LETTERS
OF
Wit, Politicks and *Morality.*

Written Originally in *Italian*,

By the Famous Cardinal *BENTIVOGLIO*; in *Spanish* by Signior Don *Guevara*; in *Latin* by St. *Jerome*, *Cato Uticensis*, *Aurelian* the Emperor, and Queen *Zenobia*; and in *French* by Father *Rapin*, &c.

ALSO

Select Letters of *Gallantry* out of the *Greek*, of *Aristænetus*; the *Spanish* of Don *Quevedo*; the *Latin* of *Petronius*; and the *French* of Count *Bussy Rabutin*, Madam *Maintenon*, Mr. *Fontenelle*, &c.

Done into *English*,

By the Honourable *H—H*—Esq; Mr. *SAVAGE*.
Tho. CHEEK, Esq; Mr. *BOYER*, &c.

To which is added a large Collection of

ORIGINAL LETTERS
OF
Love and Friendship.

WRITTEN,

By several Gentlemen and Ladies, particuly, the Honourable Mr. *Granville*, *Tho. Cheek*, Esq; Capt. *Ayloffe*; Dr. *G*—— Mr. *B—y*; Mr. *O—n*, Mr. *B—r*, Mr. *G*—, Mr. *F — r*, Mrs. *C——l*, under the name of *Astræa*; Mrs. *W—n* under the name of *Daphne*, &c.

London, Printed for *J. Hartley*, next door to the *King's-head Tavern* in *Holborn*: *W. Turner* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*: and *Tho. Hodgson* over against *Grays-Inn-Gate*, in *Holborn*. 1701.

TO THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES
LORD
HALLIFAX.

My Lord,

TO compleat this Collection of Letters, an Epistle Dedicatory was necessary: and could I promise my self to have succeeded so well in the Choice of my Authors, as in that of a Patron, I might confidently depend upon the Approbation of the Publick.

Yet, my Lord, I would not be understood, as if this Address was meerly for Custom-sake: A more forcible, and, I hope, more justifiable motive has prompted me to it: All *England* acknowledges you to be the chief Protector, as you are the greatest Ornament of the Common-wealth of Learning; and therefore 'tis no wonder, if all that write, press to pay their dutiful Respects to your Lordship, with as much Eagerness as Soldiers strive to fight in view of their General.

I confess an Author's endeavouring to make himself known to your Lordship, argues a great deal of Presumption: for what Performance can stand the Test of your discerning Judgment? Being conscious of this, and, at the same time, of the unworthiness of any thing of my own, I have ventur'd to wait upon your Lordship with *Bentivoglio*, *Guevara*, *Aristænetus*, *Fontenelle*, and some other great Men, who come to entertain you in *English*; as Interpreters make bold to approach a King under the Umbrage of those foreign Ambassadors whom they attend in a Publick Audience.

And now I have advanc'd so near your Person, the World will certainly expect I should attempt your Lordship's Picture; but I am not so rash as to undertake a Task which requires the boldest and steddiest hand, the most happy Fancy, and most solid Judgment;

How-

However as the Beginners in the Art of designing are allow'd to make Rough-draughts after the best Originals, so I hope I may be suffer'd to Copy this single stroke in your Lordship's Character.

The hardest Part for a Politician to act in the *English* Constitution, is that of Moderator between *King* and People, and this you have discharg'd to the entire satisfaction of both. Your Eloquence in the Senate, has been no less admir'd than your Wisdom in the Cabinet-Council; for never did any Man before your Lordship manage so well the Interest of his Prince, and that of his Country, as to be at once a good *Courtier* and a good *Patriot*. This Prerogative as it is peculiar to your Lordship, so it has merited the unanimous Applause of the People's Representatives; and both by their Recommendation, and his own generous Inclination, gain'd you the Favour and Rewards of the wisest of Monarchs.

Yet, as the Sun, when it shines most bright, is most apt to raise Vapours from the Earth, which condensing into Clouds, break out at last in Thunder, and resolve into stormy Rains, so it had been a Miracle, not to be expected in these unhappy times, if so conspicuous a Merit, as yours, had not excited the Malice of the Envious; but then again as those Meteors can never reach the elevated

Planet, to which they owe their mischievous, but short-liv'd Being, so the sinister Arts of your Enemies have not been able to obscure your Fame, no, not so much as to trouble your Tranquillity. Arm'd with Christian Philosophy, and the Consciousness of a Trust honourably discharg'd, you have sustain'd the Attacks of furious Libellers: and, when by their untoward Suggestions brought under an Accusation, preferr'd the Publick Good, and the Dispatch of National Affairs, to your own private Justification. This Sacrifice is certainly the greatest that a Man can offer to his Country: Vulgar Souls, tho guiltless, are presently discompos'd by an Impeachment, whereas a Noble Spirit can wait his Tryal unconcern'd, while he knows himself acquitted before the Tribunal of his own Conscience.

