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with ſome difficulty that the pas was decided between the two coachmen, no leſs tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This paſſion is ſo omnipotent in the breaſts of the women, that even their huſbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, becauſe that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much leſs touched with this point of honour, and they do not only ſcorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illuſtrious as their own, and the pedigree is much more co dered by them, than either the complexio features of their miſtreſſes. Happy are ſhes that can number amongſt their ancei Counts of the Empire; they have neither caſion for beauty, money, nor good con to get them huſbands. It is true a money, it is ſeldom any advantage to the they marry; the laws of Auſtria confin woman's portion to two thouſand fl (about two hundred pounds Engliſh), whatever they have beſide, remains in own poſſeſſion and diſpoſal. Thus her many ladies much richer than their huſb who are, however, obliged to allow them money agreeable to their quality; and tribute to this conſiderable branch of p ga ve, the liberty that they take upon occaſions. I am ſure you, that know n zineſs and extreme indifference on this ſu will pity me, intangled amongſt all the remonies, which are a wonderful burd me, though I am the envy of the town, having by their own cuſtoms t before them all. They, indeed, ſo re upon the poor envoys this great reſpect to ambaſſadors, that (with all my i rence) I ſhould be very uneaſy to ſu Upon days of ceremony they have no en at court, and on other days muſt c themſelves with walking after every fo being the very laſt taken notice of. muſt write a volume to let you know ceremonies, and I have already ſaid too on ſo dull a ſubject, which, however, e the whole care of the people here. I n after this, tell you how agreeably time away with me; you know as well the taſte of your's, &c. &c.

tter 9. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady X——.*

Vienna, Oct 1, O. S. 1716.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send you some count of the customs here, and at the same e a description of Vienna. I am always ling to obey your commands, but you must, on this occasion, take the will for the deed. I should undertake to tell you all the par-ulars, in which the manners here differ from s, I must write a whole quire of the dul-stuff, that ever was read, or printed with-being read. Their dress agrees with the nch or English in no one article, but wear-petticoats. They have many fashions pe-ar to themselves; they think it indecent a widow ever to wear green or rose co-, but all the other gayest colours at her discretion. The assemblies here are the regular diversions, the operas being al-s at court, and commonly on some parti-r occasion. Madam Rabutin has the mbly constantly every night at her house; the other ladies, whenever they have a d to display the magnificence of their tments, or oblige a friend by compli-ting them on the day of their saint, they are, that on such a day the assembly shall t their house in honour of the feast of the nt or Countess — such a one. These are called days of Gala, and all the ds or relations of the lady, whose saint are obliged to appear in their best clothes all their jewels. The mistress of the e takes no particular notice of any body, returns any body's visit; and, whoever es, may go, without the formality of presented. The company are enter-d with ice in several forms, winter and mer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw the other day the Gala for Count Al-theim, the Emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expen-sive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appear to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastinesses must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them, a little cell per-fectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pic-tures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is ex-tremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they assured me, spoke, during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving-nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their Abbess,

Abbeſs, which is very eaſy to be obtained. I never ſaw an old woman ſo good-natured; ſhe is near fourſcore, and yet ſhews very little ſign of decay, being ſtill lively and cheerful. She careſſed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me ſome pretty things of her own work, and ſweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the moſt rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I do not doubt but a man, a little more ſlender than ordinary, might ſqueeze in his whole perſon. The young Count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the Abbeſs gave him her hand to kiſs. But I was ſurpriſed to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have ſeen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear ſhewing my ſurprize at ſeeing a nun like her. She made me a thouſand obliging compliments, and deſired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleaſure to me (ſaid ſhe, ſighing); but I avoid, with the greateſt care, ſeeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myſelf in my cell. I obſerved tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I begun to talk to her in that ſtrain of tender pity ſhe inſpired me with; but ſhe would not own to me, that ſhe is not perfectly happy. I have ſince endeavoured to learn the real cauſe of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was ſurprized at it, and nobody gueſſed the reaſon. I have been ſeveral times to ſee her; but it gives me too much melancholy to ſee ſo agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not ſurprized that nuns have ſo often inſpired violent paſſions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they ſeem worthy of another deſtiny, ma ing an eaſy way for yet more tender ſen ments. I never in my life had ſo little ch rity for the Roman Catholic religion, ſince I ſee the miſery it occaſions; ſo ma poor unhappy women! and then the groſs perſtition of the common people, who ſome or other of them, day and night, off ing bits of candle to the wooden figures, t are ſet up almoſt in every ſtreet. The p ceſſions I ſee very often are a pagentry, offenſive and apparently contradictory to co mon ſenſe as the pagods of China. G knows whether it be the womanly ſpirit of co tradiction that works in me, but there ne before, was ſuch zeal againſt popery in heart of, dear Madam, &c. &c.

Letter 10. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mr.*

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 17

I DESERVE not all the reproaches make me. If I have been ſome time with anſwering your letter, it is not, that I do know how many thanks are due to you it; or that I am ſtupid enough to prefer amuſements, to the pleaſure of hearing f you; but after the profeſſions of eſteem have ſo obligingly made me, I cannot delaying, as long as I can, ſhewing that you are miſtaken. If you are ſinc when you ſay you expect to be extre entertained by my letters, I ought to be tified at the diſappointment that I am you will receive, when you hear from though I have done my beſt endeavour find out ſomething worth writing to you have ſeen every thing that was to be with a very diligent curioſity. Here are fine villas, particularly the late princ Lichſtenſtein's; but the ſtatues are all dern, and the pictures not of the firſt ha

is true, the Emperor has ſome of great ue. I was yeſterday to ſee the repoſitory, ich they call his Treaſure, where they n to have been more diligent in amaſſing a at quantity of things, than in the choice them. I ſpent above five hours there, and there were very few things that ſtopped long to conſider them. But the number rodigious, being a very long gallery filled both ſides, and five large rooms. There vaſt quantity of paintings, amongſt ch are many fine miniatures, but the valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, e of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me ich as I expected to ſee it. They ſhewed there a cup, about the ſize of a tea diſh, of entire emerald, which they had ſo parlar a reſpect for, that only the Emperor the liberty of touching it. There is a e cabinet full of curioſities of clockwork, one of which I thought worth obſerving, was a craw-fiſh with all the motions ſo ral, that it was hard to diſtinguiſh it from life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of es, ſome of them extremely beautiful and n uncommon ſize, and ſeveral vaſes of lazuli. I was ſurprized to ſee the cabiof medals ſo poorly furniſhed; I did not ark one of any value, and they are kept moſt ridiculous diſorder. As to the ques, very few of them deſerve that name. n my ſaying that they were modern, I not forbear laughing at the anſwer of profound antiquary that ſhewed them, they were ancient enough, for, to his wledge, they had been there theſe forty s; but the next cabinet diverted me yet r, being nothing elſe but a parcel of wax s, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be preſented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with theſe trifles of all kinds, ſet in jewels, amongſt which I was deſired to obſerve a crucifix, that they aſſured me had ſpoke very wiſely to the Emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the reſt of the lumber, but I muſt not forget to mention, a ſmall piece of loadſtone that held up an anchor of ſteel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought moſt curious in the whole treaſure. There are ſome few heads of ancient ſtatues; but ſeveral of them are defaced by modern additions. I foreſee that you will be very little ſatisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly aſk you, to be good-natured enough to charge the dulneſs of it on the barrenneſs of the ſubject, and to overlook the ſtupidity of your, &c. &c.

Letter 11. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady* ———.

Vienna, Jan, 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE juſt received here at Vienna, your Ladyſhip's compliments on my return to England, ſent me from Hanover. You ſee, Madam, all things that are aſſerted with confidence, are not abſolutely true; and that you have no ſort of reaſon to complain of me for making my deſigned return a myſtery to you, when you ſay, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never ſo well informed of my affairs as I am myſelf, that I am very poſitive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all ſorts of diverſions are carried to the greateſt height, except that of maſquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in the public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I

am

am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years. I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months labour to make them comprehend them. Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion was the excessive cold, which was so great I thought I should have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brou in from Hungary and Bohemia. They w nothing but shell fish, and are so fond oysters, that they have them sent from Ven and eat them very greedily, stink or not sti Thus I obey your commands, Madam, giving you an account of Vienna, thoug know you will not be satisfied with it. Y chide me for my laziness in not telling yo thousand agreeable and surprising things, t you say you are sure I have seen and hea Upon my word, Madam, it is my regar truth, and not laziness, that I do not en tain you with as many prodigies as o travellers use to divert their readers with. might easily pick up wonders in every tow pass through, or tell you a long series Popish miracles, but I cannot fancy there is any thing new in letting you kn that priests will lie, and the mob believe, the world over. Then as for news, that are so inquisitive about, how can it be en taining to you (that do not know the peo that the Prince of ——— has forsaken Countess of ——? or that the Prince su one has an intrigue with Count such a Would you have me write novels like Countess of D'——? and is it not bett tell you a plain truth, that I am, &c.?

Letter 12. *Lady M. W. Montague to Countess of* ——.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 17

I AM now, dear sister, to take lea you for a long time, and of Vienna for designing, to-morrow, to begin my jou through Hungary in spite of the excessive and deep snows, which is enough to da greater courage than I am mistress of. my principle of passive obedience carrie through every thing. I have had my

of leave of the Empreſs. His Imperial jeſty was pleaſed to be preſent, when I ted on the reigning Empreſs, and, after ry obliging converſation, both their Im al Majeſties invited me to take Vienna in road back; but I have no thoughts of uring, over again, ſo great a fatigue. I vered a letter from the Ducheſs of Blan- burg. I ſtaid but a few days at that court, ugh her Highneſs preſſed me very much to ; and when I left her, engaged me to e to her. I wrote you a long letter from ice, which I hope you have received, ugh you do not mention it; but I believe orgot to tell you one curioſity in all the man courts, which I cannot forbear tak- notice of: All the princes keep favourite ufs. The Emperor and Empreſs have of theſe little monſters, as ugly as devils, cially the female; but they are all be- bed with diamonds, and ſtand at her eſty's elbow in all public places. The e of Wolfenbuttel has one, and the heſs of Blankenburg is not without hers, ndeed the moſt proportionable I ever ſaw. told the King of Denmark has ſo far oved upon this faſhion, that his dwarf is chief miniſter. I can aſſign no reaſon for fondneſs for theſe pieces of deformity, the opinion all the abſolute princes have, it is below them to converſe with the reſt ankind; and not to be quite alone, they orced to ſeek their companions among the ſe of human nature, theſe creatures being nly part of their court privileged to talk y to them. I am at preſent confined to chamber by a ſore throat, and am really of the excuſe to avoid ſeeing people, that e well enough, to be very much morti- when I think I am going to part with for ever. It is true, the Auſtrians are not commonly the moſt polite people in the world, nor the moſt agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myſelf a little ſociety of ſuch as were perfectly to my own taſte. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, ſuch a number of reaſonable agreeable people. We were almoſt always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a choſen converſation, compoſed of a few that one eſteems, is the greateſt happineſs of life. Here are ſome Spaniards of both ſexes, that have all the vivacity and generoſity of ſentiments anciently aſcribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I ſhould wiſh nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have ſo much goodneſs for me, they cry whenever they ſee me, ſince I am determined undertake this journey. And indeed I am not very eaſy when I reflect on what I am going to ſuffer. Almoſt every body I ſee frights me with ſome new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been ſo good as to ſay all the things he could to perſuade me to ſtay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water, aſſuring me that the houſes in Hungary are ſuch, as are no defence againſt the weather, and that I ſhall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Eſſeek, without finding any houſe at all, through deſert plains covered with ſnow; where the cold is ſo violent, many have been killed by it. I own theſe terrors have made a very deep impreſſion on my mind, becauſe I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am ſure you expect I ſhould ſay ſomething particular

ticular of him, having the advantage of ſeeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to ſpeak of him at Vienna as I ſhould be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had ſeen him there. I do not know what comfort other people find in conſidering the weakneſs of great men, (becauſe, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level,) but it is always a mortification to me to obſerve, that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handſome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the laſt campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.——Adieu, dear ſiſter; this is the laſt account you will have from me of Vienna. If I ſurvive my journey, you ſhall hear from me again. I can ſay, with great truth, in the words of Moneſes, I have long learnt to hold myſelf as nothing; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant muſt ſuffer, I have all a mother's fondneſs in my eyes, and all her tender paſſions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady ——, that I believe ſhe will not like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peeviſh at all her queſtions, and at her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly ſeen abundance of wonders which I keep to myſelf out of mere malice. She is very angry that I will not lie like other travellers. I verily believe ſhe expects I ſhould tell her of the Anthropophagie, men whoſe heads grow below their ſhoulders: However, pray ſay ſomething to pacify her.

Letter 13. *Lady M. W. Montague to Lady ——.*

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 171

I AM now got into a new world, wh every thing I ſee appears to me a chang ſcene; and I write to your ladyſhip ſome content of mind, hoping, at leaſt, you will find the charm of novelty in letters, and no longer reproach me, th tell you nothing extraordinary. I will trouble you with a relation of our ted journey; but I muſt not omit what I remarkable at Sophia, one of the moſt b tiful towns in the Turkiſh Empire, famous for its hot baths, that are reſort both for diverſion and health. I ſto here one day, on purpoſe to ſee them; deſigning to go *incognito*, I hired a Tu coach. Theſe Voitures are not at all ours, but much more convenient for country, the heat being ſo great that g would be very troubleſome. They are a good deal in the manner of the Dutch coaches, having wooden lattices painted gilded; the inſide being alſo painted baſkets and noſegays of flowers, interm commonly with little poetical mottos. are covered all over with ſcarlet cloth, with ſilk, and very often richly embroi and fringed. This covering entirely the perſons in them, but may be thrown at pleaſure, and thus permit the ladi peep through the lattices. They hold people very conveniently, ſeated on cuſh but not raiſed.

In one of theſe covered waggons, I to the Bagnio about ten o'clock. I already full of women. It is built of in the ſhape of a dome, with no window in the roof, which gives light enough. were five of theſe domes joined together

t being less than the rest, and serving as a hall, where the portress stood at the Ladies of quality generally give this n a crown or ten shillings, and I did rget that ceremony. The next room is large one, paved with marble, and all it are two raised sofas of marble, one another. There were four fountains ld water in this room, falling first into e basons, and then running on the n little channels made for that purpose, carried the streams into the next room, ing less than this, with the same sort rble sofas, but so hot with steams of r, proceeding from the baths joining t was impossible to stay there with one's s on. The two other domes were the ths, one of which had cocks of cold turning into it, to temper it to what of warmth the bathers pleased to

as in my travelling habit, which is a dress, and certainly appeared very dinary to them. Yet there was not them that shewed the least surprize or ment curiosity, but received me with obliging civility possible. I know no an court, where the ladies would have d themselves in so polite a manner to stranger. I believe, upon the whole, ere two hundred women, and yet none e disdainful smiles, and satirical whis- hat never fail in our assemblies, when dy appears that is not dressed exactly ashion.

14. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Che- vix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.*

ar Doctor, Spa, July 4, N. S. 1751.

as with real concern that I heard you ; and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: That virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be willing, to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it; and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them; and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: Thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear Doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 15. *From the same to Dr. R. C——.*

My dear Lord, London, July 14, 1752.

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it * too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable, not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the Bishop's wife.

argu-

arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as fast as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: They are equally moral and Christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and to your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear Lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 16. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C—.*

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 19, 1752.

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy the greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: Proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects, to excite its attention; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: Your learns what a boy should learn; and daughters read what girls should read, hi the former cannot know too much, an latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account own wretched deafness, that I should n tempt it, did not I know that the kind in which you take in whatever concern makes you both desire and expect it. then neither better nor worse than w wrote to you last; I have tried many t and am going on to try many other without expecting any benefit from any cine but patience. I am, my dear sincerely yours, &c.

Letter 17. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 30

I CONFESS myself in every respe bad correspondent. My heart only duty; but my head and hand often refu theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable to every body, and just enough to me, to of intentions instead of actions. Be must acquaint you, that I have of lat great deal more on my hands, than cared or was fit for. *L'académie d lettres* at Paris having, God know associated me to their body; in return unexpected and undeserved compli have been obliged to write many letter dividuals, and one to the *académie* (academic body,) which was to be a speech; and I fear it was of the ve kind, for I have been long disused pliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of he been rather better, though by no mean and, if I can but weather out the ne tolerably, I am morally sure of bei

following months, which I ſhall paſs h; for thoſe waters always prove a rary, though never a radical or perma- cure of my complaints. However, *c'eſt de gagné*, (it is ſo much clear gain,) at is worth the trouble of the journey. kins brought me the other day your reſent of Dr. Seed's ſermons. I have me of them, and like them very well. have neither read nor intend to read hich are meant to prove the exiſtence ; becauſe it ſeems to me too great a gement of that reaſon which he has us, to require any other proofs of his e, than thoſe which the whole and art of the creation afford us. If I be- own exiſtence, I muſt believe his: It be proved *à priori* as ſome have idly ed to do, and cannot be doubted of *ori*. Cato ſays very juſtly, *And that l nature cries aloud*.

hat I hear from Ireland, the ferment ſeem to ſubſide hitherto, but rather ſe. However, I cannot help think- that things will go quietly enough in ſeſſion of parliament. The caſtle will, for granted, ſome how or other, pro- majority, which, when the patriots they will probably think half a loaf an no bread, and come into meaſures. or the ſake of Ireland, that they may; very ſure that, while theſe ſquab- iſt, the public good never enters into of either party.

ver your public affairs may go, I am to find that your private ones go ſo that your children anſwer your care tations. May you long contribute to your reſpective happineſs! Yours fully, &c.

Letter 18. *The ſame to the ſame.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

IT is not without doing ſome violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to ſatisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I ſtill crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worſe nor better than I was ſome months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my diſagreeable ſituation. Speaking tires and exhauſts me; and as for hearing, I have none left; ſo that I am *iſolé* in the midſt of my friends and acquaintance; but, as I have had much more than my ſhare of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought, to complain of the change which I now experience. I will make the beſt uſe I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuſe of the whole piece, by wiſhing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deſerve well all your tenderneſs: That you may have that and every other happineſs, is the ſincere wiſh of your faithful friend and ſervant, &c.

Letter 19. *The ſame to the ſame.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

WHAT can a hermit ſend you from the deſerts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I ſee nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where by fatal neceſſity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, ſolitary, ſick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Thoſe thoughts which relate to you are ſuch as you would deſire, that is, ſuch as you deſerve. My others ſeem to be a ſucceſſion of dreams, but with this comfortable circumſtance, that I have no gloomy ones. No paſſions agitate me, no fears diſturb me,

arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as fast as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: They are equally moral and Christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and to your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear Lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 16. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C—.*

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 19, 1752.

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy the greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: Proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects, to excite its attention; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: Your learns what a boy should learn; and daughters read what girls should read, hi the former cannot know too much, an latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account own wretched deafness, that I should n tempt it, did not I know that the kind in which you take in whatever concern makes you both desire and expect it. then neither better nor worse than w wrote to you last; I have tried many t and am going on to try many other without expecting any benefit from any cine but patience. I am, my dear sincerely yours, &c.

Letter 17. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 30

I CONFESS myself in every respect bad correspondent. My heart only d duty; but my head and hand often refu theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable to every body, and just enough to me, to of intentions instead of actions. Be must acquaint you, that I have of lat great deal more on my hands, than cared or was fit for. *L'académie d lettres* at Paris having, God know associated me to their body; in return unexpected and undeserved compli have been obliged to write many letter dividuals, and one to the *académie* (academic body,) which was to be a speech; and I fear it was of the ve kind, for I have been long disused pliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of he been rather better, though by no mean and, if I can but weather out the ne tolerably, I am morally sure of bei

following months, which I ſhall paſs h; for thoſe waters always prove a rary, though never a radical or perma- cure of my complaints. However, *c'eſt de gagné*, (it is ſo much clear gain,) at is worth the trouble of the journey. kins brought me the other day your reſent of Dr. Seed's ſermons. I have me of them, and like them very well. have neither read nor intend to read hich are meant to prove the exiſtence ; becauſe it ſeems to me too great a gement of that reaſon which he has s, to require any other proofs of his e, than thoſe which the whole and art of the creation afford us. If I be- own exiſtence, I muſt believe his : It be proved *à priori* as ſome have idly ed to do, and cannot be doubted of *ori*. Cato ſays very juſtly, *And that l nature cries aloud.*

hat I hear from Ireland, the ferment ſeem to ſubſide hitherto, but rather ſe. However, I cannot help think- that things will go quietly enough in ſeſſion of parliament. The caſtle will, for granted, ſome how or other, pro- majority, which, when the patriots they will probably think half a loaf an no bread, and come into meaſures. or the ſake of Ireland, that they may; very ſure that, while theſe ſquab- iſt, the public good never enters into of either party.

ver your public affairs may go, I am to find that your private ones go ſo that your children anſwer your care tations. May you long contribute to your reſpective happineſs! Yours hfully, &c.

Letter 18. *The ſame to the ſame.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

IT is not without doing ſome violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to ſatisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I ſtill crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worſe nor better than I was ſome months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my diſagreeable ſituation. Speaking tires and exhauſts me; and as for hearing, I have none left; ſo that I am *iſolé* in the midſt of my friends and acquaintance; but, as I have had much more than my ſhare of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought, to complain of the change which I now experience. I will make the beſt uſe I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuſe of the whole piece, by wiſhing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deſerve well all your tenderneſs: That you may have that and every other happineſs, is the ſincere wiſh of your faithful friend and ſervant, &c.

Letter 19. *The ſame to the ſame.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

WHAT can a hermit ſend you from the deſerts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I ſee nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where by fatal neceſſity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, ſolitary, ſick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Thoſe thoughts which relate to you are ſuch as you would deſire, that is, ſuch as you deſerve. My others ſeem to be a ſucceſſion of dreams, but with this comfortable circumſtance, that I have no gloomy ones. No paſſions agitate me, no fears diſturb

me,

me, and no ſilly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I ſhall next week take one to Bath, which the ſkilful ſay may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only aſk for negative health; and if thoſe waters will procure me that, I ſhall be abundantly ſatisfied.

I think you have taken a very prudent reſolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in faſhion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week than books in one year. Adieu, my dear Lord: It is impoſſible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours.

Letter 20. *Lord Cheſterfield to Dr. R. C—.*

My dear Lord, London, Jan. 22, 1760.

WHEN I received your laſt letter, I was not in a condition to anſwer, and hardly to read it; I was ſo extremely ill, that I little thought that I ſhould live to the date of this letter. I have within theſe few months more than once ſeen death very near; and when one does ſee it near, let the beſt or the worſt people ſay what they pleaſe, it is a very ſerious conſideration. I thank God, I ſaw it without very great terrors; but at the ſame time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of juſtice, which muſt blend ſome fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be ſure I am ſo, compared with what I was a fortnight ago; but, however, ſtill in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but, whether my end be more or leſs remote, I I am tottering upon the brink of this w and my thoughts are employed about the However, while I crawl upon this pla think myſelf obliged to do what good in my narrow domeſtic ſphere, to my fe creatures, and to wiſh them all the g cannot do. What ſhare you will alway in thoſe wiſhes, our long friendſhip, and own merit, which I have ſo long known beſt tell you.

I am, with great truth and juſt eſteem moſt faithful friend and ſervant, &c.

Letter 21. *The ſame to the ſame*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 2

I SHOULD have anſwered your l moſt friendly letter ſooner, but that th and languid ſtate which I have been ſome time did not leave me ſpirits to thing, much leſs any thing well. Wh unjuſtly and infamouſly urged againſt non Sidney, I found too true in my ow that *ſcribere eſt agere* (writing is actin therefore did not undertake it. I am little better, but this better momen ſecurity that the next will not be a w one, for I am more than *journalier* complaints, even hours make great va in them. This, you muſt allow, is fortunate latter end of my life, and quently a tireſome one; but I muſt c that perhaps it is a very juſt one, an of balance to the tumultuous and in pleaſures of the former part of it. general courſe of things, there ſeem upon the whole, a pretty equal dis of phyſical good and evil, ſome extra caſes excepted; and even moral g evil, ſeem mixed to a certain degree never ſees any body ſo perfectly go

ftly bad, as they might be. Why this it is vain for us upon this planet to re, for it is not given us yet to know. old it with a respectful admiration, and ut, *O altitudo!*

hite told me that you intend to turn ner, and that your first trial is to be g of melons; for which reason I have ou such a provision of good melon-seed fferent kinds, as will serve you, your *atorum, et qui nascentur ab illis* (your en's children, and those that will be of them); but, as an older and more enced gardener than you are, I must ome instructions as to their culture. then, that they are much better raised ner's bark than in dung; that you put but two seeds in what the gar- call a light; and, that when they are half-grown, if the weather is hot, you cover them with oiled paper, instead s, to save the vines from being burned fore the fruit is ripe. I, and most here, prefer the canteloupes, but they the best bearers.

very glad that your son does hitherto l at the university, and there is no of his continuing to do so, provided s clear of the epidemical vices of col- general, and of Irish colleges in par- You may easily guess that I mean astly degrading vice of drinking, which s with years, and which ends in stupid ess. I hope all the rest of your family ell as I wish them; for, upon my word, ly wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as n wish yourselves. I am, my dear your faithful friend and humble ser-

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 9, 1771.

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some philosophy,) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear Lord. May this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours most affectionately and sincerely, &c.

Letter 23. *Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

My Lord, November 10, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your Lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my

Lord Suſſex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a leaſe which the duke of Grafton ſuffered to expire about three years ago, ſunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promiſes from the Duke of Dorſet, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordſhip; but they all failed, after the uſual fate that the bulk of court-ſuitors muſt expect.

I am very ſenſible that I have no manner of claim to the leaſt favour from your Lordſhip, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleaſed to treat me with much humanity, and with more diſtinction than I could pretend to deſerve. I am likewiſe conſcious of that demerit which I have largely ſhared with all thoſe who concerned themſelves in a court and miniſtry, whoſe maxims and proceedings have been ever ſince ſo much exploded. But your Lordſhip will grant me leave to ſay, that, in thoſe times, when any perſons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable conſequence, they never failed to ſucceed in any reaſonable request they made for a friend. And, when I ſometimes added my poor ſolicitations, I uſed to quote the then miniſters a paſſage in the Goſpel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the ſtrongeſt argument I have, to intreat your Lordſhip's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honeſt man, and as loyal as you could wiſh. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deſerving as it is poſſible for one of her level. It is underſtood, that ſome little employments about the court may be often in your Lordſhip's diſpoſal; and that my Lord Suſſex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deſerves; and then le petition be (to ſpeak in my own trade) in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that, althoug letter be long, yet what particularly cerns my requeſt is but of a few lines.

I ſhall not congratulate with your ſhip upon any of your preſent great em ments, or upon the greateſt that can p be given to you; becauſe you are o thoſe very few, who do more honou court, than you can poſſibly receive fr which I take to be a greater complimen court than it is to your Lordſhip. my Lord, &c.

Letter 24. *The Earl of Cheſterfield t Swift.*

Sir, Hague, Dec. 15, N.S.

YOU need not have made any exc me for your ſolicitation: on the con I am proud of being the firſt perſo whom you have thought it worth the to apply ſince thoſe changes, which, yo drove you into diſtance and obſcuri very well know the perſon you recomm me, having lodged at his houſe a whol mer at Richmond. I have always h very good character of him, which would incline me to ſerve him; bu recommendation, I can aſſure you, wil me impatient to do it. However, t may not again meet with the comm of court-ſuitors, nor I lie under the i tion of making court-promiſes, I w actly explain to you how far it is likely be able to ſerve him.

When firſt I had this office, I to reſolution of turning out nobody; ſo ſhall only have the diſpoſal of thoſe that the death of the preſent poſſeſſo

me. Some old ſervants, that have me long and faithfully, have obtained miſes of the firſt four or five vacan- nd the early ſolicitations of ſome of ticular friends have tied me down for s many more. But after having ſatiſ- ſe engagements, I do aſſure you Mr. lot ſhall be my firſt care. I confeſs, ſpect is more remote than I could have it; but as it is ſo remote, he will not e uneaſineſs of a diſappointment, if nothing; and if he gets ſomething, l both be pleaſed.

or his political principles, I am in no of pain about them. Were he a To- ould venture to ſerve him, in the juſt ion that, ſhould I ever be charged ving preferred a Tory, the perſon, who author of my crime, would likewiſe author of my vindication. I am, al eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant.

5. *Dean Swift to the Earl of Cheſterfield.*

Lord, January 5, 1730-1.

TURN your Lordſhip my moſt hum- ks for the honour and favour of your nd deſire your juſtice to believe, that g to you a ſecond time, I have no giving you a ſecond trouble. My at preſent is to beg your pardon for f ignorance. I ought to have re- d, that the arts of courts are like thoſe where if the moſt expert be abſent nths, the whole ſyſtem is ſo changed ath no more ſkill than a new be- Yet I cannot but wiſh, that your had pleaſed to forgive one who has tter ſtranger to public life above ſix- s. Buſſy Rabutin himſelf, the politeſt perſon of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long baniſhment, appeared ridiculous there; and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addreſſing your Lordſhip in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; ſo diſtinguiſhed by your active ſpirit, and greatneſs of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordſhip, that I lay the fault of my miſconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and eſteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordſhip ſhould continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court ſo long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there ſhould ever be ſuch a mortality, as to take away a dozen of meaner ſervants in leſs than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in further excuſe of my weakneſs, to confeſs, that, beſides ſome hints from my friends, your Lordſhip is in great meaſure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to ſee you; which I acknowledge to have been a diſtinction that I had not the leaſt pretence to, and conſequently as little to ground upon it the requeſt of a favour.

As I am an utter ſtranger to the preſent forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your Lordſhip's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourſelf; and that as, in my time, the moſt ſolemn and frequent promiſes of great men uſually failed, againſt all probable appearances, ſo that ſingle ſlight one of your Lordſhip

may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities*. I am, &c.

Letter 26. *John Dunning, Esq. to a Gentleman of the Inner Temple; containing Directions to the Student.*

Dear Sir, Lincoln's-Inn, March 3, 1779.

THE habits of intercourse in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, make me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth and information, will be amply gratified for the toil, in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence, which has the good of the people for its basis, and the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined: more especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientific form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understandings, but better attainments. On the other hand, the most painful plodder can never arrive at celebrity by mere reading; a man calculated for success, must add to native genius an instinctive faculty in the discovery and retention of that knowledge only, which can be at once useful and productive.

* And so it did; Lord Chesterfield having soon found an opportunity of providing for the person recommended by Dean Swift.

I imagine that a considerable deg learning is absolutely necessary. The authors frequently wrote in Latin, a foreign jurists continue the practice t day. Besides this, classical attainment tribute much to the refinement of the t standing and embellishment of the st The utility of grammar, rhetoric, and are known and felt by every one. Geo will afford the most apposite examples o and pointed reasoning; and geograph very necessary in common life, that th less credit in knowing, than dishonour being acquainted with it. But it is h and more particularly that of his own try, which will occupy the attentio attract the regard, of the great lawye minute knowledge of the political tions and judicial decisions of our cessors, whether in the more ancient dern æras of our government, is equal ful and interesting. This will inc narrative of all the material alteration common law, and the reasons; and I always recommend a diligent attend the courts of justice; as by that me practice of them (a circumstance o moment) will be easily and naturally ed. Besides this, a much stronger im will be made on the mind by the state the case, and the pleadings of the than from a cold uninteresting detail a report. But above all, a trial at b special argument, should never be m As it is usual on these occasions to tak a knowledge of short-hand will g facility to your labours, as to enabl follow the most rapid speaker with and precision. Common-place b convenient and useful; and as they nerally lettered, a reference may be

n a moment. . It is usual to acquire nsight into real business, under an emi- pecial pleader, previous to actual prac- the bar: This idea I beg leave strong- econd, and indeed I have known but great men who have not possessed this tage. I here subjoin a list of books ry for your perusal and instruction, to I have added some remarks; and wish- at you may add to a successful practice, integrity which can alone make you y of it, I remain, &c. &c.

d Hume's History of England, par- ly observing the rise, progress, and de- n of the feudal system. Minutely at- the Saxon government that preceded d dwell on the reigns of Edward I. VI. Henry VII. Henry VIII. James arles I. Charles II. and James II.

ckstone. On the second reading turn references.

Justice Wright's learned Treatise on es.

e Littleton, especially every word of mple, Fee-tail, and Tenant in tail.

e's Institutes; more particularly the d IId; and Serjeant Hawkins's Com- m.

e's Reports—Plowden's Commen- Bacon's Abridgment; and First Prin- of Equity—Pigott on Fines—Reports roke, Burrow, Raymond, Saunders, e, and Peere Williams—Paley's Max- Lord Bacon's Elements of the Com- aw.

27. *Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston*[*].

ear Sir, Sept. 25, 1750.

U have, as I find, by every kind of ce, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan; and think I do myself honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful and wise; innocent; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may encrease her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: Yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that union which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may in some degree continue her presence. If you

[*] translator of Martial, Bossuet, &c. and formaster of an academy at Kensington.

you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come: For all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, your, &c.

Letter 27. *Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Dr. Taylor.*

Dear Sir, March 18, 1752.

LET me have your company and your instruction. Do not live away from me; my distress is great.

Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man. I am, dear Sir, &c.

Letter 28. *Dr. Johnson to the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.*

My Lord, February 1755.

I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myse *vainquer du vainqueur de la terre*;—th might obtain that regard for which I sa world contending; but I found my at ance so little encouraged, that neither nor modesty would suffer me to continu When I had once addressed your Lordsh public, I had exhausted all the art of ple which a retired and uncourtly scholar possess. I had done all that I could; no man is well pleased to have his all lected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now since I waited in your outward room was repulsed from your door; during w time I have been pushing on my work thr difficulties, of which it is useless to plain, and have brought it, at last, t verge of publication, without one a assistance†, one word of encouragemen one smile of favour. Such treatment not expect, for I never had a patron bef

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last quainted with love, and found him a of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who with unconcern on a man struggling fo in the water, and, when he has re ground, encumbers him with help? notice which you have been pleased to t

† The following note is subjoined b Langton: "Dr. Johnson, when he gave m copy of his letter, desired that I would ann it his information to me, that whereas it in the letter that 'no assistance has been ed,' he did once receive from Lord Chest the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so siderable a sum, he thought the mention could not properly find place in a letter kind that this was."

hours, had it been early, had been kind; it has been delayed till I am indifferent, annot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and t impart it *; till I am known, and do want it. I hope it is no very cynical af- y not to confess obligations where no be- has been received, or to be unwilling the public should consider me as owing to a patron, which Providence has ena- me to do for myself.

ving carried on my work thus far with ule obligation to any favourer of learn- I shall not be disappointed though I d conclude it, if less be possible, with for I have been long wakened from dream of hope, in which I once boasted lf with so much exultation, my Lord, Lordship's most humble, most obedient nt.

r 29. *Mrs. Thrale to Mr. —— on his marriage.*

My dear Sir,

RECEIVED the news of your marriage infinite delight, and hope that the sin- with which I wish your happiness may se the liberty I take in giving you a few whereby more certainly to obtain it. you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, reflecting on the charms of your bride, out in a rapture, that you are happy gh without my rules. I know you are; after one of the forty years, which I you will pass pleasingly together, are this letter may come in turn, and rules felicity may not be found unnecessary, ever some of them may appear imprac- le.

ould that kind of love be kept alive ugh the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement: Nothing is so dangerous

* In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife.

to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation.—This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more hon ably, aspire. The giddy flirt of qu frets at the respect she sees paid to lady E cumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining f partner, while Jones the Orientalist lead the ball.

I said that the person of your lady w not grow more pleasing to you, but pra her never suspect that it grows less so; a woman will pardon an affront to her un standing much sooner than one to her pe is well known; nor will any of us con dict the assertion. All our attainments our arts, are employed to gain and keep heart of man; and what mortification exceed the disappointment, if the end be obtained! There is no reproof how pointed, no punishment however severe, a woman of spirit will not prefer to neg and if she can endure it without compl it only proves that she means to herself amends by the attention of o for the slights of her husband. For and for every reason, it behoves a ried man not to let his politeness fail, th his ardour may abate, but to retain, at that general civility towards his own which he is so willing to pay to every o and not shew a wife of eighteen or tw years old, that every man in company treat her with more complaisance than he so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young wo should be indulged in every wild wish of gay heart or giddy head, but contradi may be softened by domestic kindness, quiet pleasures substituted in the plac noisy ones. Public amusements are not deed so expensive as is sometimes imag but they tend to alienate the minds of ma people from each other. A well-chose

of friends and acquaintance, more emi- r virtue and good ſenſe than for gaie- ſplendour, where the converſation of y may afford comment for the evening, the moſt rational pleaſure this great an afford; and to this, a game at cards d then gives an additional reliſh.

t your own ſuperiority ſhould always , but never felt, ſeems an excellent ge- ule. A wife ſhould outſhine her huſ- nothing, not even in her dreſs. If pens to have a taſte for the trifling ions that finery can confer, ſuffer her a moment to fancy, when ſhe ap- n public, that Sir Edward or the Co- re finer gentlemen than her huſband. ane of married happineſs among the n in general has been, that finding lves unfit for polite life, they transfer- r vanity to their ladies, dreſſed them y, and ſent them out a galanting, while d man was to regale with port-wine or unch, perhaps among mean compa- after the compting-houſe was ſhut; ctice produced the ridicule thrown on n all our comedies and novels ſince rce began to proſper. But now that near the ſubject, a word or two on y may not be amiſs; for though not of the preſent age's growth, yet the it are too certainly ſown in every oſom for us to neglect it as a fault of equence. If you are ever tempted to , watch your wife narrowly, but ize her: Tell her your jealouſy, but your ſuſpicion; let her, in ſhort, be that it is only your odd temper, and ubleſome attachment, that makes you er; but let her not dream that you ever ſeriouſly of her virtue, even for a If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of you, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her, and never myſterious: Be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your buſineſs, nor pay your viſits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo very little need of, unleſs your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuſe it. And now farewell; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you by, dear Sir, &c.

Letter 30. *Dr. Johnſon to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, June 10, 1780.

YOU have ere now heard and read enough to convince you, that we have had ſomething to ſuffer and ſomething to fear, and therefore I think it neceſſary to quiet the ſolicitude which you undoubtedly feel, by telling you that our calamities and terrors are now at an end. The ſoldiers are ſtationed ſo as to be every where within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are hunted to their holes, and led to priſon; the ſtreets are ſafe and quiet; Lord George was laſt night ſent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day with a party of ſoldiers in my neighbourhood, to ſeize the publiſher of a ſeditious paper. Every body walks, and eats, and ſleeps in ſecurity. But the hiſtory of the laſt week would fill you with amazement; it is without any modern example.

Several chapels have been deſtroyed, and ſeveral inoffenſive Papiſts have been plundered; but the high ſport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick; the debtors and the criminals were all ſet at liber-

ty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security; and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

Letter 31. *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, London, June 12, 1780.

ALL is well, and all is likely to continue well. The streets are all quiet, and the houses are all safe. This is a true answer to the first inquiry which obtrudes itself upon your tongue at the reception of a letter from London. The public has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number; and like other thieves, with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares, that if he be trusted with power he will not leave a rioter alive. There is however now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue riband is any longer worn.

——— called on Friday at Mrs. Gardiner's, to see how she escaped or what she suffered; and told her that she had herself too much affliction within doors, to take much notice of the disturbances without.

It was surely very happy that you Mr. Thrale were away in the tumult; could have done nothing better than has done, and must have felt much terror your absence has spared you.

We have accounts here of great lences committed by the Protestants at and of the demolition of the mass-h We have seen so much here, that we are credulous.

Pray tell Miss Burney that Mr. H called on me yesterday, and spoke of he praise; not profuse but very sincere, j I do. And tell Queeney, that if the not write oftener, I will try to forge There are other pretty girls that per could get, if I were not constant.

My Lives go on but slowly. I hope some to them this week. I wish the well done.

Thus far I had written when I re your letter of battle and conflagration. certainly do right in retiring; for wh guess the caprice of the rabble? My and Queeney are dear people for not frighted, and you and Burney are dear for being frighted. I wrote to you al intelligence and consolation; which, staid for it, you had on Saturday; wrote another on Saturday, which p may follow you from Bath, with fo chievement of John Wilkes.

Do not be disturbed; all danger apparently over; but a little agitati continues. We frighten one anothe seventy thousand Scots to come hith the Dukes of Gordon and Argyle, us, and hang us, or drown us; but all at quiet.

I am glad, though I hardly kno that you are gone to Brighthelmston

to Briſtol. You are ſomewhat nearer , and I may perhaps come to ſee you. hthelmſton will ſoon begin to be peopled, Mr. Thrale loves the place; and you ſee Mr. Seraſe; and though I am ſorry you ſhould be ſo outrageouſly unrooſted, nk that Bath has had you long enough. f the commotions at Bath there has been here all day. An expreſs muſt have ſent; for the report arrived many s before the poſt, at leaſt before the diſ- tion of the letters. This report I men- d in the firſt part of my letter, while I yet uncertain of the fact.

hen it is known that the rioters are ed in London, their ſpirit will ſink in other place, and little more miſchief be done. I am, dear Madam, your,

Letter 32. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Dear Madam, London, June 14, 1780.

VERY thing here is ſafe and quiet. is the firſt thing to be told; and this I in my laſt letter directed to Brighthelm- There has indeed been an univerſal , from which the King was the firſt recovered. Without the concurrence of miniſters, or the aſſiſtance of the civil ma- te, he put the ſoldiers in motion, and the town from calamities, ſuch as a e's government muſt naturally produce. w you are at eaſe about the public, I tell you that I am not well; I have had and cough ſome time, but it is grown d, that yeſterday I faſted and was ed, and to-day took phyſic and dined: neither faſting, nor bleeding, nor dinner, hyſic, have yet made me well.

ooner was the danger over, than the of the Borough found out how fooliſh it was to be afraid, and formed themſelves into four bodies for the defence of the place; through which they now march morning and evening in a martial manner.

I am glad to find that Mr. Thrale continues to grow better; if he is well, I hope we ſhall be all well: But I am very weary of my cough, though I have had much worſe. I am, &c.

Letter 33. *The ſame to the ſame on the Death of Mr. Thrale.*

London,
Dereſt Madam, April 5, 1781.

OF your injunctions, to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobſerved; and I hope to find you willing in a ſhort time to alleviate your trouble by ſome other exerciſe of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death ſince that of my wife has ever oppreſſed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him who knows when to give and when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of exiſtence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the paſt, and ſupport for the future. He that has given you happineſs in marriage, to a degree of which, without perſonal knowledge, I ſhould have thought the deſcription fabulous, can give you another mode of happineſs as a mother; and at laſt, the happineſs of loſing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reaſon yourſelf into tranquillity. We muſt firſt pray, and then labour; firſt implore the bleſſing of God, and thoſe means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind

occupied by lawful bufinefs, has little room for ufelefs regret.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my firft letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am fatisfied; and that the other executors, more ufed to confider property than I, commended it for wifdom and equity. Yet why fhould I not tell you that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expences, and two thoufand pounds a-year, with both the houfes and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or fhort, that fhall yet be granted us, may be well fpent; and that when this life, which at the longeft is very fhort, fhall come to an end, a better may begin which fhall never end. I am, dareft Madam, your, &c.

Letter 34. *Dr. Johnfon to Miffs Sufanna Thrale.*

London,
Dear Miffs Sufan, July 26, 1783.

I ANSWER your letter laft, becaufe it was received laft; and when I have anfwered it, I am out of debt to your houfe. A fhort negligence throws one behind-hand. This maxim, if you confider and improve it, will be equivalent to your parfon and bird, which is however a very good ftory, as it fhews how far gluttony may proceed, which where it prevails is I think more violent, and certainly more defpicable, than avarice itfelf.

Gluttony is, I think, lefs common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more fparingly, and are lefs curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enflaved to the loweft and groffeft temptation.

A friend of mine, who courted a lad whom he did not know much, was advil fee her eat, and if fhe was voluptuous at ta to forfake her. He married her howe and in a few weeks came to his adviler this exclamation, "It is the difturbanc "my life to fee this woman eat!" She as might be expected, felfifh and brutal, after fome years of difcord they parted, I believe came together no more.

Of men, the examples are fufficiently c mon. I had a friend, of great eminenc the learned and the witty world, who hung up fome pots on his wall to furnifh for fparrows. The poor fparrows, not kn ing his character, were feduced by the venience, and I never heard any man f of any future enjoyment with fuch con tions of delight as he exhibited, when talked of eating the young ones.

When you do me the favour to write ag tell me fomething of your ftudies, your w or your amufements. I am, Madam, y &c.

Letter 35. *The fame to Mrs. Thral*

Dear Madam, London, Sept. 22,

HAPPY are you that have eafe and le to want intelligence of air ballons. T exiftence is I believe indubitable; but I k not that they can poffibly be of any ufe. conftruction is this:—The chymical phi phers have difcovered a body (which I forgotten, but will inquire) which, diffo by an acid, emits a vapour lighter than atmofpherical air. This vapour is cau among other means, by tying a bla compreffed upon the bottle in which the folution is performed; the vapour r fwells the bladder, and fills it. The bla is then tied and removed, and another

, till as much of this light air is collected wanted. Then a large ſpherical caſe is e, and very large it muſt be, of the eſt matter that can be found, ſecured by method, like that of oiling ſilk, againſt aſſage of air. Into this are emptied all bladders of light air, and if there is light nough it mounts into the clouds, upon ame principle as a bottle filled with water ſink in water, but a bottle filled with would float. It riſes till it comes to equal tenuity with its own, if wind ater does not ſpoil it on the way. Such, m, is an air ballon.

eteors have been this autumn very often but I have never been in their way.

or Williams has I hope ſeen the end of fflictions. She acted with prudence, and ore with fortitude. She has left me.

Thou thy weary taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

d ſhe had good humour and prompt ion, her univerſal curioſity and comnſive knowledge would have made her elight of all that knew her. She left tle to your charity ſchool.

e complaint about which you enquire is ocele; I thought it a hydrocele, and d it but little. Puncture has detected iſtake: It can be ſafely ſuffered no . Upon inſpection three days ago it etermined *extrema ventura*. If excihould be delayed there is danger of a me. You would not have me for fear n periſh in putrefaction. I ſhall I with truſt in eternal mercy, lay hold of ſibility of life which yet remains. My is not bad; the gout is now trying at t. My appetite and digeſtion are good, y ſleep better than formerly: I am not dejected, and I am not feeble. There is however danger enough in ſuch operations at ſeventy-four.

Let me have your prayers and thoſe of the young dear people. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Write ſoon and often.

Letter 36. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 13, 1783.

SINCE you have written to me with the attention and tenderneſs of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleaſure which a life of ſolitude admits. You will never beſtow any ſhare of your good-will on one who deſerves better. Thoſe that have loved longeſt love beſt. A ſudden blaze of kindneſs may by a ſingle blaſt of coldneſs be extinguiſhed, but that fondneſs which length of time has connected with many circumſtances and occaſions, though it may for a while be ſuppreſſed by diſguſt or reſentment, with or without a cauſe, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To thoſe that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing ſeen recalls ſome pleaſure communicated, or ſome benefit conferred, ſome petty quarrel, or ſome ſlight endearment. Eſteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly diſcovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendſhip of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and loſt, but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot eaſily be loſt.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they ſeem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am ſorry to hear of their building. I have always warned thoſe whom I loved againſt that mode of oſtentatious waſte.

You

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurry as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park? he could not disoblige his neighbours by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost —let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 37. *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 29, 1783.

THE life of my dear, sweet, pretty, lovely, delicious Miss Sophy is safe; let us return thanks to the great Giver of existence, and pray that her continuance amongst us may be a blessing to herself and to those that love her. *Multos et felices*, my dear girl.

Now she is recovered, she must write me a little history of her sufferings, and impart her schemes of study and improvement. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they begin by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.

She will go back to her arithmetic again; a science which will always delight her more, as by advancing further she discerns more of its use, and a science suited to Sophy's ease of mind; for you told in the last winter that she loved metaphysics more than romances. Her choice is certainly as laudable as it is common; but I would have her like wh good in both.

God bless you and your children; so dear Madam, your old friend.

Letter 38. *The same to the Rev. Dr. Ta Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

London, Easter-Mon April 12, 1784.

Dear Sir,

WHAT can be the reason that I hear thing from you? I hope nothing dis you from writing. What I have seen, what I have felt, gives me reason to fear e thing. Do not omit giving me the com of knowing, that after all my losses I got a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is solitary and very cheerless. Though i pleased God wonderfully to deliver me the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and not passed the door since the 13th of De ber. I hope for some help from warm ther, which will surely come in time.

I could not have the consent of the p cians to go to church yesterday; I the received the Holy Sacrament at home, i room where I communicated with dear Williams a little before her death. O friend, the approach of death is very d ful. I am afraid to think on that wh know I cannot avoid. It is vain to round and round for that help which c be had. Yet, we hope and hope, and that he who has lived to-day may live to-row. But let us learn to derive our only from God.

In the mean time, let us be kind t another. I have no friend now livin you and Mr. Hector that was the fri my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir, affectionately, &c.

ter 39. *Miſs ——* to the Rev. Dr. Horne, Preſident of Magdalen College, Oxford.*

My dear Sir, Nov. 6.

WITH a heart almoſt broken with grief, n going, I fear, to trouble you by pour- it forth. I have loſt my ——, my beſt nd, and every thing that was moſt valua- to me in the world! Perhaps, ere this, melancholy tidings have reached your ear. On Saturday morning laſt, the — of ——, yielded his ſoul into the hands of his Ma- . O Sir! paint to your imagination the and diſtraction that entered this houſe in moment of his diſſolution! Had you rd the piercing cries that were uttered! t what do I ſay? God forbid that your der, your moſt affectionate heart ſhould e been a witneſs of the ſcene!

was hardly able to bear the thoughts of viving him; but, thank God, I am in e degree compoſed. I moſt earneſtly re- t of my ſin, in forgetting for a moment from His hand I received good, and why evil when he thought fit? Pray, Sir, don the liberty I have taken in writing to ; but allow me to apologize in ſome mea- , by telling you, that, the day before my reſt —— grew ill, he deſired me to write. you may remember, he owed you a letter. erhaps," ſaid he, ſmiling, "it may pleaſe dear ——." You will, no doubt, won- what could take him off ſo ſuddenly. It a diſorder on the brain, not water, but ething occaſioned by a fulneſs in the d. He died on the ſixth day after he was ed. The day he was firſt affected he came down to breakfaſt; but, alas! he had totally loſt his ſenſes. Think what I muſt have felt! The phyſicians all agreed, and all thought till the very laſt, that his bodily ailments were not fatal, but that his underſtanding was gone for ever. Was it not a bleſſing then that God did not ordain him to outlive himſelf? I have been ſince thinking that I was permitted to ſee him in that moſt melancholy ſtate, to fill my heart with this ſubject of thankfulneſs.

And let me caſt my thoughts on that moſt amazing and bleſſed change he has undergone, from a world of pains and vexations at beſt, to join that bleſſed ſpirit, my deareſt ——, and make one of that angelic choir that ceaſe not day and night to ſing their hallelujahs. How this idea tranſports me from the world! God grant it may influence my life; that, when I come to die, it may be the death of the righteous, which is only to be attained by living their life!

Will you be ſo kind as to preſent my moſt affectionate reſpects to —— and your ——? You will break theſe moſt diſmal tidings to them; I am ſure they will ſympathize in my affliction.

Perhaps, were I critically to trace the ſource of my troubling you with this letter, ſelf might be found to be the cauſe. I flatter myſelf that you will favour me with a line to the afflicted. What conſolation muſt flow from your pen! And ſuffer me to aſſure you, that, next to that dear parent who is laid in the duſt, I have reverenced, loved, and honoured you. If you can pardon me for thus troubling you, and ſhould wiſh to hear now and then how the mourners at —— go on, how happy would it make me to let you know! but this reſts in your own power. I fear you will repent of your former conde-

ſcenſion

* The writer of this letter was an elegant accompliſhed young lady of the firſt diſtinc- in Ireland, who had not completed her 17th at the time of her father's death.

ſcenſion towards me, ſince this is the effect of it.

My poor —— is moſt deeply afflicted; my happineſs muſt *now* reſt upon his good conduct, and I think he will not diſappoint me: Thus, as one prop is withdrawn, the heart of man fondly clings to another.

Mrs. —— is getting much better. Ever ſince we came home this year we have been in daily expectation of her deceaſe. Good God! what an amazement it is to her to find herſelf alive, ſurviving her ——! She bears it like a Chriſtian; ſays, ſhe need not take her leave ſo ſoon to follow. Farewel, moſt honoured Sir. Believe me to remain your moſt dutiful, moſt afflicted ſervant.

Letter 40. *Dr. Horne, Dean of Canterbury* *, *to Miſs* ———, *in anſwer to the above.*

My dear Madam, Canterbury, Nov. 11.

LITTLE did I think a letter from ——— would afflict my ſoul, but your's received this morning has indeed done it. Seeing your hand, and a black ſeal, my mind foreboded what had happened: I made an attempt to read it to my wife and daughters, but—it would not do—I got no further than the firſt ſentence, burſt into a flood of tears, and was obliged to retreat into the ſolitude of my ſtudy, unfit for any thing, but to think on what had happened; then to fall upon my knees, and pray, that God would evermore pour down his choiceſt bleſſings on the children of my departed friend, and as their "father and their mother had forſaken them," that HE would "take them up," and ſupport them in time and eternity. Even ſo! Amen.

You aſk comfort of me, but your truly excellent letter has ſuggeſted comfort to me, from all the proper topics; and I can only reflect it back to you again. All things co ſidered, the circumſtance which firſt mark the diſorder may be termed a *gracious* diſpe ſation. It at once rendered the event, c may ſay, *deſirable*, which otherwiſe car ſo much terror and ſorrow in the face of Nothing elſe in the world could ſo ſoon, a ſo effectually, have blunted the edge of approaching calamity, and reconciled to minds full of the tendereſt love and affecti To complete the conſolation that only mained, which we all know to be the fa Mr. ——— ſtood always ſo prepared, ſo f in his faith, ſo conſtant in his chriſtian pr tice of every duty, that he could not be ta by ſurpriſe, or off his guard: The ſh muſt be to himſelf a bleſſing, whenever, however, it came. His death was his bir day; and, like the primitive Chriſtians, ſhould keep it as ſuch, as a day of joy triumph. Bury his body, but embalm example, and let it diffuſe his fragra among you from generation to generati Call him bleſſed, and endeavour to be him; like him in piety, in charity, in frie ſhip, in courteouſneſs, in temper, in c duct, in word, and in deed. His vir compoſe a little volume, which your bro ſhould carry in his boſom; and he will no other, if that be well ſtudied, to m him the gentleman and the Chriſtian. Y my dear Madam, will, I am ſure, go with diligence to finiſh the fair tranſcript have begun, that the world around you ſee, and admire.

Do not apologize for writing; but let hear what you do, and what plan of life brother thinks of purſuing. With kin compliments from the ſympathizing f here, believe me, ever, my dear Madam, faithful friend and ſervant.

* His Lordſhip was at the time Dean of Canterbury.

## T. IV. FROM GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON, BISHOP HOADLY, AND OTHERS.

r 1. *Lord Lyttelton to Sir Thomas Lyttelton.*

Dear Sir, Paris, Sept. 8.

UNDAY by four o'clock we had the news of a Dauphin, and since that time thought myself in Bedlam. The na- gaiety of the nation is so improved on ccasion, that they are all stark mad with nd do nothing but dance and sing about eets by hundreds and by thousands. The ssions of their joy are admirable: One gives notice to the public, that he de- to draw teeth for a week together upon ont Neuf, *gratis*. The King is as of what he has done, as if he had a kingdom; and tells every body that s, *q'uil sçaura bien fair des fils tant qu'il a*. We are to have a fine fire-work to- w, his Majesty being to sup in town. e Duke of Orleans was sincerely, and t any affectation, transported at the of the Dauphin.

e succession was a burthen too heavy for olence to support, and he piously sings jah for his happy delivery from it. The ld Cardinal cried for joy.

very late, and I have not slept these ights for the squibs and crackers, and noises that the people make in the so must beg leave to conclude, with g that I am, dear Sir, your affection- dutiful son.

2. *S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttelton.*

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

Lyttelton will have acquainted you y removing to this place, the day be- fore he left Paris, for the benefit of the air and exercise of the country, which has al- most restored me to health. The first use I make of it, Sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company; which, I may with great truth say, has contributed, more than any thing else, to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: His good-nature dis- poses him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope that our future acquaintance may afford me an opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued the same as I described it last winter; and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill di- gestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagina- tion's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals; for we have often been obliged at that time to recal him from *reveries*, that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a pecu- liar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of

of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles written by Languett to Sir Philip Sidney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but, returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world; and, retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleasure assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous. But the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect with which I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

Letter 3. *Lord Lyttelton to Sir Th Lyttelton.*

Dear Sir, Jan. 17,

IT is a most sensible and painful add to my concern and affliction for my dear to hear of your being so bad with the fl and, loaded as my heart is with my grief, I cannot help writing this, to tel how much I feel for you, and how ard I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were emp on you; for, when I went to bed, my Lucy was so much better, that we th her in a fair way of recovery; but m easiness for you kept me awake great p the night, and in the morning I foun had been much worse again, so that our was as great as ever: She has since m again, and is now pretty near as you last post; only that such frequent re give one more cause to fear that the symptoms, which sometimes appear, w be lasting. On the other hand, by her gling so long, and her pulse recovering so well as it does, after such violent fl and such great sinkings, one would hop nature is strong in her, and will be last to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now incli trust to *that*, and to trouble her with n physic; upon which condition alone been persuaded to take any food t Upon the whole, her case is full of tainty, and the doctors can pronoun thing positively about her; but they think it will be an affair of time my own health, it is yet tolerably though my heart has gone through a a trial as it can well sustain: More than I thought it could have borne you may depend upon it, dear Sir,

make use of all the supports that religion
ason can give me, to save me from sink-
under it. I know the part you take in
fe and health; and I know it is my duty
not to add to your other pains that of
loss, which thought has as great an ef-
upon me as any thing can; and I believe
Almighty supports me above my own
gth, for the sake of my friends who are
rned for me, and in return for the re-
tion with which I endeavour to submit
will. If it please him, in his infinite
y, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall
thankfully acknowledge his goodness;
t, I shall most humbly endure his chas-
ent, which I have too much deserved.
ese are the sentiments with which my
is replete; but as it is still a most bitter
how my body will bear it, if it must
ass from me, it is impossible for me to
l; but I hope the best. I once more
God to relieve you from that dreadful
per with which you are afflicted.
lbert West would be happy in the repu-
his book has gained him, if my poor
was not so ill. However, his mind
always to hope; which is an advan-
oth to him and me, as it makes him a
comforter. To be sure we ought not
despair; but there is much to fear, and
melancholy interval to be supported
any certainty comes—God send it
ome well at last! I am, dear Sir, your
flicted, but most affectionate son.

4. (The first part.) *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

adam, Sept. 4, 1716.

U oblige your friends in the most agree-
anner in the world. You take a part
t is of concern to their interest, in such
a manner, and with such a grace, as can never be forgotten. One doth not know which to value most, the head or the heart; but this is the satisfaction, that they are inseparable, and both together invaluable. I take this first minute I can, to thank you for the quickness, the beauty, the warmth, and partiality, of your last. If I am proud in the latter part of my life, yourself and another * must chiefly answer for it. Now I have mentioned warmth, you must give me leave to mention one uncommon, and hardly ever to be met with, mixture in the character of the lady I spake of in my first letter. And that is the *passion* which is often seen to accompany sincerity, inseparably joined with the prudence which is very seldom, in any tolerable degree, found with it. Without that warmth, which I have ventured to call passion, the best-meaning person in the world hath but little heart to press forward, even in what he knows to be right; and without this prudence, that warmth becomes passion in the common sense of the word; and pusheth him on to ruin his own designs. You must have seen many instances of this in life, in which a natural boldness and an imprudent warmth have been equally pernicious to the best designs. The happy peculiarity is, I sincerely think in her I have mentioned, the warmth of an honest heart, uncapable of any but good and noble views, under the conduct of such a prudence and knowledge of the world as guards it safely from overturning them. I protest to you, I am not sensible in this, or any thing else I have said, of any partiality; unless that can be called partiality, which is a judgment founded upon observation and experience. I confess, I often promise to

* The Princess of Wales, Caroline.

myself

myſelf great things (I mean great things for the public) from the influences of ſuch a combination of good qualities as never, I believe, met at court, till you carried them thither; if uncertain life, uncertain health, and uncertain favour, will give leave. But why ſhould we doubt of favour, where there is ſo much reaſon and real profit in the continuance of it, and ſo much good ſenſe to diſcern that reaſon and advantage? I wiſh we could be as ſure of the other two. But I go to other ſubjects.

Letter 5. (The latter part.) *Biſhop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Saliſbury, June 8, 1725.

YOU have often and voluntarily done me the moſt engaging offices of friendſhip of this ſort: and I will ſay no more now, but one word of truth in the ſincerity of my heart. Your good underſtanding, your eſtabliſhed love to virtue and integrity, your true ſenſe of honour, your knowledge of the world without being the worſe for it, your converſing in it with all the good manners, and none of the faults of its admirers, your entering into all its innocent faſhions, and abhorring all its vices; ſuch accompliſhments have, I own, a force upon me, to make me think it worth my while to engage and preſerve a friendſhip of ſuch a ſort. They have long had this force upon me; and time and experience have not leſſened, but increaſed it. I will therefore write myſelf, with the greateſt (that is, the trueſt) reſpect, Madam, your moſt faithful friend, and humble ſervant.

Letter 6. *The ſame to the ſame.*

(With a pot of char.)

Jan. 6, 1726-7.

——AND whenever it comes to your table, let it put you in mind of him who ſends it. And, believe me, he does not wiſh to be remembered under a character more favour or more honourable to himſelf, than th one, who knows how to value, in an un mon manner, virtue and good ſenſe unit an uncommon degree; or, in other w that of Mrs. Clayton's faithful friend humble ſervant.

Letter 7. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Jan. 3, 172

——IT is a long time ſince I had the ſure of a converſation, which I cannot with without ſome ſtruggles. I conſide deed, that the hours in which I uſed t joy it, are thoſe which are now gene better and more uſefully employed, on part, in another manner: and, I think cannot be too often at court, becauſe no can, but a great deal of good, I am conf will come from it. I am willing theref ſuffer ſome mortification, but not a perp one. I am a little too ſelfiſh, to give u and hope I may ſtill have ſome part in a fication which I purſued, you know, before the preſent ſituation of affairs which, give me leave to ſay, I ſtill p for the ſake of your merit; the merit, I of virtue and good ſenſe. I like you n thought the better for your power at c though, I own, I like the court itſelf th ter for it. Nor do I court your friend all the more for that. I cannot but myſelf, I have ſtill ſome little claim from my own conſtant and uniform to you, ever ſince I knew you, which I call merit in myſelf, could I have acted wiſe. But I have a greater claim to it. your own promiſe, given me many yea and I can never give up this claim, unle pear to have done any thing to forfeit have letters written from Bath in 1716, have juſt now given me a freſh plea

ng them: and I keep them as the writ- of my eſtate in you, which very much irm my title to your friendſhip.

Letter 8. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, Saliſbury, Aug: 3, 1730.

T would be a very great pleaſure to me ar you are well, in whatever part of our d you now are. I left you at Windſor; re I ſent to inquire after your health, but d not poſſibly ſtay to wait on you myſelf. d the pleaſure juſt to ſee you going into chapel. If you ſaw me there, you ſaw ired to death with a ceremony more in- ficantly troubleſome, and more ridicu- , than even I expected. I fled from the part of it in the Hall, and went a good towards Saliſbury that evening, regret- nothing but that I could not firſt have a of your converſation.

believe, Madam, when you with ſo much mth preſſed me to write an account of Dr. rke, you little thought that would be made occaſion of ſo much reproach and bitter- , as Mr. Whiſton has vented againſt me; much leſs that Mr. Jackſon, ſo much ged as he was to that great man, could, oon after his death, make uſe of his name urt me; by ſending to Mr. Whiſton, in r to be publiſhed, an idle, imperfect, par- and falſe account of what, he was told, ed between Dr. Clarke and me, upon the ect of a Prebend of Saliſbury, which, it s, he expected from me. I never ſaw an inſtance of pious tittle-tattle from one to the other; nor ſo much of the ſpirit enſure, and religious pride, and immoral . What I ſee in them both confirms me hat I have uſed to obſerve, that pious, out, and (as they are called) godly, and vill own) well-meaning men, often do the very ſame things which wicked men do, and which are in them allowed to be wicked and inexcuſable. How they ſhould be excuſable or praiſe-worthy in others; or why Mr. Whiſton ſhould think it pardonable in himſelf to vent (nay, in truth, to *invent*) what it would be unpardonable in a leſs pious man to ſay of me; I am at a loſs to know. I leave him to one who knows better than we do what allowance to make for ſuch fury of religion; and deſire to be guarded myſelf from it for ever. As I began, ſo I end. I entreat you, let me hear from you, if it be but in two lines, where you are, and how your health is; and believe me, wherever I am, to be, with the trueſt honour and higheſt eſteem, Madam, your moſt faithful friend and ſervant.

Letter 9. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, Saliſbury, Aug. 14, 1731.

I T was a very ſenſible ſatisfaction to me to have it under your own hand, that your health was the better for the eaſe and quiet of Sundon; and that it would not be diſagreeable to you to be interrupted now and then with a line from hence. I ought indeed to have made this acknowledgment much ſooner; and have little to ſay for myſelf, but that for ſome time I have every day expected to ſee or hear from Dr. Clarke (according to his promiſe when he ſet out for Sundon), and to have an anſwer from him to twenty queſtions I had to aſk about you, and your health, and the place, and I know not what. A poor excuſe, I own: But ſuch as it is, joining itſelf with the very hot weather, (which made my head unfit for a letter to you, and my hand itſelf unable to do as it uſed to do), it prevailed until I ſaw him. He is but juſt gone, after a ſtay of only a day and a half; and he has

has left me full of pleasing thoughts about Sundon, and the Lady of Sundon; and full of wishes to see her in her country-retirement, which, I know, she adorns. And if wish and imagination can bring it about, I am now there with you. Let me indulge the imagination. It will please me, and not hurt you. Methinks I very plainly see you receiving your friends, with a countenance as free from a cloud, as your heart is from a spot; (much the more to be valued by those whom you think worthy of it, because in you it is so very different from what I call the countenance of common civility, due to the undistinguished rabble of acquaintance;) I mean, a countenance that shews the friendship of the heart; not indeed to be described, nor so much as perceived by any, but the few that feel within themselves something, which tells them what it means in another. From this image, which I can hardly part with, I go on to others. The neatness of the house; the cleanness of the little circle of ground about it; the elegance of your entertainments —I see them with pleasure, because they are not alone, but are the garniture of much greater things; and in you shew a mind capable of descending, with the utmost propriety, to the lower parts of life, without ever losing sight of the highest. The imagery now goes on, and represents to me the manner of conversation with your friends, made agreeable by a quickness (not to say, eagerness) of spirit, guarded by the goodness of the understanding. The remembrance of what I myself have been witness to, makes the idea of this very strong. Sundon can add even to this the circumstance of more quiet, and less interruption from those rappings at the gate which I have often been angry at, at London; a circumstance, I own, to me, of a most disagreeable sort.

Letter 10. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sund*

Madam,

I CANNOT forbear bidding you farew before I leave the town. You will par me. You can hardly imagine how foo or how sick, or how weak, I have been to-d even with the thoughts of to-morrow. used to ask, how much of my head I wo part with for a stronger heart. If you been to feel what my *head* has been to-d you would have wished for my heart, w as it is, instead of it. And yet, if you known how it has been with my *heart* al you would have taken my painful head stead of it. My hand (with a pen in it as weak as either of them, as you may Why am I so different from what others and from what perhaps I ought to be mys I know that I am going, but for a very while, and upon no uncommon occa And yet, because I am parting from e thing that is particularly dear to me wi my own family, and without it, though for a while, I feel it to that excess of sink that I care not to attempt to express it, fear you should think more meanly of than even my foolish conversation on Mon made you. Believe me sincere, and he in that sense; open; free, where freedo safe, and where virtue makes it so—Believ this—and think of me in other respects as weak man, if you please. If I can think self qualified for the best friendship, I have great ease even in a dejected condi Dejected as it is, I cannot forbear telling that I had a thorough, spirituous, fam and resenting conversation with Mr. yesterday—all ending with great thank my freedom, and great professions.—I am terrupted in my poor scrawl. May the d

ind I have in the world, be preſerved in ; and every thing that ſhe is capable of ng; and may I (ſelfiſh you ſee at laſt) r once more in ſuch a ſtate! Forgive aſty and uneaſy ſcribbling, and do not , Madam, your moſt faithful friend and nt.

r 11. (The firſt part.) *The ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, Saliſbury, Sept. 28, 1731.

CAN hardly tell you how much I am d to you for your laſt favour from on. This I can ſay for myſelf, that I write to you proceeds from the heart friend, and from an heart deſirous and ious that a converſation ſo agreeable to ſhould not be diſagreeable to you. I a real pleaſure in converſing with you, s diſtance, ſince this diſtance muſt ſome- be; and the pleaſure is now as high as be, ſince you give me leave to think do not take it at your expence; but ou bear the part of a friend in it. If had ſearched the world of words, you not have found out an expreſſion ſo per- adapted to my wiſhes as that, in which id me *judge from my own heart*, &c. I ; and I deſire no more, but the continu- of the happineſs of ſuch a friend; the ſt addition to the other bleſſings of this ſe; and the greateſt ſupport under the f it. Indeed I feel the truth of all that y upon this ſubject; and feel it, as you y do, without envying the inſenſibility difference of ſome you ſpeak of, and leſs their falſehood and inſincerity: h the former, I grant, guard them the many pains of a ſenſible heart; he latter (as they think) are the great ments of political wiſdom; that is, of rt of living in the world. I am ſorry I muſt call it *living*. Nothing but happineſs ought to be called *life*; and nothing but the generous virtues can create and ſecure a true happineſs; even in that low and mixed condition in which we muſt accept of it in this world, it is highly worth our while to ſeek it in their paths. And they certainly will lead us to its heights, in the ſtate of unmixed and unpolluted good, which we hope for. Go on therefore; and I will follow, if I can, &c.

Letter 12. *The ſame to the ſame.*

I HOPE, Madam, you have before this received my laſt letter, and forgiven the length of it, as well as every expreſſion in it. When I write to you, I always think I am writing to a perſon of excellent underſtanding, who can temper the meaning of an expreſſion, or word; and not think me ſo weak as to intend flattery, in what, I own, would ſound a little extravagant were it ſaid to moſt others. When I uſe the higheſt expreſſions of you, I know, you cannot think I mean to place you out of the rank of mankind, or to exempt you from the frailties and paſſions inſeparable, in ſome inſtances or other, from our nature. I compare you in my thoughts with others of the ſame kind; and I ſee, with pleaſure, ſo great a ſuperiority to the many, that, I think, I can hardly expreſs my ſenſe of it ſtrong enough. Compared with them, therefore, I may juſtly ſpeak of you as one of a ſuperior ſpecies; and you will ſupply the compariſon, if I do not always expreſs it; and not think me capable of offering incenſe, which I know you are not capable of receiving. In a word, I would be underſtood, in all ſuch caſes, as expreſſing the pleaſure of a friend, and the ſenſe he has of his happineſs in the friendſhip of one, whoſe underſtanding and whoſe heart are both ſo free from thoſe un-

com

comfortable imperfections, which very many labour under, even of those who pass through the world with some character and reputation.

I left myself no time, when I last wrote, to say any thing but upon one subject; and I think I am now running on, as if it would be so again. But I stop my pen, for once, in that course. I was not a little concerned to see the war from the press at last break out into an excess.—But then, on the other side, what can be proposed by the administration from the prosecution of printers and publishers, now again, after so many disappointments, set on foot? I defy them to name any one instance (except in the case of high treason) in which a prosecution of this sort did not end to the prejudice of the administration, even where they succeeded in the sentence for punishment; much less, where they perhaps can never succeed, but must go on still to be disappointed as they have been already. I wish they would consider this experience, instead of consulting their present anger. I am sure, I could presently name them twenty instances of the truth of what I now say, and what I have often said to them and theirs heretofore. One advantage plainly comes to the clergy from these late political controversies, that the laity will never again be able to reproach them as the only masters of scandal and ill language in controversy. For certainly the lay-gentlemen have at last outdone them by many degrees; I hope, indeed, enough to make the clergy themselves forsake their bitter style, and their bad manners, upon such occasions; now they see how shocking and indecent these are even in those who do not profess so much regard for religion as they do. There may be a sort of pleasure in reading the keenness and wit of a writer, and yet it cannot make amends either for the little to which he descends, or the enormiti rises to in his wrath.—

Letter 13. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sun*

July 18, 1732, Grosvenor-su

——DO not wonder that I interrup so soon, to beg you to let me know how do. I cannot yet arrive at the perfecti weighing things which demand no such actness, by grains and scruples; nor of happy in an easy, philosophical indifferen or in the temper at all like it. But wh am convinced that it is more agreeable t friend, that I should be so, I know, and sure, I can by degrees thoroughly effe In the mean while, let me act, and s agreeably to my present notions of frien I never had a thought but that you we truest and heartiest friend in the world. more doubt of your zeal to do subst good offices to your friends, and to those may outlive them; than I doubt of my being alive. I think and know it to be and uncommon. And I should be a absurd creature, if I did not think *th* very essence of true friendship. But, I t there are circumstances, which, though importance without the other substantial yet make that itself, and the thought more agreeable, vastly more agreeable th would otherwise be. And where virtu honour in the highest degree, and *the* unite: here, I think, the agreeablen friendship is in perfection; and abo other agreeablenesses in this world.

Letter 15. *The same to the same.*

Sept. 11, 1

——YOU see the temper of your frie you do not like it, tell him so quickly teach him (if you can) to be a friend,

liar ſenſe of that word, without it. Shew how it is poſſible to have the pleaſure of a friendſhip, without the pain. For in caſe, let all the world ſay what they will, pain of care, and fear, and (what is worſt l) loſs, muſt be proportionable to the ſure of the preſent good. The indifferent, value all perſons equally, know nothing, knowledge, of this uneaſineſs: But then, know nothing of the happineſs neither. ll not determine the queſtion, between the tempers, for any but myſelf. I am nt with what I feel, and could never ail on myſelf to exchange joy and w for a ſtate of conſtant taſteleſs in- rence. I now come back to your letter. lady of Sundon may perhaps know, or y ſhe knows, her own imperfections; but t ſo well acquainted with her own per- ons, I believe, as ſome others may be. I nothing to her, or of her, from any par- y of friendſhip. Nor was I afraid of judgment but her own, to condemn any g I ſaid. My deſire was only, that ſhe d not think I intended flattery; which is orthy of me to give, or of her to receive. language upon this ſubject is the ſame in erſation with others, as it is with yourſelf; h I think a very good argument to appeal And if I ſhould be ſo unhappy as to outlive f my greateſt happineſſes, my ſentiments d break forth, and be known to many more they can be now. The Biſhop, who lives at bury, thinks it as great an honour that you ſs your kind opinion of him, and his man- living, in one ſhort ſentence, as if you had it with a much greater length of words.

Letter 15. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, Jan. 1, 1731-2.

the language of the ſeaſon, I wiſh you Mr. Clayton many happy years; and I do it with the ſincereſt warmth of a friendly heart. To wiſh years of life without happi- neſs, is a cruel wiſh. If this (which we now enter) goes on with me as it has begun, I am afraid I ſhall think one more too many. That head which felt to its owner ſo heavy on Thurſday evening, was much worſe than heavy all that night and yeſterday. My cold increaſed, and ſettled in one ſide of my head. I have felt more pain and miſery ſince, than through many years before. I am eaſier *this* morning; but ſtill in pain: And were it not for that, ſhould feel to myſelf like one, whom Steele uſed to deſcribe with half his head cut off. One meaning of all this is, that my not attending the duty of this day at court, may not be imputed to want of heart, but to wan of head; or rather to having too much head. The very converſing with you by letter has made me feel it leſs than I did; and, if I ſhould follow my inclination, I could, as bad as I am, go on to write more than it is fit to trouble you with, ſuch a buſy day as this. Take all poſſible care to go home well; and I will take all I can to be well enough to wait upon you the firſt minute you will permit me to finiſh the tale I was interrupted in on Thurſday night; and to enjoy a converſation every day more and more highly valued by, Madam, your moſt faithful and obliged ſer- vant.

Letter 16. *The ſame to the ſame.*

My dearest Friend,

IF this finds you once more eſcaped well from the fatigue and diſorder of a court wait- ing, it will be a great joy to me, and I have ſome hope it will, becauſe I had the pleaſure to know from your ſervant (as I came from the chapel yeſterday evening), that at leaſt you were not ill.—The *chain of life* (of which

we have sometimes spoke) has been very heavy ever since I saw you. And my heart is now a good deal wounded with the news of Sir William Willys' death. He had very good sense, great modesty, uncommon humanity, and a beneficence which shewed itself in a way, that but a few know any thing of. (Let me go on, and pour out a little of my sorrow, though my paper almost forbids me, and I did not design it when I sat down to write.) He had learning enough to make him acceptable to those who had opportunities of gaining more. But it was covered by the ease and unaffected behaviour of the gentleman. Indeed, he had more excellences than most of his rank take pains to shew, or to pretend to. But that which touched me most, his heart was good; and he loved me. He loved me, I have reason to say it, in so particular a manner, that he either could not, nor would not, hide it. And he had that sort of tenderness in shewing it, which, when I know it to be real, always captivates my heart. The last time I saw him (which I little thought would have been the last), after some of the most engaging discourse in his easy way, he promised himself, he said, to come much oftener to me than he used to do, since I had assured him how agreeable an interruption it would always be to me. He was ever contriving how to get his friends about him in the most agreeable manner; and when they were so, they were sure of being easy and happy. I say what I think literally true, when I say that no one could be uneasy with him. Nor do I believe that ever any one was. And though his numerous relations (some not in affluence) will get a great deal by his death, I believe there is hardly one of them who would not gladly purchase his presence again with all that they can get by losing him. As to myself, I do not say that he was to me in that rank of friendship in which one of her perfe No one ever was; no one, I think, ever can But if I had been asked, whom of all friends, next to that one, I would have ch to have stayed longest with me in this miser planet, I believe, from the knowledge I of him from his childhood, I should have Sir William Willys. But he is sudd gone, and in a most painful manner. For this, from your faithful.

Letter 17. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sand*

—— NOISE, crowds, ringing of b great dinners, strange lodgings, com without conversation, and the like, have made me either more in love with myself my situation in the world, than I was be But they have still more recommended to the private part of my life; the sweets of q ness, and the enjoyment of true friendsh I think often, and most agreeably, of the pineſs, the great happiness, of having a f in whose good heart one may confide with utmost security; and in whose good u standing one may be sure of the best ad as well as entertainment. That there is a person in the world, I am certain from own knowledge. And I would now a greater favour of Providence, than to me as certain of the friendship of this pe I should esteem it a peculiar happiness in decline of life; a support under the evils generally attend it; and all the compens for living on, which a reasonable mind well wish for, after the concerns of our n relations are tolerably taken care of. know best whether Providence has bee indulgent to me as to grant me this g And you know what my notion of frie is. Without the strictest virtue and ho there is no foundation for it; nor can it,

them, be friendſhip; or any thing higher company-keeping, for low or ignominious poſes. If a beneficent temper and a readi- for good offices be added, theſe alſo are ſications without which it cannot ſubſiſt. what I underſtand by it is ſtill ſomething e; a ſort of peculiar ſympathy, which it ard to define ſo as to be underſtood, if it otfelt: And if it be, it needs no definition. s latter added to the former is what com- es the notion of what I mean by the *word* dſhip, and what I wiſh for in the *thing*,

Letter 18. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Madam, Sept. 24, 1734.

SHOULD not have omitted one poſt to owledge my obligation to you for the ial of your laſt letter, if the hurry in h I have ſome days lived had not made it ally impoſſible to have writ my ſenſe of it, ought. I dare ſay, you felt ſome uneaſi- for me; and partook a little of the pain h the weakneſs of my head, or my heart, brought upon me. Your goodneſs in- d you to write what has had all the good t, which that itſelf could wiſh. I muſt to you, I muſt ever think myſelf obliged plain to you what I ſhould have little con- to do to another; becauſe I value your dſhip and your judgment too much to be ll eaſy without doing it. There is no t, as you ſay, that my own conſcience be my guide, and a guide not to be for- n in deference to any perſon. But I am dent you could not be diſpleaſed at my eſt wiſh, that you ſhould think as I did, point of moral obligation; or, if not, at rying to find an honourable expedient for doing what you ſeemed ſo deſirous of. believe me, I have ſuch a delicacy in the matter of promiſes, that I can ſooner make free with my own ſon, than with a friend to whom I had bound myſelf. I will trouble you no more upon this ſubject, except, &c.

Letter 19. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Monday, May 26, 1735.

PERMIT me, Madam, by this paper, to congratulate your Ladyſhip upon the honour his Majeſty has been pleaſed to do my Lord Sundon and yourſelf. I think, the merits of you both towards the Royal Family are as great, as well can be.---I wiſh your Lady- ſhip every thing that you deſerve. I can wiſh you no more. If I could, I am prevented now from ſaying it; and have only time to beg that you will not go out of town without ſuf- fering me to wait upon you at any hour of any day moſt convenient to yourſelf. I am, with the ſame high and ſingular eſteem, Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant.

Letter 20. *Lord Cheſterfield to Solomon Doy- rolles, Eſq. at the Hague.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Jan. 26, O. S. 1748.

THIS letter goes to you, in that confidence, which I always ſhall, and know that I ſafely may, place in you, and you will therefore not let one word of it tranſpire.

What * * * wrote to * * * I believe will, nay I am ſure muſt, prove true. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

I tell you very truly, I long for reſt and quiet, equally neceſſary to my preſent ſtate, both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would ſacrifice ſome more quiet to it; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my eaſe, and preſerve my cha- racter. I have gone through pleaſures, while my conſtitution and my ſpirits would allow me. Buſineſs ſucceeded them; and I have

now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it the least. And this one consideration would alone disgust one of it, even if one had the sole power; which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy, and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merit. Thus weary of business, you will easily imagine, that, in retiring from my present business, I shall not engage in any other; but far from embarking upon any account in cabals and opposition, whenever I do take any part in the House of Lords, it shall be in support of the government. Do not think neither that I mean a sullen retirement from the world; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself. What day I shall resign the seals is not yet fixed; therefore, I desire that you will not, upon any account, mention one word of this letter, or give the least intimation to any one living, that you know any thing of this resolution. As I know the warmth of your friendship for me, and at the same time the warmth of your temper, I most earnestly recommend to you, nay, I insist upon your being discreet, when this event shall become public. There are those at the Hague, who will be glad to lay hold of any little slip of yours, in order to do you an injury: Disappoint them by your discretion, and say nothing more upon it than you knew that my health required exercise, and my temper quiet; and that you know too, that whenever I can, as a private man, be of any use to the king or to the public, I shall act the same out of place as I should have done in. This conduct I shall look upon proof of your friendship, and not of your ness for me. As I shall always have a faction in hearing from you, write to me, time to time, as usual. * * * * * * *

Adieu for this time, my dear Dayrol and be convinced that, knowing as I do merit, your good heart, your truth, and affection, I shall, though hereafter a useless one, be ever your very faithful frie

Letter 21. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon D rolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Feb. 9, O. S. 1

*LE sort est jetté* (the die is cast): You ceive this letter from a sincere friend, bu from a secretary of state; and I know yo be so true a friend too, that I am sure you lue it more in the former character than in latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals the King's hands, who parted with me in most gracious manner possible. My hea my spirits, and my character, all concurr this measure, and made it absolutely nece for me. I retire without any personal qu with any man whatsoever; and if I disappo of measures, it was by no means upon acco of their authors. Far from engaging in position, as resigning Ministers too comm do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, port the King and his government; whi can do with more advantage to them, more honour to myself, when I do not rec five thousand pounds a-year for doing it shall now, for the first time in my life, that philosophical quiet, which, upon word, I have long wished for. While I able, that is, while I was young, I lived constant dissipation and tumult of pleasu the hurry and plague of business, either out of court, succeeded, and continued

. And it is now time to think of the real comforts in the latter end of life, t, liberty, and health. Do not think, by way, that by quiet and retirement I mean ude and misanthropy; far from it, my osophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and al nature. My horse, my books, and my ds, will divide my time pretty equally; I not keep less company, but only better, I shall chuse it. Therefore do not fear ing me, whenever you take a little turn , morose and cynical: On the contrary, will find me as gentle as a dove; but, not so amorous. At least, whatever you find me, you will always find me the truest affection, your, &c.

. S. Pray make my compliments to my on, and thank him both for his books and etters: I will do it myself very soon.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

r Dayrolles, Bath, Feb. 22, O. S. 1748.

*E voici, mon cher enfant.* (here I am, ear boy), enjoying liberty and idleness, attended with a great cold, which I got the road, in the coldest weather, and the est snow, that I ever remember. This indered me from drinking the waters hi- o; but that is no great matter, as I came more for the sake of quiet and absence London, while I was the only subject of ersation there, than for any great occa- hat I had for the waters.

ithout affectation, I feel most sensibly omforts of my present free and quiet ion; and if I had much vanity in my osition, of which I really think that I less than most people, even that vanity d be fully gratified, by the voice of the upon this occasion. But, upon my all the busy tumultuous passions have subsided in me; and that not so much from philosophy, as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

Since my resignation, my brother, as you will have seen in the news-papers, is appointed Commissioner of the Admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling, and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this post; and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather as it was the King's own doing.

George Stanhope too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him; so that, it seems, I have a much better interest out of place than I had in.

All goes well at Leipsig; the boy applies and improves more than I expected. Count and Countess Flemming, who saw him there, and who carried him to the Dutchess of Courlande's, gave me a very good account of him; and assured me, that he was by no means that awkward English oaf, but *passablement décrotté* (tolerably polished). He shall stay there a year longer, and then go to Turin. If you should accidentally hear, or can procure any memoirs of his private character, pray let me know them.

Remember the cautions I gave you in one of my former letters. When Lord Sandwich

goes to the congreſs, you will have a great deal to do, and play a conſiderable part, at the Hague; which I know you are able to acquit yourſelf of very well. This, I think, will put you *en train d'être Monſieur l'Envoyé*, upon Lord Sandwich's return to his poſt here, which will be before it is very long; for, however little peace is at preſent intended, neceſſity will ſoon make it by the means of the *Maréchaux de Saxe et Lowendahl*; and then, being upon the place, I think you may reaſonably aſk, and probably obtain, the character and appointments of Envoy. * * *

May you have all you wiſh! Adieu, yours.

Letter 23. *Lord Cheſterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Eſq.*

Dear Dayrolles, Greenwich, June 30, O. S. 1752.

SINCE public events were neither the cauſe, nor the cement, of our long correſpondence, that private friendſhip, that began, may e'en continue, without the aſſiſtance of foreign matter. We will reciprocally aſk, and tell one another, how we do: If we do little worth telling, which is and will be my caſe, our letters will be the ſhorter, but not the leſs welcome, for being only the meſſengers of friendſhip.

I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and conſequently alone. I read as much as my eyes will let me; and I walk and ride as often as the worſt weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs*, good health, natural good ſpirits, ſome philoſophy, and long experience of the world, make me much leſs dejected and melancholy, than moſt people in my ſituation would be, or than I ſhould have been myſelf ſome years ago. I comfort myſelf with the reflection, that I did not loſe the power, till after I had very near loſt the deſire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noiſe of buſi-

neſs, ſo that I loſe nothing upon that he and when I conſider how much of my li paſt, and how little of it according to courſe of nature remains, I can almoſt ſuade myſelf that I am no loſer at all. B this, you ſee that I am neither a dejected a ſour deaf man.

In ſpite of this cold and rainy weathe have already eaten two or three of your teloup melons, which have proved excel and ſome very ripe muſcat grapes raiſed i anana-houſe, which is now ſtocked with can ananas, much ſuperior to the Ame ones. The growth, the education, an perfection, of theſe vegetable children e my care and attention, next to my co one, who is now going to Hanover, and I hope will reward all my care, as well a ananas have done.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am mo ſectionately and truly yours.

Letter 24. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Sept. 15,

IN the firſt place I make my compli to my god-ſon, who, I hope, ſucks and heartily, and evacuates properly, which that can yet be deſired or expected from Though you, like a prudent father, I carry your thoughts a great deal farthe are already forming the plan of his educ you have ſtill time to conſider of it, b not ſo much as people commonly thin I am very ſure, that children are capabl certain degree of education long befor are commonly thought to be ſo. At and a half old, I am perſuaded that a might be made to comprehend the inju torturing flies and ſtrangling birds; w they are commonly encouraged in bot their hearts hardened by habit. Th

her thing, which, as your family is, I ose, constituted, may be taught him very y, and save him trouble and you expence; ean languages. You have certainly some ch servants, men or maids, in your e. Let them be chiefly about him, when s six or seven months older, and speak ing but French to him, while you and ame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but lish; by which means those two languages be equally familiar to him. By the time he is three years old, he will be too y and too active for a maid to carry, or llow him; and one of your footmen necessarily be appointed to attend him. that footman be a Saxon, who speaks ing but German, and who will, of course, him German without any trouble. A n footman costs no more than one of any country, and you have two or three years rovide yourself with one upon a vacancy. man will, I fear, be always a useful lan- e for an Englishman to know, and it is ry difficult one to learn any other way by habit. Some silly people will, I am tell you, that you will confound the child so with these different languages, he will jumble them all together and no one well; and this will be true for or six years; but then he will separate of himself, and speak them all per- . This plan, I am sure, is a right for the first seven years; and before the ation of that time we will think farther. y boy has been a good while at Hanover: kissed the King's hand, which was all pected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you for granted, *et c'étoit dans les formes.* he Duke of Newcastle has been most ex- ely kind and friendly to him; had him a to dine with him, even *en famille.* * * * * * I am really most extremely obliged to the Duke of Newcastle, and will shew him that I am so, if ever I have an opportunity. He is now gone to Brunswick, and from thence goes to pass the carnival at Berlin: He will kiss your hands at Brussels in March or April, unless an election of a king of the Romans should call him to Frankfort; for I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding what I read in the news-paper, and what you hint in your last, but that there will be a king of the Romans elected before it is long. That affair has been too eagerly and publicly pursued, to be now dropped without ridicule and disgrace. At bottom, the court of Vienna must earnestly wish it, and its pretended indifference was merely to throw the whole expence upon us. We have been haggling all this time about it with the court of Vienna; which, I suppose, will at last be prevailed with to do something; and we shall, according to custom, do all the rest. The electors, who are to be paid for it, as those of Palatine and Cologne, will be paid in a few ducats, and a great many guineas.

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped, little good comes of it. However, I will try every thing, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to Madame Dayrolles. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

Letter 25. *From the same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, Bath, Oct. 7, 1752.

BEFORE this packet will reach you, another little round packet of mine, probably will. I mean Mr. Stanhope, who, by a

letter of the 26th of September, which I have just received from him from Hanover, acquaints me that he is setting out to make his court to you at Brussels. I know your friendship for me too well to want any new proofs of it; and therefore I do very seriously insist, whatever either your friendship to me, or your attention to him, might otherwise make you intend, that you do not make him lodge in your house. Let him be your guest at dinner or supper, as often as you please, but very positively no longer. A dissipated young fellow of twenty is a very improper piece of furniture in a regular family. In short, *en un mot comme en mille*, all ceremony apart, I will not have him lodge in your house. *Au reste*, I put him entirely into your hands, do whatever else you will with him. Thrust him into company. Pray inform him a little of the affairs of the *barrière* and *tarif*, which are not of a secret nature; and inform me truly, and *de bonne foi*, how you find him now. Has he better air, address, and manners, than when you saw him last? I beg of you to reprimand him seriously if he has not. As being mine, look upon him as your own; as I should look upon my god-son as mine, being yours, were he with me, and of an age to be rebuked and reprimanded for his good.

I have been here now just a week, blistering, pumping, and drinking; by all which, I think, I have gained a little, though very little, as to my hearing. Yours most affectionately.

Letter 26. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, Bath, Oct. 18, 1752.

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere upon the road, for I received yours four d after I had sent mine. I think I rather g ground by the waters and other medicin but, if I do, it is but slowly, and by inc I hear the person who sits or stands near and who directs his voice in a strait lin me: But I hear no part of a mixed conve tion, and consequently am no part of soci However, I bear my misfortune better t I believe most other people would; whe from reason, philosophy, or constitution will not pretend to decide. If I have very cheerful, at least I have no melanch moments. Books employ most of my h agreeably; and some few objects, within own narrow circle, excite my attention end to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now you; and I am very glad that he is, bec I expect from your friendship, a true confidential account of him. You will time to analyse him; and I do beg you to tell me the worst, as well as the of your discoveries. When evils are i rable, it may be the part of one frien conceal them from another; but at his when no defect can have taken so deep a as to be immoveable, if proper care be ta the friendly part is rather to tell me his fects than his perfections. I promise upon my honour, the most inviolable sec Among the defects, that possibly he have, I know one that I am sure he it is, indeed, a negative fault, a fau omission; but still it is a very great with regard to the world. He wants tha gaging address, those pleasing manners, little attentions, that air, that *abord*, those graces, which all conspire to make first advantageous impression upon peo minds which is of such infinite use th

whole course of life. It is a sort of magic wer, which prepossesses one at first sight in vour of that person, makes one wish to be quainted with him, and partial to all he ys and does. I will maintain it to be more eful in business than in love. This most cessary varnish we want too much: Pray commend it strongly. * * * * * * has, I dare say, told you, how exceedgly kind the Duke of Newcastle was to m at Hanover, for he wrote me word with nsports of it. *Faites un peu valoir cela,* en you happen either to see or to write to his ace, but only as from yourself and histoally. Add too, that you observe that I s extremely affected with it. In truth, I intend to give him to the two brothers for ir own; and have nothing else to ask of ner, but their acceptance of him. In e, he may possibly not be quite useless to m. I have given him such an education, t he may be of use to any court; and I l give him such a provision, that he shall a burden to none.

As for my god-son, who I assure you, hout compliment, enjoys my next warmest hes, you go a little too fast, and think too before-hand. No plan can possibly be laid down for the second seven years. own natural turn and temper must be first covered, and your then situation will and ht to decide his destination. But I will one consideration with regard to these first n years. It is this:---Pray let my god- never know what a blow or a whipping is, ess for those things for which, were he man, he would deserve them; such as g, cheating, making mischief, and meted malice. In any of those cases, howyoung, let him be most severely whipped. either to threaten or whip him for falling down, bepissing himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a must unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for if a poor child is to be whipped equally for telling a lie, or for a snotty nose, he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

I have ordered Mr. Stanhope to pass six weeks in Flanders, making Brussels his head quarters. I think he cannot know it as he should do in less time; for I would have him see all the considerable towns there, and be acquainted and *fauffilé* at Brussels, where there is a great deal of good company, and, as I hear, a very polite court.---From thence he is to go to Holland for three months. Pray put him *au fait* of the Hague, which nobody can do better than you. I shall put him into Kreuninge's hands there, for the reading, and the constitutional part of the republic, of which I would have him most thoroughly informed. If, by any letters, you can be of use to him there, I know you will. I would fain have him know every thing of that country, of that government, of that court, and of that people, perfectly well. Their affairs and ours always have been, and always will be, intimately blended; and I should be very sorry that, like nine in ten of his countrymen, he should take Holland to be the republic of the seven united provinces, and the States-general for the sovereign. *Mais à force d' être sourd je deviens bavard*; (deafness makes me loquacious;) so a good-night to you with Madame Dayrolles;

and I think that is wishing you both very well. Yours most sincerely.

Letter 27. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Feb. 16, 1753.

IT is tue, that I have been long silent; and am, contrary to custom, two letters in your debt. I would have paid better, had my specie been better; but it is really so bad, that it would be both impudent and fraudulent in me to pretend to give it currency. But since you will take it for the sake of him whose image and inscription it wears, you shall have it, and with my wishes that it were better.

I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society every day. I can now say of the world, as the man in Hamlet, *What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?* My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things, that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one: I will keep dipping in it, for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself; that self, as now cicumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.

I am very glad to hear that my god-son flourishes. I hope he is very noisy and very active, which, at his age, are the only symptoms of health and parts. * * * *

I believe you are not at all sorry, for in your case I know you should not, that your great men have taken your negotiations out of your hands. It secures you ministers of a subordinate rank from any blame, in wh soever manner the negotiations may be c cluded, if ever they are concluded at The credit or the blame will be theirs, the pointments *en attendant* are yours. Ad my dear Dayrolles. I am most warmly affectionately yours.

Letter 28. *The same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Jan. 1, 17

YOU fine gentlemen, who have never c mitted the sin or the folly of scribbling, th that all those who have, can do it again w ever they please; but you are much mista The pen has not only its moments, but hours, its days of impotence, and is no obedient to the will than other things been since the fall. Unsuccessful and i fectual attempts are alike disagreeable disgraceful. It is true, I have nothing to do but to write, and for that very r perhaps I should do it worse than ever; was formerly an act of choice, is now be the refuge of necessity. Though I keep certain equality of spirits, better, I be than most people would do in my unfortu situation, yet you must not suppose that I ever that flow of active spirits which is so cessary to enable one to do any thing Besides, as the pride of the human hea tends itself beyond the short span of our all people are anxious and jealous, an perhaps more so than any others, of wha be thought and said of them at a time they cannot know, and therefore ough reasonably to care for either. Notwithst ing all these difficulties, I will confess t that I often scribble, but at the same protest to you that I almost as often bur judge myself as impartially, and I hope severely, than I do others; and upon a

l from myſelf to myſelf, I frequently con-
n the next day, what I had approved and
lauded the former. What will finally
e of all this I do not know; nothing, I
ſure, that ſhall appear while I am alive,
ept by chance ſome ſhort trifling eſſays,
the Spectators, upon ſome new folly or
urdity that may happen to ſtrike me, as I
e now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in
weekly paper called the World.