Nothing shews more the impotent Malice of your Lordship's Enemies, than their turning that upon you as a Fault, which has ever been esteem'd the distinguishing Virtue of great Men; and which has transmitted the Names of *Scipio*, *Lælius*, *Mæcenas*, and *Richelieu* to the Admiration of After-ages: I mean, your Love for the Muses, and the kind Protection you afford Men of Letters. Sound Politicians ever found it their Advantage to advance and countenance Knowledge and the Liberal Sciences; whereas 'tis only the Interest

rest of State-Jugglers to introduce Ignorance and Barbarity, for the better Conveyance of their Legerdemain.

I humbly beg your Lordship favourably to accept of this Address, which flows from a Hearty desire of Expressing my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble and

most faithful Servant

July 5th 1701.

A. Boyer.

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To

SELECT

LETTERS

Written in *Italian* by the famous

Cardinal *BENTIVOGLIO.*

TO

The moſt Conſiderable Perſons of his Time.

WHEREIN

Is diſcover'd the Genius of ſeveral Courts and Countries of *Europe.*

Made *Engliſh*, by Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Boyer.*

LETTER I.

To my Lady Catherine Livia, *Countess of* Firstemberg, *at* Brussels. *Containing a pleasant Account of a Journey thro'* Germany.

WHAT! Not rail at *Germany*! How can one forbear? Exrteam bad Roads; Endless Leagues; Going upwards and downwards continually; Crossing a thousand Rivers amidst a thousand Dangers; Snow up to the Knees; Winds that cut a Man's Throat; and after all this, shall I not rail at *Germany*? Nasty, filthy Inns; Sluttish Hostesses, with whom one would not so much as shake Hands; Stinking Stoves; stumm'd, luscious Wines; High-season'd Meats, and must I not speak ill of *Germany*? To Lodge sometimes among the *Calvinists*, sometimes amongst the *Lutherans*; not to be suffer'd either to say Mass, or hear it on the greatest Festivals; to travel a thousand Days without seeing a remarkable Place, and shall I not rail against *Germany*? However, Believe not, illustrious Madam, believe not too easily what I write: The Truth is, I have disguis'd the Truth almost in every Thing I have Written. All I said was but in Jest; for methought I still bore a Part in our Conversations at *Brussels*, and so I acted the Courtier, whereas it now becomes me to speak as a faithful Traveller. I therefore unsay what I have said before:

I found an easy Road and Leagues of a tolerable Length; I went over the *Rhine* and the *Danube* without Danger; I met with very good, commodious Inns; Comely and kind-natur'd Hostesses, who according to the custom of the Country, would have sat down at Table with me; Warm neat Stoves; Excellent *Rhenish* and *Neckar* Wines; *Calvinists* and *Lutherans*, whose *Calvin* and *Luther* are no other than Good Eating and Drinking: These are all the great Inconveniencies I have hitherto suffer'd in *Germany*, and which I am like to suffer still till my Arrival in *Italy*. I am at present at *Ausbourg*, and so far, thank God, I have had a safe Journey. I croft the *Rhine* at *Spires*, a City more Famous than Beautiful. Afterwards I went over the *Danube* at *Ulms*, a very agreeable City, and which, I confess, I was mightily pleas'd with. But as for *Ausbourg*, there is some thing truly Noble and Magnificent: And for my own part, I believe there's not in all *Germany* a finer City. Here I will stay to morrow, and afterwards proceed on my Journey towards *Inspruck*; where being arriv'd I shall continue to give your Ladiship an Account of my Travels, as in Duty bound. In the mean time I pray Almighty God to Bless you with continued Prosperity, and remain with sincere Affection, *&c.*

Ausburg, January,
the 11th. 1616.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Signior Anthony Querengo, *at* Modena.