The Iriſh part of the world, I take it for
nted you have heard, is in the utmoſt con-
ion, and I now fear, and the more becauſe
annot foreſee, the conſequences of it. The
ginning of the whole affair was only the
queſtion, who ſhould govern the govern-
nt; this produced violent perſonal piques
acrimony, and conſequently formed and
mated parties. While theſe parties avowed
confined themſelves to perſonal views, it
nified little to the public which prevailed;
now the affair is become national, and
nſequently very ſerious. The ſpeaker's
ty, which is now, by the ill management
others, become the majority of the houſe,
y the king's right to the ſurpluſes of the
h revenue, and in conſequence of that prin-
le have rejected a bill for the application of
m, becauſe the council here had inſerted,
rightly, in the preamble of the bill, theſe
rds, *by and with the conſent of his Ma-
y*. It is believed that the Houſe of Com-
ns will proceed to ſome perſonal votes.
* * * This only is certain, that the
ke of Dorſet is making what haſte he can
come over here, and will not, nor cannot,
back again. Various ſucceſſors are talked
but I believe no one fixed. Some talk of
d Holderneſſe, who, in that caſe, they
, is to be ſucceeded in the ſecretary's of-
by the ſolicitor-general Murray. Others
talk of Lord Winchelſea, as recommended by Lord Granville; and this I think not improbable: But ſome, who go deeper, name the Duke of Bedford; and this, I think, by no means impoſſible.

This is the ſeaſon of well-bred lies indiſcriminately told by all to all; profeſſions and wiſhes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by uſe, and profaned by falſehood, are laviſhed with profuſion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my god-ſon, are too honeſt and ſincere to keep ſuch company, or to wear their dreſs. Judge of them then yourſelves; without my ſaying any thing more, than that I am moſt heartily and faithfully yours.

*Letter 29. The ſame to the ſame.*

Dear Dayrolles, Blackheath, July 10, 1755.

IT was my *ennui*, and not my amuſements, could I now have any! that occaſioned my long ſilence; depend upon it, nothing elſe could or ſhould. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate. Spirits conſequently fail, for they are the reſult of health, and I cannot ſay that, ſince I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes ſtrong returns of my inveterate giddineſſes, ſometimes convulſive diſorders in my ſtomach, always languor, weakneſs, and liſtleſſneſs. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increaſes very conſiderably. But what is to be done? Nothing but patience. Whatever the pureſt air, conſtant moderate exerciſe, and ſtrict regimen can do, I have here; but they ſerve only to prolong, for a little time, an irkſome ſituation, which my reaſon tells me, the ſooner it is ended the better. My deafneſs is extremely increaſed, and daily increaſing; this cuts me wholly off from the ſociety of others; and my

other complaints deny me the ſociety with myſelf, which I propoſed when I came here. I have brought down with me a proviſion of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amuſing myſelf, and perhaps entertaining or informing poſterity, by ſome hiſtorical tracts of my own times, which I intended to write with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, and none to perſons; myſelf not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, becauſe my mind refuſed to do its part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with ſpirit and deſire, will be very ill done. All my amuſements are therefore reduced to the idle buſineſs of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is ſeldom called upon. Notwithſtanding this unfortunate ſituation, my old philoſophy comes to my aſſiſtance, and enables me to repulſe the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment. I have ſeen and appreciated every thing in its true light, and at its intrinſic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquiſitions, or grieving at their diſappointments, I am eaſy, both from reflection, and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or loſt.

But *trope de réflexions morales* (too much of moral reflections). A man may be too ſober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philoſophical reflections may be as troubleſome in one caſe, as his extravagancy in the other.

Well then; we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reſerved for us in the fifth and laſt claſs of this lottery; but if Fortune will take my advice, though ladies are ſeldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, ſhe will transfer whatever ſhe intended to you or me to my god-ſon. * * * *

The preſent ſituation of neither peace nor war is, to be ſure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing, that we ſhall be the dupes of it at laſt. Surely we, I mean our miniſters, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended; and if they meaned peace, to have had it concluded; or, if they meaned war, to have given them the firſt blow at ſea; for, inſtead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immenſe and uſeleſs expence, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamour at our inaction is univerſal and prodigious, people deſiring ſomething for their money. From that, and many other concurring cauſes, the next ſeſſion will be a very boiſterous one. * * * *

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles: Lady Cheſterfield's and my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

Letter 30. *Lord Cheſterfield to Sir Thomas Robinſon, Bart.*

Sir Blackheath, Oct. 13, 1[illegible]

WHAT can a hermit ſend you from hence in return for your entertaining letter, but thanks? I ſee nobody here by choice, and hear nobody by neceſſity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, ſolitary, ſick man, I am ſure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health; the returns of my vertigos and frequent weakneſſes, and languors, grow more ſtronger and more frequent, and, in ſhort, I exiſt to no one good purpoſe of life; I therefore do not care how ſoon ſo uſeleſs and troubleſome an exiſtence ceaſes entirely. This wretched ſituation makes me read with the moſt coolneſs and indifference the accounts in the news-papers, for they are my only informers now you are gone, of wars abroad

changes at home. I wish well to my cies in general, and to my country in par- ular; and therefore lament the havock that already made, and likely to be made, of former, and the inevitable ruin which I see proaching by great strides to the latter: t, I confess, those sensations are not so ck in me now as formerly; long illness nts them, as well as others; and perhaps , self-love being now out of the case, I do feel so sensibly for others, as I should do, hat were more concerned. This I know rong, but I fear it is nature.

ince you are your own steward, do not t yourself, for I have known many a man more by being his own steward, than he ld have been robbed of by any other: nts are always too hard for landlords, cially such landlords as think they under- l those matters and do not, which, with ssion, may possibly be your case.

go next week to the Bath by order of the l, which I obey, because all places are to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage it. But in all places I shall be most ally yours.

r 31. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Cheyne of Bath.*

Dear Doctor, London, April 20, 1742.

OUR inquiries and advice concerning alth are very pleasing marks of your re- rance and friendship; which, I assure l value as I ought. It is very true, I during these last three months, had nt returns of my giddinesses, languors, her nervous symptoms, for which I have vomits; the first did me good, the ather disagreed with me. It is the with my diet; sometimes the lowest ut other times disagrees with me. In short, after all the attention and observation I am capable of, I can hardly say what does me good, and what not. My constitution conforms itself so much to the fashion of the times, that it changes almost daily its friends for its enemies, and its enemies for its friends. Your alkalised mercury, and your Burgundy, have proved its two most constant friends. I take them both now, and with more advantage than any other medicine. I propose going to Spa as soon as the season will permit, having really received great benefit by those waters last year, and I find my shattered tenement admits of but half repairs, and requires them annually.

The *corpus sanum*, which you wish me, will never be my lot; but the *mens sana* I hope will be continued to me, and then I shall better bear the infirmities of the body. Hitherto, far from impairing my reason, they have only made me more reasonable, by subduing the tumultuous and troublesome passions. I enjoy my friends and my books as much as ever, and I seek for no other enjoyments; so that I am become a perfect philosopher; but whether *malgre moi* or no, I will not take upon me to determine, not being sure that we do not owe more of our merit to accidents, than our pride and self-love are willing to ascribe to them.

I read with great pleasure your book, which your bookseller sent me according to your directions. The physical part is extremely good, and the metaphysical part may be so too, for what I know: And I believe it is; for, as I look upon all metaphysics to be guess-work of imagination, I know no imagination likelier to hit upon the right than yours; and I will take your guess against any other metaphysician's whatever. That part, which is founded upon knowledge and experience,

ſience, I look upon as a work of public utility; and for which, the preſent age and their poſterity may be obliged to you, if they will be pleaſed to follow it.

Letter 32. *The late Biſhop Horne to a young Clergyman.*

Dear ———,

I AM much pleaſed to hear you have been for ſome time ſtationary at Oxford; a place where a man may beſt prepare himſelf to go forth as a burning and ſhining light into a world, where charity is waxed cold, and where truth is well-nigh obſcured. Whenever it pleaſes God to appoint you to the government of a pariſh, you will find work enough to employ you; and therefore, before that time comes, you ſhould be careful to provide yourſelf with all neceſſary knowledge, leſt, by-and-by, when you ſhould be building, you ſhould have your materials to look for, and bring together: Beſides, that the habit of ſtudying and thinking, if it be not got in the firſt part of life, rarely comes afterwards. A man is miſerably drawn into the eddy of worldly diſſipation, and knows not how to get out of it again, till, in the end, for want of ſpiritual exerciſes, the faculties of the ſoul are benumbed, and he ſinks into indolence, till *the night cometh, when no man can work.* Happy, therefore, is the man who betimes acquires a reliſh for holy ſolitude, and accuſtoms himſelf to bear the yoke of Chriſt's diſcipline in his youth; who can ſit alone, and keep ſilence, and ſeek Wiſdom diligently where ſhe may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the Saints. From theſe flowers of Paradiſe he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell of his underſtanding and affections. T winter of affliction, diſeaſe, and old age, w not ſurpriſe ſuch an one in an unprepa ſtate. *He will not* be confounded in the rilous time; and in the days of dearth he have enough to ſtrengthen, comfort, and ſ port him and his brethren. Precious bey rubies are the hours of youth and health! none of them paſs unprofitably away, ſurely they make to themſelves wings, and as a bird cutting ſwiftly the air, and the t of her can no more be found. If well-ſp they fly to heaven with news that rejoic gels, and meet us again as witneſſes for u the tribunal of our Lord. When the gr of time run into the glories of eternity, trifling will the labour then ſeem that has cured us (through grace) everlaſting reſt, which the apoſtles toiled night and day, the martyrs loved not their lives unto dea

Theſe, my dear ———, are my ſ ments; would to God my practice were conformable to them than it is, that I m be leſs unworthy to adviſe and exhort o but I truſt the perſuaſion I have of the tru what is ſaid above (which every day's rience more and more confirms) will ind my conduct in this particular, and mak more watchful in time to come. In the ſeaſon, I cannot forbear preſſing the ſame you, as I ſhould do with my dying br ſince upon the due proportioning and em ing our time all our progreſs in grac knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard choice or matter of your ſtudies in wh can aſſiſt you, let me know, as you can no doubt of my being, in all things, m fectionately yours.

# APPENDIX.

## SECT. I.

### om *Lady* LUXBOROUGH'S *Letters to* WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq.*

ter 1. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Sir, Barrells, Oct. 16, 1748.

HE impatience with which I waited for the pleasure of hearing from you, in an- r to my last, I looked upon as a proof that hing I could read was so agreeable to me what you wrote: And had I been doubt- in my opinion, your letter and autumn es would have confirmed it. This is no pliment, nor am I guilty of flattery. I k my mind; so that if I am guilty of an r, it must be in judgment; and I do not ve it possible, even for all your modesty, pack a jury that would find me so in *this* : Yet *just* as I am to your writings, I partial to the autumn season:---Perhaps, will become so when grown somewhat r; and not exclaim against that *pensive* on (as you call it) which, if it does not rd all the gaieties of spring and summer, however attended with fewer disappoint- ts. Would you in spring enjoy the beauty your parterre, a sudden shower drives you t; in summer you are obliged to shut out the ious prospect of the ripened grain, and various labours of the peasant, lest, like you should be scorched by the sun-beams, which your spreading waters reflect the more strongly, or be catched, though under the shelter of an oak, by the merciless lightning: Whereas in autumn, though more languid, the sun has still power to cheer, and its gentle heat causes no pain; it still serves to ripen fruits, which are to be your consolation in winter; and though the days are short, every hour of them may be enjoyed in meads and groves, where indeed the trees lose their verdure; but it is no more than changing their dress (as some lowly nymphs have done of late) from a plain green gown to a rich brocade mixed with ten thousand shades: And as it is wove by the hand of Nature, should still please in its variety, though not equally as in its bloom; nor should its more solemn and decent appearance anticipate by reflection the rigours of Winter. Too soon she will make her shivering naked appearance, and make us wish ourselves buried with the ant, till spring returns, unless some social friends assemble (as at Barrells in 1747) to supply with their conversation the absence of the sun.---I cannot persuade Mr. Outing to allow of my indulgence to autumn; though, to favour my argument, Nature has been so remarkably kind this last October to adorn my shrubbery with the flowers that usually blow at Whitsuntide, and deck my apple-trees with blossoms, which we saw upon two of the trees three days ago, and have now primroses and polyanthuses growing. Perhaps it is not so at the Leasowes; for though

though the ſame ſun light us, it may be clouded over there, and your flowers *withered all when Thomſon died.*---Nature indeed ſhould mourn for one who ſung ſo well her praiſes; but *that* debt paid, and his urn placed in your grove (ſo worthy of its reception), ſhe will no longer weep her poet, but adopt you her favourite to ſucceed him.---His Caſtle of Indolence I have read at laſt, and admire ſeveral parts of it. He make the Wizard's Song moſt engaging: But, as Lady Hertford obſerves, it is no wonder; for

"He needs no Muſe, who dictates from the heart,"

and Thomſon's heart was ever devoted to that Archimage. Do not copy him too nearly in that; it would be cruel to your friends, if, like him,

"——— your ditty ſweet
"You loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

I ſhall be glad to ſee the model of your urn; but more glad to ſee the urn itſelf in your grove, and its ſhadow tembling in your tranſparent ſtream. I hope it will be well executed, as it will give you a penſive pleaſure, and to all who ſee and read how you have celebrated the memory of one who ſo well deſerved it. Future urns no doubt will be raiſed to you, but long may they remain unneceſſary; though, according to your propoſing to *end your labours* (which is ending your pleaſures) as ſoon as two more things are erected, I ſhould look upon your death as very near, and that you imagine he is to ſnatch you to his arms juſt as you are laying the laſt white brick of the ſecond garden ſeat; for no leſs a monarch than he could ſtop the courſe of your elegant improvements. If I guess right, the moſt rapid current, or (what is yet ſtronger) the moſt aſpiring ambition, might as well be ſtopped as your inclina ceaſe which forces you to adorn your villa ever your taſte deſcend to the vulgar ra leaving things as you found them. I wiſh I had that ſame uſeful vulgar prude and yet how aſhamed ſhould I have bee it, when friends of taſte had ſeen me the thiſtles and nettles that adorned thi vage place, as contentedly as the aſs that on them!

If your *expoſtulations* with Mr. Lytt were *bruſques*, his viſit was as much ſo; upon ſuch occaſions I never love to be bal hand with *great* people.

The eldeſt ſon of Archimage, and th tle round fat oily Man of God, talk of ing you a viſit the week that is now co in; and for that I waited to write: Bu let's weather, roads, and all conveniences ſpire, I tell the former, I am ſure he wi ſet out. But he ſays I do not form a notion of him; ſo I leave it to him to p In the mean time, they deſire their co ments to you; I ſuppoſe I need not mean Mr. Outing and Mr. Hall.---I wil Dodſley's three volumes by them.--- your thought about improving the Show I do not deſpiſe it for believing you to from the thing called London Cries, children play with; for the great Hand told me that the hints of his very beſt have ſeveral of them been owing to the in his ears of cries in the ſtreet; and may your eyes not take a hint from manner in which they are exhibited in the mentioned little machine? but I queſtio can be ſo well performed in ſo large a th theſe machines we have. The paper rumple if not faſtened to paſteboard, faſtened, would be too ſtiff to roll rou rollers; yet I do not know whether,

ve, ſome ſort of canvas might not do. would be a good amuſement in the Wi- 's Caſtle; for by this means it would give rouble to bring all the beautiful gardens palaces of the world to your view, as cryſtal globe by turning ſhewed him the ous turns of man. For my part, I pro- to have at my Caſtle of Barrells Æolus's ; a muſic which will never ceaſe here as as the winds maintain their power.

do not complain of your punctuality as ying intereſt for the green-book; but I ſtill as impatient for the principal, as if had allowed me nothing to live on. I no jealous of the red-book, who robs me, r, of your time. Mr. Outing's anxiety r the red one; ſo I expect no compaſſion him: All I deſire is, that, whether n or red, you will let me have *ſome* of ur *works* to ſubſiſt upon this winter: And did not fear to make too many demands ce, I would alſo beg for *ſome* of your any. I am, Sir, &c.

r 2. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

Barrells, Sunday Evening.
Sir, Nov. 13th, 1748.

HE uncertainty of my receiving an anſwer you in due time, according to the date, alſo my preſent uncertainty as to which f this month I am the moſt likely to have leaſure of your company at Barrells, and, e all, the fear of being by ſome accident ved of it, or by my abſence ſeem unde- g of it, are all reaſons which oblige me ut the leaſt delay to acquaint you, that, e I received your laſt welcome letter, I ielded to Mr. and Mrs. Reynalds's ſtrong tion to Somerviles-Aſton; where, had I d to go, yet Mr. Outing muſt have gone, having part of his wardrobe there (as his firſt viſit from London was to them); as alſo, ſome buſineſs which he ſays he muſt go to finiſh, even if I ſhould again be prevented from going where I have been ſo long expected: And I dare ſay you would be ſorry to find him gone from Barrells; and more ſo, to have a ſecond time reaſon to think his friendſhip ſtands in his duty. Therefore, Sir, theſe conſiderations weighed, I determine to ſend a meſſenger to the Leaſowes to-morrow with this, and my compliments to you and Mr. Joſeph Shenſtone; and to acquaint you, that our day of march from Barrells to Aſton is fixed for Friday next, the 18th inſtant; and that of our return for the Friday following, the 25th: And we ſhall depend upon ſeeing you the firſt moment your buſineſs or inclination permits. How readily would my pen and wiſhes fix the 26th, that being the earlieſt moment; but you obſerve in your letter to Mr. Outing, that fixing days is an encroachment upon liberty; therefore I am ſilent, and ſubmit to the time which ſuits your conveniency. And as I do not intend to make any more excurſions till ſpring returns, and do not expect any company here, I fear no interruptions from this ſide the *Lickee*, (how do you ſpell it?) and flatter myſelf there will be none on the other: Then ſhall I ſee you arrive, perhaps, through ſnow or rain, which will heighten my gratitude, but moderate my joy. The green-book will add greatly to my pleaſure, and your converſation will make me prefer winter to my favourite autumn, though I have refuſed that preference to ſpring: But to ſay the truth, no ſeaſon can be diſagreeable in company one likes; nor none agreeable with the inſipid or unſociable, the unfriendly or the unmeaning, the deſigning, the tale-bearing, the pedantic, or the ignorant, &c. &c. from all which may the

Divine Powers deliver us; and may I soon enjoy the reverse company in my chimney corner! then shall I be agreeably entertained; Mr. Outing be eased from his fears of not seeing you before he leaves the country; and Mr. Hall be enabled to make his own excuses to you, and in particular to Mr. Joseph Shenstone, for not performing his promise. He seems penitent, and I galled him a little, though with your gentle and kind reproaches, which he felt, notwithstanding at that instant he was wrapt in ecstacies of joy and admiration; for he had purchased an incomparable horse the day before. The beauty of novelty is great with him; but it wil be decayed before this month is out, and he will then have the more time to give you marks of his friendship; which I dare say is always sincere, and not transient, as his passion for his horse may be.---Now I have answered for him, permit me to say for myself, that I am most steadily, Sir, your sincere and obliged humble servant.

If it suited you to go with us to Somerviles-Aston, I can answer for your welcome there, as well as for the additional pleasure it will be to me and to Mr. Outing; who would tell you so himself, but the messenger who is to carry the letter cannot wait; and he expects to see you so soon, that my pen only speaks for him now.

Lord Dudley gave me hopes of coming to Barrells, which would do me honour and pleasure.

Letter 3. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Barrells, Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1749.
Begun Tuesday Night, 28th.

Sir,

I DO not know whether I am making reparation for my past offence, *silence*, or committing a worse, by *babbling*: For I not d[illegible] answered your letter by your serv[illegible], wrote again the very next day; and [illegible] the same subject, *urns*. I hoped for an [illegible]swer last Thursday; but not having en[illegible] now torment you with a third epistle, wh[illegible] will probably draw another from you; [illegible] was your politeness out of the qu[illegible] should expect it to be an order for me to [illegible] my pen: I think it would be just; and [illegible] the French style (and French every thing [illegible] fashionable, it might be allowable for yo[illegible] say in that language to me, *Cela s[illegible]* Which phrase I have often heard used [illegible] those who would be shocked to hear in ro[illegible] English "*Hold your tongue*;" though I t[illegible] *sound* makes the difference, not *sense*. T[illegible]ing of that, who would have thought a [illegible] of French strollers could ever in any [illegible] have influenced the choosing or rejecti[illegible] member of the British parliament? And [illegible] the advertisements about the Westminster [illegible]tion shew them to be *personages* of co[illegible]quence.---It is it seems fact, that a p[illegible] good set of English actors, who made a[illegible]tempt to set up a stage in a province o[illegible] out-skirts of France (where our language [illegible] little understood), were driven off wi[illegible] utmost scurrility, and yet our *noblesse* su[illegible] their strollers here; for they are, I hear, [illegible]blished in spite of the *fracas* made by the [illegible]lery, being well supported by our lords, la[illegible] and still more by some of our officers, [illegible] though they ran away from the Fren[illegible] Flanders, are eager to follow them here, a[illegible] pay their obsequious devoirs to the o[illegible] of them.---What will not Englishmen [illegible] bear!

Were it permitted to find fault with M[illegible] I should be angry Penlez did not recei[illegible] royal mercy. But on the other hand, [illegible]

ed with the K--g's answer to the D-ke ew-----, who went to his closet exulting joy to inform him of the fortunate event ir Watkin's death: "I am sorry for it" wered his M---sty); "he was a worthy , and an open enemy." This fine an- makes one regret that his Min----rs go- instead of him.---But how happens it , that I talk something tending towards ics to *you?* I do not conceive what could e it enter into my head, but when it did , I can easily conceive it would fly away my pen; for so negligently as I write, irst ideas that present themselves go off y friends, unpolished and unconnected; o others I give only a very little *flamme-* and so conclude. This word *flummery*, must know, Sir, means at London, *flat-* and *compliment*, and is the present reign- word among the beaux and belles. Par- my telling you what your dictionary d *not* have told you; and pardon me also oasting of knowing something about the ons my neighbours do not know, and h, thanks to chance, I do know!---I this self-exaltation will not draw upon he guilt of the arrogant pharisee. My ledge does not extend very far, as learned am; and yet I know that it is the fashion very body to write a couplet to the same (viz. an old country-dance) upon what- subject occurs to them; I should say whatever person, with their names to it. s, gentlemen, ladies, flirts, scholars, fol- , divines, masters, and misses, are all au- upon this occasion, and also the objects of other's satire: It makes an offensive *med-* and might be called a *pot-pourri*; which pot-ful of all kinds of flowers which are se- ly perfumes, and commonly, when mixt rotten, smell very ill. This coarse simile is yet too good for about twenty or thirty couplets I have seen, and they are all personal and foolish satire, even severally; so I will not send them: But to make amends for my grave politics, I will send you a good pretty inno- cent ballad, wrote by a Miss Jenny Hamilton, a pretty girl about town, who is going to marry *More*, the author of the Foundling, and writes word of it herself in this manner to an intimate friend in the country. It consists, as you will find, of puns (or, as the French properly call it, *Jeu de mots*) upon his name; and though I never was a lover of puns, I do not dislike the natural sprightly turn of these; and I hope they will amuse you a few mo- ments, for the reason you quote from Cibber (himself), "That small matters amuse in the country." The truth of which most peo- ple have felt, or are unfeeling and unhappy.

As to myself, I have strayed three days of the last week in the woods; or to be less po- etical, I have stood from eleven to five each day in the lower part of my long walk, plant- ing and displanting, opening views, &c. I wish it may be for the better. There were sad scrub-trees, if you remember, planted as if it was to represent a shooting-bow; for they formed a curve on one side, and a straight line on the other: This led to the lower gates that part the lane from the walk. Twenty-seven good straight elms, instead of them, make the lines parallel; and I have hopes of knocking down ten *ecclesiastical* trees, which obstructed the prospect (as you and Mr. Hall assured me) from the old summer-house.---If the whole college of King's in Cambridge should be more favourable to me than one single joint of a toe (I will not say limb) of a college which you had to deal with, I shall triumph: But I must not brag too soon; perhaps my scheme may prove as abortive as yours.

I want

I want to know your answer about the urns being under the double oak. Pray tell my friend Tom I make my servants collect all the roots and lay them at the door of the coppice, against he exerts his skill in rearing them up into the form he proposes.

The asking you to come here at this season is downright Irish assurance: But it is allowable, I hope, to wish it.---Whenever *wishing* is mentioned, the green-book presents itself to my view: But it is as in a dream that vanishes.---I have sent a special messenger to Somerviles-Aston, to Outing; not without reminding him of your just reproof, at least it is *just* as far as concerns *writing*; for as to *riding*, you cannot expect it. I am sure he would not reach the mines of Peru at this season, if they were but thirty miles off, in a fortnight, though he were to bring away as much as he could desire of their riches. He thinks it impracticable to come to Barrells, which is fourteen miles, though he promised, though his clothes are here, and though the Birmingham coach could carry him any Monday from Henley to London, by Oxford; which conveniency is newly established, to our great emolument. Would it not be a good scheme (this dirty weather, when riding is no more a pleasure) for you to come some Monday in the said stage-coach from Birmingham to breakfast at Barrells (for they always breakfast at Henley); and on the Saturday following it would convey you back to Birmingham, unless you would stay longer, which would be better still, and equally easy? for the stage goes every week the same road; it breakfasts at Henley, and lies at Chipping Norton; goes early next day to Oxford, stays there all day and night, and gets on the third day to London; which from Birmingham at this season is pretty well, considering how long they are at Oxford; and it is more agreeable to the country than the wick way was.---But why has this coac duced me to begin upon another sheet of per? It is a shame to torment you so, with such nonsense. You once, I remem Sir, commended my hand-writing and rectness; but this will shew it was all mery.

I asked you what your new *books* wer *pamphlets?* You did not answer me: Pe you had not gone through them. I the people in town would give them time to write, and amuse us a little; believe they neither write nor read. Ho they, as their time is taken up with fashioned amusements, which, like cte have neither beginning nor end? I im *sleep* will be left off, for I do not hear hour allotted for it. As to *thought*, employment enough in weighing these ferent amusements, and sorting them not to lose any in the twenty-four h And booksellers I believe might shut up if it was not for us country-puts. Pe when the *jubilee* is over, there may be sation to the present whirl of diversions.

My paper and the clock remind me is late; so I employ the rest of the spac in assuring you that I am, with great e and without one particle of flummery your faithful and obliged servant.

From my Bed-room, Wednesday,

My writing a postscript after so long ter is not according to the *fitness of thi* confess it; but I cannot well avoid i here enters the messenger whom I sent y day to Outing.

Past five in the after

This proved a mistake, and the me

yet returned; and I am obliged to ſend etter away now, or it will be too late to it in charge to thoſe who are to carry it orrow.

y compliments to your brother, and at m.

r 4. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

Sir, Barrells, December 6th, 1749.

OUR letter of the 26th ult. and mine of 9th, croſſed each other at Birmingham. next day yours arrived ſafe at Barrells, ave me more than wonted pleaſure, as irits much wanted ſuch a cordial, being ſed by various things, particularly by ath of Mr. Davis, who leaves his wi- (my friend,) whom I love and eſteem, ep affliction, though without tears, or of ſorrow. He was a gentleman-like generous, and capable of being a friend, many in higher life are not; and to was brother, father, friend, as well as huſband. She had not recovered the n the loſs of her only child had cauſed hen this greater misfortune befel her. ll are born to ſuffer afflictions; and I ad a large ſhare: But I ſincerely proteſt as ever been felt by me ſo ſeverely as thoſe have befallen my friends. And as was well known to my evil ſtar, it s influence over moſt of thoſe perſons I affection for.---Pray God it may not ou!

I break off to tell you Outing's an- my meſſage in his own words, which e: "My motions are at ſo great an rtainty, that it makes me uneaſy to lf and rude to my friends. The hopes eing Mr. Shenſtone prevented me writing to him; and now that I am "able to do it, *Will*'s impatience prevents me "from telling him ſo."---This ſaid *Will*, you muſt know, is the meſſenger I ſent early one morning, and he did not return till late next evening, becauſe Mr. Outing kept him to have time to anſwer my letter; which he did anſwer about the tenth part of: The diſtance is fourteen miles, and the meſſenger a ſpeedy one.---Jacky Reynalds has been here ſince, and tells me he is at preſent at Sir Robert Cocks's, conſulting every perſon and every map to find out (not the longitude, but) the neareſt way to Portſmouth, whether through London, or acroſs the country. His perſon is ſtill, as I ſuppoſe, in Glouceſterſhire; his beſt clothes are at Barrells; and his thoughts on board the Hazard ſloop, (where the lad he has the care of is to be placed,) or rather on the road thither, where I do not doubt but he fancies there are dragons innumerable waiting for him; for an indolent perſon may form as many difficulties when he is to undertake a journey, as a child frightened by its nurſe, or a perſon who has the *night-mare* ſees bugbears.

The hopes you give me of the green-book feed my imagination, and I flatter myſelf the firſt ſwallow will bring it; for I do not imagine you will honour the robin red-breaſt with your errand; and he is the only feathered viſitant I am likely to have for ſome time.

If I was not tender of encroaching upon Mrs. Emme Scudamore's rights, I would propoſe to you to exchange a pair or two of pigeons of the carrier kind (of which I have ſome) next ſpring; and by winter they may convey letters to and from the Leaſowes and Barrells with great diligence, without her aſſiſtance, or her friend William's. Why ſhould it not be done here as well as abroad, as it is eſpecially by our merchants in the

eaſtern

eastern countries, who often gain riches by early advice that expeditious way? and why should the fund of fortune be still supplied with care, and that of friendship neglected? It is to the latter I would raise an altar, and wish to have it blaze as bright as that seems to do in the ingenious device you sent me, which is *(sans compliment)* the prettiest of the kind I ever saw for a seal; and hope you will permit me to make use of it by having one cut according to it.

Sunday, December 10, 1749.

Here I broke off, with an intention of copying my letter, and sending a neater edition of it, this being full of blots, but had not an opportunity of sending it safely to Birmingham; when on Friday I received yours of the 5th, and this moment your last of the 7th, by Pedley's son. As he is to return in the morning early, and I am to have Lord Archer and other company at dinner to-morrow, I shall not have time to copy it over; so beg you will excuse it, and receive this incorrect epistle for the sake of its candour, not for its wit or its beauty; for it has no more pretence to either, than a hurdygurdy has to harmony.

I think Mr. Meredith's account of your grove is a very true one; and as to what relates to the buildings (since he chooses to make a parallel between them and those at Hagley), I dare say you will not dispute giving the preference to the latter, nor set your Gothic bench in opposition to their Gothic castle; and yet give me leave to say the former is in the better taste and proportion. Mr. Meredith never saw Hagley, therefore I wonder how he came to speak of it as a judge. That he admires the Leasowes is certain, and is just. I hate puns as much as you can do; but they serve now and then, as such dishes which the French call *Hors d'œuvres*, to inter[illegible] amongst those of more substance, and counted as nothing.

I like your fancy of making your p[illegible] Bishop of Nova Scotia, which would be [illegible]ing him of some use. I have no [illegible] the good luck you wish me with eccle[illegible] cannot say any thing in their favour; the[illegible] wish I could, because of their function. [illegible] puts it in their power to do good or [illegible] and they generally chuse the latter.

It is time to speak to you about the [illegible] which I cannot do without returning [illegible] million of thanks for your interesting [illegible] fell so much in what gives me pleasure [illegible] for the trouble you have given your[illegible] drawing out the several sketches of mi[illegible] which are in exceeding good taste, if [illegible] may be permitted to judge. I sent [illegible] (smallest in the drawings) to Warwick, [illegible] what it would cost if executed quite pla[illegible] the pedestal, and the size of the letter [illegible] Hagley, according to what you wr[illegible] about them; and am to have an ans[illegible] Tuesday, though I do not propose ha[illegible] made yet; for the weather will not allo[illegible] be set up with safety, as I imagine, till [illegible] April. I would employ Pedley pref[illegible] any other workman, if I had it work[illegible] home, both from your recommendati[illegible] his own skill; as also from compassion [illegible] misfortunes: But I have several reasons [illegible] prevent my having it done at home [illegible] amongst others, I have no place to [illegible] worked in, nor any to keep it when [illegible] till it is a proper season to set it up; [illegible] Pedley had any dwelling where he c[illegible] made it, and from whence I could have [illegible] it, I would order it immediately, though [illegible] to cost me more; but as it is, I cannot [illegible] him, because I cannot have it done a[illegible]

I am ſorry for, eſpecially as you, Sir, mend him, which weighs not a little me; nor ſhall any one elſe do that or any in his way for me but him, if ever I any ſtone worked here.

5. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

Barrells, April 25, 1750.

IR,

AT the interruption to our corrence ſhould happen on my ſide, I bluſh ough I well know it was not my fault. n you could know it as well; for you not then blame me. But if you are into blame me, pray conſider that I have ſufficiently puniſhed already, by being ed of your letters, which I greatly eſ- I muſt have been my own enemy, had ived myſelf of them willingly. The s, that when your laſt letter came, I had ny, who ſtaid a week (Sir Peter Soame, onſul of Oſtend, and Mr. Allen); and how I have nobody to aſſiſt me in doing nours of my houſe. At that juncture I received the news of Lady Bolingbroke's death; of my brother's vaſt affliction r, and of his own indiſpoſition: All obliged me to ſend a ſervant expreſs to n, and to offer to go myſelf, which if other had accepted, I would have ſet out iately; ſo that I had the journey in meaſure to prepare for, and a great etters to write by the meſſenger I ſent; hoſe return an accident happened among neſtics, which ſhocked me, and cauſed eat deal of trouble and thought. Dia- weather, added to all this, lowered its yet more, and ſolitude contributed dulneſs. Judge then, Sir, whether I to write to you; I, who, in my bright- nents, am unequal to the taſk.

I ſee with pleaſure the advancement of ſpring; but though its progreſs has been quick, there are few flowers, except the lilac; the woodbine begins to ſhew itſelf, and the ſweet-briar is fragrant; but I fear there is not quite ſtability enough in the weather, nor variety enough in the ſhrubbery, to invite you as yet; but there will be ere long. The coppice has the advantage at preſent; for Nature has embroidered it thick with all kinds of wild flowers. The hermitage looks ruinous, the roof being pulled to pieces, in order to have it thatched, without which I ſhall never keep the wet out; but it ſhall be covered ſpeedily. I have not yet had time to fill up the walk, which you know I had ungravelled; nor to ungravel the middle one, as you adviſed; but it ſhall be done. As to the urn, I told you it was erected: If dry weather continues, I will have it painted next week. As the motto Mr. Allen choſe, and that you had choſe, cannot, in your opinion, be on each ſide the ſame plinth; and as neither of them ſingly take in both the moral and the poetical character of Mr. Somervile, nor my friendſhip, I ſearched Francis's Horace, with a view to find *one* only, that ſhould expreſs in ſome meaſure the whole; and Mr. John Reynalds happening to come in, looked over it with me, and we both hit upon a ſhort one, which to my thinking anſwers the intent, and will not oblige me to write any other on the ſides. As the forepart of the pedeſtal only is adorned with carving, I think it is beſt to have no writing but on the front. The motto is

"Debitâ ſparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici."

This upon the plinth; and under it, on the pedeſtal, over the wreath, Mr. Somervile's name

name in Latin, and $\frac{H.\ L.}{P.}$ and at bottom, the date (*not* of this year, but) of the year he died, because of the word *Favillam*---I do not imagine *Author of the Chace* can be put agreeably into Latin; and I confess it appears to me that the emblematical *horn wreathed with laurel* will suffice to put all who knew him in mind of that poetical performance, which is so well known, without any explanation by words.---I shall be glad if you happen to think as I do.

I am sensible of the merit of the *sallow-tree*; but must not aim at having any in the places where I wish them, for want of water. My stiff soil can never do.---I am sorry your grove will not be well pictured by Smith: Had I known it, I should have been so angry, that I should have abated of my generosity to him.---There is no keeping the people out of the service walk: They come through the neighbouring coppice into the lane, and from thence over my hedge that is on the bank, which they have broke down in forty places, and so into the service walk, and away for Henley, &c.

Seeing the green leaves do not revive me more than the hopes you give me of seeing the green-book; but as I am insatiable in my desires of seeing your performances in all the sister arts, I shall not without regret give up the illuminated decorations you shewed me a specimen of.---I do not think the poetical prose (which is the style of Fenelon's Telemachus) is at all the common style of French novels, which is for the most part very good, especially *Marivaux*'s, *Crebillon*'s, and others.

A new comedy is acted at Paris which I send you to read, as it is not in verse, and as it ridicules justly an ignorant pedant, which, I dare say, you think (as I do) deserves the highest ridicule; as indeed every thing does that affects to be what it is not and hypocritically endeavours to impose on the world, as *Tartuffe* in Moliere's play and many other characters that are falsely assumed and well satirized by the French comedy writers.---I return your Life of Socrates, which I am told 'Squire C— has taken out of the Lives of the Philosophers *though he detests a plagiary*.

Pray return good for evil, and write. I will let you know when I know it myself when Mr. Meredith will be here. Now (as the Irish gentleman wrote word to his son), pray take care you do not break the seal in opening my letter. Your most dutiful servant.

Letter 6. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Dear Sir, Orange Grove, Feb. 29th,

LEST my fingers should refuse me assistance for more than two minutes, I begin my letter by telling you that your commendation leaves me no room to hope, and I readily accept the housemaid from your hands (who knows, I presume, that she is also to do the dairy, as her predecessor in my service did), and I would have her come to Barrells immediately, if possible; for I have been obliged to send for my laundry-maid hither, to assist for the present (my own servant, who is also my housekeeper, is married); so that there is not one female at Barrells. Joe and she will settle the day of her going.

For once bid business avaunt, and ask what we do at Bath, and at your friend Gr— We can offer you friendly conversation, friendly springs, friendly rides and

dly paſtimes to diſſipate gloomy thoughts; dly bookſellers, who, for five ſhillings the ſeaſon, will furniſh you with all the books; friendly chairmen, who will y you through ſtorms and tempeſts for fix-e, and ſeldom elſe, for dutcheſſes trudge ſtreets here unattended: We have alſo ndly Othellos, Falſtaffs, Richards the rd, and Harlequins, who entertain one y for half the price of your Garricks, ys, and Rich's---and (what you will ely believe) we can alſo offer you friendly ude; for one may be an anchoret here out being diſturbed by the queſtion *Why?* uld you ſee the fortunate and benevolent Allen, his fine houſe, and his ſtone-ries? Would you ſee our lawgiver Mr. , whoſe white hat commands more re- and non-reſiſtance than the crowns of kings, though now worn on a head that the 80th year of its age? To promote ſo-, good manners, and a coalition of par- and ranks; to ſuppreſs ſcandal and late s, are his views; and he ſucceeds rather r than his brother-monarchs generally do: n then your ſteps, for he may ſoon be d off the ſtage of life, as the greateſt fall to the worms repaſt: Yet he is new-ing his collection of beauties, ſo as to ſpace to hang up as many more future s. His Apelles is Howard (in crayons); Praxiteles in Howard's brother, who, gh a ſtatuary, deigns alſo to exerciſe his n ſculpture on humble paper ceilings, h are very handſome.

ou ridicule the trifles I ſent you, by calling *elegant preſents:* In revenge, I ſend you ng this time in Joe's pocket but a bit of rock, and a ſnail petrified by the waters pouts. If you pleaſe I can buy you, for ſhillings, a quart of durable cement, to make urns, &c. in rock-work with theſe ſort of materials, and Briſtol ſtones, or even of ſhells.

How infinitely I ſcrawl! I who can ſcarcely hold a pen, and could not write to my nephew Bolingbroke till laſt week, ſince his uncle's death.

Adieu, Monſieur: Je n'en puis plus; ma *main* ſe revolte, mais jamais mon *cœur*.

I am told your friend Mr. Greaves does not leave his wife an inch.

P. S. I will make your compliments to any body you pleaſe, let them live in what latitude ſoever, when you name them to me.---Mrs. Maynard ſends her reſpects to you.---My letter is ſo ſcribbled, interlined, and blotted, that I hope you will copy the part relating to the houſekeeper, inſtead of ſhewing her friends my whole prepoſterous letter.

Pray, how does Eolus's harp perform?

Mr. Bradley's family are well recovered from inoculation, and not marked. There were ſeven or eight at once inoculated at home by Mr. Holyoak.

Letter 7. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Dear Sir, Barrells, Feb. 2d, 1753.

IT is true the time has appeared long ſince I heard from you; but moſt of it has been a ſeries of ſuch very bad weather, that I would not have bought even the pleaſure of a letter from you at the expence of the hazards my friend Thomas muſt have run in bringing it. Were I to tell him ſo, he would not conceive how great a compliment I paid him; nor can you, Sir, unleſs you gueſs at the degree of joy you afford me each time you write. Yours, at hearing from me, would perhaps be reciprocal, if I could entertain you as well: But, alas! how far ſhort am I of being able to entertain you at all! particularly at this time,

that my ſpirits are not only depreſſed with what affects yours, as ſolitude, winter ſtorms, and more heavy winter evenings, but alſo by the ſtorm my daughter's imprudence (to call it by no worſe a name) has raiſed not only in her family, but in the world. This melancholy ſcene to her friends is I ſuppoſe an amuſement to the public, and will ſhortly be a ſtill greater one, who will divert themſelves at her and her favourite's expence, whilſt her huſband and friends lament her folly.—I had a letter of condolence to-day upon this ſubject, which is no ſecret one, from the Dutcheſs of Somerſet; but, as it is a kind of ſermon, I will ſpare you ſo ſerious an epiſtle, which will be more uſeful when your ſpirits are too much enlivened (if they ever are ſo) than at this languid ſeaſon.---I deſire you will not fail to write to Mr. Greaves for the Ode, that I may keep my word with her Grace; and when you write, aſſure him of my eſteem, and make my compliments to his agreeable wife.- -I return the enamelled label for a bottle, which I ſuppoſe is meant for him. The deſign of it is exceedingly pretty; and I ſhould not ſo long have deprived him of the pleaſure of ſeeing it, had I not waited for your ſervant to carry it ſafe, who, by the way, was ſo kind to bring me a pretty large book from Aris, who bound it for me; it is called "Memoirs of ſeveral "learned Ladies of Great-Britain." I have not read it; and ſhould not have ſubſcribed to it, but to oblige a lady who deſired me, having no idea of its merit; therefore I do not ſend it to you: Beſides, how ſhould truſty Tom be able to carry that, and with it thirteen more things I load him with, to leave at Birmingham? viz. 1ſt, a jack for boots; 2dly, a reading deſk; 3dly, a cribbage-board; 4thly, a pair of ſnuffers; 5thly, a ruler; 6thly, an eighteen-inch rule; three pair of nut-crackers make nine things; a lemon-ſqueezer, t two candleſticks make twelve; a piquet-bo thirteen:---But leſt you ſhould think the b den too great for your man or your horſe it known that theſe thirteen uſeful things g into one coat-pocket, and are made out of piece of mahogany, eighteen inches long w open, nine when ſhut, and barely five br Mr. John Reynalds brought this Proteus terday to ſhew me, and I ſend it to have made by it; firſt, for the curioſity of magotty invention; ſecondly, for the u it, when it is in the ſhape of a reading-d I ſaw him take his boots off with it with and I believe it is equally good as a le ſqueezer. I think a place might be contr to let in a ſmall ink-bottle and a pen; bu it was invented by a *General*, that u gave place to others more immediately ceſſary to his profeſſion.

But now for egotiſm (for you aſk after and muſt be obeyed): I have never been low ſtairs ſince I wrote to you laſt, and but once ſince I ſaw you, and that wa long ago as New-year's day, when I down, for a very few dull hours, and been ill ſince, but am now pretty well; my lower rooms have had fires made in ſome days, by way of preparing them f reception of my perſon, which moves ſlowly towards them; though I believe I go down the ladder, if any charitable p comes to receive me at the bottom. pected it would have been Mrs. Davie her mother-in-law Mrs. Bartlet, for wh offered to ſend my chaiſe to-morrow; but choofe to defer their viſit one or two As to Mrs. Holvoak, who *was* a very ful neighbour, ſhe has never been here the death of her ſecond ſon (whoſe death the way, is rather good than ill forti

family); and Mr. Holyoak has been here but e, though it is above six weeks ago; and s Molly lives at Worcester.---Mr. Allen is d.---Mr. Bradley has been at London, but ed on me yesterday, as did Dr. Wall on Sun-, who tells me a turnpike-road is to be made an act of parliament promoted by Sir orge Lyttelton) from Stourbridge to Brom-re; and, by Lord Plymouth's desire, on *Hewell*, and to Crabb's Cross, which last ce is but six miles off; and from it one en-s upon the ridgeway. You see how I study topography of the country, and all in order facilitate the agreeable visits I propose an-lly to make to the Leasowes. You, who not travel with four-wheeled vehicles, want such helps. Why then come your not? y answer, *I come*, and be as good as your rd. It is true the invitation is mercenary, nothing as yet makes Barrells a desirable dence: The aviary is unpeopled, the gar-produces only snow-drops, crocuses, &c. all the melody of the grove is the voice of ks; but seeing them build (which they e begun to do) introduces spring, or at the hopes of its quick appearance, as it approaching so near. Next week Mrs. vies will be here, who, when she is in spi-herself, enlivens others: Come then and take of her gaiety, as I shall have nothing so good to offer you; for at present I am uainted only with smoky chimnies, and va-s kinds of bad weather, which, for want of pany, makes me lead directly the life of a mouse. I shall certainly grow to my chair, become lethargic, if my friends do not e compassion on me. As to my only near ghbours, I give up the thoughts of expect-it; for I neither see nor hear any thing from n but by their servant-boy, who comes regularly three times a week to desire the newspaper.

*Au reste* (according to the French phrase), I send you to read Mademoiselle de Mainte-non's Letters in the original; you shall see the English translation, if you please; but the style in French is as good as the sense, which is a double profit to the reader. I also send (but with some reluctance, because I have scrawled family things in the margin, which I do not intend any should see but such a friend as you) the Life of Lord Bolingbroke, which interests me, as he was my brother: Perhaps it may not interest you; in which case you need not read it. Neither poetry nor plays have approached me of a long season, and news I learn only from the worst hands, viz. the newspaper writers. My correspondents are few; the Dutchess of Somerset is too much retired to hear of what passes, and is too much wrapt up in religious and moral reflections to admit of other subjects in her letters.---Sir William Meredith and his sisters are not yet arrived at London. Sir Peter Soame lives almost always in the country, and Outing is too lazy to write a line more than he is obliged to. Happy would you be if I were so too, who have wrote so much that there is room for no more, but that I am, with unfashionable sincerity, your obliged humble servant.

Letter 8. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

From my Smoky Room, on this First Day of April 1753.

BE it known that I am angry: I would even say *very* angry, but *that* you would not believe, since I *write* and *send* to the person who has offended me; meaning, dear Sir, your identical self, who have neither answered my

laſt letter, nor come to viſit my hermitage, though preſſingly invited. I offered you Mrs. Davies's company, as being more cheerful than my own; but ſhe is gone (after a month's ſtay): So now it is incumbent upon you to do penance here on this ſpot, to atone for your paſt fault; and penance it will be, as I am quite alone in this dull habitation. But remember it is Lent, and the viſit will be a meritorious action. As to my own merit (if any there be in retirement), it will all be loſt; for ſuch agreeable company and converſation will turn Lent into a feſtival; but let it do ſo, I will run the riſk of the puniſhment, if you, Sir, will make the pilgrimage. At this ſeaſon, methinks, my ſhrubbery ought to invite you; but to *myſelf* it is unknown; and all the intelligence I have from it is by a few ſnowdrops and poluanthuſes, which are daily ſent as ambaſſadors into my chamber, tied up in a noſegay, but in no ways inviting, though joined with the *kind* laureſtinus, who is indeed a *friend in diſtreſs* (as you called him) and is moſt welcome in winter; but I could almoſt wiſh to have him out of ſight, and even the *robin*'s ſweet note out of hearing, as they remind me of the melancholy winter that is ſcarcely paſt; and nothing agreeable as yet denotes approaching ſpring. I ſet Mrs. Davies to tranſcribe the green book, and began it myſelf: It was not quite finiſhed, ſo ſhe carried it to Stratford; but it is ſafe, and almoſt done, and you ſhall have the copy. But where are the pretty paintings I was to have? You ſee how covetous I am, and how a little received makes me graſp at more: But as covetouſneſs is inſatiable, ſo is your fund of ſupplying it inexhauſtible.

I expect Sir William Meredith ſoon, who will I hope tell me news, or bring me new things to read; all which is uncertain: In the mean time, I have read the *Gameſter* and t *Brothers*, and a book called *Manners*. As the *Gameſter*, you have undoubtedly read It is true it draws tears, and ſeems adapted do good, which I heartily wiſh it may; but is much upon a footing with *George Ba well*; and in my mind, the heroine's gene ſity and good nature is rather overſtraine But thoſe who paint for the ſtage muſt dr larger than life. The *Brothers* I have a read, and believe it to be a well-wrote pie but as it is poetry, you are the beſt judge. find it is liked, and, I think, with reaſ The bricklayer's performance is a ſurpri one in him, and has, to be ſure, infinit more ſpirit than the other tragedy called a *The Earl of Eſſex*; but I never was fond the ſubject. As theſe plays will fill but corner of my ſervant's pockets, I ſend the though well perſuaded you muſt have r them; but he can eaſily bring them ba With them goes Voltaire's Defence of my b ther Bolingbroke's Letters, &c.

Did your man ſhew you the little jack boots, and all the apparatus? If it is at B mingham to be copied for me, Joſeph m aſk after it; for I order him to return t way with a compliment to my relation C tain Somervile, who is quartered there, who lay here with Mr. John Reynalds a w ago: It is Lord Somervile's *eldeſt* ſon I me he whom you may perchance have ſeen Edſtone: He longs to ſee the Leaſowes, has almoſt as many good qualities as t place has beauties. I find *your* beauty L Diana Egerton is married, but not to lover I ſaw her with the laſt ſeaſon that I at Bath.---Mr. Outing is, I believe, at L don, in Charles Court; but not an c ſpeaks his name to me, nor does a poſt bring a line from him. I would leave hi

contemplations or his non-occupations, had some particular business, urged by Lord borough, obliged me to write, to convey tter from the latter to him; so there are es that we shall hear once more of him, and from him; but I will not answer for it. k Reynalds says, "to be sure he is going o be married to his friend Captain Swete's ich widow."

How does Mr. Greaves and his agreeable e? My query is not interested; though I fess I wish for the pretty polyanthus root I there, which Mrs. Greaves politely of- d me.

Alas! will no Christian be so charitable as bestow one single pen capable of writing n a destitute scribe? No! then farewel in most laconic style, for I can write no re than yours, &c. &c.

---

## SECT. II.

### *m the choice Letters of Monsieur* DE BALZAC.

tter 1. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Villesavin.*

Madam,

F you esteem things by their rarity, you ht to set a high rate upon my letters. ey come not oftener than anniversary festi- ; and though you oblige me every day in place where you are, yet there needs a le twelvemonth's time to send you one bare ks from hence. It is not that I begin to a frugal husband of my words, after a ndering away of whole volumes, and that n grown covetous of that only estate I am ght to be rich in; but, Madam, this estate g no more but the figure of sound, proceeding from the mouth, and the issue of a small emotion of the brain, I am ashamed that I am not able to present you with that which may properly be called something; and it vexes me always to employ my zeal, only to let you know it is unprofitable. To what purpose do we truck with our protestations, and drive a trade with our wishes? And to what end is it to expose to sale that which we want, and to enhance what we desire to gain? to put ourselves in the high strain, only to get a reputation to our poverty, and to gild the front of a cottage made of earth and stubble? It is certainly far better to say nothing with silence, than to say nothing in long harangues and discourses. I am confident, Madam, you have a better opinion of an insolent man in reality, that confesses himself so without pretences of sufficiency, than one that rakes up all the slight false artifices and points of rhetoric only to dress up an image of gratitude. I am not minded to undertake so unacceptable a service, and which I should manage with so ill success. This would be the way to increase my debt, by endeavouring to get a discharge; and after I had kept a great bustle, I should still find myself in the same place. I will take a clean contrary course if you please, and present myself to you once a year, only to declare to you that I will never pretend to acquit myself from my engagements, but eternally remain, Madam, yours, &c.

Letter 2. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur de* ——.

Sir, Aug. 19, 1638.

YOUR letter of June was delivered me in the middle of August, and I answer it in a condition more capable to move pity than confer comfort. My old diseases have of late assailed me, increased by a meagrim, which does so torment me, that it would be a wonder, if

a grief so neighbouring to the brain should leave the faculties of it at liberty. I am confident your goodness will pardon my weakness, and I hope you will not take it ill that in this general dissipation of my most reasonable thoughts, I cannot make you equal returns, but am forced to send you dross for gold, and things of no esteem for things most excellent. It is sufficient, Sir, that I am able highly to value (as I do) the most eloquent and handsome dress you are pleased to put on your sadness: Yet I must needs tell you, if it should still continue, though accompanied with all sorts of arguments, and colours of rhetoric, I would take upon me not to allow your perseverance therein. I would know willingly what you mean by that magnificent aggravation of your misfortune, by that art, and those ornaments you make use of in the setting forth your loss? Instead of letting it wax old and die with time, it seems you seek to renew it, and feast yourself with it every day; and whereas it is expected you should by little and little blot it out of your mind, you would preserve it fresh and ever new, that (if possible) by the most lively and lasting colours it might be kept to eternity. But how can an eternity be looked for from the frailty of a picture, since we cannot meet with it in the strength of marble? Years spoil and consume it, it glitters finely, and then moulders into dust, and returns to its first nothing. It is from hence, Sir, I find my greatest advantage to assail you, and summon you to yield up to reason. We have in our friend lost a most worthy senator, I confess it; but the senate itself shall be destroyed, and one day there shall be no more counsellors of Paris, than Conscript Fathers of Rome, or Areopagites of Athens. We have in the same friend been deprived of a mathematician, an orator, and a poet: I confess this too; but do not sufficiently know, man lives only among ſualties, and walks only upon ruins? H long is it, I beseech you, since mathem cians, orators, poets died? We should ac tom ourselves to such-like accidents as th they are as ancient as the world, and we look on them as strange things, and velties of to-day. These are no prodig they are very vulgar and ordinary; an who said *there was none but the first d and none but the first night that deserved nishment and sadness*, spake a truth wha we ought to reflect more than we do. E thing without exception is condemned to same punishment; and not only parliam and judges are things not immortal, learning shall perish as well as the lea and the height of astrology shall be no privileged than the lowness: of gram God, who will dissolve the heavens to b more beautiful ones, will not protect gl and astrolabes in the destruction of their ject. He will not leave us any notion o small acquaintance here, in the happy fu he prepares for us, because we shall hav leisure there to enjoy them: Our felicity be altogether serious. He will abolish prose and verse; he will put down pa and hymns, and all other imperfect form speaking to him, and make way for a noble and excellent manner of praising I cannot then think it strange, whatso your exclamations say, that artists and works have an end, since the arts themsel as well as their instruments, must find a riod. But grant it were not so, yet methi Sir, this end is no such horrible thing. so little at amity with the world, that not much deplore any whomsoever for b no more in it. These five-and-thirty ye

e been tired with it, and every thing in it pleases me so, that I murmur and exclaim inst it. My friends are the only objects in hat are not distasteful to me; and I hope take it not ill that I put you in that roll, e with passion I am your, &c.

ter 3. *M. de Balzac to Madam des Loges.*

Madam, May 12, 1640.

I received your letter upon taking the anniversary journey of ———. Since you are so od as to give him audience, whensoever he pears before you, I will only deliver you matter in gross, of which he shall give a more particular account at Oradour. will make you, Madam, a most lamenta- relation; you will understand from him t my miseries are everlasting, and the com- s I had begin to slack. My mind grows inate in melancholy, and abandons itself faintness, that makes it incapable of all noble functions you speak of. The only enance that was not unpleasant to it, it v disrelishes like the rest, and my books are more my comforters. How can cheerful ughts be conversant with such fatal objects environ us on the right and left hand? Or v can we quietly enjoy the present which not good, on the eve of a future, which it be worse, and which threatens all men h famine and poverty? I protest I never ained to so high a pitch of philosophy. nsieur de —— himself says, it would be h a grand equivocation as would make all losophers counted ridiculous. He says no- ng must be read but the lamentations of emy, nor any thing written but wills. I reduced almost to such a condition, and not valiant enough to resume the employ- nt I have discontinued, did not, Madam, r commands interpose, and you imagine you had occasion of my language. I have sent you what you enjoined me, and it is drawn from the bottom of my heart. Possibly it may want the graces and ornaments of a rhetorician, but I conceive that, for that reason, it will not be of less valid evidence, that he who wrote it is perfectly, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 4. *Mons. de Balzac to Mons. de Rampalle.*

Sir, May 21, 1640.

I PRIZED you before I knew you loved me; and though such good tidings should have been concealed from me for ever, yet should I have spoke of your verses with passion, because indeed they put me into one: There is fire in them that creeps into my veins, for I confess, to my shame, my age was a little warmed again with them. I cannot dissemble it, they tickled my heart, and I appeared less severe that day I received them than I was the day before: You touch the soul so to the quick, that he must have none who feels not those smart strokes; your art is a second nature, and your pictures rather the perfection of things than the representation. It is true, the stories you set down are such as lead to error, and forfeited bishoprics in the rigour of the primitive church, for who can tell but your metamorphoses may beget others, nay, may make more than one ——— in Diana's retinue, may change chaste ladies into amorous ones, and the pleasure of reading into a temptation of sinning? But I have neither virtue nor authority sufficient to prescribe you spiritual counsel: It is enough for me to commit destiny holy matters to you; and to tell you concerning the subject of those that are not so, and that are such dangerous weapons in your hands, what an old woman in Rome said when she was reading the Tales of Bocace,

cace, "Would to God this were saying one's prayers!" You see, by the carelessness of this letter, that I have put off my trade of declaimer; I have absolutely renounced the *genus demonstrativum*, and deal no more in eloquence; but I have great doings with truth, and you may believe me when I protest I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 5. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Nesmond, Superior of the Ursulines, in Angoulesme.*

Madam, my dear Cousin, May 7, 1634.

IT is now Wednesday morning, and you may keep Monsieur Godeau's book till Friday evening; but I declare to you I cannot resolve to endure a longer absence. Do you know how much I do in this for your sake? I separate myself from a friend at all hours of the day; I deprive myself of a companion that makes my solitude happy; I let go a guest that pays me rubies and diamonds. It is true he will return speedily; but, in the mean time, what a patience must I practise to be without him, to-day, to-morrow, and the next day? When you have surveyed the wonders I speak of, you will accuse my words of undervaluing and poorness: You will deride the meanness of my metaphors, though I draw them from the most precious things magnificence can be employed in, and make them of rubies and diamonds. You will tell me, that in this inferior world, and amongst all the glories of nature that are visible, no comparison is to be found worthy of my friend; that he is an angel in a poet's disguise; that he is descended to earth to teach men the language and music of heaven; at least let us say, and that with a perfect consent and wonder, that before him our muses were courtezans and debauched wenches, and he hath reclaimed them from that scandalous life, make them saints and religious like you: us say, he hath reduced verse to its primi and legitimate use; that he hath cleanted P nassus, when it was filled with all the def ments of human wit, with the mud and corruption of all ages. But what should I say in a preface of my making, before book I send you, since I have made a tid speak so much already? One word more answer to your letter. Pardon me, Mada my dearest cousin, if I cannot do what intreat me. I do not think I shall quit John Chrysostome, nor St. Leo the pope, w are the chaplains of my desert, for y preacher, to whose sermons you invite And unless yourself were to preach in y own chapel, it would be a very difficult t to entice me out of my hermitage as long this fair season lasts. Do not think I am jest when I speak of your preaching: Y want nothing to do it but a privilege, which misfortune hath not been granted to your s and you would have eloquence to spare, if church would suffer you to make use of I wish you a good day, and am, with all soul, Madam, my dear cousin, your, &c.

Letter 6. *Monsieur de Balzac to Monsieur President Mainard.*

Sir, Oct. 5, 164

WE are now in the beginning of Octob and your last letter promised me your comp here in August, if you were alive. I p Heaven you be rather false than dead, that you break your word, yet for many y to come. I know that, in poetry, Jup laughs at the perjuries of lovers; but rem ber your promise was made in prose, and t it is allowed you to be always fabulous. if there be no means to drive you from y fictio

ions, nor reduce your style to the simpli-
y of truth, it shall not hinder me from en-
ing my desires by another way. I have
reed to see you, though I enforce my way
rough all the mountains that separate us,
d vanquish all the Barbary betwixt you and
. For this effect, I have in my fancy de-
ned myself a litter, becoming the equipage
a Spanish ambassador; and I am now
ding to the most noted fairs of Poitou to
vide a couple of mules, as black and sleek
those your predecessors assigned to draw
coach of the moon. When this is done,
et forth for the Upper Auvergne, and bring
u with the ices and infirmities of my age,
most lively and ardent passion that a heart
five-and-twenty can be sensible of.

Nec segnis mihi flamma placet. Malè novit amare,
Qui patiens, qui lentus amat.

Sir, your, &c.

tter 7. *M. de Balzac to M. Girard, Secretary to the Duke of Espernon.*

Sir, May 12, 1643.

YOU are a notorious deluder, or a deluder
torious. I speak both ways to satisfy two
mmarians of my acquaintance, who are
variance about the precedence of the ad-
ive. But, to treat you more fairly, I say
u have not performed all you promised me,
d I have expected, to no purpose, almost
r months. Yet I do not deny to admit
ur justifications, and believe it is only the
cessity of your business that hath made you
feit your word. I beseech you therefore
patch that business speedily, and come tri-
ph at Balzac for the victories you go to
ain at Paris. The throats of all these
-suits must be cut, and of all that looks
them. The brood must be stifled in the cradle. For my part, I have such a natural enmity against them, that I am so far from becoming a solicitor, either of the council, the parliament, or the exchequer, &c. that I cannot so much as request any thing from the sovereign of all these sovereign courts, *Nec tanti sunt res humanæ, ut Balzacius* (why not he as well as Scaliger?) *vel ulli monarchæ suplex sit.* I am confident you will not return unedified, from the conferences you will have with that sage person to whose acquaintance I recommend you; and you will confess to me that his virtue, though high and sovereign, hath nothing in it strange or stoical: *Quod pace Zenonis, Chrysippi, Cleanthis, & nostri —— dictum sit. Is enim, si nescis, purum putum stoicismum, etiam cum ad Sylviam aut ad Phillidem scribit, multâ cum gravitate profitetur*, &c. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 8. *M. de Balzac to M. Favereau, Counsellor to the King in the Court of Aides.*

Sir, July 20, 1638.

BE pleased to admit from me the same excuses which you make to me, and do not judge of my affection by my compliments. I am sometimes so backward in writing, that a journey of fifty leagues would not put me to so much trouble as a letter of five-and-twenty lines, and as weak and feeble as I am, I had rather take post to go visit my friends than take pen in hand to send them news of me. It is no small matter to talk and have nothing to say; to want matter, and fill up a sheet of paper with words. In truth, I am ashamed to fall so often into repetitions of the same thing, and to be always reduced to ———. You may please therefore only to understand, that you have made Mademoiselle Campaignole the proudest of virgins, but this pride of her's is but reasonable: The tokens of

your remembrance which she hath received are so agreeable, that there is no confessor so severe but will indulge her the vanity she takes in them; for my part I have a concernment in them; for, methinks, after so glorious an approbation, it is more honour to be her uncle than before ———. I am ever with passion, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 9. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Masses.*

Madam, August 17, 1644.

I PERCEIVE you will not be in debt: The present I sent you was paid for above its value by the thanks I received for it, and it is not you that are obliged, it is I that am become insolvent. In earnest, what can I repay you for all the goodnesses in your letter; for such a deal of rarity, excellency, and perfection as you bestow upon me? If I had spoken pearls (as we may say among us,) you had over-bought them by praising my words with such excess. It will not be your fault, if the rusticity and plainness of my works be not preferred before the polite and courtly style of others: The compositions of a provincial shall be set upon the shelves of kings, and kept up among their treasures, if your opinion be asked. If you may be credited, I shall be annexed to Plutarch's Lives. I am illustrious enough, Madam, by your estimation of me; my works are too happy in being lodged in your closet, and be sometimes taken into your hands. Would to God it could divert you to your content! But what wishes would I not make to serve you in some occasions of importance; and evidence to you, by my respects and obedience, that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 10. *M. de Balzac to Madam the D cheſſe of* ———.

Madam, March 14, 164

TEN years are fled since you heard tidin of me, and yet I have received a letter fro you this day exceeding civil, obliging, a very worthy of your perfect generosity. I co sider this honour as a favour from Heave arrived to a man that never says his praye He offers up neither vows nor sacrifices, a yet his indevotion fails not to be happy, a receives the rewards of piety. You are stor with these goodnesses of Heaven, amidst t wickednesses of the earth; and you seek af those savages, Madam, that endeavour avoid you.---Yet it is not requisite for me take this pains to bring myself into a bad r putation, or decry myself with so much di gence and care. Questionless, Madam, y more regard the inside of things than the fa face and outward appearance. You have gift to behold the actings of immaterial sou and so consequently you perceive there, t the private motions of my heart clear me all the ill conjectures that might condemn m That is a place I always reserve for yo though I never give you an account of All there is full of zeal and reverence to yo virtue; and if external acts were not of essence of true worship, I would challenge most diligent of your courtiers, for the glo of being more yours than he conceives him to be. This being granted, Madam, I b seech you not to conceive it possible for me deliberate on any proposition that regards yo service or contentment; or that I need quick ing and excitation to endeavour the advanc my interests into your affections. I co wish they were less just than they are, that obedie

dience might be purer than it will be, and t you might see I can perform your will hout examining your commands. The ntleman that delivered me your letter will firm what I say, and make his report of things he hath seen already. I had gun them before I understood your desire. e end shall soon follow the beginning; d if you do me the honour to cast your upon my pains, I assure myself you l accept my devotion, which hath not sed to be, though it did not appear; d I have constantly been, as I shall conti- e my whole life, with all my soul, Madam, ur, &c.

tter 11. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Villesavin.*

Madam, Jan. 4, 1641.

WHEN I tender you my duty, I have no er design than to tender it in intelligible lan- age, and not to pass for a man of the other rld before a person of this. Yet you are good, you would persuade me that I write n letters, and that I am eloquent without intention of mine to be so. You profess admire, Madam, what I believe you could endure, but out of grace and indulgence. so favourable words were not accompanied h more obliging effects, I should conceive e suspicion they proceeded from the spirit the court, and that in that part of the king- m it was their manner of mockery. But craftiest way of derision not being the style ruth, and consequently not yours, I be- ch you do not confound me any more by mmendations that amaze me. I might be n enough not to reject them in things I did r pretend to; but what colour can there be admit them in this, where they are no less ond my ambition than out of their proper place. No, Madam, my soul discovers herself to you in the simplicity of her first thoughts, and you may easily perceive she is not naturally a rhetorician. They are my very thoughts that speak to you, and the art of fine language has nothing to do with the passages of my heart. We do not study our passions. I have not learned to love either by Greek or Latin, from Aristotle or Cicero; and though I could not write with any kind of ornament, yet I should not cease to protest, with a great deal of truth, that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 12. *M. de Balzac to Mademoiselle de Scudery.*

Madam, July 25, 1639.

COULD I have obtained one moment's dispensation from my indisposition, I had told you long since that I have neither humility enough to reject the praises you bestow on me, nor presumption to assent to them. To believe them with an historical faith requires a very strong imagination; and yet to be offended at so obliging a fable would speak an ill nature. The mean herein which I intend to chuse shall not be to your disadvantage. I will consider your excellent language as purely yours, and not with any reference to myself. Thus they shall still have their true effect, and I shall ever be convinced by them; that is, Madam, of the beauties and perfections of your soul; of the eloquence that gives those praises, not that to which they are directed. Pardon my distrustful humour, I cannot believe you are of the same opinion with your letter, nor that my relation to Menander is of that strength you speak of. Possibly it may move you, because you are compassionate of other men's misfortunes, and your goodness interests you in all the adventures of innocence. In this

respect indeed I may deserve your favour, and your worthy brother too might justly take me for one of those objects that need his assistance. He can defend with as much valour as assault, and his bucklers are no less impenetrable than his other arms are piercing. The piece of his which you sent me, methinks, retains that fatal solidity. The greatest enemies of shews and wit-feasts will not hereafter be able to violate them under such a protection. Pleasure shall by his means acquire a good repute, and by his favour we shall be merry without scruple, in spite of the sad and the severe. I could say more to you if you were desirous to examine me concerning your book, or take an account of my studies. But this is no place for comment, or preamble; and the noble assemblies, which are not ungrateful, will on all sides proclaim so loud the glory of their defender, that it is probable a voice, so weak and remote as mine, would not be observed in the great shout of so many acclamations. It shall suffice me therefore to tell you, without any dress of words, that I am not void of gratitude for so complete an obligation; and that it being impossible the present I received should be richer, Monsieur de Scudery has found out an expedient to make it more acceptable, by entrusting you to send it. With his permission I thank you with all my heart, and will ever be, if you please to suffer me, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 13. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Villesavin.*

Madam, Dec. 12, 1639.

AS I am not importunate, so I will not be ungrateful. The study of wisdom, which teaches to beg nothing, teaches how we ought to owe; and though it has taken away my desire of getting, it has not extinguished my acknowledgment for benefits when I recei them. You are one of those generous pe sons who take pleasure in obliging; but ha grateful soever I am in my heart, I might a pear somewhat too reserved did I any long conceal how I am engaged to you: I must length, Madam, fall to an open publishing your goodness, and that of your memory. T first expected not my entreaties to recomme my interests to Monsieur the sur-intendant, a the other minded you, amongst the gre crowd of the world, that there was a certa *somebody* in the desert, not unworthy yo protection. This, I know not who, hath some motions of a rational life left, enough distinguish his repose from laziness. He by some chance or other, illuminated still w a bright ray of light, and his retirement not altogether his burial.---Vouchsafe me honour to believe it, and that I am ever p sionately, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 14. *M. de Balzac to the Rever Father d'Estrades, a Divine of the Socie Jesus, and Superior of the Confessors Clo in Bourdeaux.*

Reverend Father, October 8, 163

WERE I happy enough to be near y our friendship would be one of the good things in the world. You would render worthy of it by making me better than I I should reap all the advantages, and would bear all the charge; for a little do ness and good disposition which I possibly co contribute to it, you would lay in comm perfect virtue, which is now your own p priety; for this is it I mean when I call my perfect friend. And speaking of fri pardon the repetition of what I have form expressed; I do not mean a companion for c merce or good fellowship, nor a perpetual

er, nor one that punctually pays visits the t morning after he has received them, nor one that can write three answers to a single er. I mean a witness to the conscience, a ician of secret griefs, a governor in pro- ity, a comforter in declining fortunes. You all these, and something more; but the ry is, Reverend Father, you being at so a distance from me deprives me both of more and the less; it debars me the prac- of all the good you have done me. I perhaps think, when I set forth from ce, to meet you perhaps at Rochelle, when e holy necessity has removed you a hun- l leagues from thence. If I travel those dred leagues to see you, you, it may be, give me the slip the same day I arrive e; and Monsieur the archbishop of Bour- ux may come to take you from thence with navy: And yet more, you will go to sanc- the war in Africa or Asia, if either the rch's good or the king's service require it you. So that this courageous piety and nanimous zeal, which you profess, oppose my good designs, and are the cause that I e no probability to hope for you but by treaty of ——, that is, the restitution ll that war has usurped from us. My atience is to no purpose, we cannot enjoy sooner; for you and peace are two gifts of d, which he will send us together. But n you are sent, I beseech you, let us be that shall receive you, and not the Gas- s nor the Rochellers. After so many nies and expeditions, it is fit the crown he centre of your rest, and that its extent unscribe the *plus ultra* of your ambition. cannot chuse out a retire of a more lucky n, that will afford you greater serenity glorious days, or less interrupted silence your devout meditations. When this comes to pass, you may easily believe so glorious a neighbourhood will give me much occasion of pride, and that I will endeavour my utmost to improve a friendship so beneficial as yours. The fresh assurances you are pleased to give me of it by words that speak the zeal of ancient christianity, are new chains that bind me yet closer to you, and force me, Reverend Father, but with the delight of those that receive liberty, to be, if possible, yet more than I was, your, &c.

Letter 15. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur de Lyonne, Counsellor to the King, and Secretary to my Lord the Cardinal Mazarin.*

Sir, Jan. 7, 1644.

I AM affected by you, without having the honour of being known to be so. I had no designs of requesting any favour from you, and you have taken pleasure to oblige me. I but now understand how much I am bound to you, and you forbid me to testify my acknowledgments. This is not, Sir, the manner of common goodness, and I confess the rarity of it has surprised me. I questioned at first whether this action was done at Paris or in the fortunate islands; the corruption of the year one thousand six hundred and forty-four, or the purity of the golden age. However it be, I must not permit you so much advantage over me. The prohibition you make me is noble and honest, but my obedience to it will not be so. It seems you would be so highly generous as to make me appear ungrateful, or as if you had a design to purchase glory with the loss of my reputation. This is indeed too much, and your generosity must be measured by charity and moderation. Accustom yourself to magnanimous actions as much as you please; profess a sublime and difficult virtue; but leave me at least the easi-

est

eſt and ordinary duties; the laſt and meaneſt member of that ſociety wherein you have thought me fit to be enrolled: I mean, Sir, that of receiving and owing thankfully that which binds the poor as well as the rich, and whereof I conceive myſelf able to diſcharge myſelf, ſince the heart is ſufficient to do it. I have one yet good enough to be capable of ſuch a rational reſentment; and if I cannot by my merits warrant the teſtimony you have given of me to his eminence, yet I hope, by my paſſion and reſpects, to maintain the happineſs I enjoy in your favour, reſolving to be perfectly as long as I live your, &c.

Letter 16. *M. de Balzac to Monſieur Conrart, Counſellor and Secretary to the King.*

Sir, Sept. 18, 163-.

THE loveliest ſolitudes are thoſe about Paris, and you have the happineſs to be a courtier in the morning and a hermit after dinner. This is the way not to be tired with either kind of life, and prevent nauſeating by change: For my part, I am here confined to one of the furthermoſt corners of the earth, eight long days journey diſtant from your polite world, and ſo conſequently reduced to gather a ſimple ſatisfaction with myſelf, which I can almoſt never do; or, if at any time, it is only by converſation with the dead, who yet do but repeat me over the ſame things. The condition of Madam Deſloges is little better than mine; and unleſs it be in her own cloſet, or her family, ſhe ſees nothing that can pleaſe her. But ſhe is more to be commiſerated now than any of the years paſt. Beſides the melancholineſs of Limoſin, ſhe apprehends all the dangers of Breda. I lately left her in a fit of theſe fits of diſcontent, that made her tremble at the opening of every letter ſhe received, for fear ſhe ſhould find a ſon or a phew dead in it. Yet in this deplo eſtate ſhe remembered you with comfort, you were the ſubject of one of our longeſt ferences. You were read over and over a zen times. I ſhewed her the deſcription your retreat, and ſhe requited me with ſight of other fine things of your maki and this was our reſult for you, that there good ſenſe in Paris as well as at Athens Rome; and that it is poſſible to invent h pily, and expreſs thoſe fancies with acc without the help of Greek or Latin. uſe both of them more than ordinary, I not think this foreign abundance any credit to me, but rather a reproach of my ſterility. It is, in effect, becauſe I am fo to borrow from others, having exhauſted was my own; and wanting ſtrength, I need to lean on ſomething to ſupport However it be, it is no ſmall matter to you, whether as an original or a copy; ſince you aſſure me that my writings are moſt pleaſing divertiſements, I fully reſol be a ſcribe ſtill, though there were no reader in the world but yourſelf. So th intend to fall to work again this winter, keep and maintain the authentic privileg have obtained for me, who am always perfectly, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 17. *M. de Balzac to Monſieur Souchote.*

Sir, Nov. 15, 1

THOUGH I had loſt the uſe of hands, and had not wherewithal to ma a ſcribe; and though I had made a f oath, with intention to obſerve it better the firſt; yet I ſhould not ceaſe to love persons to whom I did not write. Your neſs has made you one of that number

ftify this, you may please to consult your memory. Do you remember the day n I made over my affection to you by a nn act? It was in the presence of the God he Seine, and the sun of the meadows *aux* s was witness to it: You assured me you contented with that form of gift, and you would not desire I should send you new titles to it by the carrier or the post. s is the reason of my long and obstinate e: You may term it lazness as long as please, but you will injure me if you give y worse name; you would derogate from riendship, if you imagine that it is inclosed y letters, and you mistake one thing for er, if you lay inconstancy to the charge man that is stedfast even to obstinacy. I and esteem you, do not question it; and l as much good fortune as good wishes, hould see I am as zealous in essentials as cold in ceremonies. For the two lists peak of, your absent friend is author of one and the other, and consequently, the laint you make to him upon occasion of is more gallant than reasonable. I had nd in the distribution of the copies; and ieve Monsieur de Campaignole, who was hief manager of that little affair, did not of all my friends. But, I beseech you, matters it that an almanack out of date, ome scribbled sheets of paper, were not nted to you? The author himself, in and soul, his whole library, all his learn- eloquence, and hyperboles, are yours; s, I am absolutely, Sir, your, &c.

r 18. *M. de Balzac to Madam de la Chetardue.*

m, my dear Cousin, Sept. 14, 1639.

WILL not eat your favours without a y of my gratitude. You have feasted me these four days, and either there are no pleasures in taste, or I find them in your cheeses. They are not only cream, well housewifed, but a quintessence hitherto unknown: They are some, I know not what miraculous things, that, with a tartness which bites the tongue, afford a sweetness that fills the mouth. It must needs be that God loves you, who has bestowed such a land on you as flows with milk and honey. He did not heretofore treat the Jews, his favourites, better; and these were the riches of the golden age. But in places where such riches are to be had, good cheer should be confined to them, without seeking after any other kind of abundance. You ought long since to have put down hunting, and purified your kitchen; for what a shame is it to live with murder and cruelty amidst such innocent sustenance? I cannot set too high a rate on them, nor too much thank you for your present; and whatever you please to say, I cannot think they were the labour of any of your country mopses. Such counterfeit hands know not how to labour in things of that delicacy. Questionless, the nymphs of Vienna had a hand in them, and it is an invention of theirs, which you have sent me for a rarity. If this conceit seem poetical to you, so is the subject of it too: It might make a piece of a very good eclogue, or be drawn into a corner of a pastoral. But I have never learnt to rhime. It is fitter for me to quit this language of fables, to assure you, in true and serious prose, I honour your virtue so highly, that though you had given me nothing, I should have thought myself nevertheless indebted to you much; and were you not my benefactress, I should not be less than I am, dear cousin, your, &c.

Letter

Letter 19. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur Corneille.*

Sir, Jan. 17, 1643.

I FOUND a strange alteration of ease and recovery upon the receipt of your packet, and I cannot contain from proclaiming the miracle in the beginning of my letter. Your Cinna restores health to the sick; he causes the paralytic to clap his hands, gives speech to the dumb, much more to a rheumatic. I had indeed lost my speech with my voice, and being repossessed of both, by the virtue of what you sent me, it is just that I employ them to your glory, and publishing the sovereignty of the remedy. Yet you fear you are one of those that are overcharged with the majesty of the subjects whereof they treat, and you are not satisfied that you have brought strength enough for the support of the Roman grandeur. This modesty does more please than persuade me, and I am bound to oppose it on the behalf of truth. You are too nice an examiner of a composition that has been called excellent by the public voice; and though it were true, that you had discovered a little disparity of weakness in some part of it, yet this ought to be a secret between your Muses and yourself, since I am confident it would be for ever imperceptible by any other. The weakness should be rather charged on our expression and the incapacity of our language, than your conceit, and the defect imputed to the inconcinnity of the instruments, not to want of skill in the artist. You have shewn us as much of Rome as is possible to be seen at Paris without any prejudice by the removal. It is not a Rome of Cassiodorus, forlorn and ———, as it was in the age of the Theodorus. It is a Rome of Titus Livius, and as magnificent and pompous as it was in the time of the first Cæsars. You have even found that which she had lost in the ruins of the commonwealth, her noble magnanimous fierceness. We meet with tolerable translators of her language and pressions, but you are the true and fait interpreter of her spirit and courage. I ceed yet higher, Sir, and tell you, tha know you are many times her tutor, and monish her of decorum when she has forgo it. You are the reformer of antiquity, w it wants either ornament or support. In t places where Rome was but of brick, rebuild her with marble; wherever you a void interstice, you fill it up with a ma piece; and I have observed that what you ply to the history of your own, is ever t scendant to that which you borrow from The wife of Horatius and the mistre Cinna, which are two daughters of yours purely creatures of your brain, what are less than the principal ornaments of two poems? Is there any thing of the duction of good antiquity in the weaker that is comparably vigorous and strong these late heroesses, which you have bro into the world; to these Roman dames of begetting? After a fortnight's time, I am satisfied with surveying the perfections of that came hither last. I have astonished the wits of our province with the sight of Our orators and our poets speak wonders of But a doctor of my neighbourhood, w ordinarily upon the high strain, speaks of indeed after a strange manner. The first he was contented to say that your Æmilia the rival of Cato and Brutus in their ze liberty. But now he goes far higher. S times he swears she is possessed with the g of the commonwealth, and at other times her the fair, reasonable, holy, and ado fury. These are strange words indeed, cerning your Roman virago; but yet the

destitute of reason and foundation. She does effect inspire the whole conspiracy, and dis- s heat to the party by the fire which she s in the breast of their general. She en- ours to interest all the world in her re- ge; and would make a sacrifice to her fa- , which were too great for Jupiter him- She is in my opinion a person so ex- nt, that I think I speak not too much to advantage, when I say that you are more y in your issue than Pompey was in his, that your daughter Æmilia is without parison of greater worth than his grand- Cinna. If he had more virtue than Se- could imagine, it is because he fell into hands, and had the benefit of your care. is obliged to you for his merit, as to gustus for his dignity. The emperor him consul, and you have rendered him onest man. This you have effected by rules of an art that adorns and refines ; that allows favour in imitation, and sometimes proposes to itself the apparent sometimes the true good. I shall say too if I add any more. I will not begin a tation but end a letter, and conclude with usual protestations, but most sincere and that I am, Sir, your, &c.

r 20. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur d'Ar- son, Counsellor to the King, and Inten- nt of Justice in Saintonge.*

Sir, Jan. 5, 1646.

AM determined to forbear my importu- caresses, and will no more offend you friendly professions. Since your virtue is icate as not to endure the perfumes and rs which it merits, it is necessary to com- ith the strangeness of your humour, and must be obeyed, though it be with injustice. at you shall neither receive incense or ets from my hand; notwithstanding I cannot pass it, without protesting against the violence which you do me, I will complain of the loss of my liberty, and inform the world, that it is no fault of mine that I am not just. I am perfectly so, Sir, as far as the will and endeavours. Your jurisdiction does not extend to the secrets of my heart, and you cannot hinder the devotion of my soul, although you do with so much severity prohibit me the ceremonies and outward worship. I question not but you will find my expressions very high, when you are the subject, which yet do not seem such to me. My words, I conceive, may be drawn from holy things without offending religion; and your verses being related to it, I look on it as a piece of divine service to read them. Since the muses which supply you with such excellent inventions are not false deities, the honour which is given them goes directly to heaven; and we adore the inspirer of prophets and sibyls, when we admire a poet so chaste and pure as you. Be pleased to admit this truth, which is compatible with their modesty, and represents you some shadow of my intention. If you would allow me to display it, what should I not say of the early atchievements which I have seen, and of that prudent and grave youth, which reproaches my grey hairs? But the orders which I have received from you are of too strict a tenour, and you will be so punctually obeyed, that I cannot so much as publish your eulogium in epitome. All I can do in a person so commendable, and that is offended with the effects of his virtue, is, to esteem him perfectly in my heart, and to be, as I am with all my soul, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 21. *M. de Balzac to M. Chapelain.*

Sir, Balzac, 21 Oct. 1637.

I AM resolved to free myself from the dominion of all troublesome passions, as well for the safety of my soul, as for the quiet of my life,

life, and interest of my health. I have been long since of opinion, that it is better to suffer injustice than to commit it; and of late have made particular reflection upon that passage, *qui dixerit patri suo, Raca, &c.* Upon which consideration, I will for the future repay evil for good, and begin to practise with Monsieur Bourbon, to whom I make the first overture, without holding me to the point of honour, or remembering forepast actions. I had entreated a lady of our friend's, to relate him this message, before I knew of the academy's interceding in the matter, or had learn by your letter what forward progression he had made, both of his own inclination, and by order of the company. As to myself, I yet once more assure you, that what I do, is with no other aim than the satisfaction of my conscience, and submission to the commands of God. I seek neither orator nor poet: It is my neighbour, with whom I would renew my charity, and *Petrus Valens* might have found the same readiness to reconciliation, if there had been the like allowableness in the cause of our discord. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 22. *M. de Balzac to M. Chapelain.*

Sir, Balzac, 12 May, 1638.

IN requital of the news of the great world you sent me, I impart to you those of our village. Never did nature clothe our fields, with more beauty, and delightful verdure; nor were the trees and corn more florid and promising. The sun does not employ all those beams, he did in April the year past, when he burnt up the herbs in the tenderness of their birth; his heat is mild, innocent, and supportable to the weakest heads. The coolness and dews of the nights succeed in their course, and yield refreshment, to what would languish upon the earth without their succour. But having rather laid the dust than made it dirty, is ma granted, they contribute no small than t pleasure of those rare mornings we enjoy. very solicitous of losing the least moment fit and precisely begin them at half an hour four, and so continue them without interr till noon; during that space, I walk abroad our weariness, and in such places where I conveniently sit at my pleasure. I read b that do not oblige me to meditate, and study is with indifferent attention; for a same time I do not cease to listen to an rite number of nightingales, wherewith thickets are inspired. I pass my jud their merit, as you do of that of poets, i place where you are; and indeed, if yo ignorant of it, I assure you, there is as difference between nightingale and nightin and between poet and poet. There are of the first, and some of the inferior c We have enough of *Maillets*, and —— also some *Chapelains* and *Malherbes*. rest another time. I am, Sir, your, &c

## SECT. III.

*From the Letters of Madame de R* TIN CHANTAL, *Marchioness de* VIGNY.

Letter 1. *Madame de Rabutin Chant Monsieur de Coulanges.*

Paris, Monday, Dec. 15,

I AM going to tell you a thing the astonishing, to most surprising, the most derful, the most miraculous, the mo umphant, the most amazing, the most un of, the most singular, the most extraord the most incredible, the most unforeseen most grand, the most inconsiderable, th rare, the most common, the most fam

ſecret till this day, the moſt illuſtrious, the worthy of envy; in a word, a thing, but ſingle example of which is to be found in er ages, and even that example is not A thing which we cannot believe at Pa- how will it be believed at Lyons? A which fills the whole world with excla- ons: A thing which overwhelms with Madame de Rohan and Madame de Haute- A thing which will be done on Sun- when they who ſee it will believe they ſee uſion: A thing which will be done on Sun- and which perhaps will not be done on day. I have not reſolution to ſpeak it You muſt divine it: I give you three but you find it impoſſible: Well then, I tell it you. Monſieur de Lauſun is married on Sunday at the Louvre; can gueſs to whom? I give you four days, I you ten, I give you a hundred. Madame oulanges ſays this muſt ſure be ſomething difficult to divine; it is Mademoiſelle de alliere: No, Madame. It is then Ma- iſelle de Rets: No indeed; you gueſs the air of one at a great diſtance from the We own ourſelves mere ignorants, ſay it muſt certainly be Mademoiſelle de ui: You are not right yet: I ſee I muſt liged to tell you. He is to marry, with rmiſſion of the King, Mademoiſelle,--- moiſelle de---Mademoiſelle---(divine her); he is to marry Mademoiſelle,---upon word, upon my ſolemn word, Ma- ſelle,---la grande Mademoiſelle,---Ma- ſelle, the daughter of the late Monſieur; moiſelle, the grand-daughter of Henry Mademoiſelle d'Eu, Mademoiſelle de es, Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, Ma- ſelle d'Orleans, Mademoiſelle, couſin- n of the king, Mademoiſelle, deſtined throne; Mademoiſelle, the only match in France worthy of Monſieur. Here is a fine ſubject for reflections! If you exclaim, if you are beſide yourſelf; if you ſwear that we tell you lies, that this is falſe, that it is ridiculous; if you call it an idle raillery, a chimerical imagination; if you fly out into downright railing at us; we ſhall allow that you have reaſon; we have done the ſame ourſelves. Adieu; the letters that will come to you by this poſt, will ſufficiently confirm our intelligence.

Letter 2. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Paris. Friday, December 19, 1670.

WHAT we call falling from the clouds, is what happened yeſterday evening at the Thuilleries: But I muſt reſume the thread of the hiſtory farther backwards. You are at preſent in the joy, the tranſports, the ecſtaſies of the princeſs and her happy lover. On Monday this affair was declared, as you have been informed. The Tueſday paſſed in diſcourſing, in wondering, and in paying compliments. On Wedneſday Mademoiſelle made a donation to Monſieur de Lauſun, with a deſign to give him the titles, names, and diſtinctions neceſſary to be recited in a contract of marriage, which was made the ſame day. She gave him for the preſent, till ſomething better could be thought of for him, four dutchies: The Compté d'Eu, which is the firſt peerage of France, and gives the firſt rank of precedence; the dutchy of Montpenſier, the title of which he took that day; the dutchy of Saint Fargeau, and the dutchy of Chatelleraut. All this is computed at the value of twenty-two millions. The contract was made next, in which he took the name of Montpenſier. On Thurſday morning, which was yeſterday, Mademoiſelle hoped the king would ſign it, as he had declared; but about ſeven in the evening, his majeſty having been perſuaded by the queen, by Monſieur, and many grave coun-

counsellors, that this affair was an injury to his reputation, he resolved to break it off; and sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lausun, he declared to them, in the presence of Monsieur the prince, that he forbid them to think any farther of this marriage. Monsieur de Lausun received this order with all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair due to so great a disappointment. As for Mademoiselle, following her humour, she burst out into tears and exclamations, into violent grief and immoderate complaints: The next day she kept her bed, and lived on gruels. How fine a dream is here! how fine a subject for a tragedy or a romance! but above all, a subject of everlasting conversation, which employs us day and night, morning and evening, without end, without ceasing. We hope you will be as much engaged by it; and thereupon I humbly kiss your hands.

Letter 3. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Monsieur de Coulanges.*

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.

YOU are now acquainted with the romantic history of Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lausun. It is a just subject for a tragedy, according to all the rules of the theatre: We amused ourselves the other day with planning out the acts and scenes; and, allowing four days instead of twenty-four hours, it made a perfect piece. Never were so great changes seen in so small a time, never so general an emotion; you have not ever heard so extraordinary a piece of news. Monsieur de Lausun played his part in perfection. He supported this misfortune with firmness, with a manly bravery, and yet with an excess of grief mingled with a profound respect, which have made him generally admired. What he has lost is of an unvaluable price; but the f of the king, which he has preserved, is wise unvaluable; and his fortune seems n be deplored. Mademoiselle has likewis haved very well; she has wept heartily: has begun this day to pay her devoirs a Louvre, from whence she had received a proper visite. So there is now a conclusi this affair. Adieu.

Letter 4. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 31,

I HAVE received your answers to m ters. I comprehend the astonishment you been in at all that has passed from the 1 the 20th of this month; the subject we served it. I admire your good sense, an right judgment you made, in believing grand machine would not go on regular the end of the week. Modesty restrain from giving myself an entire liberty in mending you upon it, because I have fai thought the same things you have don told my daughter on the Monday, tha design would never be conducted succe till the Sunday following; and I offer wage, that notwithstanding there wa fairest appearance of this marriage, it never be completed. In effect, on Thu the weather was overcast, and the cloud in the evening, in the manner I have it. The same Thursday I went at n the morning to the apartment of Mad selle, having heard that she was to be ried in the country, and that the coadju Reims was to perform the ceremony; t design of having the nuptials celebrated Louvre was changed on Tuesday. Mad selle was writing; she ordered me to mitted, finished her letter, and mad kneel by her bedside. She told me to

d been writing, and on what occasion; e presents she had made the day before; he name she had given her lover; that was no match for her in Europe, and that as determined to be married. She re- to me, word for word, a conversation ad had with the king: She seemed orted with joy at the thoughts of mak- man happy: She spoke with the ten- affection of the merit and the gratitude onsieur de Lausun. Upon this, I said , Mademoiselle, you are extremely hap- ut why did you not immediately dispatch fair on Monday? Do you consider, that g a delay gives time to all the kingdom k of it; and that it is tempting God e king, to think of conducting so slowly g of this extraordinary nature? She told had reason; but she was so flushed with ence, that the discourse made little im- n on her. She turned the conversation illustrious family and the excellent qua- f Monsieur de Lausun. I repeated to ese lines of Severus in Polieucte:

*oins ne la peut on blamer d'un mauvais choix:*
*ucte a du nom, & sort du sang des rois* *.

nbraced me in the most passionate man- This conversation lasted an hour: It is ible to repeat it all; but I was certainly greeable all this time; and I may say hout vanity, for she was pleased with ng to any one, her heart was too full. n she gave herself up to the rest of France ame to pay her their compliments upon occasion. She waited all the morn- hear news from the king, but had none.

t least she cannot be blamed for having n ill choice; Polieucte has a great name, descended from a race of kings.

After dinner she amused herself in dressing up with her own hands the apartment of Monsieur de Montpensier; in the evening you know what happened. The next day, which was Friday, I went to her apartment; I found her in her bed; she redoubled her cries at seeing me; she called me to her; she embraced me, and bathed me with her tears. Alas! said she, do you remember what you said to me yesterday? Ah, prudence! cruel prudence! She made me weep purely by the force of weeping over me. I returned twice to visit her; she is extremely afflicted, and has all along treated me as one who felt her griefs. She was not deceived. My heart, on this occasion, supplied me with sentiments rarely experienced for persons of her rank. Let this be between us and Madame de Coulanges: For you will easily judge that such a manner of talking before any others, would be entirely ridiculous. Adieu.

Letter 5. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1671.

I CANNOT thank you enough, my dear, for all the letters you have written to me upon the road. These little officious cares are very obliging, and have their effect; nothing of this kind is lost upon me. You have written to me from every place; I have admired your goodness in it. None could go through this trouble without a great fund of friendship; were it not for this, every one would be better pleased with indolence or repose. This has been a great consolation to me. Every thing which has been so happy as to be acquainted with you, seems, like me, to regret you; yet I must say, with Voiture, none, besides me, has yet died of your absence. It is true, the carnival without you has been excessively dull;

you

you may take the honour of it to yourself; for my part, I impute it wholly to you: But, in my opinion, mere dulness is not a sufficient symptom of the pain we ought to feel from an absence like yours.

I have received a letter from M. de Grignan, which was not accompanied with one from you. He tells me, that he shall return this winter. Will he leave you behind, or will you follow him? Let me have an answer.

Monsieur the Dauphin has been ill, but is better. Madame de Valliere is re-established at court; the king received her with tears of joy; and Madame de Montespan with tears--- of what kind I leave you to conjecture. Tender conversations have mutually passed; this is difficult to comprehend; it is best to be silent. The news of this year do not hold true from one post to another.

I see your daughter every day; I would fain have her straight; this is my care: It would be pleasant indeed, that she should be daughter to you and M. de Grignan, and not be finely shaped. I am skilful in this; I have even needless precautions. I saw yesterday Madame Dupuy-Dufou, who salutes you: I saw likewise Madame de Janson, and Madame le Blanc. Every thing which has any relation to you, though at a hundred leagues distance, is more agreeable to me than any other thing. Good God! the Rhone! you are now near it: What a frightful idea to me! what inquietude! till I hear you are past the danger.

Letter 6. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, March 18, 1671.

AT last, my dear, I learn from yourself your entry into Aix; but I do not comprehend why you do not tell me, whether your band was with you, and in what manner V honoured your triumph. In other p your representation of it is very pleasan well as the embarrassment you was in, your misplaced civilities. Bandol was d less a great help to you; and, indeed dear, my assistance might have been u not that I should have done better than for I have not the gift of ranging p names in exact order over their faces. O contrary, I am every day guilty of the impertinent mistakes of this nature; might have assisted you in making gr bows, and that would have been all I coul done for your service. This excess of monies and civilities is a tedious exercis it is necessary to go through it with a courage. You must endeavour, my child, to conform yourself to the manne customs of the people you are to live am accommodate yourself to every thing t not bad; be not disgusted at what is h different; and make to yourself a pleas whatever is not ridiculous.