I have thought all along that you would not go to *Rome* this Winter: and now 'tis verified; ſince the very firſt Snow that cover'd Mount *Apennine* has hindred you to take that Journey. How heartily you made me Laugh with thoſe thouſand Years which you expect before the Cardinal returns to *Rome*! To tell the Truth, no News was ever ſo often contradicted as his Departure. Sometimes, 'tis ſaid, his Eminence goes, ſometimes he does not. However he will certainly go at laſt: For thoſe Honours which call him back to the *Roman* Court, and which you ſo well deſcribe in your Sonnet, are too powerful Incentives to ſuffer him to ſtay. In the mean time, Books, as you ſay, will divert thoſe Melancholy Thoughts which theſe new intervals of Time ſhall occaſion in you. But, my dear *Querengo*, how great and tedious is our Separation? How many Mountains, Plains, and Years lie betwixt us? And what would become of us, if our Pens had no Tongues, and our Thoughts no Wings to converſe together, even at this Diſtance? I have felt an incredible Pleaſure in the Reading of thoſe fine Verſes with which you have honour'd me. The ſtile ſeems to me an imitation of *Caſa*, ſo numerous are your Words, and ſo grave and majeſtick your Thoughts. But beſides, that 'tis a long time ſince I have convers'd either with *Caſa*, the

other Poets, or any Thing that belongs to Literature, it little becomes me to make ſuch Compariſons. I am here wholly taken up by publick Affairs; of which *Flanders*, by its Situation betwixt *Germany*, *France*, *England*, *Holland*, and the other United Provinces, has ever afforded a great deal. In my Time, a Truce has been agreed upon in this Country, by means of a tedious Negotiation of two Years; *France* was diſtracted by the Flight of the Prince of *Condê*, who was receiv'd here under the Protection of the King of *Spain*, and of theſe Princes of *Flanders*; *Germany* was twice in Rebellion on account of the Diviſions betwixt the two Brothers of the Arch-Duke: A continual Paper-War has been maintain'd with *England*; the Peace with the United Provinces was never ſo well ſettled, but that it was ſometimes diſturb'd by Jealouſies and Suſpicions: And at the ſame time there has been here, and in the Neighbourhood ſeveral Affairs of great Conſequence, which have requir'd our conſtant Application and Labour, for the Service of the Publick. But now we enjoy here a great Tranquility; which will ſtill be greater, at leaſt to me, for the Future, becauſe I have diſcharg'd all my Eccleſiaſtical Functions. And indeed I can hardly tell which of the two has caus'd me more Joy, either to have begun them ſo opportunely, or ended them ſo happily during the Truce. Thus far of theſe Affairs. We have at preſent two Princeſſes at *Bruſſels*, *viz.* the Mother and the Wife of the Prince of *Condé*, who paſs thro' this Place in their Return from

Hol-

Holland to *Paris.* Methinks the younger is ſtill grown more Beautiful, and more capable of Kindling new Fires in the World. But the laſt was too dangerous, and we, here in *Flanders*, had like to have been Burnt in it. I was willing to give you this Account of all my Concerns, in exchange of the Pleaſure you have given me in communicating your Affairs to me.

I remain your

Affectionate Servant, &c.

Bruſſels, Decemb. the 3d. 1611.

LETTER III.

To Signior Paulo Gualdo, *at* Padua.

'TWas high time, that after an Age of ſilence you ſhould at laſt remember me. But how many things muſt have concurr'd to rub up your Memory? Firſt of all, that My Lord *Ortemberg* ſhould be made Biſhop of *Arras*, then, that he ſhould come to *Flanders*, paſs through *Padua*, Lodge at your Houſe, and laſt of all, that he ſhould ſnatch from your Hands- (more than from your Will) the very Letter your Write me. Let's confeſs the Truth, Dear Signior *Gualdo*: Whoever is Abſent holds but an indifferent Place in the Remembrance and Affection of his Friends. But I thought all along your Love to me was ſo

Sincere that I might reſt ſecure, that nothing, no not even the Frozen Sea of theſe Northern Countries, could ever cool it. I return to your Letter, which, whether given, or ſnatch'd away, has been extream welcome, and was ſent me but two Days ago by My Lord Biſhop of *Arras*. I was highly pleas'd with the Account you give of that Univerſity, of thoſe Friends, and particularly of your Affairs. But how came you to forget our good old Friend *Pigna*? Is it becauſe heh as forgotten me? Yet, I ſtill do, and ever ſhall retain a lively Remembrance of *Padua*: Not of the Walls of *Antenor*, nor the other inanimated Parts of that City, but of the living Perſons, who renew in my Fancy thoſe Pleaſures, which for many Years I enjoy'd in the ſweet and improving Converſation of ſo many Friends. All I expect from you, is that you make up your paſt Silence, by Writing to me, for the future, as often as you have an opportunity. If you Write, I ſhall Anſwer you: And if you do not Write, I ſhall excite you to it, by Writing my ſelf. In the mean time I ſhall alwaies preſerve my former Affection to your Perſon, and the Eſteem I ever had for your great Virtue. I conclude with wiſhing you all true Happineſs.