There is a piece of news which fu discourse for all Paris: The king has manded M. de S*** to quit his post, a mediately to leave Paris. Do you kn what reason? For having cheated at pla got 50,000 crowns with packed cards. card-maker was interrogated by the kin self: He denied it at first; at last, promise of a pardon, he confessed that followed this trade a great while. T likely to affect a great many persons; fo are several families whom he has fu with these false cards. It was not w much reluctance, that the king came t solution to disgrace a man of the qua S***; but seeing that, for two month

at he played with were ruined, he thought lf obliged in conſcience to expoſe ſo great lany. He had obſerved well the play of s; and he always ſet upon the queen of s, becauſe the ſpades were in the other s; the king always loſt upon clubs, and to ſay, The club cannot diſpute the field the ſpade in this country. S*** had thirty piſtoles to the valets of Madame Valliere to throw away the cards they which he ſaid were not good; and had duced his own card-maker. He who put in this good way is called Pradier; he peared as ſoon as the king forbid S*** to into his preſence: If he had been innohe would have went voluntarily to priand deſired to be proceeded againſt; but, d of taking that way, he thought the to Languedoc much ſafer. Several of his ls adviſed him rather to retire to la pe* after ſuch a misfortune. This is all bject of diſcourſe at preſent,

e Marſhal de Belleſont, out of a pure ment of piety, has agreed with his credihe has yielded up to them his whole and more than half the revenue of his e, to pay off his arrears. This is very rable, and ſhews that his frequent viſits Trappe have not been in vain.

vent the other day to ſee the Dutcheſs de adour: She was beautiful as an angel. Dutcheſs of N*** came thither with her dreſſed in a manner perfectly ridiculous: may take my word for it; for you know well I love the exceſs of the faſhion. La in † had employed on her the utmoſt of ancy, as if ſhe had been deſigned for a n of the mode. Her hair was cut and curled on the top of her head, very naturally, by a hundred papers, which made her ſuffer death and tortures the whole night: All this makes exactly a little roundiſh head of a cabbage. It is, my dear, the moſt ridiculous thing you can imagine. She had no *coiffure* at all; but that is excuſable, ſhe is young and handſome. All the women at St. Germain, and even la Mothe, have their heads dreſſed in this manner by la Martin. This is carried to ſuch a degree, that the king and all the ladies of the court die with laughing. They are all in that pretty kind of dreſs which your woman Montgobert underſtands ſo well; I mean, with curls reverſed. This is all I can ſay of it: We are extremely diverted with the extravagance of this new mode.

Your brother is at St. Germain: He divides himſelf between Ninon and a certain actreſs *; his favourite companion is Deſpreaux: We lead him a very uneaſy life about it.

Letter 7. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Livry, Tueſday in the Holy Week, March 24, 1671.

IT is three hours, my dear, ſince I came hither. I left Paris with a deſign to retire from the world till Thurſday evening; I pretend to be here in ſolitude, and to make a little Trappe of this retirement. I intend to pray, and to make a thouſand reflections. I deſign to faſt much, for the improvement of my health as well as of my devotion; to make amends, by walking, for the time I have been confined to my chamber; and more eſpecially, to be exceſſively dull, out of a regard to religion. But, my dear, what I ſhall acquit myſelf of much better than all this, will be to think on you; I have not yet ceaſed to

A convent famed for the rigour of its diſci-

† A famous tire-woman.

* Mademoiſelle de Chammeleye.

do

do it, ſince I arrived here; and no longer able to contain all my ſentiments. I am writing to you at the end of the little dark alley, which is ſo much your favourite; and ſitting upon the moſſy ſeat, where I have ſo often ſeen you repoſing yourſelf. But where is it, alas! that I have not ſeen you in theſe ſhades! and how do theſe thoughts invade my heart! there is no nook nor corner in the houſe, or in the oratory, in the gardens, or in the neighbouring fields, where I have not ſeen you; no place that does not bring ſomething relating to you to my remembrance; and in whatſoever manner it be, it pierces my ſoul. I ſee you; you are preſent with me; I think, and repeat over every thing in my thoughts. My imagination grows wild and raving; in vain I turn round and round; in vain I look for the dear child I love with ſo much paſſion; ſhe is removed two hundred leagues from me; I have her no more; I weep, without the power to reſtrain my tears. My dear, this I know is extremely weak; but I have no command of a tenderneſs ſo juſt and ſo natural. I know not in what diſpoſition this letter may find you; chance may direct it to your hand unſeaſonably, when it may not perhaps be read in the ſame manner it is written. For this I know no remedy; it ſerves, however, to ſoothe my preſent grief, and that is all I expect from it. The ſituation of mind this place has put me in, is a thing incredible. I beg of you not to ſpeak of my weakneſſes; but you ought to love them, and to reſpect the tears that flow from a heart entirely yours.

Letter 8. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livry, Thurſday in the Holy Week, March 26, 1671.

IF I had wept ſo much for my ſins, as I have wept for you ſince I have been her ſhould have been very well diſpoſed for the lebration of the approaching feſtival. I paſſed the time I had reſolved to ſpend i in the manner I propoſed, except that par it that was devoted to you, which affected more than I could have believed. I ſtrange a thing is a lively imagination, w repreſents things paſt as if they were ſti being! and when one reflects on what is ſent, and has a heart like mine, one dies grief. I am at a loſs whither to fly for re from you: Our houſe at Paris brings you ſtantly into my mind, but the ſolitud Livry reſtores you to my arms. As for it is by an effort of memory, whenever think on me. Provence is not obliged to ſtore me to you in the manner every place repreſents you to my fancy. I have, ever, found a melancholy pleaſure in the I have ſuffered here: A profound ſolitude uninterrupted ſilence, a mournful office of gion, a ſolemn ſervice devoutly ſung, a c nical faſt, a beauty in the gardens with w you would have been charmed; all this given me delight. I had nothing more to but you. However nice you are in the c of ſolitude, you would have been conte here. But I am obliged to return to P I intend to-morrow to hear the celebrati the paſſion by Father Bourdaloue, or by ther Maſcaron. Adieu, my dear; this you ſhall have from Livry; I will finiſh letter at Paris. If I had the power to for writing to you, and to make a ſacrifice o my ſentiments for you, it would exceed a penances in the world; but inſtead of ma a good uſe of this opportunity of devoti have ſought the conſolation of converſing you. Alas! how weak, how miſerab this!

Letter 9. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Paris, April 9, 1671.

HERE is with me Monſieur de Magalothy, o is going to Provence; I could heartily h to go with him. I do not know whether will feel the pleaſure of ſeeing you; for part, I ſhould be very ſenſible of it. He laying with your little daughter, and ſays, eads your virtue in her looks. As for who think the Grignans handſome, ſhe is y agreeable in my opinion. I believe you l be very well pleaſed to ſee a man of merit; nan, who knows the world; a man with om you will ſpeak good French, and Italian ou pleaſe; a man whoſe accompliſhments known to the whole court; in a word, a who brings you two pair of ſlippers made Georget. What can I ſay more in his fa- r? He is going to ſee Madame de Monaco, I dare engage you will write to her by . He ſays, that without a letter from me hould not be received by you in the man- he deſires. In ſhort, he abuſes me, and I him. I embrace you with all my heart, with great ſincerity, and not in the leaſt the ſake of making a concluſion to my r.

Letter 10. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Paris, Friday Evening, April 24, 1671.

MAKE up my packet here. I had a de- to tell you that the king arrived yeſterday e evening at Chantilli: He hunted a ſtag oon-light; the lanterns played their part lerfully; the fireworks indeed were a little ed by the bright eyes of our friend; but, word, the evening, the ſupper, the play, thing ſucceeded to a miracle. The fine her we had to-day made us hope that every would anſwer ſo agreeable a beginning: But this is what I have learnt ſince I came hither, the ſurpriſe of which I have not yet recovered, and which makes me ſcarce know what I write; it is, that Vatel, the great Vatel, maitre d'hotel to M. Fouquet, and now the ſame to Monſieur the Prince; this man, of a diſtinguiſhed capacity, whoſe head was capable of ſuſtaining the care of a ſtate; this man, whom I knew, ſeeing that the tide was not come in at eight in the morning, could not bear the diſhonour he imagined he ſhould be oppreſſed with, and in one word he ſtabbed himſelf. You may imagine the horrible diſorder that muſt have been cauſed by ſo dreadful an accident. Conſider, that the tide perhaps came in as ſoon as he expired. I know nothing more of it at preſent, and I believe you think I have ſaid enough. I do not doubt but the confuſion was great; and it was a terrible thing to happen at an entertainment that coſt fifty thouſand crowns.

Monſieur de Menars is to be married to Mademoiſelle de la Grange-Neuville. I do not know how I have the heart to ſpeak to you of any thing elſe but of Vatel.

Letter 11. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

I WRITE on Sunday, but the letter will not be ſent till Wedneſday; it is not a letter, but a relation that Moreüil has made me, with a deſign to inform you of what has paſſed at Chantilli concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had ſtabbed himſelf; you ſhall now have an account of it at large:—The king came thither on Thurſday in the evening; the walk, the collation in a place interwove with jonquils; all this was perfectly agreeable: They ſupped, there were ſome tables ill ſupplied, on account of ſeveral entertainments

that were not expected. This struck Vatel; he said several times, I have forfeited my reputation; this is a dishonour which I cannot support. He said to Gourville, My head is disordered; I have not slept these twelve nights; assist me in giving orders. Gourville comforted him as well as he could. The dishes that were wanting were not at the king's table, but at the *vingt-cinquièmes*: This misfortune ran always in his head. Gourville told the prince of it; the prince came himself to his chamber, and said to him, Vatel, every thing goes well, nothing was ever so fine as the supper at the king's table. He replied, Monseigneur, your goodness quite oppresses me: I know there were dishes wanting at two tables. The prince said, Not at all; never trouble yourself about it; every thing goes well. Night came; the fireworks did not appear to advantage, because the weather was cloudy: This part of the entertainment cost sixteen thousand francs. At four in the morning Vatel went his rounds, and found every body asleep: He met a purveyor that had only brought in two loads of provisions; he demanded of him whether that was all? The fellow answered Yes, not knowing that Vatel had sent to all the sea-port towns. He waited some time, the other purveyors did not come; his head grew warm, he believed he should have no more provisions: He went to Gourville, and told him he should not survive the shame of this disappointment. Gourville endeavoured to show him how ridiculous his apprehensions were. Vatel runs to his chamber, sets his sword against the door, and runs it through his heart; it was at the third pass, for he gave himself two wounds which were not mortal; he falls dead. In the mean time, provisions come in from all parts; they inquire for Vatel to distribute them; they go to his chamber, they knock, they break open the door, they find him weltering in his blood; they run to Monsieur the Prince, who was in the utmost concern about it: Monsieur the Duke wept; he had depended on Vatel for his voyage to Bourgogne. Monsieur the Prince told it to the king with great concern, it was imputed to his having been too much a man of honour in his way; his resolution was blamed and commended. The king said, he had put off his coming to Chantilli five years, because he had foreseen what an excessive embarrassment he should occasion. He told the prince, that he ought to have but two tables, and that he should not charge himself with the whole; he swore he would not suffer it any longer, that the prince should take on himself so much trouble: But this was too late for poor Vatel. In the mean time, Gourville endeavoured to repair the loss of Vatel, and he succeeded very well in it. They dined very well; they had a collation; they supped, they walked, they played, they hunted; every thing was perfumed with jonquils, every thing seemed enchanted. The next day, which was Saturday, was spent in the same manner. In the evening the king went to Liencourt, where he had ordered *media nocte* *; he did stay there to-day.

This is the account I had from Morel; I have dispatched the commission I had from you, and I know nothing farther. M. d'Arcy-ville, who was present at all this, will doubtless give you a relation of it; but because his hand is not so legible as mine, I write notwithstanding. This is a tedious story; however, I send it you, because I should be willing to hear it upon a like occasion.

* A midnight entertainment.

tter 12. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livry, April 29, 1671.

I HAD yesterday a very pleasant journey: ft out early from Paris, and dined at Pomne. I found there our good friend*, who pected me. I was not willing to lose the portunity of bidding him adieu. I found m in so extremely devout a temper as very ch affected me; the nearer he approaches his end, the more angelical he grows. He proved me very seriously; and, transported th zeal and friendship for me, he said I was wise in not thinking of being converted; at I was a perfect pagan; that I made an ol of you in my heart; and that this kind of olatry, though it might seem to me less minal, was as dangerous as any other; in ort, he desired me to consider of the state my soul. He said all this to me so earnestly, at I could not find any reply to make to it. a word, after six hours spent in conversaons, very agreeable, though very serious, I rted from him, and came hither, where I d all the triumph of the month of May; nightingale, the cuckoo, and the linnet, ve begun the spring. I walked out here the evening all alone; I have had all my lancholy thoughts about me, but I will t trouble you with them.

You wish, my dear, that time would move more swiftly, to oblige us with an oppority of seeing each other. You do not ow what you do; perhaps he may take you your word, perhaps he will obey you too thfully; and when you would stop his ght, you will not have it in your power. have been heretofore guilty of the same or with you, but I have repented it; and though he has not done me all the mischief he does to others, yet he has not abstained from doing some little injuries to my features, and he has left but too evident marks of his passage.

You have written an admirable billet to Brancas. He had written to you the other day a whole ream of paper; it was a pleasant rhapsody enough. He read it to Madame de Coulanges and me: I desired him to finish it, and to send it me on Wednesday; he refused it, and said he would not have you see it upon any account; it was too miserably silly and impertinent. Pray, Sir, what do you take us to be? you have read it to us: It was no matter for that, he still insisted that you should not have a sight of it. He never was so ridiculously absurd. The other day he solicited a process at the first court *des enquettes*; it was to be judged at the second: This blunder made the court very merry; I believe it was the occasion of his gaining his cause.

Letter 13. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Wednesday, May 6, 1671.

I THANK you, my dear, for the civil reception you gave la Brosse, upon his bringing you a letter of mine, written four months since. Old letters are pleasant things indeed; I have long thought them even more disagreeable than old people; all that is in the inside of them is mere dotage.

Your gentleman, who described my wit nimble and regular, grave and studied, has judged excellently well of it in the opinion of a certain lady: I laughed heartily at the account you gave me of it, and pitied you for having nobody whom you might have the pleasure of winking on while he was making my panegyric so judiciously; I wish at least I had been behind the tapestry.

* Monsieur Arnauld d'Andilli.

Madame de Verneüil has been ill of the gravel at Verneüil: She is brought to-bed of a son, whom they named Pierre, for they could not properly call him Pierrot *, he was so big.

My reign, as a fine lady, I find begins to decline. We found the other day at the Thuilleries, Mesdames de ****. The first seemed to us to discover the most accomplished incivility, in answering like a queen from her couch of state, while we were making our compliments to her, and telling her we had been to pay her a visit. As for the other, we thought her so perfectly silly, that I lamented her husband, as disagreeable as he is, and reckoned it was he that was ill married. How vain and silly all these young women are, my dear, more or less!

But let me ask, why you went to Marseille? Monsieur de Marseille writes me word the small-pox is there. Besides, the firing off the cannon might have frighted you; it is a very dangerous thing. They say de Biez miscarried the other day at the report of a pistol that was fired in the street. You were perhaps to see the galleys, and passed from one to another upon their narrow bridges; your foot might have slipped, and you might have fallen. These are the horrors that attend a separation from you; one is at the mercy of all these thoughts; one may believe without indiscretion, that every thing that is possible may have happened; all the melancholy thoughts that arise from our temperament are presentiments, our very dreams are presages, every precaution is a warning of some future evil; in a word, it is an endless inquietude.

You are too obliging to enter, as you do, into the disagreeableness of my journey; it will not be small in the temper I am in. Y[illegible] may imagine how many remembrances [illegible] will pass between la Moufle * and [illegible] many millions of things will put us in [illegible] of you, without counting upon that h[illegible] thoughtfulness of you, which never [illegible] Do not write to me, my dear, any more [illegible] will consist with your health; and let it always concerning the condition you a[illegible] Be less solicitous about answering my le[illegible] and speak of yourself. The longer I stay [illegible] Bretagne, the more need I shall have of [illegible] consolation of your letters; do not [illegible] less to me upon that account. An[illegible] cannot yourself, make de Vil[illegible] write for [illegible] tell her the need not fly any affected pla[illegible] as---beggi[illegible] to do her the justice to [illegible] lieve---the respectful attachment—but [illegible] speak of you, and more of you, an[illegible] of you.

I beg you not to treat with such con[illegible] the last books of la Fontaine, there are [illegible] you will like, and tales you will be [illegible] with. The conclusion of *les yeux de [illegible] Philippe, le Remois, les petits chiens*; this is very pleasant; there is nothing [illegible] w[illegible] is not written in this style, that is [illegible] I have a fancy to make a fable, to let [illegible] understand how miserable it is in a wri[illegible] force his genius to go out of its proper [illegible] and what ill music is made by straining [illegible] voice beyond its natural compass: He [illegible] never quit his agreeable manner of wri[illegible] tales.

Monsieur de Marseille has informed [illegible] Abbé de Pontcarré that you are bree[illegible] I have done my duty in concealing it [illegible] enough, and I am laughed at for pretend[illegible] to do it any longer. I embrace that Grig[illegible]

* The diminutive of Pierre.

* One of their near relations.

not[illegible]

withstanding the little raillories I have suf d on his account I beg of him at least, since he has occasioned the distemper, he be himself the physician; I mean that will take an extreme care of your health. pe he will be the master in what concerns , as you ought to be the mistress in other gs. Adieu, my dear: I kiss you, and race you.

er 14. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, June 21, 1671.

T length, my dear, I breathe at liberty; h at ease, like Monsieur de la Souche; heart is relieved from an oppression which it no repose. I have been three posts out receiving letters from you; I have so much in pain about your health, that reduced to wish you had written to all orld except to me. I could have been nted to have had the last place in your ry, rather than to bear the terrible in- ude of my apprehensions for your health. my dear, I repent of having acquainted ith my griefs; they will give you pain I no longer feel them. This is the un- ness of being at a distance from you! it is not the only one.

u give me an admirable account of your us ceremonies; they are profane to degree, that I cannot comprehend how pious archbishop can suffer them: It is he is an Italian, and this ridiculous comes from his country.

will find some difficulty in lengthen- e short petticoats which are so much ion. Our damsels at Vitré, one of is called de Bonnefoi, another de eison, and de Kerborgne, wear them their ankles. I call la Plessis Mademoiselle de Kerlouche. These names divert me.

We have had here continual rains; and instead of the proverb, After rain comes fair weather, we say, After rain comes rain. All our workmen are dispersed; and instead of directing your letters to me at the foot of a tree, you may direct them to the chimney-corner.

We read much: La Moussie has begged that he may read Tasso with me. I understand it very well, because I have been well taught. This employment is a kind of diversion to me: His Latin and his good sense make him a good scholar; and my rote, and the good masters I have had, make me a tolerable mistress. My son reads to us trifles, comedies which he recites like Moliere himself, verses, romances, histories; he is very amusing; he has wit and good sense; he leads us on, and hinders us from reading any thing serious, as we had a design to do. When he is gone, we shall again betake ourselves to the moral discourses of Nicole: But above all, one should endeavour to pass away life with a little ease and satisfaction: But how is that possible, my dear, when we are at three hundred leagues distance from you? You say very well, we do indeed see and converse with one another, but it is through a thick veil. I write to you twice a week, and our friend du Bois takes an infinite deal of care of our commerce, that is, of my life.

Your little daughter is very pleasant; she does not presume to aspire to the perfection of her mother's nose, and she is not willing to take up with that of her father. I shall only say, that she is for making a third party, and has made choice of a little squarish nose. I hope, my dear, you will not be angry with her for it. Adieu.

Letter 15. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, July 3, 1671.

I DO not find, my dear, that you have received my letters of the 17th and 21st of June. I always write to you twice a week, it is a joy and consolation to me; and I receive on Friday two of your letters, which keep up my spirits all the week. You must doubtless have thought it pleasant that I should write to you so much about the Coadjutor at the time you had him with you; but I did not think of his gout, when I wrote. Ah! Signor Corvo, if you had been contented with mere necessaries, *un poco di pane, un poco di vino* *, you would not have been in the condition you are: One must suffer the gout when one has deserved it; indeed, good Sir, I am sorry for it, but it is very well bestowed on you.

I find, my dear, you are far from being in solitude; I am pleased with all those who can divert you. You will soon have Madame de Rochebonne with you; let me know always what company you have. The Coadjutor is good to keep by you a great while. He will doubtless accept the offer you make him, to let him have the honour to finish the building of your chateau: What else can he do with his money? His good husbandry is such, that it will make no great article in his expences.

You have written a letter to la Mousse, for which I ought to thank you as much as he; it is full of amity for me. D'Agueville is very pleasant in having sent you mine. Brancas has at last written me a letter so excessively tender, that it makes amends for his past forgetfulness. He speaks of his he in every line; if I should answer him in the same tone, we should write very good Portuguese.

We should not praise any one before his death: It is very justly said, and we have examples of it every day. But after all, the public always does justice: It praises people when they do well; but as it has great sagacity, it is not long imposed on, and blames them when they do ill. When they go from doing ill to doing well, the public does not answer for the future, but speaks as it is. The Comtess de Gramont, and others, have felt the effects of its inconstancy; but it does not begin to change first. You have not reason to complain of it; it is not likely to begin by you to be guilty of any of its great injuries.

You speak too well of my letters: My dear, I always count upon your tenderness, and I have long used to say to you, that you are true. This commendation pleases me, it is new, and preferable to all others; but in some cases even this may be prejudicial. I feel at the bottom of my heart all the advantage of being in these sentiments. Ah! how few are there who are, in my sense, true. Reflect a little upon this expression; you will be pleased with it; I find in it, in the manner I understand it, a force beyond the ordinary signification.

The charming Plessis is exactly, and in every point, entirely false. I do her too much honour in condescending so far as even to speak ill of her. She plays all sorts of characters; she acts the devout, the notable, the timorous, the tender, the good-natured; above all, she counterfeits me in such a manner, as always to give me the same pleasure as if I was viewing myself in a glass.

* A little bread, and a little wine.

ade me appear ridiculous, or talking to an ho that anſwered me with impertinences.

There has been vacant in the family of onſieur, a poſt of twenty thouſand crowns; has given it to l'Ange *, to the great tisfaction of all his court.

Monſieur de la Vauguion, after two years timacy with Fromenteau, has at laſt dered himſelf, and has placed her in his lgings; he has an excellent taſte.

I am, my dear, entirely yours; if you love e, take care of your health.

Letter 16. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Rochers, Sunday, July 12, 1671.

I HAVE received but one letter from you, y dear; and it puts me out of humour; I ve been always uſed to receive two: It is ngerous to accuſtom people to ſuch over- nd and tender treatment as yours, they can- t eaſily bear the want of it.

The Coadjutor has been a little out of or- r, but he is entirely recovered. His indo- nce is a thing incredible; and it is the more pardonable in him, ſince nobody writes ter, when he will take the pains to do it. entirely loves you, and will make you a t after the middle of Auguſt; till then he not at liberty to do it. He ſwears he never t leiſure, but I believe he lies; I impute not writing to his falſehood; and I look on the pretended weakneſs of his eyes to be eigned excuſe. This is all I know of him; d you may wonder how I get all this odd elligence I ſend you, ſince I am ignorant on what foot I myſelf am with him; if by y accident you hear any thing, you will ige me by letting me know it.

* Madame de Grancé.

I think a thouſand times in a day on the happy time when I could ſee you whenever I pleaſed. Indeed, my dear, it is my part to ſing the ſong you taught me,

Ah! ſhepherdeſs, when will the time return!

I regret it every day of my life, and wiſh it would return again at any price. It is not that I reproach myſelf with not having been ſufficiently ſenſible of the pleaſure of being with you: I can ſafely proteſt to you, that I have never regarded you with indifference, nor with that languid affection we are apt to feel for perſons who are continually with us: My eyes, nor my heart, have never been accuſtomed to ſuch views, or to ſuch ſentiments; nor have they ever converſed with you without delight and tenderneſs; which, if for ſome moments they ceaſed to appear, were then felt in the liveliſt manner. It is not therefore on this account that I have any thing to reproach myſelf with; but I regret the not having taken every opportunity to be with you, and the having had cruel reaſons for depriving myſelf of that pleaſure. It would be a fine thing indeed, if I ſhould indulge myſelf in the liberty of filling my letters with what fills my heart: But, alas! as you ſay, we are forced to ſlide over a great variety of thoughts, and ſcarce ſeem to obſerve them in ourſelves; I doubt not but that you frequently experience ſomething like this in your own heart.

We are reading over Taſſo with pleaſure, and find beauties in him which are not obſerved by ſuch as do not thoroughly underſtand this agreeable writer. We have begun upon our favourite ſyſtem of morality *; it is in the ſame ſtrain with Paſcal. Now I

* An Eſſay on Morality, by M. Nicole.

mention Pascal, it comes into my fancy to admire the civility of those obliging gentlemen the post-boys, who are continually upon the roads, employed in carrying and in returning our letters. There is no day or hour when they are not passing and repassing with letters of mine to you, or of yours to me. How kind is this! and what obligations do they lay us under! What an excellent invention is the post! and how useful a passion is that curiosity which gives birth to it! I often find myself inclined to write to these obliging persons, to express my gratitude to them; and I believe I should have done it, if I had not recollected that passage in Pascal, that they have perhaps as great an inclination to thank me for writing so many letters as I have to thank them for taking the trouble of carrying them. Is not this a pleasant digression?

I return to the account of the authors we are reading; they do not make me neglect Cleopatra, which I have engaged to go through with; and you know how well I keep to my engagements. I consider sometimes, from whence can proceed the inclination I have for these foolleries; I find it difficult to account for it. You may perhaps remember enough of me to know how much I am offended with an ill style: I have some taste for a just manner of writing; and none is more touched with the charms of eloquence. The style of Calprenede is execrable in a thousand passages: His swelling pompous periods, interspersed with low expressions, I am sensible, are exquisitely ridiculous. I wrote the other day a very pleasant letter to my son in this style, which I think detestable; and yet I am entangled by it, as if it were strewed with bird-lime. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the greatness of the surprising events, and the miraculous success of their all-conquering sword; all this leads me on, like a girl, and makes me [illegible] into all their affairs: And, if I had not M. de la Rochefoucault and M. d'Agu[illegible] to comfort me, I should never forgive [illegible] for being guilty of such a weakness. Sometimes I fancy I hear you upbraiding me with it; but I make some ill excuse, and persist in it.

I am, my dearest, entirely yours: Say a word of amity for me to M. Grignan. Does he still adore you?

Letter 17. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, July 13, 1671.

I AM very glad that M. de Coulange has sent you the news: Perhaps you have not yet heard of the death of M. de Guise, which I am oppressed with, when I reflect on the grief of Mademoiselle de Guise. You may easily judge, my dear, that it is only by the force of imagination that I can suffer from this event; for, in other respects, nothing will less trouble the repose of my life. You know how much I fear the reproaches one makes one's self. Mademoiselle de Guise has nothing to reproach herself with, except the death of her nephew. She would never consent that he should be let blood: The too great quantity of blood caused that violent perturbation in his brain. It is a circumstance very extraordinary: I imagine, that as soon as any one falls sick at Paris, he immediately falls dead; I have never seen so great a mortality. I beg of you, my dear, to take care of yourself; and if any of the children at Grignan should fall ill of the small-pox, send them to Montelimart: Your health is the object of all my desires.

I am

I muſt ſend you ſome news concerning our ates, which will perhaps make you reflect ith ſome pain, that you belong to Bretagne. Monſieur the Duke de Chaulnes arrived here n Sunday in the evening; his coming made l the noiſe that could be made at Vitré. On e Monday morning he wrote me a letter; anſwered it by going to dine with him. here were two tables in the ſame room, ith fourteen covers at each table: Monſieur t at one, and Madame at the other. We d a very great entertainment; whole diſhes re carried off untouched; but to make way the pyramids of fruit, the doors ſhould ve been raiſed. Our anceſtors, not foreing the machines now in uſe, did not comehend that there was any neceſſity of making ir doors above their own height. A pymid was coming in; it was one of thoſe ramids which oblige us to correſpond by ding letters from one end of the table to other: But this is ſo far from being an onvenience here, that, on the contrary, it a pleaſure not to ſee the perſons who are ipled by it. This pyramid, with twenty thirty large pieces of china on it, was overned at the entrance; and the noiſe of the rthrow was ſo great, that it put to ſilence violins and the hautboys. After dinner, eſſieurs de Lomaria and Coetlogon danced, h two ladies of Bretagne, moſt miraculous ſpies and minuets, with ſuch an air as is known at the court: They performed the of the Bohemians and the Bretons with h a delicacy and juſtneſs as charmed the olders. I thought of you, and had ſo ly a remembrance of your dancing, and the pleaſure I had felt in ſeeing you dance, t this pleaſure became a kind of grief to They talked much of you. I am ſure would have been pleaſed to have ſeen Lomaria dance. The violins and the paſſpies at court would be diſpleaſing if compared to theſe; they were really very extraordinary: They made a thouſand different ſteps, and all with the ſame juſt and eaſy cadence. I have not ſeen any man dance this dance like him. After this little ball, we had a crowd of thoſe who were come to hold the ſtates the next day. There was Monſieur the firſt preſident, and Meſſieurs the procurator, and the advocates-general of the parliament, eight biſhops, M. de Molac, la Ceſte, and Coetlogon the father, M. Boucherat, who comes from Paris, and fifty from La Baſſe Bretagne, all over dawbed with embroidery, beſides an hundred communities. In the evening were expected Madame de Rohan on the one ſide, and her ſon and M. Lavardin on the other. I did not ſee theſe laſt, becauſe I deſigned to return hither at night, after having been at the Tour de Sevigné, and ſeen M. d'Haroüy, and Meſſieurs Foucher and Cheniére, who arrived here. M. d'Haroüy will write to you; he is extremely obliged by your handſome manner of treating him. He has received two letters from you at Nantes, for which I am more obliged to you than he is. His houſe will be the *Louvre* of the ſtates: There is play and entertainments night and day; and a free and eaſy reception, which draws all the world thither. I had never ſeen the ſtates before; it is really a fine ſight; I do not think any province, when aſſembled, has a more grand air than this.

I ſhall ſoon pay a viſit to Madame de Rohan. I ſhould have a great deal of company here, if I did not retire to Vitré. The province were much pleaſed to ſee me at the ſtates, which I had never been preſent at before. I did not ſee the aſſembly opened, it was too early; and they did not ſit long.

There is nothing more to be done, than to demand what is the king's pleasure: There is not the least debate; it is immediately concluded on. As for the governor, he finds, I do not know how, more than forty thousand crowns coming to him, besides an infinite number of presents and perquisites, pensions, reparations of roads, and of towns, fifteen or twenty tables kept, perpetual plays and balls, comedies thrice a week, a great magnificence of dress, as well in men as women. This may give you an idea of the states. I omit four or five hundred hogsheads of wine that are drank; but if I should not mention this little article, it would not be forgotten, it is a thing of the last importance. These, my dear, are such tedious relations as will make you sleep standing; but they are always at the tip of one's pen, when one is in Bretagne, and has nothing better to say. I have a thousand compliments to make you from M. and Madame du Chaulnes. I am entirely devoted to you; and I expect the Friday when I am to receive your letters with an impatience worthy of the amity I have for you. Our Abbé embraces you, and I, my dear Grignan, and all that is dear to you.

Letter 18. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1671.

YOU have then with you, my dear, at present, all the fair of Beaucaire. Are you not yet got into the good management of getting rid of those large equipages? Our ancestors shewed their wit to very great advantage in maintaining such an idle train; the mode was doubtless highly convenient, but at present the world begin to lay it aside. I think it even worse than their low doors, or their large chimnies. You must come into the manner that is used in the army, and have a Jacquier * to take care of the provisions.

My letter will find you like Dulcinea in the hurry of all this company; keep it with you (the letter I mean, not the good company), and read it more at leisure. I wish, my dear, you could penetrate and look into my heart; you would see that you are beloved there a hundred times more than in your government. If this can give you any joy, you have reason to be contented: But, alas! this alone is not sufficient to make life happy; there are certain substantial parts of happiness less refined, which we cannot dispense with.

What say you to the news of this week? we usually think nothing more healthful than heats and pimples, but at this time I think we have too much of them. The death of the bishop of Mans has quite astonished me: I thought of it as little as he himself did; and in the manner I saw him live, it never entered into my imagination that he could die. Yet we see him dead of a little fever in three hours, without having the time to think either of this world or of the next. This little time was wholly taken up with the surprise he must have been under; and we may say he died suddenly of a tertian. Providence sometimes gives forth certain strokes of authority, the justice of which we cannot but admire; but we ought to profit by them. And that poor Lennet too, who is dead; I am very sorry for it. I should have been glad to have had no other news than that of Madame de L——. This was an exquisite piece of justice. Her behaviour was scandalously infamous; it is long since I have blotted her

* A famous commissary of the stores in the army.

out of the number of mothers; all the young people at court were pleased with her disgrace; she is not to see her daughter; her servants are all removed from her; and she is separated from all her lovers.

You have at present the Grand Chevalier with you; embrace him for me. But as for the Coadjutor, I beg of him not to write to me; let him reserve his right hand to brandish the dice-box. It is not but that I like his letters, but I had rather have his friendship; and in the humour he is in, it is not possible he should write to any one, but at the expence of it; and a letter is too dearly purchased at the price of a kind sentiment from him: We readily conclude, that if he should write twice in a week to any of his friends, he would hate them mortally. Adieu, my dear.

Letter 19. *The same to the same.*

Rochers, Aug. 7, 1671.

YOU are not sincere in commending me so much, and despising yourself in the manner you do. It would be unbecoming in me to write your panegyric to yourself, and you will not suffer me to say any thing to my own disadvantage; I will not do either the one or the other: But, my dear, whatever reason you may have to complain of me, you cannot complain that you have not in yourself the seeds of every good quality, and the principles of every virtue. You ought to thank Heaven for all it has bestowed on you; as for me, I have not a sufficient stock of merit to have been very liberal to you. However it be, your reflections are employed in the justest manner imaginable. What you say on the subject of those inquietudes we entertain so frequently and so naturally concerning futurity, and of the insensible change of our inclinations, by which they are by degrees accommodated, and as it were reconciled to necessity, might furnish out a volume like that of Pascal. Nothing is so solid, nothing so useful, as this kind of meditations: But, alas! where are the persons of your age who think of making them? For my part, I know of none: But you have in you a fund of reason and a force of thought, which I esteem and admire. I cannot boast of possessing those qualities in the same degree: When my heart has the malice to give me pain, I have very good words at command; I range them in good order, in imitation of those who can talk finely; but the tenderness of my sentiments overcomes me. For example, I was not deceived in the settled grief I apprehended in a separation from you; I represented it to myself in the same manner I have since felt it. I concluded, that nothing could supply your place, that your remembrance would always touch me sensibly at the heart, that I should feel an excess of melancholy from your absence, that I should always be in pain about your health, and that my thoughts would be employed on you night and day. I feel all this just in the very same manner I had foreseen it; it gives me some reflections which I cannot dwell upon without pain, and which my thoughts seem to slide over, as you so well express it. I do not find the proverb holds true in me, that *we never fail of having a garment suitable to the cold*; I have no garment sufficient for the cold I endure: However, I amuse myself, and in some manner or other the time passes away; but however I may be an exception to it, the general rule is always true, and will always be so. We are often under an apprehension of future evils, which lose

that name by the change of our opinions and inclinations. I pray that heaven may keep you in your right ſenſes: You talk of loving me for yourſelf and for your child. My good dear, do not undertake too much. Though you ſhould attain to the extreme of loving me as much as I love you, which is a thing neither poſſible, nor according to the order of Providence, yet the love of your little daughter would ſtill be an overplus of affection; and the tenderneſs I have for you, is too full to admit of any addition.

I dined on Wedneſday with M. de Chaulnes, who keeps an aſſembly of the ſtates twice a-day, to prevent their viſiting me. I am aſhamed to tell you the honours that are paid me at theſe aſſemblies; it is ſomething too ridiculous; however, I have not yet ſtaid a night there; I cannot leave my woods and my walks, notwithſtanding all their importunities. I have been here four days; the weather is ſo fine, that I cannot bear the thoughts of ſhutting myſelf up in that little town.

But, my dear, what midwife will you have, if you lie-in at Grignan? What aſſiſtance can be had in ſo remote a place? Have you forgot the danger you was in the laſt time? Have you forgot what happened to you the firſt time of your lying-in, and the preſſing occaſion you had for a perſon of more than ordinary ſkill? You are ſometimes in pain how you ſhall be able to expreſs all the tenderneſs you have for me: You have now an opportunity of giving me ſuch a proof of it as I demand; this is what will more than content me, if you will, for my ſake, take a great deal of care of yourſelf. Alas! my dear, it will be always eaſy for you to acquit yourſelf to me. Not all the treaſures in the world can give me a joy and ſatisfaction equal to that of your amity: And if you turn the medal, nothing is ſo terrible to me as the reverſe.

When the Coadjutor is free from his gout, I beg him to give an anſwer to M. d'Agen about that nun who cauſes ſuch a diſorder in his dioceſe: I will place this letter to my own account, and give him credit for three months.

But what is it you tell me of your pain in your hip? I hope your little boy is not turned into a daughter. However, be not concerned about it: I will lend you my aſſiſtance in expoſing her upon the banks of the Rhone, in a little baſket of ruſhes, in which ſhe ſhall arrive at ſome kingdom where her beauty ſhall become the ſubject of a romance: I do not think Don Quixote himſelf could have diſpoſed of her better.

We have read through Taſſo with a pleaſure too ſoon ended, and are at a loſs what author to engage in next: But we muſt ſtay till the ſtates are over, before we can undertake any thing. Do not you begin to feel the weight of the precious burden you bear about you? I am quite oppreſſed with it. Are not you ſtill in hopes of having the ſame degree of eſteem from your aſſembly? What foot are you upon with the biſhop of Marſeille? Methinks I am perfectly an inhabitant of Provence; it is become my own country: Alas! my dear, that my life ſhould be deſtined to be paſſed at ſo great a diſtance from you!

*To Monſieur de Grignan.*

THERE was none but you that could have prevailed upon me to beſtow my daughter on a gentleman of Provence; this is really true, and I take Caderouſſe to witneſs of it, and ..... For if I had found ſo much facility, and

ſuch a diſpoſition in the heart of my ghter for this latter as I found for you; if I had not been the miſtreſs of all the dents relating to it, purely out of a fear cluding any thing, it had certainly been atch. You have therefore no reaſon to bt of my friendſhip, or of the particular m and regard I have for you: A mo-t's reflection will convince you of the n of what I ſay. I am not at all ſurpriſed my daughter makes you no compliments me; ſhe was guilty of the ſame omiſſion ear in ſuppreſſing thoſe you made to me. g you to believe, without her telling you hat I never forget you. I fancy I ſee chiding you for making this a pretext to ſe your neglect of writing to me. I leave to be debated between you. And I aſ-you, that notwithſtanding you are the ieſt man in the world in being beloved, never were or can be ſo with more ſin-y by any one than by me. I wiſh for very day in my mall; but you are very; I ſee you reſolve to have the firſt viſit. very happy for you that I am not an eeviſh mamma; I aſſure you that I will y the remainder of my health in taking journey. Adieu, my dear Count, and nue to love me. Let me have the plea-of your company, and you ſhall have that y woods.

r 20. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Aug. 23, 1671.

T length, my dear, I find myſelf in a ſſembly of the ſtates, inſtead of the ex-l ſolitude of Rochers. On Sunday laſt, n as I had ſealed my letters, I ſaw four es and ſix entering my court, with fifty horſe-guards, and a great number of led horſes and pages well mounted: There were M. de Chaulnes, M. de Rohan, M. de Lavardin, Meſſieurs de Coetlogon, de Lomaria, the biſhops of Rennes and St. Malo, Meſſieurs Dargouges, and eight or ten more whom I did not know; I omit M. d'Harouy, as ſcarce worth the naming amongſt ſo many. I receive all this good company, many compliments are exchanged on both ſides; at laſt, after a walk, which gave great ſatisfaction, there came out from one end of the mall a collation, ſerved up in the moſt gallant manner; the burgundy ſeemed ſupplied by the winding rivulet; every one was firmly perſuaded that all this was done by the power of an enchanted wand. M. de Chaulnes made me a preſſing invitation to Vitré; I went thither on Monday evening. Madame de Chaulnes entertained me with a ſupper and with the comedy of Tartuffe, not ill played. There was beſides a ball, at which the paſſpied and the minuet almoſt drew tears from me: This brought your charming idea to my imagination in ſo lively a manner, that I could not reſiſt it; I was obliged to recal my thoughts from ſo engaging an object. I wiſh you had ſeen the air M. Lomaria danced with, and his graceful manner of taking off and putting on his hat; with what eaſe and lightneſs, with how juſt a cadence! He may bid defiance to all the courtiers! I dare engage he would outſhine them all. He has a revenue of ſixty thouſand livres, and is newly come out of the academy; he reſembles every thing that is agreeable, and would doubtleſs have the ambition to make love to you. Beſides all this, you are not to imagine we neglect drinking your health; this is no great obligation, but ſuch as it is, you are indebted to us for it every day. I never ſaw ſuch

such feasting. M. de Coesquen is here, accompanied by his fever. Chefieres is better; the states have been deputed to make him a compliment. We are at least as polite as the well-bred Lavardin; he is adored here; he has a solid merit, not unlike Vin de Grave. My Abbé is employed in building, and cannot be constantly at Vitré; he comes and dines with us. As for me, I shall be here till Monday; after that, I intend to pass a week in my obscure solitude, and then to return and bid them all adieu; for the end of the month will bring all this to a conclusion. Our present is already made; three millions were demanded; we offered two millions and five hundred thousand livres without disputing it, and this was agreed to. Besides this, Monsieur the governor will have fifty thousand crowns, M. de Lavardin twenty-four thousand francs, and the rest of the officers in proportion; this is settled for two years. We may well believe there passes as much wine through the bodies of our Bretons as water under the bridges; since all this vast quantity of money is to be levied upon the duties arising from it. I think you are sufficiently instructed in the affairs of your good country.

Pomenard is excellent; there is no man whom I could more wish to have two heads, his own can never hold out.

Tell M. Grignan that I embrace him with my whole heart, together with yourself, my dear child.

Letter 21. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Vitré, Aug. 26, 1671.

I AM desired to make you a thousand compliments, full of tenderness and esteem: After so happy a beginning, you have reason to expect an agreeable letter; but I doubt whether that be possible; for you must know, my d that I have not the least news to tell you. I entertained you with my own thoughts should speak to you of yourself; but am too near to the object to see it in an agre light.

I came hither on Sunday, pretty late in evening. M. de Chaulnes, as a piece of p fantry, sent his guards for me, with a emptory message, that I was necessary in service of the king; and that Madame Chaulnes expected me at supper. I ca ther, and was received in perfection: b there was a fresh supply of company; so the worse. On Monday M. d'Harcüy g dinner to M. and Madame Chaulnes, all the magistrates and commissaries: b there, and the Abbé came thither; the was, to consider of the reparations demanded to be made at the Tour de S they did not give themselves the trou looking into it. I never in my life fe entertainment: But see the misfortune as we were taking coach to go thither, M Chaulnes was seized with a weakness shivering; in a word, with a fever. Ma de Chaulnes shut herself up with him, greatest affliction imaginable; and Made selle Murinet and I went in their place. d'Harcüy was quite mortified; every was melancholy; nothing was thought o unhappiness. In the evening the fever him, but I believe he has it at present that it is a tertian. Consider how diffe come, and take care to preserve your he If you were not in the condition you a I should persuade you to use exercise, b present I do not advise it; I believe distempers proceed from too much sitting

Pomenard makes you a thousand co ments. He tells us of a lady at Rennes

ng heard of a fashionable entertainment d *media nocte*, said the other day, at four he afternoon, that she was just come from ing her *media nocte* with Madame *la Pre-r Presidente*. This is excellent, my dear, like a ridiculous creature, who affects to be he mode.

must tell you of a ball we had yesterday; pt the great balls we have seen, nothing d be more entertaining; we had there a t many shining beauties of Basse Bretagne. you know Mademoiselle de Lanion? She beautiful damsel, who dances well: She a lover, to whom she is to be married; he d behind her; but Madame de Rohan, who ks her a beauty of the last season, came up hisper her, and behaved in such a manner, she withdrew her lover from her: The sel did not regard it; her mother winked her, but could not make her attend to it; ength she fell into a furious resentment, ch much diverted us. My little Lonna-had a charming air; I do not know whe-he was not drunk: This is very familiarly here, without giving the least scandal. eu, my dearest child.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

Vitré, Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1671.

OUR memory, my dear, is not to be ef-d by any distractions of thought; it is which causes them. It is in vain for our es to dance, and drink, and roar; every g gives place to your idea. Here is much osition made, but twenty-four hours will ease it. I hope every thing will be con-ded within three days; I wish it much. not dare to go any more to Rochers; they e found the way thither; on Sunday there e five coaches and six there.

die with impatience to return to my soli-tude; but it is too much resorted to; that of Combour is less agreeable. You must not imagine that our feats in Bretagne are like Grignan; they are very far from it. The little Lonaria has exactly the air of Termes, his dance, his bow, his manner of taking off and putting on his hat, his shape, his way of carrying his head; see, if he is not a very pretty fellow. The Comte des Chapelles is transported at what you wrote of him to me; we talk of you without intermission, he and Pomenard. Pomenard assures you, that his confidence is increased, and that he concludes he never can be hanged, since he has escaped it. The Abbé comes sometimes to dine here with la Meusse, who is not in the least embarrassed with all this company and ceremony. I have so well recommended him every-where, with Madame de Chaulnes, and M. Boucherat, with the bishop of Leon, and the Abbé de Montrigny, that he is received by them as he is by me. He argues about atoms with that bishop, who is a zealous Cartesian, and would burn for that philosophy; but he maintains with the same vehemence, that brutes can think. I think I have reason to be proud of la Mousse; he is grown very learned; he is advanced as far as one can go in that philosophy; and Monsieur the Prince has acquiesced in his opinion. Their disputes have diverted me much.

But what say you of M. de Lausun? Do you remember the noise that was made about him not a year ago? Who could have told us, that within a year he should be made a prisoner? Could we have believed it? *Vanity of vanities! all is vanity.*

They say the new Mademoiselle is quite astonished at her grandeur. Her person has doubtless been described to you. When her physician was presented to her, she said she had

such feasting. M. de Coesquen is here, accompanied by his fever. Chefieres is better; the states have been deputed to make him a compliment. We are at least as polite as the well-bred Lavardin; he is adored here; he has a solid merit, not unlike Vin de Grave. My Abbé is employed in building, and cannot be constantly at Vitré; he comes and dines with us. As for me, I shall be here till Monday; after that, I intend to pass a week in my obscure solitude, and then to return and bid them all adieu; for the end of the month will bring all this to a conclusion. Our present is already made; three millions were demanded; we offered two millions and five hundred thousand livres without disputing it, and this was agreed to. Besides this, Monsieur the governor will have fifty thousand crowns, M. de Lavardin twenty-four thousand francs, and the rest of the officers in proportion; this is settled for two years. We may well believe there passes as much wine through the bodies of our Bretons as water under the bridges; since all this vast quantity of money is to be levied upon the duties arising from it. I think you are sufficiently instructed in the affairs of your good country.

Pomenard is excellent; there is no man whom I could more wish to have two heads, his own can never hold out.

Tell M. Grignan that I embrace him with my whole heart, together with yourself, my dear child.

Letter 21. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Vitré, Aug. 26, 1671.

I AM desired to make you a thousand compliments, full of tenderness and esteem: After so happy a beginning, you have reason to expect an agreeable letter; but I doubt whether that be possible; for you must know, my that I have not the least news to tell you. I entertained you with my own thoughts should speak to you of yourself; but you too near to the object to see it in an agre light.

I came hither on Sunday, pretty late in evening. M. de Chaulnes, as a piece of p fantry, sent his guards for me, with a emptory message, that I was necessary in service of the king; and that Madame Chaulnes expected me at supper. I c ther, and was received in perfection: b there was a fresh supply of company; so the worse. On Monday M. d'Harcouy g dinner to M. and Madame Chaulnes, all the magistrates and commissaries: I there, and the Abbé came thither; the was, to consider of the reparations demanded to be made at the Tour de S they did not give themselves the trouble looking into it. I never in my life saw a entertainment: But see the misfortune as we were taking coach to go thither, M Chaulnes was seized with a weakness shivering; in a word, with a fever. Ma de Chaulnes shut herself up with him, greatest affliction imaginable; and Made selle Murinet and I went in their place. d'Harcouy was quite mortified; every was melancholy; nothing was thought o unhappiness. In the evening the fever him, but I believe he has it at present, that it is a tertian. Consider how diste come, and take care to preserve your h If you were not in the condition you a I should persuade you to use exercise, b present I do not advise it; I believe distempers proceed from too much sitting

Pomenard makes you a thousand co ments. He tells us of a lady at Rennes,

ng heard of a fashionable entertainment d *media nocte*, said the other day, at four e afternoon, that she was just come from ng her *media nocte* with Madame *la Pre-e Presidente*. This is excellent, my dear, like a ridiculous creature, who affects to be e mode.

must tell you of a ball we had yesterday; pt the great balls we have seen, nothing d be more entertaining; we had there a t many shining beauties of Basse Bretagne. you know Mademoiselle de Lanion? She beautiful damsel, who dances well: She a lover, to whom she is to be married; he l behind her; but Madame de Rohan, who ks her a beauty of the last season, came up hisper her, and behaved in such a manner, she withdrew her lover from her: The sel did not regard it; her mother winked her, but could not make her attend to it; ength she fell into a furious resentment, ch much diverted us. My little Lona- had a charming air; I do not know whe- he was not drunk: This is very familiarly here, without giving the least scandal. eu, my dearest child.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

Vitré, Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1671.

YOUR memory, my dear, is not to be ef- d by any distractions of thought; it is which causes them. It is in vain for our es to dance, and drink, and roar; every g gives place to your idea. Here is much osition made, but twenty-four hours will ease it. I hope every thing will be con- ded within three days; I wish it much. not dare to go any more to Rochers; they e found the way thither; on Sunday there e five coaches and six there.

die with impatience to return to my soli- tude; but it is too much resorted to; that of Combour is less agreeable. You must not imagine that our seats in Bretagne are like Grignan; they are very far from it. The lit- tle Lemaria has exactly the air of Termes, his dance, his bow, his manner of taking off and putting on his hat, his shape, his way of car- rying his head; see, if he is not a very pretty fellow. The Comte des Chapelles is tran- ported at what you wrote of him to me; we talk of you without intermission, he and Po- menard. Pomenard assures you, that his con- fidence is increased, and that he concludes he never can be hanged, since he has escaped it. The Abbé comes sometimes to dine here with la Mousse, who is not in the least embarrassed with all this company and ceremony. I have so well recommended him every-where, with Madame de Chaulnes, and M. Boucherat, with the bishop of Leon, and the Abbé de Montigny, that he is received by them as he is by me. He argues about atoms with that bishop, who is a zealous Cartesian, and would burn for that philosophy; but he maintains with the same vehemence, that brutes can think. I think I have reason to be proud of la Mousse; he is grown very learned; he is advanced as far as one can go in that philoso- phy; and Monsieur the Prince has acquiesced in his opinion. Their disputes have diverted me much.

But what say you of M. de Lausun? Do you remember the noise that was made about him not a year ago? Who could have told us, that within a year he should be made a prisoner? Could we have believed it? *Vani- ty of vanities! all is vanity.*

They say the new Mademoiselle is quite astonished at her grandeur. Her person has doubtless been described to you. When her physician was presented to her, she said she had

had no occasion for him; that she was never let blood, nor purged; but whenever she was out of order, she walked two or three leagues, and that cured her. *Lasciamo la andar, che farà bon viaggio**. Adieu, my dear; my pen has tired my patience: I conclude; I embrace you.

Letter 23. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Crignan.*

Rochers, Sept 20, 1671.

IT is not without reason that you have been so much concerned for the poor Chevalier de Beon; his disorder is very astonishing. He is a young gentleman that pleased me much at Paris; I can scarce believe what you say of him; what is most extraordinary is that extreme fear of death. The state of mind you describe him in, is a very proper subject for reflection. It is certain, that at that time we labour under no want of faith; it is that which causes our despair; and the time we so profusely lavish away, and which slides from us so imperceptibly, will fail us, and we should be willing to give any price for one or two of those days we lose now with so much insensibility. This is what sometimes entertains me in the mall, which you are so well acquainted with. The christian morality is excellent under all afflictions; but then I would have it thoroughly christian, otherwise it is empty and unprofitable: We sometimes seem to enter into it in a reasonable manner; but then a breath of wind, or a little sunshine, makes the reflections of a whole evening vanish away. We were discoursing the other day of the opinion of Origen compared with that of our church; you will find it difficult to make us believe in good earnest an eternity of punis ment, without an express order from the kin or a declaration of scripture.

The bishop of Leon has been at the last e tremity at Vitré, with a violent disorder his brain; but he seems at present out of da ger. I shall be here till the end of Novemb and then I shall go to embrace and to bri home our little one; and in the spring, if pleases God to lend me life, I will visit Pr vence: The Abbé much desires it, that may go with me to see you, and to bring w back. It will be a great while that you have been in Provence. It is true should not be too much attached to any thin and yet we every moment find in our h attachments, as well in little things as in m ters of importance; but how can it be pr vented, unless we should always have this m ral in our hands, like hartshorn to prev fainting fits? I confess to you, that my he often makes me suffer; I find less reason complain of my wit and my humour. I fully contented with your amity. Do n think that I am over-difficult and delicat my extreme tenderness may perhaps incline to be so, but I never listen to its suggestion and I chide it when it is unreasonable. B lieve me to be sincere in this; and believe th at the time when I most love you, and m persuade myself that I am beloved by yo the things which moved me, might have m ed any person in the world. I say this to it out of your thoughts, that there is any d ficulty in living with me, or that it requi any painful observances. No, my dear, y need only do as you do; and as you ha known so well how to do, when you pleas your temper and capacity would render t contrary more uneasy to yourself. But, al what am I going into? You may at le co

* Let us leave her to walk, and wish her a good journey.

t upon it, that none of your tenderneſſes oſt upon me; I ſee, I feel every thing; I all the application which is inſeparable ne moſt perfect amity. Adieu. I em- e the inſignificants. You cannot give me idea of the place I poſſeſs in the heart of le Grignan, than by telling me it is the inder of what is not poſſeſſed by you: I too well what ſuch remainders are; one be very eaſily contented, to be contented that. Do you know that the king has ed M. d'Andilli * as well as we our- s could have done? Let us live, and M. de Pompone to eſtabliſh himſelf ſo ily in the king's favour.

Letter 24. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Rochers, Wedneſday, Sept. 23, 1671.

THINK, my dear, we are fallen into the horrible weather that can be imagined; heſe four days we have had an uninter- d ſtorm; all our alleys are overflowed, is no walking abroad; our very work- are confined to their houſes. In a word, e this country, and I wiſh every moment our ſun; perhaps you are wiſhing for our we may both of us have our reaſons.

e have with us at Vitré the Abbé of ſigni. The biſhop of Leon is going to- as I believe, to ſee a country much than this: At length, after having been to and fro five or ſix times between life death, the obſtinate attacks of the fever decided the controverſy in favour of . His brain is ſo diſturbed, that he is ſenſible of it; but his brother, the ad- e general, is much concerned, and weeps when he is with me; for I viſit him, m his only conſolation. It is upon theſe occaſions one ought to exert one's-ſelf in performing the tender offices of friendſhip. I have no other amuſement, beſides reading in my chamber, for I cannot venture to peep abroad. My heart is at eaſe, becauſe I believe you are well; this makes me endure theſe continual tempeſts, for I can call them by no ſofter name. Were it not for the calm I find in my own breaſt, I ſhould not ſuffer ſo tamely the affront I have received from September: It is a manifeſt piece of treachery, at this time of the year, and when I have ſo many workmen employed; I could break out into an heroic rage, *quos ego* * ——. I am purſuing the Moral of Nicole, with which I am extremely delighted. I have not yet found in it any leſſon to fortify me againſt rain, but I hope to find one, for nothing is omitted: The reaſonableneſs of a conformity to the Divine will might ſuffice; but I would fain have a ſpecific remedy. In a word, I think this treatiſe admirable: Nobody has yet written in the ſame ſtrain with theſe gentlemen; for I place Nicole in the ſame claſs with Paſcal, whom I reckon to have a ſhare in every thing that is excellent. We love ſo much to ſpeak of ourſelves, and of our ſentiments, that we are charmed with it, even when we ſpeak to our own diſadvantage. I can even pardon the indelicate expreſſion *l'enflure de cœur* †, in favour of his excellent obſervations upon it; and I maintain, that there is no other word to expreſs this kind of vanity and pride, which is properly no more than wind. I leave you

* See letter 12, of this ſection.

* This lady, who perhaps was not unacquainted with the learned languages, alludes here to a paſſage in Virgil, in which Neptune rebukes the winds for having raiſed a ſtorm without his leave.

† The puffing up of the heart.

to

to find a nicer expreſſion; I ſhall read through this piece with pleaſure.

I am going through the hiſtory of France from the reign of king John; I would have this whole train of events in my head as clear at leaſt as that of the Roman hiſtory, in which I have neither relations nor countrymen; here at leaſt I meet with names that I am acquainted with. You ſee, that as long as we have books, we ſhall never want entertainment. You may eaſily judge, that while I continue in this ſtudious humour, I ſhall not be diſagreeable to la Mouſſe. We have for devotion, a collection of letters of Monſieur de S. Ciran, which M. d'Andilli will ſend you, and which you will find to be admirable. This, my dear, is all you can expect to be informed of by me, who am become a true hermit.

They write me word, that Madame de Verneüil is very ill. The king talked half an hour with the good old gentleman d'Andilli, with all the pleaſantry, kindneſs, and good-humour imaginable. He was very well pleaſed to draw from him an approbation of his wit and good ſenſe, and to raiſe his juſt admiration. He expreſſed a great deal of pleaſure in having made choice of M. de Pompone; he ſaid he expected him with impatience, that he would take care of his affairs, and that he knew he was not rich. He told the old man, that it was a vanity in him to take notice, in his preface to Joſeph, that he was arrived to the age of fourſcore, nay, that it was a ſin. In a word, he laughed, and was witty. The king told him farther, that he muſt not expect to be left in quiet in his hermitage, that he ſhould ſend for him, that he ſhould deſire to ſee him, as a man illuſtrious on all accounts. As the good man aſſured him of his fidelity, he ſaid he did not in the leaſt doubt it, and that they who ſerved God as they ought, would ſerve their king in the ſ manner. In ſhort, he was gracious to a racle; he took care to ſend him a dinn have him carried abroad in a chaiſe, and ta a whole day in admiration of him. As the good man, he is tranſported, and every moment, feeling that he has need of that he muſt humble himſelf. You may i gine the joy this gives me, and the part th take in it. I wiſh my letters could give as much pleaſure as yours give me. My child, I embrace you a thouſand times.

Letter 25. *Madame de Rabutin Chanta Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wedneſday, Oct. 12, 16

I TOOK yeſterday a little doſe of the ral of Nicole, and found myſelf very after it; but I fancy a little piece of critic upon the Berenice of Racine, which ſeems of wit and pleaſantry, will agree better me. We are obliged to the author of Sylphes, the Gnomes, and the Salamand for this little entertaining piece. There five or ſix expreſſions which are unſuffera and which even ſhew the writer to be a ſtran to the polite world. This gives one a pain reading it; but as they are expreſſions uſed *en paſſant*, we ſhould not be offend them, but conſider the whole, and the fa gives to this critical piece; I aſſure you extremely pleaſant. You know I was alw a little vain upon my reading; it is there the intereſt of thoſe whom I converſe w that I ſhould make a good choice of my thors. What I am moſt inclined to ſpea at preſent, is that part of the treatiſe of cole which treats of the manner of main ing peace among men; I am charmed with I have never ſeen any thing ſo full of u knowledge, of excellent ſenſe and judgm

you have not read it before, let me engage to read it; if you have, to read it over in with new attention. I believe the ole world may find themselves concerned t; I almost fancy it was written purely on account; I hope to profit by it; at least I ll do my endeavour. You know I cannot er that old people should say, they are too to improve: I could more easily pardon a ng person for speaking in this manner. uth is so amiable, that it would deserve be adored, if the mind and the understand- were at that age as perfect as the body: t when we are no longer young, it is then ought to polish and accomplish ourselves, to endeavour to regain in good qualities at we lose in such as are agreeable. I have g since made this reflection; and for this son I am continually at work upon my wit my understanding, my heart and my sen- ents.

I suppose you are at Lambesc, but methinks o not see you here so clearly as I used to ; there is as it were a darkness spread over imagination, which conceals you from my w. I had formed in my imagination a plan your Chateau de Grignan; I could in a nner see into your apartment, I walked on ur terras, I went to mass in your chapel; t now I scarce know whereabout I am. I pect with impatience a description of this w place, and a character of the bishop. here was in your last pacquet a letter which ve me hopes of it. Though you have been o posts without writing to me, I hope a tle to have a letter from you on Friday; but I should not, you have taken care to pre- nt my being much disappointed. There e precautions, such as this, for instance, at shew so much goodness, tenderness, and nity, that one is charmed with them. My dear, I will not write you any thing more at this time, having nothing to acquaint you with.

The Comte de Guiche is the only person at court of his air and manner, a perfect hero of a romance, who does not at all resemble the common race of men. This is the account I have of him.

Letter 26. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday Evening, Jan. 15, 1672.

I HAVE written to you this morning, my dear, by the courier, who brings you the most agreeable, the most delightful news in the world concerning your affairs in Provence: But I am willing to write this evening, that it may not be said that a post ever arrived without bringing you my letters. In good earnest, my dear, I persuade myself that you love them; you tell me so; why should you desire to deceive me by deceiving yourself at the same time? But if by any misfortune it should not prove so, you would be to be lamented, in being thus oppressed with the number of my letters: Yours make the happiness of my life. I have not given you any answer concerning the expression *une belle ame* *; it is Langlade who uses it in a way of ridicule; but it is extremely proper when applied to you. Your soul is not perhaps of the first order of beauties, like that of the Roman who returned to Carthage, where he expected to suffer more than martyrdom, that he might keep his word; but you may safely boast, my dear, that yours is a beauty of the second rank: I think it so perfect, and advanced to so high a reputation, that I can only admire it, and remind you always to support your reason by your courage, and your courage by your reason.

* A beautiful soul.

I have

I have ſeen the new tragedy of Racine: It appears to me extremely fine. My daughter-in-law * is, in my opinion, the moſt tranſcendently excellent actreſs I have ever ſeen; ſhe ſurpaſſes la Deſœillets by a hundred thouſand degrees. As for me, who am allowed to be tolerably well qualified for the ſtage, I am not worthy to ſnuff the candles when ſhe appears on it. She is not beautiful when viewed too near; and I do not wonder ſhe was diſagreeable to my ſon: But when ſhe recites verſes, ſhe is extremely to be admired. Bajazet is really very fine; I think it is a little embarraſſed at the concluſion; but the paſſion is extremely tender, and leſs unreaſonable than that of Berenice †. However, in my humble opinion, it does not exceed Andromaque ‡; and as for the noble tragedies of Corneille, they are as much ſuperior to it, as your idea was beyond ——. Apply this to yourſelf, and remember that ridiculous miſtake; and believe firmly, that nothing can ever equal the divine paſſages of Corneille. He read to us the other day a tragedy at M. de Rochefoucault's, which puts us in mind of the late queen. I wiſh you had been with me that afternoon; you would not have paſſed the time diſagreeably; you might perhaps have dropped a little tear, becauſe I wept a hundred; you would have admired your ſiſter-in-law; you would have ſeen the angels § ſitting next to you, and la Bourdeau dreſſed up like a little puppet. Monſieur the Duke was behind the theatre; Pomenard was in the upper gallery, muffled up in his cloak for fear of the Comte de Creancé, who reſolves to have him hanged, whatever defence he [illegible] make. All the pretty fellows were upon [illegible] ſtage; the Marquis de Villeroy had a h[illegible] made for a ball; the Comte de Guiche w[illegible] in a dreſs agreeable to his romantic humo[illegible] all the reſt appeared like banditti in compa[illegible] of him. I have ſeen this Comte twice at M[illegible] de la Rochefoucault's; he ſeemed to me [illegible] have a great deal of wit; and his deportme[illegible] was leſs ſupernatural than his character g[illegible] me reaſon to expect.

Our Abbé, with whom I am at pre[illegible] deſires me to let you know, that he has [illegible]ceived the plan of your new building at G[illegible]gnan, and that he is very well pleaſed with [illegible] He walks about all the apartments before th[illegible] are built; this is a pleaſure I muſt be co[illegible]tented to wait for, till I ſee them finiſh[illegible] He deſires you to ſend him the profile of th[illegible]

I have a thouſand compliments to make y[illegible] from all thoſe who heard the agreeable expr[illegible]ſions the king was pleaſed to uſe in ſpeak[illegible] of M. de Grignan.

Adieu, my dear; what ſhall I ſay to y[illegible] of my amity and of the intereſt I take [illegible] you? M. d'Harouy is juſt arrived here. [illegible] have delivered all your anſwers. I embra[illegible] the admirable Grignan, the prudent Coadjut[illegible] and the preſumptuous Ademar: Is not t[illegible] the order in which I named them to you t[illegible] other day?

Letter 27. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal [illegible] Madame de Grignan.*

From St. Mary's in the Faubourg, on Fri[illegible] the twenty-ninth day of January, the Fe[illegible]val of St. François de Sales, and the day [illegible] your marriage. This is my principal reas[illegible] that I make anniverſaries of every thing.

I AM in a place, my dear, where I wi[illegible] for your departure moſt abundantly and m[illegible] bitiou[illegible]

* La Chammelay, miſtreſs to M. de Sevigny.
† Another tragedy of Racine.
‡ Another tragedy of Racine.
§ A ſet of ladies diſtinguiſhed by that name.

tterly; the thought of it even now gives me a disorder. I have been an hour walking alone in the garden: all the fitness of the event are as vivid as much embarrassed with piece of ill nature, which I had no inclination hear. My dear, I can bear it no longer: remembrance of you makes me suffer a ousand deaths. I have almost found myself ying in this garden, where I have seen a thousand times; I am unwilling to tell the condition I am in; you have a severe me, which cannot enter into the weaknesses humanity. There are days, hours, and ents, in which I am not mistress of my- I am weak, and I do not pretend to be wise. My weakness is in such a degree, I am quite overcome with it; and, to ase it, a messenger whom I had sent to Chevalier de Grignan, brings me word he is extremely ill. This lamentable of news has not contributed to dry my; I cannot express to you how much I from the fear of such a loss. That cious viper M. de Mirepoix has been ed even from death; and this lovely n, well-born, finely shaped, of a winning ition, and a generous mind, whose death e of no advantage to any one, is like to amidst all our tender cares for him. will receive letters by this post, written which will give you a more exact ac- of his illness; I content myself at pre- with deploring it.

dame de Fresnoy supped with me last; she appeared a nymph, a divinity; Madame de Maintenon, Madame de la e, and I, were for comparing her to me de Grignan. We thought her a d degrees beneath you, not for her air mplexion, but her eyes have a peculiar s; her nose is not comparable to yours, and her mouth is not delicate; yours is perfect, and so elegant in its beauty, that every word it pronounces seems to give it a peculiar grace. As for your wit, these ladies have seen nothing superior to it; your conduct, your prudence, your judgment, every thing was celebrated; I have never seen any one commended in a handsomer manner. I had not the power to constrain myself to say one modest thing for you, nor to speak against my conscience.

They say the Chancellor is dead: I do not know whether the seals will be disposed of before this post goes out.

Adieu, my dear; this letter will be short; I cannot write any thing in the condition I am in, and you have no need to be acquainted with my grief: But if sometimes you receive letters of an infinite length, you can only blame yourself, and your flatteries on the pleasure they give you; after this, you can have no pretence to complain of them.

Letter 28. *The same to the same.*

Paris, February 5, 1672.

IT is to-day a thousand years since I was born; so tedious is life. Our good friend the Coadjutor is retired to a solitude; the thought of his leaving you has made me melancholy. I send you four reams of paper, you know upon what condition; I hope to receive the greatest part of it again in letters before Easter; after that I shall aspire to other pleasures.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that I met Canaples at Notre-Dame; he told me, after a thousand amities for M. de Grignan, that the Marshal de Villeroy had told him that M. de Grignan's letters were admired at the council, that they were read with pleasure, and that the king said he had never seen any better written. I promised him to let you know it.

Madame

Madame the Princess of Conti died seven or eight hours after I had sealed up my packet by the last post, without any sense of her death. The desolation in her chamber at this last moment was inexpressible. Monsieur the Duke, Messieurs the Princes of Conti, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Gamache, wept heartily. La Gunegault chose to express her sorrow by fainting away; and la Brissac by making loud screams, and pretending to throw herself over the balconies. These two ladies did not succeed in convincing the spectators of the excess of their grief; which is an instance to shew, that they who prove too much prove nothing, as I do not know what logician has observed. In a word, the grief is universal. The king appears touched with it, and has made her panegyric---that she was more considerable by her virtue than by her greatness. She leaves the education of her children to Madame de Longueville; so the devil is deceived, if he expects to have these two little princes; they are trusted to a good hand. Monsieur the Prince is their governor. There are 20,000 crowns left to the poor, and as much among her domestics. She has left orders that she will be buried in her own parish, without any pomp, as a private woman. I do not know whether it will please you to hear all these particulars, but this is the account I have to give of it.

You will have me write long letters; see the hazard you run in desiring it. I saw this princess yesterday lying on her bed: She was disfigured by what they had made her suffer; her mouth was quite defaced, they had broke two of her teeth, and her head had been burned. If one does not die of an apoplexy, one is much to be lamented, in the condition the poor patients are put into. There might fine reflections be made on such a kind death, cruel for any other, but happy for h who was not sensible of it, and who was ways prepared for it.

M. de la Rochefoucault desires me to t you, that he has seen a little white mo that is as beautiful as you; it is the pret little creature in the world; it is kept i cage.

Here is Madame de Coulanges, who ord me to make you twenty protestations of amity; but I am not paid by her as a cretary.

Letter 29. *Madame de Rabutin Chanta Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, February 12, 167

I CANNOT but be in pain for you, dear, when I consider the grief you will dure for the death of the poor Cheval You have seen him very lately; that is eno to make you love him much, and know better all the good qualities Heaven had stowed on him. It is true, no man was better born, or had sentiments more to approved or desired, with a very grac countenance, and an extreme tenderness you. These noble qualities must have dered him infinitely amiable to you, an all the world. I easily comprehend your g the more I feel it in myself.

However, I undertake to amuse you a while, my dear, with an account of passes in the world. The Marquis de V roy is set out for Lyons, as I have al informed you. The king ordered him told by the Marshal de Crequi, that he sh remove from the court. It is thought on account of some discourse he had Madame the Comtess de Soissons.

d, *On parle d'eaux, de Tibre, et l'on se t du reste* *.

The king inquired of Monsieur, who was urn d from Paris; Well, brother, what is news at Paris? Monsieur replied, They k much of that poor Marquis. And what they say of him? They say, he had the prudence to speak for another unfortunate ion. For what unfor unate person? said king. Monsieur replied, For the Chevalier Lorraine. But, said the king, do you nk still of the Chevalier de Lorraine? Are u concerned for him? Should you be liged to any one, who would restore him to u? Yes, said Monsieur, it would be the ft sensible pleasure I can ever receive in my e. Very well said the king: I intend to ke you a present of him; it is two days ce the courier went for him; he will return; ive him to you; I am willing to lay you d-r this obligation, and hope you will love n for my sake. I do more; I make him naitre de camp in my army. Upon this, enfieur threw himself at the king's feet, braced his knees a considerable time, and ed his hand with a joy not to be equalled. e king, raising him up, said, It is not s that brothers should embrace one ano- r; and returned the embrace with a fra- nal tenderness. These particulars come m a very good hand; nothing can be more e. You may make your own reflections on it, draw what consequences you think per, and redouble your noble passion for service of the king your master.

It is said that Madame will go this journey, d that several ladies will accompany her. They are much divided in their sentiments upon it at the court of Monsieur. Some faces there are lengthened by it half a foot, others are shortened as much; they say that of the Chevalier de Beuvron is of an infinite extent. M. de Noailles is to return, and serve as a lieutenant-general in the army of Monsieur, with M. de Schomberg. The king said to the Marshal de Villeroy, It is fit your son should do this penance; but punishments in this world are not infinite. You may assure yourself that this is true. Particular accounts, when false, are my aversion; but I like them when they are true: If you are not in my humour, you will suffer for it, for I have given you enough of them.

Le Mans was the other day the only person in a deep mourning dress at Madame de Longueville's; this affectation made her sufficiently ridiculous. Langlade desires me to acquaint you, that with a view of pleasing you, he exposed her dexterously for all the impertinencies she said of you, and he wished you had been behind the curtain; I could wish it with all my heart. Madame de Brissac appeared inconsolable in Madame de Longueville's apartment; but, unfortunately for her, the Comte de Guiche begun to rally with her, and she was out in playing her part, as much as in the despair she acted upon the death of the princess; for when she should have utterly lost her senses, she forgot herself, and knew perfectly well every one who came into the room.

Adieu, my dear: Do not you think it an immense space of time since we have been separated? I am so sensibly touched with grief at the thought of it, that it would be insupportable to me, if I was not pleased with loving you as I do, how painful soever the consequences may be. Adieu, therefore, I am

* A verse of Corneille in Cinna. Some circumstances little material are told, but the rest concealed.

entirely yours; this is a compliment of which I cannot bate you the leaſt tittle.

Letter 30. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, November 29, 1673.

I MUST begin, my dear, by telling you of the death of the Comte de Guiche: This is the chief ſubject of diſcourſe here at preſent. This poor youth died of ſickneſs and fatigue in the army of M. de Turenne; the news of it came on Tueſday morning. Father Bourdaloue went to acquaint the Marſhal de Gramont with it, who feared it at the firſt ſight of him, knowing the declining ſtate of his ſon. He made every one go out of his chamber (he was then in a little apartment he has near the convent of the Capuchins): As ſoon as he found himſelf alone with the father, he threw himſelf upon his neck, telling him he divined too well what he had to ſay to him; that it was to him his death-ſtroke, and that he received it from the hand of God; that he loſt the true, the only object of all his tenderneſs, and all his natural inclination; that he had never had any ſenſible joy, or any violent grief, but for the ſake of this ſon, who had in him ſomething extraordinary. He threw himſelf on a bed, as no longer able to ſupport his grief, but without weeping, for tears are not permitted to heroes. The father wept, who all this while had not ſaid a word. He began to comfort him with ſome religious diſcourſe, in which he employed his well-known zeal and eloquence. They were ſix hours ſhut up together; after which the father, to induce him to make a complete ſacrifice, led him to the church of theſe good Capuchins, where a vigil was ſaid for his ſon. He entered the church fainting and trembling, ſupported more by the crowd ſurrounding him on ev ſide, than by his feet; his viſage was much diſfigured with grief, that he co ſcarce be known. Monſieur the Duke r him in this lamentable condition, and rea it to us at Madame de la Fayette's not with tears. The poor marſhal returned at laſt his little apartment, where he remains, l a man under ſentence of death. The k has written to him. Nobody is admitted ſee him. Madame de Monaco is entirely conſolable, and refuſes to ſee company. Louvigny is likewiſe incapable of recei comfort, but it is only becauſe ſhe has not leaſt affliction. Do not you admire the hu neſs of this creature? She is in a mom become Dutcheſs of Gramont. The Ch cellor's lady is tranſported with joy. T Comteſs de Guiche behaves admirably w When they tell her all the kind things h huſband ſaid, and the civil excuſes he ma to her, when he was dying; ſhe ſays, He w a very amiable man; I ſhould have loved h paſſionately, if he had loved me in any d gree; I ſuffered his contempt with grief, a his death touches me with the tendereſt ; I always hoped that he would change his timents with regard to me. This is certa true; there is not the leaſt fiction in it. M dame de Vermeüil feels a real concern on t occaſion. I believe it will be ſufficient, you only deſire me to make your compliment to her; ſo you need only write to the Comt de Guiche, and to la Monaco, and la Lo vigny. As for d'Agueville, he has been d ſired to go to Fraſé, thirty leagues from her to tell this news to Madame la Marechale Gramont, and to carry her a letter writ by this poor gentleman a little before he di He has made an ample confeſſion of all t faults of his paſt life; he has repented, a

ed pardon in a public manner. He desired Vardes to pardon him, and has sent to tell n a great many things which he may be better for. In a word, he has ended the medy very well, and has left a rich and a ppy widow. The Chancellor's lady is so roughly sensible, as she says, of the little isfaction this poor lady must have had in this rriage, that she thinks of nothing but repair- g this misfortune; and if she could find some hiopian king, she would part with every ng to marry her grand-daughter to him. For r parts, we are at a loss for a proper match her. You will perhaps name for her, as have done, M. de Marsillac, but neither nor she have the least inclination to each er: The other two are too young. M. de oix is reserved for Mademoiselle de Roque- re. Think a little for us; for the affair pressing. I have sent you, my dear, a te- ous account of little particularities, but you l me sometimes that you like such minute tories.

The fame of the taking of Orange sounds y agreeably here for M. de Grignan. The at number of gentlemen drawn thither by ir attachment for him, the vast expence, d, above all, the success, for that is the ncipal point; all this does honour to M. Grignan, and gives a sensible pleasure to his friends, who are not a few here: This neral approbation is very agreeable. The ng said at supper, 'Orange is taken; Gri- an had with him seven hundred gentlemen; y fired from within the walls, and the rd day they surrendered. I am very well isfied with Grignan.' This discourse has en related at large to me; la Garde can ite it with greater exactness.

As for your archbishop of Reims, I do t know what he means. La Garde would have mentioned to him the expence you have been at: Good! says he, the expence! This is always the story; people love to be complaining. But, Sir, said la Garde, M. de Grignan could not avoid being at a vast expence, considering the great number of gentlemen who came together for his sake: You should say for the service of the king. That is true, Sir, said he, but there was no order for it; it was to oblige M. de Grignan by serving the king, which was the design of that assembly. In a word, my dear, this is nothing; you know that he is in other respects a good friend; but there are some days when the spleen prevails, and those days are unlucky.

I have news from our states at Bretagne. M. the Marquis de Coesquen has thought fit to attack M. de Haroüy; he was pleased to say, that he only was rich, while all Bretagne was oppressed with poverty; and that he knew persons, who might supply that post better than he. M. Boucherat, M. de Lavardin, and all Bretagne, were ready to stone him, and were struck with horror at his ingratitude; for he has a thousand obligations to M. de Haroüy. Upon this he has received a letter from Madame de Rohan, ordering him to go to Paris, because M. de Chaulnes had an order to forbid him to be present at the states; so he disappeared the evening before the governor arrived; and he remains in disgrace there for the infamous accusation he designed against M. d'Haroüy. This, my dear, is what your title of governess of la Bretagne obliges me to inform you of.

I am just come from visiting M. de Pompone; he was alone; I was two hours with him, and Mademoiselle l'Avocat, who is very pretty. M. de Pompone very well comprehended what it was we desired of him, in case a cou-

a courier ſhould come, and will do it without queſtion: But he ſays one thing that is true; which is, that your ſyndic will be choſen before the breaking-up of your council is heard of: He believes it is done already. To tell you all the agreeable and obliging things that were ſaid in your favour, and all the engaging converſations I have had with that miniſter, not all the paper in my porte-feuille would ſuffice. I am perfectly ſatisfied with him, and I deſire you to be ſo upon my word; he will be much pleaſed to ſee you, and counts upon your return.

We read with pleaſure a great part of your letters; you have been admired as well for your ſtyle, as for the intereſt you take in theſe affairs. Say not a word more to undervalue your manner of writing: We think ſometimes our letters muſt be confuſed, beraufe we are embarraſſed with a thouſand different thoughts; but all this confuſion paſſes in our own heads, and the letter comes out diſtinct and natural; it is thus all yours are.

Letter 31. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, February 10, 1674.

IT is now a pretty many years ſince there came into the world a creature deſtined to love you, my dear, beyond every thing beſides. I beg you not to ſuffer your imagination to turn either to the right-hand or to the left:

*Cet honnête homme là, Sire, c'étoit moi même*.*

It was veſterday three years ſince I felt the moſt ſenſible grief of my whole life. You ſet out at that time for Provence, and you remain there ſtill. My letter would be long, if I ſhould endeavour to expreſs the ſorrow I then felt, and thoſe I have ſince in conſequence of it. But to leave melancholy digreſſion: I have received letters from you to-day; I do not know whether I am to expect any; I fear I am not, is too late: However, I have expected with impatience; I was willing to ſee you out for Aix, and to be able to compute ſome exactneſs the time of your return. the world importunes me about it, and not know what to anſwer them. I think nothing but you, and the long journey are to take. If I receive any letters after this is ſent away, you may be very I will certainly take care to do whatever order me. I write to-day a little ſooner ordinary. M. Corbinelli and Madame de Mery are here, and have dined with I am going to a little opera of Moliere, is to be ſung at Peliſſon's: It is an piece of muſic. The prince, the duke the dutcheſs, will be there. I ſhall ſup at Gourville's, with Madame de ette, Monſieur the Duke, Madame de ange, and M. de Vivonne, of whom to take our leave, and who parts from to-morrow: If this engagement does not I ſhall go to Madame de Chaulnes's, I am earneſtly invited to come, as well miſtreſs of the houſe, as by the Cardinals Retz and de Bouillon, who made me them. The firſt of theſe cardinals has cere impatience to ſee you; he loves you derly. See what a letter he has ſent shall direct this letter to Lyons; it is that I have ſent thither; the two firſt were left with the chamarier*. I think, my

* A line of Marot in an epiſtle to François I. "This honeſt gentleman, Sir, was I myſelf."

* A dignity of the church of Lyon.

must be got thither by this time, if you will.

was apprehended that Mademoiselle de s had the small-pox, but it does not prove There is not a word said of the news England; this makes us conclude there o good news from thence. There has only a ball or two at Paris during the le carnival; there were masques at them, not many. It is a very dull season. The nblies at St. Germain are mortifications he king, and only shew how little diver- the carnival affords.

ather Bourdaloue made a sermon on the ification of our Lady, which transported whole world. There was such a vehe- ce in his discourse, as made the courtiers ble. No preacher ever enforced with such ority, and in so noble a manner, the great hs of the gospel. His design was to shew, every power ought to be subject to the from the example of our Lord, who was ented at the temple. This was argued insisted on with all the strength and clear- imaginable; and certain points were d with a force and energy worthy of the t apostle St. Paul himself.

he archbishop of Reims ‡, as he returned rday from St. Germain, met with a no- e adventure. He drove at his usual rate, a whirlwind. If he thinks himself a t man, his servants think so much more. y were passing in a full trot over de Nan- ; they met a man on horseback, and in nsolent tone bid him clear the way. The man uses his utmost endeavours to get of the danger, but his horse proves un- ageable. To make short of it, the coach- and-six turn them both, the horse and the man, topsy-turvy, and drive over them; and so directly over them, that the coach was overturned, and almost broke in pieces. In an instant, the horse and the man, instead of amusing themselves with having their limbs broke, get one upon another and gallop over the plain, and are galloping still; while the servants, the archbishop's coachman, and the archbishop himself at the head of them, are crying out, "Stop, stop that villain; break "his head, beat him to a mummy." The rage of the archbishop was so great, that afterwards in relating the adventure, he said, that if he could have caught the rascal, he would have broke his bones and cut off his ears.

Adieu, my dear; I cannot express the eagerness of my desires to see you. I leave you, and resign the pen to Corbinelli, who is just awakened, perhaps from some agreeable dream to entertain you with.

I have this moment received your letter; I am charmed with it. You need be under no apprehension, that the joy it gives me should grow cool; I am wholly possessed by the pleasing expectation of seeing you, of receiving you, of embracing you, with marks of endearment, and with a manner of loving, above the common sentiments, and even above those which are esteemed most refined.

‡ Maurice le Tellier, son of the chancellor le ier, and brother to M. de Louvois.

Letter 32. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday, Feb. 20, 1674.

I CONFESS I have an extreme desire to hear from you; consider, my dear, that I have had no letters since that which was dated from la Palisse; I know nothing of the rest of your journey till you come to Lyon, nor of the roads in Provence. My desires prey on my soul; I feel an impatience that hinders my repose. I

am well assured I shall have letters; I doubt not but you have written to me; but I have only the torture of expecting, instead of the pleasure of receiving them: I can find no consolation or amusement but in writing to you.

You must know, my dear, that after I came home from Madame de Coulanges, where we make up our packets on post days, I went to bed. This is not very extraordinary; but what is very much so, was, that at three in the morning I heard a confused cry of thieves and fire. These cries were so near me, and so often repeated, that I made no doubt but they were in my own house. I thought I heard my little dear one named, and I concluded that without doubt she was consumed in the flames. I arose in this fright, and in the dark; and trembling, in such a manner that I could scarce support myself, I flew to her apartment, which is to be yours. I found every thing there in great tranquillity: But I saw the house of Guittaut all on fire. The flames were seen above the house of M. de Vauvineux. In the courts before our house, and every where near M. Guittaut's, there was a brightness that struck the mind with horror. There was a cry, a confusion, and a dreadful crash of falling beams. I ordered my gates to be opened, and sent my servants to assist. M. de Guittaut sent me a little casket with what he had of greatest value, which I placed in my cabinet; and went into the street to stare like others. I found there M. and Madame Guittaut half naked, Madame de Vauvineux, the Venetian ambassador and his domestics; the little daughter of Madame de Vauvineux was carried asleep to the ambassador's, and a great quantity of plate and furniture, which it was thought proper to remove. For my part, I was safe, as it were in an isle; but I much pitied my unhappy neighbours. Madame de Guestou and brother shewed their prudence in advis we were all in the utmost consternation: fire was so fierce, that there was no possibi of approaching it, nor any hope of its be extinguished, till the house itself was c sumed. The unfortunate Guittaut tou all the beholders with pity; he was deli to save his mother, who was at the mer the flames in the third story; his wife, c ing him with all her force, restrained from so desperate an attempt: He was vided between the grief of deserting his ther in that imminent danger, and the fe injuring by the fright his wife, who had five months breeding. At length rec mending her to my care, he breaks from embrace to save his parent, and meets just in the moment she had passed thro the flames, and happily escaped unhurt. would fain have preserved some papers, could not get near the place where they laid; so he came back to us, where I with difficulty, prevailed with his wife and wait his safe return. The Capuchins very compassionate and industrious, and labours were so successful, that they stop the passage of the flames, and quenched remainder of them. So that at length combat ceased for want of combatants, th to say, after several apartments were en consumed; and it was esteemed very fo nate, that any part of the house rema The loss will be more than ten thou crowns; for that apartment, which was rioufly painted and gilded, is to be rebui the same manner; and there were several pictures belonging to Le Blanc, who was owner of the house, besides rich pieces of pestry, and other valuable furniture. express a great regret for the loss of some

; I imagine they were letters from the
e. About five in the morning, we be-
to think it was time to take ſome care of
ame de Guittaut; I offered her my bed,
Madame Gueſton made her accept a lodg-
with her, becauſe ſhe had an apartment
ſtood empty. We had her let blood, and
for Boucher, who fears this great diſ-
nce may make her miſcarry. She ſtill
ins with Madame Gueſton, where all the
l viſit her; I continue my care of her,
ng begun too well not to perſevere till the
You will aſk me how this fire begun:
know nothing at all of it; there had been
re made in the apartment where it broke
If any one had been capable of being
rted with ſo ſad a misfortune, this mid-
t aſſembly would, doubtleſs, have made
admirable night-piece. All the dreſs of
ttaut amounted to little more than a ſhirt;
ame de Guittaut diſcovered a pair of
d legs, and had loſt one of her ſlippers;
ame de Vauvineux was in a petticoat,
out a night-gown; all the neighbourhood,
even the valets, appeared in night-caps.
ambaſſador, indeed, wore a gown and
ng wig, and preſerved excellently well
gravity of *The moſt Serene* ——; but his
tary was admirable. The ſtatuaries tell
f the breaſt of Hercules, but his far ex-
ed it; it was very advantageouſly expoſed
iew, fair, white, and large, without the
covering of ſhirt, for the ribband that
ld have tied it was loſt in the battle.
s is the ſad news our quarter affords. I
mmend it every night to the watch to look
ully whether the fire be every-where ex-
uiſhed; one cannot have too much precau-
to avoid ſuch a misfortune.
ly dear child, I wiſh you all good things,
pray to God to protect you from all evil.

Letter 33. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wedneſday, Oct. 2, 1675.

IT is two days, my dear, ſince I received your letter: This was the tenth day; I might have received it ſooner. If the poſt had arrived at Paris on Tueſday, I ſhould have received it on Friday inſtead of Monday. You ſee I am very curious and exact in my calculations, but I hope you will bear with them, and conſider whence they proceed, and what they tend to. Your letter touched me ſenſibly: I fancy you are not unconcerned at this further remove; you ſpeak of it with tenderneſs. As for me, I felt a grief from it, and ſtill feel it every day. I thought the diſtance we were at before was great enough; a hundred leagues added to it increaſes the pain it gives me; I cannot dwell on this thought without a freſh occaſion for your ſermons. What you ſay in two words of the little profit you ſometimes receive from them yourſelf, is a tenderneſs I am much touched with. You ſay you would have me write to you of my woods; the barrenneſs of the ſubject cannot make my letters diſpleaſing to you. Theſe walks have a beauty, a tranquillity, a repoſe, a ſilence, to which I cannot yet accuſtom myſelf. If I think on you, they inſpire a tenderneſs; whether I am ſenſible of it, I leave you to imagine, for I am not capable of repreſenting it in all its force. I am here all alone, and very much at eaſe; but I am in apprehenſion of company, that is, of conſtraint.

I have been to viſit Madame de Tarante; ſhe received me with tranſport. Her opinion of you ſhews ſhe has not altogether the taſte of a German: She is pleaſed with your perſon, and, as ſhe imagines, with your wit. She does not want wit, according to her manner.

She loves her daughter *; she is wholly taken up with the thoughts of her; she tells me what she suffers from her absence, as the only person who am capable of condoling with her. I can give you a very good account of the court of Denmark; I know nothing of that of France, but I shall not fail to send you the news of Copenhagen. I must acquaint you, that the Princess de la Trimouille is a favourite of the queen, who is her cousin-german. There is a prince, allied by blood to the king, very agreeable and very gallant, whom we have seen in France, and who has a passion for the princess; and the princess may perhaps have some disposition not to hate him: But there is a favourite, who is very powerful, called the Comte Kinghs-Toghinkstfel (you can have no stranger to that name). This Comte is likewise in love with the princess, but she hates him; not but that he is very brave, and well made, has wit and politeness, but he is not a gentleman, and that single thought is enough to make a lady faint with pure aversion to him. The king is his confident, and is desirous to conclude this marriage: The queen is in the interests of her cousin, and favours the pretensions of the prince: But the king opposes him, and the favourite makes him feel the weight of his jealousy and of his power. The princess weeps, and writes to her mother letters of forty pages. She has demanded her dismission from the court, but neither the king nor the queen will consent to it, though for different reasons. The prince is removed from the court on several pretexts, but he always finds some plausible occasion to return. At present they are engaged in a war against the Swedes; and the rivals are piquing themselves on the performance of romantic actions to please princess. The favourite tells her, as he his leave of her, I see, Madame, in what ner you treat me, but I am assured it is your power to refuse me your esteem. T is the first tome of the history; you shall fail to have the sequel of it: I am sure that no person in France shall be better quainted than you with the intrigues of D mark. When I have no more to say of court, I shall entertain you with Pho is no medium between these important I must let you know, however, that very great secrets: Above all, I to pronounce the name of the Comte Ki Toghinkstfel.

It is true, my dear, that this is a year for the Marshal de Crequi: I think you, that he is no-where in safety or but among the enemy. He has a little d pated the legions that were entrusted to but they obeyed him too well in the day of tle.

I am informed from all hands, that M Mirepoix is very much disabused as to constraint of keeping his word, and that shall not get the ratification from him but dint of sword. I think, my dear, you much forget your manner of thanking which I very much approved: It was by joicing with me at the opportunities I ha serving you; this was extremely obliging

Letter 34. *Madame de Rabutin Chanta Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Oct. 13, 16

YOU say very justly, that the dates co bute little to make the letters of those we

* Since Dutchess of Holstein.

† A dancing-master to the King of D mark.

agreea

ecable. Alas! why ſhould our curioſity ſo much confined to the affairs of the pub- Your health, your family, your leaſt ions, your ſentiments; theſe are what I touched with: And I am ſo well perſuaded t you are in my way of thinking, that I ke no difficulty of talking to you of Ro- rs, of Mademoiſelle du Pleſſis, of my al- s, of my woods, of the affairs of our bé, of Copenhagen, if occaſion offers. u may therefore firmly believe, that every ng that comes from you appears to me y conſiderable, and that I am pleaſed to w every thing, even to your pieces of ta- ry; and if you want a freſh ſupply of dles to be employed on it, I can ſupply you h ſome that are admirable. I was em- yed yeſterday on a piece of work as tedious he company I had; I never work but when ave company; when I am alone, I walk, ead, or write. La Pleſſis incommodes me more than Maria; I am ſo happy as to e no inclination to liſten to any thing ſhe , and find as little interruption from her ence as you do from ſome whom you have ſame kind of regard for. In other re- cts, ſhe has the beſt ſentiments in the world; dmire how all the grace of them is ſpoiled her impertinence and her ridiculous beha- ur. It is pleaſant to hear what ſhe ſays of patience in bearing with her, how ſhe ex- ins it, and what obligations ſhe fancies to ſelf from it to attach herſelf to me; and I ſerve her for an excuſe for not viſiting friends at Vitré. It would make one le, to obſerve her little arts to ſatisfy her nity (for vanity is the growth of every l), and her affected fears that I am growing ous of a nun of Vitré, for whom ſhe has endneſs. All this would make a notable nny farce.

I muſt tell you the news of this province. M. de Chaulnes is at Rennes with a great number of troops. He has declared, that if they offer to appear in arms, or to raiſe the leaſt ſedition, he will take away the parliament from that city. The fear of this makes them bear with every thing. I have not yet heard how theſe warlike men behaved themſelves with regard to the poor citizens. We expect Madame de Chaulnes, who comes to ſee the princeſs at Vitré: We are in ſafety under her protection; but I may aſſure you, that were I only preſent here, M. de Chaulnes would think it a pleaſure to ſhew his regard for me; this is the only circumſtance in which I could anſwer for him. I beg you to be under no inquietude; I am in ſafety here, as in a province which you ſay belongs to me.

D'Agueville has done me a great pleaſure in removing the reſentment I had againſt the Cardinal d'Eſtrees. He informs me that our cardinal has been refuſed in a full conſiſtory on his own letter; and that after this laſt ceremony there is nothing more to fear: So that he is now the third time a cardinal againſt his will; at leaſt theſe two laſt times, for the firſt time, as I remember, he was not much diſpleaſed. Write to him to rally him upon this happy diſappointment: M. d'Agueville is tranſported; I love him for it. I frequently receive billets from his eminence, and my anſwers are conveyed to him; I keep this fairy-commerce very ſecret and myſterious; it is the more dear to me: You ought not to fail to write to him too; you would be ungrateful, if you ſhould not preſerve for him a great attachment. He has been a little indiſpoſed, but he is now in good health; he writes to me, that we have reaſon to be contented with his prudence in ſubmitting to proper remedies.

Are not you very much afraid of Ruiter?

Ruiter is the god of sea-fights. Guittaut is unable to resist him: However, the star of the king resists him. There never was a star so fixed: It dispersed that great fleet the last year; it made M. de Lorraine die; it repulsed Montecuculli; and it will make a peace, in order to the marriage of Prince Charles. I mentioned this last the other day to Madame de Tarante; she told me that he was already married to the empress dowager; and that this marriage, though it has not been declared, would prevent the other. You will see that she will die, if this creates any inconvenience. Your reasoning upon affairs of state is so just, that it is easy to see that you are become a politician in your government.

La Troube is at Paris, and at the court, oppressed with caresses and praises: He receives them in such a manner as is proper to augment them. It is said that he will have the charge of Froulai; if it should be so, there will be a remove in that company, and I have desired our friend d'Agueville to give a little attention to it, for the sake of our poor Guidon, who languishes in his little post. I have sent to him to come hither; I have a mind to marry him to a little damsel, who is a Jewess by her race; but in my opinion millions are always of a good family. This is a thing very much in the air; I depend on nothing, after having failed of Mademoiselle d'Eaubonne. Madame de Villars writes to me of fresh wonders performed by the Chevalier de Grignan; I believe they are only the accounts of his former actions renewed: But he is really a gentleman, who has the best reputation that can be desired. I pray God that the first gleams of hope for one of our daughters may succeed; it would be a very happy affair. The indolence of the Coadjutor ought to cease on such occasions.

Let me tell you a handsome action of t procureur-general. He had an estate of t house of Belièvre, which was very legal made over to him, as a gift: But he return it into the mass of goods that were given u for the satisfaction of the creditors. He sa he could not accept such a present, when h considered that it was an injury to the credi ors, who have honestly paid their mon This is very heroical; judge, whether he not like to be for us against M. de Mirepoix I know nothing more noble, or more ung nerous, than these two opposite character Our good friend the Abbé * is still a hear friend: He is the best champion we hav The obligations I have to him are innumera ble; but that which makes me most sensible them, is the amity he has for you, and h zeal for your affairs, and the manner in whic he is preparing himself to confound Mire poix.

I dare not think of seeing you; when th hope sinks too deeply into my heart, and is unlikely to be gratified, it does me too muc harm. I remember still what I suffered dur ing the last illness of my poor aunt; and ho soon the sight of you made me forget th grief: I have not yet a prospect of receivi so much joy. You assure me that you a extremely well; I pray God that your heal may continue; I have this article very muc at heart. As for me, I am in perfect health You would much approve the sobriety an exercise I use, and the confinement of myse like a carmelite, to seven hours of slee This laborious life pleases me; it resemble the country. I do not grow fat; and the a is so soft and kindly, that my complexion which many have so long pretended to ad

* The Abbé de Coulanges.

min

ire, is not yet changed. I wish you had the dvantage of passing one evening here, you ould find it preferable to all the pommades ou can use.

All our province is so much taken up with nishments, that there is no thought of vi s; and without pretending to be over-haugh- and reserved, I am very much pleased at . Do you remember when we determined at there was nothing so good in the province disagreeable company, for the pleasure of eing them rise to take their leaves? It is a easure which I shall not have this year.

My dear, if I should continue writing four ours, I should not be able to tell you to what egree I love you, and how dear you are to e. I am persuaded you will be under the re of Providence, because you pay off your rears. Continue your attention to your ex- ences; this does not fill up any great eaches; but yet it contributes to make you sy, and that is no inconsiderable advantage. M. de Grignan discreet? I embrace him that hope. I am entirely yours.

etter 35. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1675.

HOW fine a letter you have written to me! hat thanks do I not owe you, my dear, for nploying your hand, your eyes, your head, our time, in composing so agreeable a vo- me! I have read it over and over, and shall often repeat it with fresh pleasure and at- ntion. I can read nothing that is more en- aging; you satisfy my curiosity on every ar- cle I can desire; I admire your care in giv- g me such punctual answers. This makes conversation perfectly regular, and extremely ntertaining. But I must beg you not to de- roy yourself; this fear makes me renounce the pleasure of having frequently such entertainments; you cannot doubt but there is the utmost generosity in the care I take to spare you the fatigue of immoderate writing.

I comprehend with pleasure the high esteem that is paid to M. de Grignan in Provence, after what I have seen of it. This is a pleasure you are scarce sensible of; you are too much accustomed to be loved and honoured in a province where you command. If you saw the horror, the detestation, the hatred the people have in other places for their governor, you would taste the pleasure of being adored every-where. What affronts! what injuries! what menaces! what reproaches! the very stones are ready to fly about their ears. I do not believe M. de Grignan would accept of this post upon such conditions.

You mention to me the paper you have signed in favour of M. de Grignan in such an heroic manner. You say you had no doubt which way the honourable sentiments of the Cardinal de Retz inclined: I do not say any thing of mine; it was enough that you could discern what his counsels tended to. In certain delicate affairs, we do not presume directly to advise, but we represent the case; the common friends of both do what is proper for them, that there may be no opposition between the interests of those they love: But if one has a soul so perfectly generous and good as yours, one consults only one's self, and acts precisely as you have done. Have you not seen how much you have been admired? Are you not pleased that you owe to none but to yourself so noble a resolution? You would have done nothing blamable, if you had refused to sign; you would only have acted like the rest of the world; but by consenting to it you have exceeded all the world. In a word, my dear, enjoy the beauty of your

own action, and do not think meanly of us for not having prompted you to it: On a like occasion, we should perhaps have acted as you have done, and you would have advised as we did: All this has passed in the best manner. I am very much pleased that M. de Grignan is so good as to recompense this mark of your friendship and affection by a greater attention to his affairs: The prudence you command him for is the truest mark of his gratitude you could have wished. My dear Chevalier, I am ravished to hear my daughter is so perfectly satisfied with your conduct; I doubt not but you will think it right in you to persevere in it. You cannot fail of this, without appearing ungrateful to her, and injurious to the noble blood of the Ademars. I have met with one of your race in the history of the Croisades, who was a very illustrious person about six hundred years ago. He was beloved as you are, and he would never have given a moment's inquietude to a wife like yours. His death was lamented by an army of three hundred thousand men, and mourned by all the princes in Christendom. Not many pages after, I find a governor of a castle, not altogether so ancient: He is indeed merely a modern; it was but five hundred and twenty years since he made a great figure. I conjure you, therefore, by those two of your noble ancestors, who are my particular friends, to give yourself up to the conduct of Madame de Grignan for the care of your oeconomy, and to consider how much you will consult your own advantage in doing so. You see, my dear, that without designing it, or thinking of it, I have written a long letter to M. de Grignan.

Your confidence with the intendant on account of those two families, who make so great a noise, is very pleasant: I love to attack, on occasions like these, certain persons who are thought so considerable that we dare not approach them. We need only take courage; their menaces are like the false fires of the magician in Tasso. In my opinion, lying so openly in a known matter of fact as this is, is tendering false money like Pomenard.

If I should write from this time till to-morrow, I should not be able to tell you, how great a degree your episode of Modène has diverted me. This piece is an original. The prince and the minister are both of two admirable characters. But——what is the become of the valour he boasted of in his youth? He appears to me at present like the Comte de Culagna in the *Secchia rapita*.* He does not ill resemble the figure of Sloth in Ariosto, or that of Indolence as it is painted by Despreaux in the Lutrin: But it is not possible for him to remain long in that state. I shall preserve very carefully the picture of him which you have given me: I could not have been more excellently done by Mignard.

I should be very glad to hear that the marriage of our daughter was like to be concluded. If you have nobody more intimate with Monsieur, employ d'Agneville in it: he is to be killed by us, we had no great mind him outright. I had designed to have spared him a little; but I have fallen on him anew, and I do him more mischief than all the rest of his friends. Let me advise you to deal with him like me; he is an inexhaustible friend.

* A mock-heroic poem in Italian, which is thought to have given the first hint to the Lutrin of Boileau, and to have occasioned those two entertaining pieces, The Dispensary, and The Rape of the Lock.

Ma

M. de Coulanges tells me he has seen the beautiful Rochebonne, as it were enchanted, in the most melancholy castle in all France: I very much pity her. Why cannot the go to Lyons? Madame de Verneuil was there in November; there were with her Madame de Coulanges and the Cardinal de Bonzy.

I am glad you like the history of Josephus, and are so well entertained with the adventure of Herod and Aristobulus. I beg you to go on, and see the end of the siege of Jerusalem, and the fate of Josophat. Take courage, every thing is beautiful in this historian, every thing is grand, every thing is magnificent, every thing is worthy of you; let not an idle fancy prevail with you to lay him aside. As for me, I am engaged in the history of France; that of the Croisades has occasioned my looking into it. This last history does not seem to me comparable to a single leaf of Josephus. Alas! with how great pleasure we weep for the misfortunes of Aristobulus and Mariamne.

My dear, why do you tell me that I shall finish the reading of the voluminous epistle you have sent me with yawning out this exclamation,

*Ah que le grands parleurs sont pour moy detestez* * !

There are in your book, as you are pleased to term your letter, a thousand entertaining histories and episodes; I have spent two hours in writing mere nothings to you. I have, in a word, the rage of talking myself out of breath, like the doctor in the Italian comedy. However, I conclude, and embrace you with an extreme tenderness. I am extremely well; the evenings are long, and it rains: This is all I have to inform you of.

* How much I detest great talkers!

M. de Tulles has surpassed all that we expected from him, in the funeral oration of M. de Turenne: It is a piece worthy of immortality.

Letter 36. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, November 10, 1675.

I AM vexed, my dear, that I have received none of your letters by this post; and I perceive by this little vexation, how great a consolation it is to hear from a person we entirely love. This seems to bring us nearer; we are entertained with a thousand thoughts it presents to the mind; and though they are sometimes mingled with grief, yet even this is preferable to ignorance of what concerns our dearest friend.

We have a little summer in autumn, cold, but pleasant, which I like better than continual rains. I live always abroad, like a wild creature. The vivacity of my humour depends much on the weather; so that in order to know the temper of mind I am in, you need only consult the barometer. But I fear that in Provence this instrument of philosophy will only amuse you with representations of the clouds and skies, little suitable to the climate I am condemned to. You are so accustomed to fine weather, that it scarce seems to engage your attention: While we, who seldom see the sun in its full lustre, are touched with a peculiar joy when we feel his kindly influence. But——enough on the chapter so frequently cited, of rain and sunshine.

Nothing is so much the subject of discourse at present as the funeral oration of M. de Tulles; a performance not to be recited without being interrupted with perpetual cries of ad-

miration. His text was: *Domine, probasti me, & cognovisti me* *. This was most divinely treated on: I have a great desire to see it in print.

They say it is not true, that M. de Bailleul is selling his post. I am apt to think you will say of this, as you did of M. de Champlastreux's mouth, which was drawn up near his eye: Why, is it not as well there as any where else? This, my dear, is what is called tattling; for you will easily comprehend, that I do not pretend to tell you news at a thousand leagues distance.

Letter 37. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, December 8, 1675.

I AM very much out of humour to-day, my dear; I expected two of your packets by this last post, and I have received none. If the posts had come in tardy, as I believe at present, I ought to have received at least one; for I count upon it that you never forget me. This confidence in you is just, and I am well assured that it is not displeasing to you: But as gloomy thoughts are apt to hover over these woods, I was inclined to be in pain for you. But since the Abbé assures me, that if any accident had happened to you, you would have ordered some person to write to me, I resolve not to entertain this fear; it is too insupportable. I chuse to lay all the blame on the post, though I do not comprehend how it can be so excessively irregular, and to hope that I shall hear from you to-morrow: I wish it with all the impatience you can conceive.

* O Lord, thou hast proved me, and known me.

M. d'Aguevillle has a cold and a little fever; I am in pain about it, for I am always apprehensive of fevers; they say they consummate; but it is life itself which receives its consummation from them. Whatever is said of the d'Aguevilles, there is not one of all the race who is comparable to our good friend. Has he not already mentioned to you an uncertain progress, which the king is to take, either in Champagne or Picardy; since his favourites, for our misfortune, have begun to spread abroad such a welcome piece of news? They say it is to be for three months. You see I make the most of that loose sheet, which he writes under the notion of news. As for his letter, it is so full of my son, and my daughter, and our affairs in Bretagne, that I should be unnatural if I did not put out my eyes in decyphering it. M. de Lavardin is my resident at the states; he informs me of every thing. As we sometimes fill up our letters with a sentence of Italian, I sent him these lines of Tasso addressed by the shepherd to Erminia, to make him comprehend the repose and indolence I enjoy here:

*——— d'ogni oltraggio e scorno*
*La mia famiglia e mia gregge illesa*
*Sempre qui fu; ne strepito di marte*
*Turbò ancor questa remota parte* *.

My letter was scarce sent away, when there arrived at Vitré eight hundred cavaliers, whom the princess was very little pleased with. It is true, they are upon their march; but, upon my word, they live as if it were in a conquered country, notwithstanding our good marriage with Charles VIII. and with Louis

* My little family and my flock have remained here unharmed by any hostile inroad; no warlike alarm has yet disturbed this obscure retreat.

XII.

XII. The deputies are returned from Paris. M. de St. Malo, who is your relation Guemadeve, and a mitred linnet, as Madame de Choisy told me, appeared at the states perfectly transported, and full of the goodness of the king to him, and the particular regard that was shewed him, without having the least remorse for the ruin of the province, which was the agreeable present he brought with him. His manner of addressing the province could not but be very agreeable to people who on their parts were in despair at the ill situation of their affairs. He said, that his majesty was very well satisfied with his good province of Bretagne, and with the present they had made him; that he had forgot what was past; and that he had sent his troops among them only as a mark of the confidence he placed in them, as one sends one's equipage home when one has no farther occasion for it. As for M. de Rohan, he behaved in a very different manner, and much more with the air of a good patriot.

This is the horrid * news we have to send you; I desire to hear what you have to send us in return to it, and what is become of your Procureur du Pais. You need not doubt but the Jansons have made great complaints to M. de Pompone; I suppose you have not forgot to write to him too on your part, and likewise to Madame de Vins, who undertook to write for St. Andiol. It is d'Agueville only who can serve you, and inform you of what concerns your affairs there. I am wholly useless to you *in questa remota parte* †.

* *Chiennes de nouvelles.* The reader may observe, in the accounts of these states, many strong hintings of the miseries of the people, under this arbitrary kind of government.

† In this distant retreat.

It is one of my greatest uneasinesses; if ever I find myself again in a condition to be serviceable to you, you shall see how I will redeem the time that has been lost. Adieu, my dear; I wish you perfect health; it is the only thing that can preserve mine, which you have so great a concern for; it is in a very good state at present. I embrace you tenderly; and should tell you how agreeable and diverting my son is: But here he comes; I must not indulge his indolence; let him shew it in his own manner.

Letter 38. *Madame de Sevigny to Madame de Grignan.*

I SHOULD have nothing to entertain you with, my dear sister, after what I wrote to you three days since, if I had not spent the afternoon with Mademoiselle du Plessis, who is still the same charming creature she always affected to be. This illustrious beauty, who is to be the subject of my letter, has something so furiously agreeable, that she can only be equalled by the amiable Tisiphone. Her lip is covered with a kind of fret-work something resembling a leprosy; and her bright eyes have something in them so unsufferable, that we wish for the defence of an umbrella even in the shade. All her concern at present is, that this malady on her lip hinders her from kissing my mother every quarter of an hour. She has had something of the same kind upon her arm, which has kept her at home a long time: And I unluckily took the liberty to say, that Rochers was not the less agreeable for her absence. At present, we are in hopes that she will have a tertian ague: She has been making her complaints of it today, which she renews every moment to engage our compassion. She has displayed all her eloquence in bemoaning herself, as under the

the dismal prospect of passing the whole winter in suffering a day of sickness for every two days she enjoys of health. By this means we may expect to be attacked, as it were, by a double tertian; and we foresee, very much to our dissatisfaction, that by being teazed with her company, we are like to have two ill days for the one agreeable day on which she is confined.

In other respects, Rochers is extremely agreeable. My mother continues to signalize her goodness towards this favourite place, by still adding new beauties to it. Our good Abbé has spent the afternoon in drawing plans, which may remain as monuments of his taste, and of my mother's magnificence. The chapel is finished, and mass will be said in it a week hence. My dear sister, may God long preserve to us so good a mother, and so good an uncle. I say nothing of my little pett in the army: Every thing goes so very ill, that I conceive new hopes from my disappointments. I embrace you a thousand times, and M. de Grignan, whom I perfectly love and honour. My mother has just been saying, that she has given no instructions to that jackanapes what to write; I was willing to hope she did not mean me, ha! she not said immediately after, Son, make my compliments to M. de Grignan.

Letter 39. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, December 29, 1675.

MY dear little letters are come at last: Do not think I am to be pitied for enduring the fatigue of reading two at a time; you better know my fondness of them. Whenever I receive one, I always wish for another, and here it is. It is a double joy, a hoard of happiness, as long as I am not in pain for you. Nothing can make a better compensation for the disappointment occasioned by the irregularities of the post, which I so much resent, but I never am guilty of the least suspicion of your failing to write to me. Would not Monsieur Colbert acquaint me with it, if any thing should happen to prevent you? Pray let me know how she does: I love and embrace her. I return to the post: It is the winter which causes these irregularities. It must be confessed, that your letters deserve well to be expected, and received in the manner I receive them. I have received letters from Madame de Vins, from M. de Pompone, and Corbinelli. I have clenched the nail with regard to Corbinelli and his muse, by declaring, that I will put upon the same foot what I demand of him, and what she demands of me. You will see that Madame de Vins has still at heart what she wrote to you about: Since she gives you so fair an opportunity to justify yourself, do it, my dear, and tell your pretty little reasons, that they may be heard, and that none may any longer think you to blame. M. de Pompone has scarce forgiven me yet for saying in Madame de Vin's letter, that I loved the Bishop of Marseilles better than he did me. In a word, all our friends of the clan are very kind and hearty; and M. d'Agueville tells me, that we have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with them. All your reasons have been represented, and every thing has been done in the manner you directed; he fears only M. Colbert. For my part, I believe this affair will be referred to the intendant, and that is what you desire. I believe it would be better, if things were ordered to continue as they are: But, alas! in this world, where we do what we can (and this holds true with regard to you as well as to us); do we do the half, (God forgive

ſerve us from it!) or even the quarter of what we would?

We have been made to expect the departure of Figuriborum: I do not ſay the peace; for you will never believe that a treaty can be ſigned by him. How pleaſant you are in recollecting a time ſo different from the preſent? Could we have ever thought that Figuriborum would have made a figure? Never was any man ridiculed as he has been. It muſt be owned, that you have the moſt extraordinary addreſs in rallying of any perſon in the world. Here is a little awkward figure of a man, who has had the vanity to boaſt that he had eſcaped from your pleaſantries; and you are deſirous of letting him ſee that he is ſtill as much in your power as ever: But, ſeriouſly, are not you afraid of being excommunicated?

What ſay you of the marriage of la Motte? Is there any neceſſity of beauty, youth, or conduct, to procure a ſettlement for a young woman? The goodneſs of Providence! we can only have recourſe to that.

Madame de Piſieux is raiſed to life again: But is it not dying twice within a very little time? For ſhe is fourſcore.

Madame de Coulanges tells me all the good company we have in our quarter; but this does not engage me to return thither ſooner than I had deſigned: I am only drawn thither by affairs; for as for pleaſures, I hope for none. The winter is not here what it is imagined to be; it gives me no horror. We follow your advice as to my ſon; we conſent to make a few falſe appearances; and if we are refuſed, we ſhall be but even with the ladies, who cannot complain, unleſs diſſimulation be their peculiar privilege. In the mean time, while he expects the ſucceſs of this amour, he is very agreeable company to me here, and finds me not leſs ſo to him; there is not the leaſt air of maternity in our manner of converſing. The princeſ is ſurpriſed at it: She who has only a booby of a ſon, who has not the leaſt ſpark of a ſoul in his body. She is very much aggrieved by the troops which are arrived at Vitré; ſhe hoped with reaſon to have been exempted from them; but notwithſtanding that, ſhe has a good regiment in her town. It had been a pleaſant thing, if it had been the regiment of Grignan.

Do not you intend to read the Eſſays on Morality, and give me your opinion of them? For my part I am charmed with them. I am very much ſo with the funeral oration of M. de Turenne; there are paſſages in it which ought to have made all that aſſiſted at it weep. I do not doubt but it has been ſent to you; tell me, if you do not think it very fine. Have you no thoughts of finiſhing the hiſtory of Joſephus? We read much ſmaller things of a ſerious kind, as pieces of level; and are equally entertained with fable and with hiſtory. We are ſo deeply engaged in theſe amuſements, that we have ſcarce leiſure for any thing beſides. They pity us at Paris; they think us confined to a fire-ſide by the inclemency of the ſeaſon, and languiſhing under a famine of diverſions. Alas! my dear, I walk abroad; I find a thouſand amuſements; the woods have nothing wild or inhoſpitable. It is not for paſſing my time here rather than at Paris that I am to be lamented.

M. de Coulanges has great hopes, from a converſation his wife had with M. de Louvois. If they had the intendancy of Lyons, as their father-in-law had, it would be an excellent thing. It is pleaſant to ſee the world! All of them firmly believing there is no happineſs out of Paris, and yet labouring to eſtabliſh themſelves at a hundred leagues diſtance from it.

it. I cannot comprehend the new passion of Charmant; it is not to be imagined that he can find more than one subject of conversation to entertain a mistress of so low a taste, as Madame de ——— said very well. They say her husband has forbid her any other company but that of Madame d'Armagnac. This strikes my imagination in the same manner as I am apt to think it will yours, my dear; I fancy I see this ancient Medea armed with her wand, and dispersing at her pleasure all those airy phantoms, the gallants. They say that M. de la Trousse has formed a design upon la Maison; but I do not know whether he has yet obtained his liberty. I should sing the reverse of the song of the last year:

*La Trousse est vainqueur de Brancas,*
*Testu ne lui resiste pas,*
*De lui seul Coulanges est content,*
*Que chacun chante* *.

But I sing this only between you and me, my dear; I know that in other company I must change my tone; you are trusty and discreet.

The length of our answers gives us terrible apprehensions; it makes us comprehend the vast distance there is between us. Alas! my dear, how sensible I am of it; and how much melancholy does it give me! Were it not for this, should I not be too happy in having such a son with me? He will tell you himself how unhappy he is in being at such a distance from you. Adieu, my dearest. Write to me of your health and your beauty; every thing of this kind delights me. I have my health as well as you can desire. I expected your brother, but he is not returned. He is but a tender creature yet. If he should marry, while he is upon this little expedition! But I am well assured they detain him upon no serious design; if he diverts himself there, it is well. Adieu, my dearest. Does M. de Grignan salute me?

* La Trousse has conquered Brancas; Testu is not able to resist him; Coulanges is satisfied with him alone. Let every one sing his victories.

Letter 40. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Jan. 5, 1676.

HERE they are both of them, my dear, and they are both very heartily welcome. I never yet received three of them at a time; I should have been quite out of patience, because I must have waited for them twelve days; I think it too much to wait eight. As to my being fatigued with so much reading, it is impossible your style should ever cloy; I should defy even you, who piques yourself upon such an extreme delicacy and inapplication, as renders it difficult for the most artful writer to engage your attention, to forbear to read even with eagerness the least part of such letters as yours. This is a pleasure you have no possibility of experiencing, and which I have dearly purchased. I would not advise M. de Grignan to envy it me.

You have much obliged me by explaining to me the reasons of your going to Lambesc; I should not have failed to have asked with surprise and concern, what urgent affair could have drawn her thither? I think the little uneasiness of your having a wry neck was well recompensed by its excusing you from the fatigue of dining with such a crowd as you have escaped by it; you did very well in leaving your herd to feed by themselves,

I sha

I ſhall never forget the aſtoniſhment I was nder at a midnight maſs, when I heard one f our profane airs ſung as a part of that re- gious ceremony; this novelty ſurpriſed me xtremely.

I ſuppoſe you have by this time read the ſſays on Morality. Tell me, are you pleaſed ith them? Joſephus is one of the nobleſt iſtorians one can read: You muſt confeſs here is a grandeur and a dignity in his hiſ- ory, which you can find in no other. If you ntertained me more with yourſelf, and your nanner of employing your time, I ſhould ave leſs to ſay of my own amuſements, and ur correſpondence would be more agreeable. etween friends who entirely love each other, nd intereſt themſelves much in each other's houghts, nothing is more pleaſing than the utual entertainment of ſpeaking of them- lves. We ſhould even retrench much from ur accounts of things foreign to us, and en- arge the more on the delightful hiſtory of urſelves, in order to make our converſations greeable to thoſe who are moſt intimately ndeared to us. You may have ſeen, by what ny ſon has ſaid of her in his letter, that the amſel we are ſo familiarly acquainted with ives entirely into this opinion; ſhe agreeably nſtructs us in all the particularities relating her perſon which we can have the leaſt uriofity to know.

It would be well if our ſoldiers here were ke your Cordeliers; they only amuſe them- lves with ſtealing and plundering; the other ay they were for making the experiment of utting a young child upon the ſpit; it would endleſs to relate their other diſorders. M Chaulnes wrote to me, that he deſired to ake me a viſit; I very graciouſly deſired m not to give himſelf that trouble, and ankly told him I renounced the honour for the ſake of the embarraſſment it would occa- ſion, ſince I could not receive him here with ſo much eaſe as at Paris.

You have ſeen my letter of conſolation to B———; you paint him to me ſo very na- turally, that I ſtill fancy his very thoughts are viſible to me, if that be poſſible, for I own there is a great obſcurity in his words.

You tell me very ſeriouſly, ſpeaking of my letter, that your father and I were not at all akin to each other: I deſire to know how he was allied to you in your opinion? If you do not anſwer me to this queſtion, I will aſk the little damſel who is with us: Perhaps ſhe may reſolve this difficulty as readily as ſhe determined that concerning the day after Eaſter-eve. We are ſo much [illegible] her ingenuity, that Mademoiſelle du Pleſſis is almoſt dying for jealouſy of her. She is ſo- licitous to inquire of all the family how I treat her; and there are none of them to whom it is not a piece of diverſion to ſtab her to the heart, by giving her repeated inſtances of my fondneſs for this little rival of hers. One tells her that I love her as well as I do my daughter; another, that I make her lie with me, which would certainly be a great mark of my tenderneſs for her; another ſays, that I intend to carry her along with me to Paris, that I kiſs her, that I doat on her, that my uncle the Abbé will give her ten thouſand livres, and that, if ſhe had but twenty thouſand crowns, I ſhould certainly marry her to my ſon: In a word, there are ſuch fooleries of this kind, and they are ſo much the ſubject of diſcourſe among my do- meſtics, that we are frequently conſtrained to laugh at the variety of tales they create. In the mean time, while we are diverting our- ſelves, poor du Pleſſis is dying with envy. But the pleaſanteſt thing of all is, that you

ſhould

should know her so well, and reason so justly, when you observe upon her, that if her age leaves her upon my approach, she certainly counterfeits it; however, she has been teased so much, that I believe we shall give it her in good earnest. This family is certainly destined to divert us. Did I never tell you, how her father kept us in a continual laugh for six weeks together? My son begins to comprehend that this neighbourhood makes the greatest beauty of Rochers.

I think there is something very pleasant in the rendezvous of your traveller with M. Devergues. Their arrival on the same day at the Cape of Good Hope, seems to have fallen out as exactly as if they had agreed to meet on the plain at a certain hour, in order to a hunting-match. You cannot doubt of the pleasure it would be to me to converse with this gentleman from the Indies, if you remember how much I have importuned you to read Herrera, which I have read with great delight. If you have as much leisure and application as I have, this Spanish history would furnish an entertainment worthy of you.

Our good friend d'Agueville passes to and fro between Paris and St. Germain without ceasing, for the sake of our affairs; were it not for this, we should scarce pardon him for the tedious letters he favours us with. I confess to you, that passage you speak to me of, has a little too much repetition; but you will pardon my curiosity which begun it, and my pen continued it; for I assure you the pen has often a great part in that endless flow of words with which our letters are filled. To begin the year, I wish that mine may be as pleasing to you, as yours are agreeable to me.

The good princess still loves me; she has been a little indisposed, and has invented a kind of machine to make her sweat, which the sovereign remedy she uses in all her distempers. The late Comte de Lude said, he had never had any illness in which he was not relieved by sweating. It is M. de Chetin's remedy for all bodily pains; and if I had a wry neck, and made use of the princess's remedy, you would be surprised to hear that I was under the archet. The princess always speaks wonders of you: She knows you, and esteems you. For my part, I believe that, according to the ancient doctrine of the transmigration of souls, your last stage of life was in Germany: You was, doubtless, that King of Sweden who was formerly one of her lovers; and from thence she has derived those impressions of esteem and affection she has for you. Adieu, my dear; all of our family salute yours. But here comes your brother.

Letter 41. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Friday, April 10, 1676.

THE more I think on it, my dear, the more I am against your making me a visit only for a fortnight. If you come to Vichy or to Bourbon, it ought to be in order to come on hither, and be with me, and we will pass the remainder of the summer and the autumn there. You shall govern me, and M. de Grignan shall come and see you in the winter, and dispose of you in his turn as he thinks proper. It is thus you ought to visit a mother, it is thus you ought to comfort her, after she has suffered a painful illness, and a thousand other incommodities, and lost the flattering imagination of being immortal. At present she begins to feel some little doubts, and is mortified to such a degree as to believe that she may one day pass like others in the bark of Charon, and that she is not exempted from

his jurisdiction. My son is going away; I am very melancholy upon it, and feel a sensible grief from this separation. We see nothing at Paris but equipages preparing for the campaign; the complaints of the necessity of parting from hence are greater than ordinary, but I believe none will stay behind any more now than in other years. You see that my hand-writing begins to return to its usual form: I reckon the cure of my hand chiefly to consist in that; it well knows that I will excuse it for some time from any other exercise. I cannot yet lift any thing with it; a spoon seems a ponderous machine. I am still forced to submit to such regulations as are very troublesome and mortifying; but I complain of nothing, since I write to you. The Dutchess de Sault visits me like one of my ancient friends; I seem to be agreeable to her. She came twice with Madame de Brissac. What a contrast is there between these two characters! the first of them would certainly please you. My hand desires to repose itself; I owe it this complaisance, for that it has had for me.

*Continued by M. de Sevigné.*

*Je vais partir de cette ville,*
*Je m'en vais Mecredi, tout droit a Charleville:*
*Malgre le chagrin, qui m'attend* *.

I did not think it proper to finish the parody of this stanza, because all my history is comprehended in three lines. You cannot conceive the joy it gives me, to see my mother so well recovered. I still insist on it, that you ought to come and see her at Bourbon; you may return hither with her, and stay here. till M. de Grignan returns to give a new lustre to your beauties, and make you appear in the language of Castille,

*La gala del pueblo,*
*La flor del Avril* †.

If you follow my advice, you will be happier than I am; you will see my mother, without feeling the pain of parting from her, in two or three days, a pain that is usually accompanied with other uneasinesses easy to be imagined. I am still a guidon, an eternal guidon, a guidon with a grey beard: What comforts me is, that all things in this world have an end, and there is no probability that this only is excepted from the general rule. Adieu, my dear sister; wish me a happy voyage. I fear the interested soul of M. de Grignan will forbid you to make so kind a wish.

*Concluded by Madame de Sevigné.*

Adieu, my dear: I embrace the Comte, and conjure him to enter into my interests, and my tender sentiments.

Letter 42. *The same to the same.*

Moulines, Thursday, June 18, 1676.

SINCE, my dear, you will have me write to you from a place more remote, and the fatigue of returning an answer in four days incommodes you; alas! I am removing to a greater distance from you: But it will not be without reluctance, nor without making all the reflections we have already made on the laws we impose on ourselves, and the pains we suffer, by preferring so often our duty to our inclination. I am going to give you a good example of it. To alleviate this sor-

* I am leaving this town; I shall set out on Wednesday for Charleville, in spite of all the vexations that attend me there.

† The pride of the village, the flower of April.

row,

row, I confess, my dear, that I carry with me the hopes of seeing you this winter.

Ruiter is dead; I leave to the Hollanders the care of regretting him. You seem to be the more at liberty to quit your province: I believe, therefore, that you will give me this proof of your amity, which I believe to be hearty and sincere, and it would be a little too unkind to refuse me this mark of it.

I parted yesterday from Langlar: The Princess de Tarante had sent a servant, to tell me that she should be here on Tuesday the 16th. Bayard, with his perfect wisdom, would not comprehend the necessity of her parting from thence so soon; he detained the servant, and assured me, she would expect me there till Wednesday, which was yesterday, and that he would attend me thither. I put myself under his conduct; we arrived here yesterday; the princess was gone from hence by the break of day, and had written to me all the lamentations of Jeremiah. She is returned to Vitré, and is inconsolable: She says, she should have been contented if she could but have spoke with me. I was very much vexed at this unlucky disappointment. I could have beat Bayard; and you know all that one says upon such occasions.

We lodged at Madame de Fouquet's: A very pretty woman of her acquaintance came to do the honours of her house. These poor ladies are at Pommé, in a little house which they have bought, where we are to visit them this afternoon. I shall write to you from Pommé some notable particulars which will surprise you, concerning Madame de Montespan: And what you will like best in them is, that they are truths, and very mysterious truths. Bayard makes one of the company in this voyage; he is a perfect d'Agueville for his probity and good advices; but he has little of the agreeable talent of improving the mirth and good humour of the company. He has a high esteem for you, and begs your permission to express it to you in favour of the amity he has for me.

If you receive an answer from M. de Lorge to resolve this question, whether one is pleased when one is contented? I beg you to communicate it to me. In the mean time, I will give you my opinion of it, that this gentleman has obtained by his moderation what the other will perhaps never obtain by all the favours of fortune: He is easy, because he is contented; and he is contented, because he has a mind rightly turned.

You said a great many pleasant things to me some time since upon Rochefort, who had desired and obtained; and all that he desired was, not to die so soon. You asked me the other day whether it was true that the Dutchess de Sault had the behaviour of a page? No; she has not all the pertness and wantonness of a page; but it is true that she is so well pleased not to be at M———, and no longer to languish in that dull manner of life with her mother; and she finds it so much more agreeable to be Dutchess de Sault, that, in the proper sense of the Italian phrase, *non può capire*, she is not able to contain herself. She is extremely pleased with being contented; and this diffuses through all her actions a joy which is a little excessive, and which is no longer fashionable at court, where all have their tribulations, and mirth has been banished for several years. As for her person, she would please you even were she less beautiful; because she is perfectly well shaped, and has a very graceful manner.

I am still in pain about the Cardinal de Retz; he conceals from me the most dangerous symptoms of his indisposition, because he knows

knows the concern they give me; but I very much dislike the continuance of that head-ach. I am extremely well; I expect from the warm weather the liberty of using my hands; they serve me almost as well as if they had no remains of this weakness. I find the power of closing my hand to be by no means necessary. To what purpose would it serve me? It is a satisfaction merely visionary, when there is nobody by whose hand I should desire to press. This is only a little remembrance of that terrible distemper, which I respect so much, and the name of which makes me tremble. In a word, my good angel, be no longer in pain about me; what remains for my consolation depends on you. I shall write you another letter from hence, which I give you notice of, and which you will be pleased with. I embrace you with the last tenderness. I salute M. de Grignan.

Letter 43. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, June 25, 1667.

M. DE LOUVOIS is gone from hence to discover the intentions of the enemy: It is thought they have an intention upon Maestricht. The prince does not believe it: He has had long conferences with the king; it has been said that he would be sent, but he came to offer himself, and to be desired. They wait for couriers from M. de Louvois. M. de Luxembourg believes he shall not be engaged in any action, but only be a spectator of the taking of Philipsbourg. I hope we shall not see Maestricht taken; the prince says, that we shall take another place for it, and it will be only like taking one piece for another at a game of chess. There was a fool, an age or two since, who used to say in such cases, Exchange your towns by consent, and you will save a great many of your men on both sides. I think there was a great deal of wisdom in this proposal. I believe the Hollanders regret the hero they have lost; they cannot easily find another to supply his place.

My niece de Bussy, I should have said de Coligny, is a widow: Her husband died in the army of M. de Schomberg. This afflicted lady has not the least affliction: She says that she had been very much a stranger to her husband, and that she had always wished herself a widow. He has left her all his estate, so that she has a revenue of fifteen or sixteen thousand livres. She has been breeding almost nine months: Consider whether it will not be proper for you to write a line or two in favour of this new branch of the family of the Rabutins, which is so soon expected.

You have reason to confide in Corbinelli, as to his amity for me, and his care of my health; he acquits himself perfectly well in both respects; and besides all this, he adores you. It is true, that he treats only of little subjects, though in a very easy manner, in his pieces of poesy, which I have sent you: But he pretends, that in this he imitates the ancients, who frequently employed the harmonious cadence of verse to create attention to agreeable trifles. He has written an epistle against excessive gaming, which raises our indignation to the highest pitch against this fashionable vice. He is transported at your return; your presence will be every way advantageous to him. He is really very amusing; for he has always something new in his head.

Villabrune has told me, that his powder raises the dead: It is true, that we have seen very surprising effects of it. Every one may judge of him as they please; he is a man who may be considered in more different lights than most others.

Letter

Letter 44. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, July 8, 1676.

YOU say very justly, my dear, that the sentiment of tenderness which prevails with you to resolve to come to me immediately, if I desire it, discovers your heart to me more advantageously than all the finest words in the world. I own it; and I cannot express to you, my dear, how much mine is touched with it. But as you have assigned to it, as its counsellor, the prudence of M. d'Agueville, and have entrusted it with such a limited power as sovereigns usually commit to regents, who can do nothing but by the advice of their council; you have given me a master by giving me an adviser. And as I persuade myself that you perfectly know my sentiments for you, and the extreme pleasure the sight of you would give me, I will freely tell you my opinion, that we think the fatigue will be extreme, if you should come while the heats continue. And what necessity is there for all this precipitation, since my health is much better than it has been? I walk, I eat, my hand only a little incommodes me; so that I am very well in a condition to wait for the month of September; at which time M. de Grignan will be preparing for the assembly, and, as we judge, all the considerations of tenderness, of convenience, and of decency, ought to engage you to come and see me. This is what that prudence, which you have assigned to me as a directress, orders me to write to you: We only desire of you, my dear, not to fail of complying with its injunctions when that time comes. My health is better than you imagine, but it is not yet so well established as not to need this last remedy. It will then be the part of M. de Grignan to come to you; he certainly will not fail to do it.

I have received your letter of the first of July: You seem to be still in pain about my health; your amity gives you inquietudes which I no longer merit. It is true, that I cannot yet close my hands, but I can move them, and employ them in every thing I have occasion for; and in my esteem I merit very little in bearing with patience this light inconvenience. I walk very well, even better than I used to do, for I have lost some of my fat; I should be very unwilling to recover it: I have an ambition to be seen by you, while I retain the tolerable shape I am reduced to at present. You complain, my dear, that I do not sufficiently make myself the subject of my letters; I believe I have now sufficiently supplied that defect; and you will have no occasion to trouble Corbinelli with any inquiries relating to me. He is frequently with me and la Mousse, and their conversations very much turn on the philosophy of Descartes. They have undertaken to make me capable of understanding their discourses on these abstruse subjects: I please myself much with the thoughts of attaining this imaginary accomplishment, that I may not be excluded from the pleasure of bearing some part in the learned conversations I foresee you will have with them. I tell them I am desirous to know a little of this philosophy, for the same reason that induced me to learn ombre, not for the sake of playing, but of looking on. Corbinelli is much pleased with the notion of those two different kind of wills which we experience in ourselves, without being obliged to have recourse to any foreign principle to account for them.

Adieu, my dear: I am much delighted with the distant hope of seeing and embracing you.

you. Madame d'Opede is come to take her leave of me in a very civil manner. She tells me, with an air of great modesty, that in Provence you may not perhaps meet with much more agreeable company than herself, and that she shall think herself happy if she can enter into your taste of conversation, and contribute any thing to your diversion. I wish it may prove so, both for your sake and hers; and I fancy it ought to prove so.

Letter 45. *The same to the same.*

Paris, July 29, 1676.

WE have here a change of the scene, which will appear as agreeable to you as it does to all the world. I was on Saturday at Versailles with the Villars's: The manner of their passing their time there I shall describe. You know the ceremony of attending on the queen at her toilette, at mass, and dinner: But there is now no necessity of being stifled with the heat, and with the crowd, while their Majesties dine; for at three, the king and the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Madame de Montespan and all her train, all the courtiers, and all the ladies; in a word, the whole court of France retire to that fine apartment of the king's which you know. It is furnished with the utmost magnificence; we do not know there what it is to be incommoded with heat; we pass from one place to another without being in the least crowded: A game at *reverysis* gives form to the assembly, and fixes every thing. The king and Madame de Montespan keep bank together. Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubize; Dangeau, and Langlé, with their companies, are at different tables. The carpets are covered with heaps of a thousand louis d'ors; they use no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and admired how awkward others appeared in comparison of him. He thinks of nothing but his play, though he scarce seems to attend to it; he gains, where others lose; he neglects nothing; he takes every advantage; nothing gives him the least distraction of thought; in a word, his good conduct defies fortune. He had the complaisance to say that I was a partner with him in the bank, by which means I was seated very commodiously. I bowed to the king in the manner you taught me; and he returned my salutation, as if I had been young and handsome. The queen talked to me of my malady, nor did she leave you unmentioned. Monsieur the Duke made me a thousand of those caresses which he bestows so liberally, without minding what he does. M. de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; and in short, *tutti quanti* *. You know what it is to receive a little compliment from every one who passes by you. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and desired me to tell her how I liked Vichy, and whether I had found any benefit there. She said that Bourbon, instead of removing a pain from her knee, had given her the tooth-ach. Her beauty and her shape are really surprising; she is become more slender by half than she was, and yet neither her eyes, her lips, or her complexion are the less fine. She was dressed in French point; her hair fell in a thousand curls very low upon her cheeks; she wore on her head black rubans, and her hair was braided with the pearls which once belonged to the Marechale de l'Hospital; she had pendants of diamonds of a great value. In a word, she appeared a triumphant beauty,

* All the company.

worthy

worthy to raiſe the admiration of all the foreign ambaſſadors. The magnificence of the court is beyond imagination. This agreeable confuſion without confuſion, compoſed of the choiceſt of whatever has a power to charm the imagination, continues from three till ſix. If any couriers arrive, the king retires to read his letters, and returns to the aſſembly. There is always muſic, of a ſoft and delicate kind, to which he ſometimes liſtens, and which has an admirable effect: In the mean time he rallies with the ladies who are accuſtomed to have that honour. They leave play at the hour I mentioned, without the trouble of accounting, becauſe they uſe no marks or counters. The *poules* are of five, ſix, or ſeven hundred, or ſometimes of a thouſand or twelve hundred louis d'ors. Their play gives no interruption to their converſation; they talk continually, and even of their games. Dangeau is pleaſed with this tittle-tattle; he diſcovers the cards they have in their hands, he draws his conſequences, he is directed in his play by their indiſcretion: I obſerved with pleaſure his exceſſive ſkilfulneſs and dexterity. He may certainly boaſt, if any one in the court can, that he knows the inſide of the cards, and makes his advantage of that knowledge.

At ſix they take the air in chariots. The king and Madame de Monteſpan; the prince and Madame de Thiange, and Mademoiſelle d'Hudicour upon the little ſeat before, which ſeems to her a place in paradiſe. You know how theſe chariots are made; they do not ſit face to face in them, but all look the ſame way. The queen was in another with the princeſſes: The whole court followed in different equipages according to their different fancies. They went afterwards in gondolas upon the canal, where there was muſic: At ten the comedy began, and at twelve the concluded the day with the Spaniſh entertainment of *media noche*. Thus they paſſed th Saturday: But we came from thence in th afternoon. If I ſhould tell you how man talked to me of you, how many inquired afte you, how many aſked me queſtions, withou waiting for any anſwers, how many I neglect ed to anſwer, how little they cared, and ho much leſs I did, you would own that I ha given you a very natural deſcription of *Vin qua corte*, the inhuman court, which is peo pled by a very polite kind of ſavages: How ever, it never was ſo agreeable; every o wiſhes it may continue. M. de Nevers is th gayeſt creature in the world; his wife lov him paſſionately. Madame de Thiange is more regular beauty than her ſiſter. M. d Maine is incomparable; the wit he has aſtoniſhing; the things he ſays are beyo imagination. The prince made a viſit t other day to Madame de la Fayette: T prince,

*A la cui ſpada ogni vittoria è certa* *.

How is it poſſible not to be proud of ſuch compliment, eſpecially ſince he is not inclin to obtrude his civilities on the ladies, but ways pays them with a juſt diſtinction?

Rambure was killed by one of his ſoldie who was diſcharging his muſket very in cently. The ſiege of Aire continues. T army of Schomberg is in full ſecurity: T little vain-glorious hero languiſhes in a fi of inaction as well as others. He may p haps be uneaſy under it; but if he be a bitious of a wound or a contuſion, he m give it himſelf. Theſe, my dear, are v particular accounts; you will either be m

* Whoſe ſword is ſtill aſſured of victory.

tired or much amuſed by them, for they can not be indifferent to you. I wiſh you may be in the humour you are in ſometimes, when you ſay, "Why will you not talk to me? Well! I wonder at my mother, who would rather die than ſay one ſingle word to me." If you are not contented now, I am ſure it is not my fault, any more than that you are not contented with the death of Ruſer.

There are paſſages in your letters that are excellent. You think that I have always a fancy to ſpeak wonders of the grand-maitre: I do not deny it abſolutely; but I thought you would have taken it for raillery upon him, when I told you the deſire he has to become a marſhal of France, and to enjoy that dignity in its ancient lustre. But you ſeem inclined to oppoſe whatever I ſay on this ſubject. The world is extremely partial: Its partiality has appeared even in the caſe of la Brinviliers. Never were ſuch horrid crimes treated ſo favourably: She was not put to the queſtion; they even gave her hopes of a pardon, and ſuch hopes, that ſhe did not expect to die; nay, even when ſhe was mounting the ſcaffold, ſhe aſked, whether it was in earneſt? At length her aſhes are diſperſed by the wind: Her confeſſor ſays ſhe is a ſaint. The firſt preſident had made choice of his doctor, as a perſon very proper to attend her; but he was deceived by the perſons who were intereſted in it; it was the very ſame they had pitched upon. Have you never obſerved thoſe who play tricks with cards? They ſhuffle the cards inceſſantly, and bid you take whatever card you pleaſe; they would have you think it is indifferent to them; you take a card, and think it to be your own choice, but find it to be precisely the ſame they deſigned you ſhould take. This comparison is perfectly juſt. The Marſhal de Villeroi ſaid the other day, that Penautier would be ruined by this affair; the Marſhal de Grammont replied, that he might ſave the expence of keeping a table. The converſation between theſe two great men might furniſh a pretty ſubject for an epigram. I ſuppoſe you know, that it is believed that a hundred thouſand crowns have been diſperſed in proper hands to facilitate every thing: Innocence ſeldom makes ſuch profuſions. Nothing can be pleaſanter than all that you have ſaid of this horrible woman. I believe you may be eaſy, for it is not poſſible ſhe can be in paradiſe; a ſoul ſo deeply ſtained with guilt muſt ſure be ſeparated from others. We are entirely of your opinion, that it is far better to aſſaſſinate. This is a mere trifle in comparison of being eight months in killing one's father, and in the mean time of receiving his complaints and careſſes; to which this pious daughter anſwered only by redoubling the doſe. Adieu, my deareſt, my moſt beloved: You intreat me to love you; I willingly conſent to it; it ſhall not be ſaid, that I refuſe you any thing.

Letter 46. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livré, Auguſt 28, 1676.

I ASK pardon of my dear country, but I heartily wiſh that M. de Schomberg may not have an opportunity to engage in any action: His reſerved manner, ſo oppoſite to that of M. de Luxembourg, makes me fear that he will proceed in a different way. I have juſt written a billet to Madame de Schomberg, to learn what news I can of him. She is a lady of great merit, but of a ſhy reſerved temper, whom I have brought to my lure. She is very fond of Corbinelli: As her mind had never before been tinctured with any kind of philo-

philosophy, the novelty she finds in his conversation makes it extremely agreeable to her.

I am reading the allegories of the holy scriptures, which take their rise from Adam. I begun with the creation of the world, the description of which you so much admire. From thence the thread of this allegorical history is continued till after the death of our Lord. It is a wonderful train of great events, carried on through a succession of so many ages. Every thing of moment is contained in it, though in a concise manner. The style is very beautiful, and comes from a good hand; the reflections of the fathers are interspersed in it with very good judgment; and the reader is much engaged by it. For my part, I am for carrying the doctrine of free-will farther than the jesuits; and considering the frequent reproaches of their ingratitude, and the severe punishments with which God afflicts his people, I am persuaded that we have our liberty entire; and that consequently we are extremely culpable, and deserve too well the deluges and conflagrations which God makes use of according to his good pleasure. In my opinion, the jesuits do not plainly enough assert this principle; and several others give occasion to murmur against the justice of God, either by wholly depriving us of the liberty of the will, or by weakening it to such a degree, that it no longer deserves that name. These, my dear, are the fruits of my reading.

I believe that Madame de Rochebonne is with you at present, and I embrace her. Is she pleased to be in the seat of her ancestors, and to see her nephews and Paulin *? Is it true that they give her the title of Mademoiselle de Mazargues? I should be sorry to be wanting in the respect I owe her. And the little Grignan of eight months: Does he promise to live a hundred years? I am so often at Grignan, that I fancy you must sometimes see me among you. It would be a fine thing, if we could transport ourselves in a moment to the places where our thoughts are. I know no news, as you may perceive. My letter smells of the solitude of this romantic forest; but in this solitude you are perfectly beloved.

* The daughter of Madame de Grignan.

Letter 47. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Vichy, September 13, 1676.

I APPREHENDED nothing, my dear, and you have had a sore throat. If we made a scruple of admitting any diversion, when we ought not, the surest way would be to be always under inquietude: But we too easily open our hearts to joy, and to a confidence of believing that all is well with those we love; and we do not comprehend in our idea of absence all other evils. It was not Vardes who told me of your distemper; it was a gentleman who came from Provence, who told it to a brother of Mademoiselle de l'Estrange; at the same time assuring him that you was cured of it. Vardes arrived the same day, and assured me that you was entirely free from it, but only you was grown much thinner. If you do not follow the advice of Mr. de Gussony, in order to recover the full vigour of health, you will fall into a weakness and a delicacy of constitution, which scarce deserves the name of life. Poor Vardes has put an end to all my inquietude on this account, by repeating to me, in all the different tones of voice which express the strongest assurance, that your complexion is return-

o its true luſtre, without the leaſt mark of having been at all impaired. He believes hat he is very well with you, and is much ranſported at it. I exhort you, my dear, o reſpect his misfortune. He has been received here in the kindeſt manner: He was much tempted to ſtay with us, and was perſuaded, that the waters and the company were more proper for him than thoſe of Bourbon; but M. de Champlaſtreux, out of a ridiculous piece of politics, made him continue his journey almoſt by force. We believe it was out of jealouſy; for no gardener's dog was ever ſo malicious as he. His court s overgrown with thorns; the ſight of it made us laugh heartily. Poor Cheſiére had old me of it a thouſand times; as I can carce yet perſuade myſelf that he is dead, I ave ſtill, methinks, an inclination to tell im that I found it anſwering exactly to his eſcription.

Vardes was extremely agreeable to Termes, nd Termes was not leſs ſo to Vardes; they ere both equally ſtruck with the appearance f each other, and a favourable impreſſion as mutually given and received. The conſciouſneſs of pleaſing, which they both felt ike, made each of them pleaſe the more. ſhould have been very glad if Vardes had aid here: We ſhould have had Corbinelli ere with him.

You will eaſily comprehend how great a nſolation I ſhould have found in having you re; I well perceive your ſentiments upon : But his too great prudence has prevented Is not this viſible, by its having broken our meaſures? His deſign is, that you ould come this winter, and that we ſhould in the ſame houſe together: I fancy this ll be a great convenience to us both, and reat deal of pains will be ſpared in ſearching after one another; we ſhall have our morning and evening hours when we lodge together, which it would otherwiſe be impoſſible for us to fill up, when they are broken in upon by viſits. If I am under a miſtake, and you have a houſe to yourſelf, I will conform myſelf to your deſigns; I will enter into your ſentiments; I will make it a pleaſure to myſelf to be directed by your will; you will make me change my opinion; I ſhall imagine there was ſome inconvenience in what I thought ſo commodious; for above all things I ſtudy your contentment, and when you are pleaſed, I ſhall be ſo.

Adieu, my dear. I beg you to embrace me, and inform me of your health. We have here agreeable company, fine weather, and a delightful country. We make frequent viſits and entertainments. Here are two or three monks who ſet up for men of taſte and politeneſs: I ſhould be pleaſed to ſee them handſomely expoſed by Corbinelli.

Maimberg is an impertinent writer; there is always the mark of the workman in all his pieces. What a ridiculous thought is this; He will have it, that a Turk was puniſhed by a juſt judgment from Heaven, for not having paid his devotions to the Virgin.

### Letter 48. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Paris, November 18, 1676.

I HAVE been here, my dear, ever ſince Sunday; my deſign was to go to Saint Germain to ſpeak to M. Colbert about your penſion; I was very well accompanied thither. M. de Saint-Geran, M. d'Agueville, and ſeveral others, congratulated me before-hand on the favour I was going to receive. Accordingly, I ſpoke to him of this penſion; I touched a little on the continual occupations

M. de Grignan has been engaged in, and the zeal he has shown for the service of the king; I enlarged a little more on the great expence he has been obliged to, which permits him to neglect nothing in order to support it; I concluded, that it was not without great reluctance that M. de Grignan and I importuned him on this affair. All this was said shorter, and put together in a handsomer manner: I shall have very little trouble in telling you the answer, "Madame, I will take care of it." He re-conducted me to the door, and there was an end of this expedition. I fear my visit will not do you much service; but it is certain, that nobody is yet paid.

The peace between Poland and the Turk has been concluded in a very romantic manner. The hero, at the head of fifteen thousand men, surrounded with two hundred thousand, has forced them, with sword in hand, to sign the treaty. He was encamped in so advantageous a manner, that a like instance of military skill has not been seen since the days of Calprenede *. M. de Beauvais † has sent word, that he met with great difficulties in making this peace; he pants for breath, he wipes his forehead, like the doctor in the comedy, who had taken so much pains to teach the woman to speak who was not dumb. Who would suspect a great politician of so much vanity!

Dangeau has had the ambition to make a present, as well as Langlée. He has begun with stocking the menagerie at Clagny. In order to this, he has made a collection, which cost him two thousand crowns, of the most passionate turtles, the fattest swine, the most beautiful heifers, the most innocent and sportive lambkins, the sheep which would make the prettiest appearance in pastoral, and the birds who have the finest voices, and are most skilful in the music of the woods. He made a review yesterday of this equipage, which appeared like that of Jacob, in the landscape which hangs in your cabinet at Grignan. My dear, I send you my thanks for all the joy you give me, by the hopes of your speedy return; and I embrace M. de Grignan.

* The author of the romance of Cleopatra.

† Since Cardinal de Jansen, at that time ambassador in Poland.

Letter 49. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Dec. 20, 1676.

I DID yesterday, my dear, one of the things you desire me to do; I took the remedies prescribed to me; I saw very little company. One of those who were admitted was M. du Coudrai; we had a very pleasant conversation. I extremely like his wit, and his manner of conversing, which has an agreeable imitation of rusticity, and yet is perfectly polite. I demanded a permission to-day, of the medicine which had confined me the day before, to pay a visit to M. de Pompone: It was permitted. It was a great while since I had seen him. We talked much of you; and of the agreeable manner in which you had charmed M. du Coudrai, who was with us, without giving him the pain of our sigh for your absence.

I have always a violent inclination to laugh whenever you say any thing of that honest gentleman du Parc. I think there is nothing so pleasant as to see him stand alone in the persuasion that he works miracles: I am perfectly of your opinion, that it would be the greatest miracle in the world, if he could persuade you of it. M. du Maine is certainly a pr

a prodigy of wit; and besides, no significant tone of voice, no gracefulness of gesture, is wanting to show it in the best light. He is fallen into the fashionable humour of attacking M. de Montausier, and rallying him. He spied him the other day, passing under his window, and waving a wand in the air: He called out to him, Ho! M. de Montausier, what, never without an ensign of authority in your hand! Imagine to yourself his expressive action, his lively manner of speaking, and all that energy of thought and reflection visible in his looks; you will find few who discover so much penetration at the age of six years. He says a thousand things with the same uncommon strength of fancy, and quickness of apprehension.

I pass here for a person of great intelligence, by making the best use I can of the news of the sea-fight which you have furnished me with. As we have already wept for the Chevalier Tamboneau, when he was killed once before, I think my debt of sorrow to him is already paid.

Adieu, my dearest: If I had as much merit in other respects, as in that of loving you, I should deserve to be adored.

Letter 50. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Tuesday night, Aug. 10. 1677.

YOU shall have no cause to complain of me, my dear, that I have written nothing to you to-day. The news of the siege of Charleroy makes all the young men hasten thither, and even those who are lame. My son, though he is scarce able to limp, sets out tomorrow in a post-chaise, without any equipage. All those who say he is under no obligation to go thither, would think it very strange if he should stay behind. Every one ought to judge by his own heart what is his duty: We deserve little praise, when we owe to any but ourselves the resolution to act as we ought. But do you know who are those that are gone to this siege? There is the Duke de Lesdiguiéres, the Marquis de Cœvr s, d'Angeau, la Fare, yes, la Fare himself, d'Elbœuf, M. de Marsan, the little Villarceau; in a word, *tutti quanti*. I had forgot M. de Louvois, who set out on Saturday. Many are of opinion, that after all this martial heat and hurry, this will end in nothing but the delay, that is, in effect, the total disappointment of the intended tour to Fontainbleau.

M. de Vins has thrown himself with his troops into Charleroy; by which means, together with the army of M. de Luxembourg reinforced with several garrisons, and in a readiness to succour it, it is so well secured, that most people are persuaded that the Prince of Orange will not undertake the siege. Do not you remember a like piece of news, upon which we wrote a whole chapter of lamentations from Lambesc, which was not received till five or six days after the siege was raised? Perhaps this time they may be more civil, and content themselves with only having invested it.

I must acquaint you with a death that will surprise you; it is the death of poor Madame du Plessis Guenegaut. My dear, she never read your little letter. She fell sick the last week; she had three successive attacks of a fever, and at last she grew delirious. An emetic, which ought to have been given her, was neglected; a neglect, for which no other excuse can be made, but only, that it was the will of Providence. This night, which was the seventh, she died, in a state of insensibility. I was surprised this morning, and much concerned, at this unfortunate news; so many affecting circumstances crowded into my memory, that I wept heartily. I was not of the number of her friends, otherwise than by the

force of reverberation; by which elegant term you used to express that reflected heat which gives us, as it were, a secondary friendship for those who are loved and esteemed by our friends. By seeing each other's character thus represented, as it were in a mirror, by our common friends, we became mutually agreeable; and I believe few of her own friends felt a truer concern for her than I did. I paid a visit to her family, but they admitted no company. I was desirous to have performed the common ceremony of sprinkling on her a little consecrated water, and to have spent a solemn hour in meditating on her life and death; but it was not thought proper. Upon this, I went to Madame de la Fayette's, where we discoursed awhile on this melancholy subject. Her misfortunes, towards the latter end of her life, were without number. She had obtained a decree in her favour, and M. Poncet, out of mere barbarity, refused to sign it, till some little formalities of no manner of consequence were adjusted. This unjust delay made such an impression on her, that she returned home grieved and disheartened, and fell sick of a fever; the consequence you already know. In the common way of speaking, M. Poncet may be said to have been the author of her death; not that the physicians are to be excluded from their just share in it: But as for us, my dear, who are capable of reading the decrees of Providence, we see that her hour was marked out from all eternity. All these little events are linked together by the wondrous art of Providence, so as to follow one another by a just connexion, and in an unerring order, to the final accomplishment of all its wise purposes. All these excellent reasonings are in vain employed to allay the sorrows of such as are touched in a lively manner by the loss of her; but among those who weep for her, there are some, whose tears are suspected not to flow from real grief. I have a little enlarged on the subject of this lady's death, but I flattered myself that you would read my letter with some degree of attention, because I find so much pleasure in attending to whatever you write. Every subject is entertaining, as it comes from your hands; and what you condemn as a dull and tedious digression, often makes us admire the justness of your thought, and the sprightliness of your fancy.

You have made a very severe campaign in the Iliad; but your description of it is very pleasant. It is hoped that that of the Marechal de Crequi will prove more fortunate; though his army, as you say, has changed its name. M. de Schomberg has been to visit the Marechal de Crequi; he told him he was come out of his garrison to serve as a volunteer under him, that he was useless where he was, and that he had sent to the king to offer him his service in the army, as an old soldier. The Marechal de Crequi replied to this offer with a thousand compliments; and the Marechal de Schomberg returned without being employed in the manner he had desired.

Your M. Arnoul came to Livry with Guintrandry, who bellowed to us, rather than sung, l'Inconstante. Arnoul is more agreeable; but he is too agreeable, for he sings at Versailles. He hopes that M. de Reims will take him into his protection; he has 700 livres from the king's chapel; he likes to live at Paris: He is young. Consider, whether it will be likely that a young fellow in his circumstances will be contented to wait at Grignan in hopes of a benefice. It is a mere jest; my dear Comte, never let it enter into your imagination; but act as I do in such cases. When I see that people languish in my service, that they hope to do better, that they think

think themselves miserable; at the same time I have an extreme desire not to see them any longer about me. Can it be any pleasure to one to keep them under a constraint, and to see them languish? Alas! I myself languish, my dear, in your absence: I am sensible that you had reason for the reflection you made the other day on life, when the events attending it are ranged in a certain manner. In such a situation, I am unconcerned, nay, pleased that it passes away so swiftly. You see what you reduce me to wish for by the fatal misfortune, in my esteem, of your being removed to so great a distance from me.

Letter 51. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan*

Friday, Paris, Aug. 13, 1677.

I WILL say no more, my dear, of the pain you gave me, by telling me, that you have only been to me an unhappy occasion of inquietudes and sorrows. Is it possible to wish one's self incapable of those sorrows and inquietudes, when one loves so truly as I love you? I could say a thousand things on this subject, which I cut short for a thousand reasons; but, as for the pleasant entertainment of revolving them frequently in my mind, it is a liberty I shall take without asking your leave.

My son set out from hence yesterday. He is much commended for undertaking this little expedition; and even such as blame him for it, would have loaded him with reproaches, if he had declined it. The inconsistency of the world is very pleasant on such occasions: But it is more easy for him to justify himself for engaging with too much forwardness in the adventurous part, than for too much indulging his ease and tranquillity. For my part, I confess, that I very much approved his design. You see that I make little difficulty of permitting my children to leave me.

I have long been of your opinion, in preferring bad company to good. With how much grief are we separated from those who are agreeable to us! and what a pleasure is it to see such crowds of unentertaining visitants, as you complain of in Provence, preparing for the welcome ceremony of taking their leave! Do not you remember the covey of Foulnel, which so long infested our woods? how much we diverted ourselves with calculating the day and hour of their taking their flight from thence! what a joyful festival we kept on the eve of their departure! and in what unusual sallies of mirth, too violent and too pleasing to be restrained, we spent the following day! We may therefore maintain with very good reason, that nothing promises better entertainment, as a country seat, than the most disagreeable company; and that nothing is so sure a presage of grief as the sight of our best friends. If this riddle needs any explication, come to us, and we will explain it to you. I am setting out for Vichy, in company with our good Abbé. I am not in a very gay humour, as you may imagine; but I have learned so much useful philosophy as to be able to dispense with that.

It is thought that we are certainly to expect the siege of Charleroy. M. de Lavardin, and many more who have no post in the army, are gone thither. It is perhaps an idle fancy of mine, but I still hope that this mountain will only bring forth a mouse. I wish it may prove so.

The marriage of la Bagnole is certainly concluded on. You will be a witness of the feigned sorrows she languishes under, and her wandering thoughts, which only wander w[illegible] design, and from which she affects to recov[illegible] herself

herself in a pretended surprise, and to excuse in so awkward a manner, that Madame de Coulanges replies, Indeed, dear sister, you do not seem to forget yourself at all. Her style is insupportable to me; it forces me to chuse the most barbarous expressions for fear of resembling her. She makes me renounce all delicacy, grace, and politeness, for fear of imitating her in her juggler's tricks, as you call those empty subtilties, affected by these indelicate pretenders to a refined taste. I had rather be reduced to the plain language of a peasant, than flourish in these elegancies of style: "We are conscious that we do not deserve to displease you, by the desire we have of pleasing;" and a thousand other such fooleries, which I have heard over and over, so that I can say them by rote, and am sometimes apt to repeat them for want of thought. We call them bulls of Bashan; they have been suffered to range here in such a manner, that they are grown wild and furious. Adieu, my dear; if you let any of these dragons fly at me, I shall return you a thousand of them. I salute the Comte.

---

## SECT. IV.

### *From the Letters of Madame de* MAINTENON.

**Letter 1.** *Madame de Maintenon to the Abbé Tessu.*

Paris, November 15, 1666.

BE not alarmed, my poor Abbé, at my devotion; dispel thine uneasiness at the Hotel de Richelieu: In my solitude I am not apt to forget those friends to whom I am indebted for all the pleasures of it. My life, you say, needs no reformation: Father Bourdaloue would talk to me in another strain. You are now become a man of this world; but you will not always be so; a day will come, when you will prefer heaven to earth: You are made for God. Such as attribute my retirement to spleen or sullenness, doubtless know nothing of me: Have I ever given room for such suspicions? It is the result of serious reflection. I withdraw from the world, only because I have loved and do still love it too much. You tell me indeed I may work out my salvation in it, but you must needs be sensible how hard that task is: I highly approve of father Joseph's maxim, that to be virtuous in Paris, it is not enough that we are *willing to be so*. However, I am not yet for leaving it; too many engagements keep me here; and I am thoroughly sensible my efforts would be fruitless. They told you the truth, if they described my director as a rigid man; but you ought not therefore to have fancied him ridiculous. He forbids no innocent pleasures; but neither will he allow us to call those pleasures innocent which are really criminal. His piety is easy, affable, and without pride: He requires not a life wholly mortified; but he contends for a christian and an active life. He is a most admirable man. If you desire it, I will send him to you and to Guebriant. He begins with attacks upon the passions; he conquers them, and in the room of them substitutes contrary impulses. He has enjoined me to strict gravity in company, in order to mortify the passion he perceives in me, of rendering myself agreeable by my wit: And I obey; but really, when I find myself yawning, and others in consequence doing the same thing, I am sometimes almost ready to renounce devotion.

Letter

Letter 2. *Madame de Maintenon to Monf. d'Aubigné.*

Paris, Jan. 3.

I AM forry, my dear brother, that I have nothing more than wifhes to offer you this year. As yet I have not paid all my debts, and you are fenfible this is the very firft ufe I ought to make of my penfion. With a little œconomy furely you might live comfortably: your extravagance pierces me to the very heart: Break off from pleafures; they ever prove confiderably more expenfive than the neceffaries of life. Be fomewhat delicate in the choice of friends: Your fortune and your falvation depend alike on the firft fteps you take at fetting out in the world. I fpeak to you now as a friend; apply yourfelf to your duty, love God, be honeft, arm yourfelf with patience, and you can want for nothing. Madame de Neuillan has often given me this counfel, and hitherto I have found the benefit of it. Adieu, dear brother; pardon this fhort friendly fermon: I fhall be happy no farther than you are fo; and you will be happy exactly in proportion as you are virtuous.

Letter 3. *The fame to the fame.*

Verfailles, Jan. 15, 1672.

WHETHER I write to you or not, you ought to be equally perfuaded of my friendfhip, and of the care I will take of your fortune. I love you moft tenderly, and am perfuaded you have no lefs regard for me. Thus, my dear brother, are our fortunes in common, and they will be far lefs fcanty than in the beginning. I have fpoke to M. de Louvois, who will get you a poft in a regiment. Adieu; neither you nor I are fond of long letters.

Letter 4. *The fame to the fame.*

I AM furprifed at hearing nothing concerning you, fince the king honoured you with a command at Arnfdorff: I fhall make no anfwer to your furmife of being on ill terms with me: You know this can never happen; and that whether I carefs you or quarrel with you, I ftill equally love you, and more too than any thing elfe in this world. I own that your eftablifhment is not folid; but the king has begun to be kind to you, and he will go through with it: M. de Louvois will not oppofe it. It is very ftrange you fhould think I have no longer any affection for you, becaufe I am free enough to reprimand you; which is the beft and the fureft fign of my tendernefs.

Letter 5. *The fame to the fame.*

I AM overjoyed to fee you contented. The greateft encouragement to do a kindnefs is to find the receiver fenfible of it. Think of nothing but difcharging your duty at Arnfdorff: Leave to me the care of your affairs here. I am exceeding glad to hear you keep a table. Your praying-defk enchants me: I could wifh to fee you at it, and be a witnefs of your devotion. Be cheerful, dear brother, but think of your falvation.

Letter 6. *The fame to the fame.*

I HAVE received complaints of your conduct, which do you no honour: You ufe the Hugonots ill; you ftudy the means to vex them, and feek occafions to do it: This is unbecoming a man of quality. Be merciful to men that are more unfortunate than criminal: They are attached to errors, in which we ourfelves have been, and which violence could never have made us forfake. Henry IV. profeffed the fame religion, and fo did feveral great princes. Do not then moleft them: Men muft be drawn by the cords

of lenity and charity: Jesus Christ has set us an example of it; and such is the king's intention. It is your duty to keep every one within due obedience: It is the province of the bishops and curates to make conversions by their doctrine and example. Neither God nor the king have committed souls to your care. Sanctify your own soul, and be severe to yourself only. I shall be very glad to see you here; but all in good time. I have good hopes, and M. de Louvois does wonders; we are greatly obliged to him. I repeat it, dear brother, let not M. de Ruvigni * ever complain of you again.

Letter 7. *Madame de Maintenon to Monf. d'Aubigne.*

NO man is unhappy but by his own fault. This shall always be my text, and my answer to your lamentations. Think, my dear brother, on the voyage to America, on the misfortunes of your father, the miseries of our infancy, the wretchedness of our youth; and you will bless Providence, instead of murmuring against Fortune. It is but ten years since we were very distant from the station we are now in: Our hopes were so small, that we even limited our desires to three thousand livres a-year. We have at present four times as much; and should we still wish for more? We now enjoy that happy competency, which formerly you so ardently wished for. Let us then be content. If riches increase, let us receive them as from the hand of God, but let us not suffer our views to be too extensive. We have not only the necessaries, we have the conveniences of life; the rest is all superfluous. This strange thirst after grandeur arises solely from the emptiness of an unquiet heart. Your debts are all paid; and you may live genteelly without contracting new ones. What more can you wish for? Are schemes to grow rich and great, to be purchased at the expence of your repose and your health? Read the life of St. Louis, there you will see how utterly incapable all worldly grandeur is of satisfying the heart of man. It is God alone can satisfy it. I must repeat it, you are unhappy only through your own fault. Your inquietudes impair your health, which you should endeavour to preserve for my sake, for you know I love you. Work upon your humour; if you can render it less bilious and gloomy, it will be one point gained; but this is not the work of reflection solely; you must add exercise, diversions, and an uniform and regular life. You will never think right whilst you are ill: When the body is cast down, the soul has lost its vigour. Adieu. Write to me oftener, but in a style more cheerful.

Letter 8. *Madame de Maintenon to the Abbé Gobelin.*

I HAVE received the treatise on the Imitation of Jesus Christ, which you have been kind enough to send me. The king is silent in regard to M. Gartigni, and I cannot guess the cause of it. There are some persons whose misfortune it is to have a sinister construction put on all their actions, and be suspected of intrigues because they have good sense. Though I have little pretension to this, it has been my own case. I doubt not but our friend is of an excellent character: But these are not made for him; merit makes but a poor figure here without protection; and those who might be protectors are not fond of

* Deputy General of the reformed churches of France; he took refuge in England, where he was created Earl of Galloway.

of encumbering themselves with it. I have drawn up a scheme of life, for a time when I shall be free and far enough from court. Add or retrench, as you think fit, in the main.

1. Rise between seven and eight, and spend an hour in prayer.

2. Go abroad two days in the week upon visits of necessity: Retire at ten in the evening, and go to prayers with my family.

3. Allow two days in the week for visiting the poor and prisoners.

4. Be modestly clothed, wear neither gold nor silver, and give the tenth of my income to the poor.

Thus would I set out, till my zeal should enable me to do more, in expectation of that calm tranquil time, of which I form to myself so delightful a prospect. I do nothing of any consequence, and give way to sloth; which makes me fear that the course of devotion I am projecting, may proceed from the same methodical spirit which I have shown in the furniture at Maintenon.

Letter 9. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

September.

WHILST you labour under cares and vexations of your own, you participate so much in mine as to make me forbear discovering any more to you: And yet, with whom can I so properly lament, as with you, the common loss we have just met with? The Marshal d'Albert is dead; he wrote me a letter, before he expired, expressive of his esteem and friendship for me. I have just now read it again, and could not refrain from tears. He died like a saint: But how know we whether he had time enough to atone for his faults? Yes, he has had leisure sufficient, and has atoned for them: For several years past, he has walked in the ways of salvation: In short, I hate to doubt of the salvation of my friends. Let us, dear brother, turn our thoughts inwards to ourselves; we are both growing old and infirm: Let us then, by living well, smooth over the horrors of death, which to those who have led bad lives, are indeed most terrible.

Letter 10.* *Madame de Montespan to the King.*

YOU asked me, my dear, whether your crown was not the charm of your love? And when I answered, that I loved nothing about you but yourself, you told me, that I might possibly deceive myself. I had answered you much better, could I have made you sensible how much your doubt alarmed me. I have since examined my heart in secret: And oh! how well has it shown me that ambition does not act like love! these passions are easily distinguished: What use do you make of your penetration, if you discern not the difference? I ambitious! I, who think I see in the eyes of every woman the same love I feel in my heart for the most amiable of men!

Must you be reminded of the words we had a few days since concerning your coldness? I do not remember what I then said to you; but I well know ambition never talked in that

* This is the famous letter which Madame de Maintenon is said to have dictated to the Marchioness de Montespan, and to which the fortune of Mad. de Maintenon is commonly attributed in consequence of the fancy Louis XIV. took to the writer of it. Some persons, who interest themselves in the memory of Mad. de Maintenon, say, that it is apocryphal, and that she disapproved too much the amours of Mad de Montespan, to be capable of writing letters of this nature.

strain. What did you not say to me to make me easy? If I had loved the king only, would I not have been satisfied with your excuses? Would you have found it so difficult to persuade and appease me? When I see tenderness speaking through your eyes, do not you perceive the same passion answering you in mine? Could ambition put on such a disguise? When my heart yields to the most delightful transports, and sinks under them, tell me, my dear, is this the effect of ambition? You love, without discerning love! I could say more to you, but vexation snatches the pen from my hand.

Letter 11. *Madame de Maintenon to Madame d'Aubigné.*

Jan. 3, 1681.

MY dear child, I daily beg of God that he would lead you into his holy ways. Such prayers are not commonly made in the world: I make them in the midst of the court, and thoroughly experience the truth of St. Bernard's words, "God only can satisfy the heart of man." Believe me, dear child, all those pleasures which you fancy so delightful, and which you perhaps long for, are nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Love your husband, and you will be happy. Dispel his melancholy by your cheerfulness. You know how much I love you; make me love you more. Do not keep company with Madame de L * * *; it will do you a prejudice in the world: Be circumspect in your connexions, make no new ones; know before you love. I am your sister, your mother, your friend.

Letter 12. *Madame de Montespan to Monsr. d'Aubigné.*

May 19, 1681

I ENJOY great tranquillity in consequence of the resolution I have taken to receive no more visits. My tenderness will suffer for it; but I found so much inconveniency in the exceptions I made, that I thought it best to resolve to put all upon a level. I am exposed to some discontents about it; but that is not so bad as the ill turns they did me before. I heartily wish that your Capuchin could convert you: You would be the happier for it in this world and in the next. The pregnancy of the dauphiness being declared, all the intended journies are laid aside. The king had a fall yesterday as he was hunting. You may well suppose that every body was alarmed in proportion to his friendship. He got no hurt at all. You must have seen my dear little prince: My fondness for him does not decrease. I fancy no Hugonots will be left in Poitou except our relations: Do not repine at your fortune: You were born a gentleman, and without a farthing: Now you are in a delightful place, with a yearly income of above fifteen thousand livres: Compare notes, and you will think yourself happy. You have sense and reputation, and a young sweet-tempered wife: I am daily embellishing a fine country seat for you and your children. You may done your duty in your youth: Spend your old age in joy and peace; enjoy all things, be a man of probity, and prepare for death as cheerfully as you can. Do not give yourself up to melancholy; and remember that you carry in your own breast the enemy of your tranquillity and happiness. Tell your lady, the oftener she writes to me, the more I shall love her, provided she does not insist upon a regular correspondence from me. I am very busy, and more slothful to write than ever I was. But my indolence must not deprive me of your wife's letters: Besides, it will form her style; for the more we write, the better we write.

Letter

Letter 13. *The King to Madame de Maintenon.*

YES, madam, I have loved Fontanges even more than God himself. I acknowledge my error: I thank you for your wise counsels; I have three times read them over. Louvois will tell you my resolutions; confide entirely in him. Assure the queen, that from henceforth I will mind business more than my pleasures. Adieu, my dear Madame de Maintenon.

Letter 14. *The same to the same.*

GOD punishes me, madam; I submit to his will: I have too often given that good son (the queen) great cause of discontent. Do not be absent, my dear Madame de Maintenon: I have need of your consolations: You may withdraw whenever you are tired of telling me the truth.

Letter 15. *Madame de Maintenon to the King.*

Sire,

THE queen is not to be lamented; she lived and died like a saint; and it is the greatest comfort to have such an assurance of her salvation. You have now, Sire, a friend in heaven, who will beg of God to forgive your sins, and pour down upon you the blessings of the righteous. Let your majesty derive comfort from these sentiments. The dauphiness's health is on the mend. Be, Sire, as good a christian as you are a great king.

Letter 16. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

Fontainbleau, Sept. 7, 1683.

YOU have heard, no doubt, that in the midst of our affliction for the loss of the queen, we have been alarmed about the king, and thought his arm had been broke; but it proved to be only dislocated, and thank God is now well. This accident has shown that he has as much fortitude under pain, as in his other actions; there is little difference between his unconcern and that of the philosopher, who said, Did I not tell you that you would break my leg? You will guess from my good spirits that the king is in health. M. Colbert is dead: M. Pelletier succeeds him. Pray live elegantly, and spend the eighteen thousand livres arising from the affair we have been successful in; when that is gone, something else of that sort may offer: It is in the business of our salvation only that we must curb our passions and appetites. I love you more than your children; they shall have my fortune. The longer I live, the more clearly I see the folly of toiling and projecting for futurity. Such projects are almost always defeated by divine Providence; for as they are seldom formed with good intentions, God withholds his blessing from them. I am growing, I find, a good sort of an old woman. Spend your income, and let your wife partake of it. God will make provision for all necessaries, if you serve him. Prepare for death without being melancholy at the thoughts of it.

Letter 17. *Madame de Maintenon to the King.*

Sire,

A SINGLE day's absence of your majesty is an age to me. I am persuaded of your sentiments; but cannot live quietly at a distance from you. I place all my happiness, all the pleasures of life, in seeing your majesty; and shall leave you then to judge of my uneasiness. After so many benefits and so many honours I have received from you, I am as

yet ignorant what my lot is to be: But I tremble, and am extremely agitated in writing this billet to your majesty; God grant it may not be a foresight of what I dread most in this world! Death would be a thousand times more welcome to me. You have promised me, Sire, a sincere and lasting conversion to God; I rely entirely on your word: I am encouraged thereby; I blame my suspicions, my credulity: But if——the rest is wanting.

Letter 18. *Madame de Maintenon to Madame de St. G***.*

Maintenon, June 4, 1684.

I AM waiting here for news of the king with great impatience. I very well know there is nothing to fear for his life, his health, nor his glory; but still I fear, and reason does not cure me of this folly. He covers the siege of Luxembourg; and has condescended to share the honour of this conquest with Créqui. I long for nothing so much as peace: No counsels of mine shall ever be prejudicial to the king's glory; but, if they will take my advice, men would be less ambitious, less dazzled with the eclat of victories, and would think more seriously of their salvation: But it is not my province to govern the state: I daily pray to God that he would inspire and direct the master of it, bring him to the knowledge of the truth, and give him pacific sentiments. I love the king just in the same manner as I love my brother: I wish to see them perfect, that they might be more worthy of God. His majesty has written me two very affectionate letters, and I have answered them like a christian. Noizy finds me a great deal of very agreeable occupation; I will also on my part contribute to the great work of converting our separated brethren: Those poor girls will be infinitely obliged to me for it, both in this world and in the next: Some of them are very lovely, and they not always the handsomest. Le Notre has turned my garden into a charming spot. The dauphiness took a walk in it yesterday, and was infinitely delighted. I hoped to have died there, but shall not even have the pleasure of living in it.

Letter 19. *Madame de Montespan to Madame de Monchevreuil.*

THERE is nothing in your grief unworthy a christian: So natural is it to weep for a wise and well-established son *! God forbids not such sensations: But take care your grief be not too violent, and cause you to murmur against Providence: It is in vain to resist his dispensations. I send you the Abbé: He will tell you how much I am concerned at your affliction: He will also tell you what little stability there is in the felicities of this world. You were too happy; God designed to bring you back to himself. It is indeed a terrible blow, but he strikes it for your good: He knows better than we do what is for our advantage. These are melancholy reflections, but they are true, and suitable to a soul great as yours. What would avail the progress you have made in piety, if it could not support you in this tribulation? It is in adversity we are to judge whether our devotion is sincere. What is virtue, if it be not tried? God does not require only the sacrifice of our vicious inclina-

* M. de Morney, son of Madame de Monchevreuil, and aid-de-camp to the Dauphin, was killed at the siege of Manheim before his father's face, who had followed the Duke de Maine.

tions

tions; he would have us to sacrifice likewise our sentiments and our dearest affections.

Letter 20. *The Queen of England to Madame de Maintenon.*

St. Germain, Dec. 1, 1689.

SINCE you treat me with ceremony, in making excuses for not having fully answered my letter, it is but justice, madam, to make you as many; nay, more. I conjure you not to forget to give me an account of your health by my courier, without taking the trouble to write to me; for I am more afraid of your trouble, than wishing for my own gratification. You know my heart; it will ever be the same; my friendship for you can neither decrease nor increase. I pray to God, for your sake, that he would make you a great saint; and for my own, that it may not happen too soon.

Letter 21. *Madame de Maintenon to the Dutchess of Burgundy.*

1700.

HOPE not for perfect felicity: There is none upon earth; and if there was, it would not be at court.

Grandeur has its afflictions, and frequently more severe than those of private persons. In private life, men inure themselves to vexations: At court this habit is not to be acquired.

Our sex is still more exposed to suffer, inasmuch as we are always in a state of dependence. Be neither sorry for, nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any others that are in the order of Providence.

Let the Duke of Burgunday be your best friend, and your only confident.

Hope not for perfect peace from your union: The best marriages are those where they bear alternately with one another in mildness and patience. There never was any without some contradiction.

Be complaisant, without setting too great a value on your civilities.

Require not equal returns of friendship: Men are commonly less tender than women; and you will be unhappy, if you are delicate in friendship: It is a commerce in which one should always be creditor.

Pray to God to keep you from jealousy: Hope not to reclaim a husband by complaints, taunts, and reproaches. The only method is patience and a sweet temper: Impatience sours and alienates the heart; mildness brings it back.

In making a sacrifice of your will, make no claims on that of a husband: Men are still more self-willed than women, because they are brought up with less constraint. They are naturally tyrannical; they are for pleasures and liberty, and would have women renounce them. Inquire not whether their prerogatives are well grounded; be it sufficient for you that they are established; they are masters; and there remains nothing but to suffer and obey with a good grace.

Speak, write, act, as if you had a thousand witnesses: Depend upon it that soon or late every thing is known: It is very dangerous to write.

Trust nobody with any thing that may do you prejudice if told again: Take my word for it, that the best-kept secrets are kept only for a time: The court is the region of mystery and indiscretion.

They seldom or never give more than one maxim to princes, and that is dissimulation: It is a false one, and leads into great inconveniencies. For my part I love a prudent frankness.

Hear tenderly the requests of the unfortunate. God caused you to be born in this high rank to afford you the pleasure of doing good.

The

The power of ſerving and making men happy, is the real indemnification for the fatigues, the diſagreeable incidents, and the ſervitude of your ſtation.

Be compaſſionate to them that apply to you in order to obtain favours; and not importunate to thoſe that diſtribute or beſtow them.

Concern not yourſelf in any intrigue, whatever intereſt or glory you may be made to expect from it.

Love your relations; but let France alone be your country.

Guard againſt the inclination to be witty. Too much wit gives pain to thoſe who have but little: Wit will gain you the hatred of the majority, and perhaps leſſen you in the eſteem of the wiſe.

---

# THE CONCLUSION.

## *On Letter Writing.* By Dr. Johnson.

"IT was the wiſdom," ſays Seneca, "of "ancient times, to conſider what is "moſt uſeful as moſt illuſtrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, ſcarcely any ſpecies of compoſition deſerves more to be cultivated than the epiſtolary ſtyle, ſince none is of more various or frequent uſe, through the whole ſubordination of human life.

It has yet happened that among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegancy and accuracy, to thoſe of any other country, very few have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the publication of letters, except ſuch as were written in the diſcharge of public truſts, and during the tranſaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the miniſter, and memorials to the hiſtorian, are of no uſe as examples of the familiar ſtyle, or models of private correſpondence.

If it be inquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themſelves with ſo little danger in ſpeaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it muſt be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due ſenſe of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reaſonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the buſy, or the amuſements of the gay, ſhould give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of abſence, expreſſions of fondneſs, or declarations of fidelity.

A ſlight peruſal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have ſignalized their

their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observations with which Walsh has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the critics. "Letters," says he, "are intended as resemblances of conver-
"sation, and the chief excellencies of conver-
"sation are good-humour and good-breed-
"ing." This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentange our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror will

will produce ſome perturbation of images, and ſome figurative diſtortions of phraſe. Whereever we are ſtudious to pleaſe, we are afraid of truſting our firſt thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by ſtudied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of ſtyle.

If the perſonages of the comic ſcene be allowed by Horace to raiſe their language in the tranſports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epiſtolary writer may likewiſe without cenſure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the ſolemnity of an hiſtorian, deduce them from their cauſes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their conſequences. If a diſputed poſition is to be eſtabliſhed, or a remote principle to be inveſtigated, he may detail his reaſonings with all the nicety of ſyllogiſtic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticiſm, call every power of rhetoric to his aſſiſtance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correſpondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, becauſe the matter and ſtyle are equally arbitrary, and rules are more neceſſary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, ſome conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; ſome model them by the ſonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the ſoft lapſe of calm melliſluence; others adjuſt them by the epigram, and expect pointed ſentences and forcible periods. The one party conſiders exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the moſt diſguſting fault; one avoids cenſure, the other aſpires to praiſe; one is always in danger of inſipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the ſubject has no intrinſic dignity, it muſt neceſſarily owe its attractions to artificial embelliſhments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can ſupply. He that, like Pliny, ſends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or addreſs, find means of exciting gratitude and ſecuring acceptance; but he that has no preſent to make but a garland, a ribbon, or ſome petty curioſity, muſt endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpoſe for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or buſineſs tranſacted, is to preſerve in the minds of the abſent either love or eſteem; to excite love we muſt impart pleaſure, and to raiſe eſteem, we muſt diſcover abilities. Pleaſure will generally be given, as abilities are diſplayed by ſcenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected ſallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no ſtrength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble muſt be poliſhed with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought ſurely to be laboured, when they are intended to ſtand for things.

THE END.

# BOOKS

## PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY C. DILLY.

BEAUTIES of Hiſtory; or, Pictures of Virtue and Vice, drawn from Real Life; deſigned for the Inſtruction and Entertainment of Youth. By the Rev. Mr. Stretch, 2 vols. 7s.

ritiſh Plutarch: Containing the Lives of the moſt eminent Stateſmen, Patriots, Divines, Warriors, Philoſophers, Poets, and Artiſts, of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Acceſſion of Henry VIII. to the preſent Time. Including a compendious View of the Hiſtory of England during that Period, 8 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

ntick's New Latin-Engliſh Dictionary; containing all the Words and Phraſes proper for reading the Claſſics in both Languages, accurately collected from the moſt approved Latin Authors. To which is prefixed, an Engliſh-Latin Dictionary, carefully compiled from the moſt celebrated Engliſh Writers; rendered in Claſſical Latin. Both Parts compriſing all that is moſt valuable and uſeful in former Dictionaries; a new edition, in one vol. royal 8vo. 5s.

he ſame, in One large Volume ſquare 12mo. 5s.

nox's Eſſays, Moral and Literary, on a large letter, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

nother Edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

nox on a Liberal Education, much enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

— ditto, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Knox's

will produce ſome perturbation of images, and ſome figurative diſtortions of phraſe. Whereever we are ſtudious to pleaſe, we are afraid of truſting our firſt thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by ſtudied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of ſtyle.

If the perſonages of the comic ſcene be allowed by Horace to raiſe their language in the tranſports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epiſtolary writer may likewiſe without cenſure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the ſolemnity of an hiſtorian, deduce them from their cauſes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their conſequences. If a diſputed poſition is to be eſtabliſhed, or a remote principle to be inveſtigated, he may detail his reaſonings with all the nicety of ſyllogiſtic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticiſm, call every power of rhetoric to his aſſiſtance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correſpondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, becauſe the matter and ſtyle are equally arbitrary, and rules are more neceſſary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, ſome conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; ſome model them by the ſonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the ſoft lapſe of calm melliſluence; others adjuſt them by the epigram, and expect pointed ſentences and forcible periods. The one party conſiders exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the moſt diſguſting fault; one avoids cenſure, the other aſpires to praiſe; one is always in danger of inſipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the ſubject has no intrinſic dignity, it muſt neceſſarily owe its attractions to artificial embelliſhments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can ſupply. He that, like Pliny, ſends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or addreſs, find means of exciting gratitude and ſecuring acceptance; but he that has no preſent to make but a garland, a ribbon, or ſome petty curioſity, muſt endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpoſe for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or buſineſs tranſacted, is to preſerve in the minds of the abſent either love or eſteem; to excite love we muſt impart pleaſure, and to raiſe eſteem, we muſt diſcover abilities. Pleaſure will generally be given, as abilities are diſplayed by ſcenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected ſallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no ſtrength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble muſt be poliſhed with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought ſurely to be laboured, when they are intended to ſtand for things.

THE END.

# BOOKS

## PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY C. DILLY.

BEAUTIES of History; or, Pictures of Virtue and Vice, drawn from Real Life; designed for the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth. By the Rev. Mr. Stretch, 2 vols. 7s.

British Plutarch: Containing the Lives of the most eminent Statesmen, Patriots, Divines, Warriors, Philosophers, Poets, and Artists, of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the present Time. Including a compendious View of the History of England during that Period, 8 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

Entick's New Latin-English Dictionary; containing all the Words and Phrases proper for reading the Classics in both Languages, accurately collected from the most approved Latin Authors. To which is prefixed, an English-Latin Dictionary, carefully compiled from the most celebrated English Writers; rendered in Classical Latin. Both Parts comprising all that is most valuable and useful in former Dictionaries; a new edition, in one vol. royal 8vo. 5s.

The same, in One large Volume square 12mo. 5s.

Knox's Essays, Moral and Literary, on a large letter, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Another Edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Knox on a Liberal Education, much enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

— ditto, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Knox's

Knox's Winter Evenings; or, Lucubrations on Life and Letters, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.

—— ditto, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

—— Analecta Latina; consisting of Chapters selected from the Gospels of Beza's Latin Testament, according to Dr. Blackwall's Directions; of Fifty Colloquies from Cordery; of Select Fables from Phædrus; and of Garretson's Preliminary Exercises for making Latin; with the Latin supplied, 1s. 6d.

—— Analecta Græca Evangelica; or Chapters selected from the Greek Gospels, according to the Direction of Dr. Blackwall, 1s.

—— Bible Epitomized; or Sacred Extracts, containing Chapters selected from the New and Old Testament and Apocrypha. Divided into Three Books. Book I. From the New Testament. Book II. From the Old Testament. Book III. From the Apocrypha. Neatly printed in a large crown 8vo. of near 600 pages, and illustrated with a Map of the Holy Land, 4s.

—— Elegant Extracts; or Useful and Entertaining Passages in Prose; selected for the Improvement of Scholars at Classical and other Schools in the Art of Speaking, in Reading, Thinking, Composing, and in the Conduct of Life; large 8vo. 15s.

—— Elegant Extracts in Poetry, selected from various English Authors; being similar in Design to the Prose Extracts, large 8vo. 15s.

—— Elegant Epistles; or a Copious Collection of Familiar and Amusing Letters, selected for the Improvement of Young Persons, and for general Entertainment, large 8vo. 12s.

—— Family Lectures; or Domestic Divinity, being a copious Collection of Sermons, selected from the polite Writers and sound Divines of the present Century. Royal 8vo. 12s.

—— Poetical Epitome; or Elegant Extracts abridged from the larger Volume, 3s. 6d.

—— Prose Epitome; or Elegant Extracts abridged from the larger Volume, 3s.

La Sainte Bible, qui contient le Vieux et le Nouveau Testament, et les Livres Apocryphes, avec les Argumens et les Reflexions sur les Chapitres par J. F. Ostervald, large 8vo. 8s.

Nugent's

Nugent's Dictionary of the French and Engliſh Languages, a new Edition, in Two Parts, French and Engliſh, and Engliſh and French. To which is now added a uſeful Collection of Phraſes; alſo a Supplement of proper Names, Naval and Military Terms, &c. by J. S. Charrier, the Editor, 4s.

The ſame Book, beautifully printed on a pearl Letter, and ſuperfine wove Paper, in a ſmall Pocket Volume, with the Supplement of proper Names, &c. 4s.

Warburton's Roman Hiſtory, continued from the ſecond Century of the Chriſtian Æra, to the Deſtruction of the Greek Empire by the Turks; being a proper Sequel to Dr. Goldſmith's Roman Hiſtory abridged, 3s. 6d.

Berquin's Children's Friend, a new Edition, 6 vols. 12mo. on a large Letter, with 44 Copperplates, 1l. 1s.

——— The ſame, 4 vols. 10s.

——— The ſame in French, 14s.

——— Friend of Youth, 2 vols. 6s.

——— Select Stories, 3s.

——— Little Grandiſon, 1s.

——— Honeſt Farmer, 1s.

Burgh's Art of Speaking, 8vo. 5s.

——— Dignity of Human Nature, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Bewick's General Hiſtory of Quadrupeds, 8vo. 9s. boards.

Cambon's Letters and Converſations between ſeveral Young Ladies on Intereſting and Important Subjects, 12mo. 4s.

An Abridgement of the ſame, 1s. 6d.

Catéchiſme à l'Uſage de la Jeuneſſe; apres celui de Jacob Vernes, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Cumberland's Obſerver; being a Collection of Moral, Literary, and Familiar Eſſays, 5 vols. crown 8vo. 1l.

Diable Boiteux, nouvelle edit. augmentée, in 1 vol. 3s. and bound in 2, 3s. 6d.

Excerpta Hiſtorica ex C. Jul. Cæſare, T. Livio Patavino, et Cornelio Tacito. In uſum Scholarum, 3s. 6d.

Excerpta Poetica ex Ovidio, Propertio, Virgilio, Horatio, Juvenali, &c. 3s. 6d.

Guthrie's New Syſtem of Modern Geography, 4to. the Maps half-bound, ſeparate, new edit. 2l. 5s.

——— New Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Commercial Grammar, 8vo. 9s.

The ſame divided into 2 vols. on fine Paper, with Maps coloured, and bound ſeparate, 16s.

Hiſtoire

Hiſtoire de Charles XII. Roi de Sued'e 12mo. 3s.

Hiſtory of England by Queſtion and Anſwer, 12mo. 3s.—with cuts 4s.

Holder's French Grammar, crown 8vo. being an Improvement on the Principles of Chambaud, with Notes, by G. Satis, 4s.

Satis's Claſſical French Exerciſes, with References to Holder's Grammar, 4s.

—— Claſſical French Exerciſes, without References, 3s.

—— Guide to ditto, 2s. 6d.

Langhorne's new Tranſlation of Plutarch's Lives, in 6 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Ditto, 6 vols. 12mo. a new Edition, 1l. 4s.

Maſon (John) on Self-Knowledge, 2s. 6d.

Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, 18mo. a beautiful Edition, with a Portrait of the Author, 2s. 6d.

The ſame, with Texts of Scripture, by Dr. Gillies, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The ſame, with Notes, by Dr. Newton, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

Murry's Mentoria; or, the Young Ladies Inſtructor, 3s.

——— Sacred Hiſtory, 2 vols. with Maps adapted to the Work, 8s.

Marmontel, Contes Moraux, 3 tom. 9s.

——— Beliſaire, 3s.

Sheridan's General Dictionary of the Engliſh Language, a new Edition, corrected and enlarged, in 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

——— Rhetorical Grammar, ſeparate, 4to. 3s. ſewed.

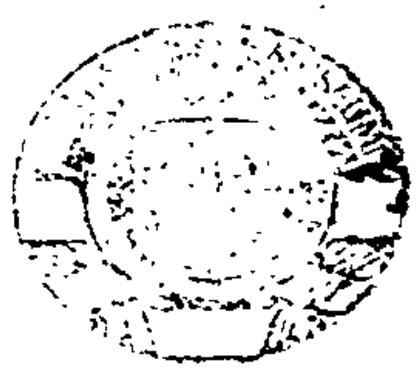
——— Lectures on Elocution, 8vo. 6s.

——— Plan of Education for the young Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain, 4s.

——— Art of Reading, 6s.

——— (C. F.) Revolution of Sweden, 6s.

Voyages de Cyrus, par Ramſay, 12mo. 2s. 6d.



Publiés, Aujourd'hui 1er Août 1794,

*Trois petits volumes en 12mo.*

I.

# ABRÉGÉ DE L'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE,

EN PARTICULIER

*DE L'HISTOIRE GRECQUE,*

SUIVI D'UN ABRÉGÉ DE LA FABLE.

---

II.

# ABRÉGÉ DE L'HISTOIRE ROMAINE.

---

III.

# EXTRAITS DE L'HISTOIRE UNIVERSELLE

DE

*M. DE BOSSUET.*

*Faisant partie du Cours d'Etudes, rédigé & imprimé originairement en France, par ordre de LOUIS XVI.*

Auxquels on a ajouté la date des Evénemens, les plus remarquables.

A LONDRES, CHEZ C. DILLY, DANS LE POULTRY.

*** Le titre de ces trois petits volumes, que l'on vendra séparément, suffiroit pour en annoncer le mérite. On dira seulement que cet Ouvrage, par le moyen d'une table de demandes, réunit l'avantage d'une Histoire suivie & détaillée.

Il y a à la fin de chaque volume une Table Géographique.

Il sembloit ne manquer à ce Cours d'Histoires, qu'une Table Chronologique; on l'a ajoutée.

Outre ces trois Tables, on trouvera en marge dans le corps de l'Ouvrage des notes qui y correspondent.

N. B. L'Editeur a cru devoir donner cet Ouvrage au Public parce qu'il n'y a pas en Angleterre de Cours d'Histoires qui réunisse aussi parfaitement la Chronologie & la Géographie, (ces deux yeux de l'Histoire, qui devroient toujours l'accompagner.)