Bruſſels, January,
the 21ſt. 2612.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Reverend Father Francis Bivero, *of the Order St.* Dominique, Spanish *Preacher to his* Catholick *Majesty, and their most serene Highnesses of* Flanders, *at* Brussels.

I came to *Rome* this very Day, and would not fail to acquaint your *Reverence* with it. God be prais'd a thousand Times, that after so tedious a Journey, in so incommodious a Season for Travelling, I am at last safely arriv'd. Methinks I am still a Prisoner in the Stoves of *Germany*, or jolted in my Coach through the Mountains of *Tyrol*; tho' after all, the season was more favourable, and my Journey more happy than I expected; as I gave you to understand by another Letter. To morrow I hope to Kiss Our Holy Father's Toe, and pay my Respects to My Lord Cardinal *Borghese*. Afterwards I shall discharge more at Leasure my Duty to the rest of the Court. Oh! how I find it chang'd! Tho' I can say little about it, being scarce arriv'd there. Therefore be now contented to receive this first Advice, and do not look upon it as an indifferent Proof of my Love; my stealing away from a thousand pressing Affairs, to entertain you, I hope, will convince you to the Contrary. I thought to have receiv'd your Letters here at my arrival: But I find my self deceiv'd,

deceiv'd, 'either by the number of the Days, or the Impatience with which I expected that Satisfaction. My most hearty Service to the Father Confessor of the most serene Arch-Duke; and my best Wishes to your *Reverence* for your Welfare.

Rome, March the
26th. 1616.

LETTER V.

To the same.

I receiv'd at last the Letters I expected from your *Reverence*, and tho' somewhat later than Ordinary, yet with no less Satisfaction. I infinitely rejoice, that the new *Nuntio* has made so good a Beginning, and hope the Progress will answer it more and more. I ought indeed, as you tell me, to hope not to be altogether out of your Memory, since when I came away I was almost more a *Fleming* than an *Italian*. Cavalier *Masio*, their most serene Highnesses's Resident, visited me much about the same time, and you may imagine whether we spoke of *Flanders*? And whether his Conversation reviv'd in me the Ideas of *Fleming* Objects? But let's leave 'em for the Present. I was received by our holy Father, and My Lord Cardinal *Borghese* with great Demonstrations of Kindness, and I cannot express how much they seem'd satisfied with my past Services; which

which gives me reaſon to hope, that they will not leave me idle, if a new occaſion offers to employ me. There's already a talk of two Employments; the one is the Nunciature of *France*, which of neceſſity muſt ſpeedily be ſupply'd; and the other that of *Germany*, which is alſo lookt upon as vacant; the Nuncio there, having ſeveral times deſir'd to be recall'd. The ſentiments of the Palace are not yet penetrated into; but it ſeems thoſe of the Court, (which is ever curious, and often times chuſes before the Prince himſelf) deſign me hitherto, before any other Perſon, for either of theſe two Employments. In *Germany*, the Cold, the Stoves, and the Tables frighten me more than Buſineſs. In *France*, on the contrary, 'tis Buſineſs, deters me more than the Climate or way of Living. During ſo many Years I was in *Flanders*, I ſaw nothing from that Shore but Storms, Tempeſts and Shipwracks in the Sea of *France*. The King is ſtill a *Minor*, or but juſt got out of his Minority; and conſequently the Government is unſettled, or in manifeſt Danger of being Stagger'd. Therefore I have reaſon to fear that Sea, which is Naturally Tempeſtuous, even when it looks moſt Calm. As to the *Nunciature* of *Spain*, there's nothing to be hop'd for, becauſe the *Nuncio* will not be chang'd this long time. But rather than live idle, I ſhall be glad of any other Employment, beſides the two forementioned, which are the moſt conſiderable that the Apoſtolick *See* can beſtow. In the mean time, the life I now lead at *Rome* ſeems to me extream Slaviſh and Tireſom: Chiefly when compar'd to that ſweet and free way of Living I enjoy'd

in

in *Flanders.* Here visits are continual; Attendances frequent; Eating and Sleeping got by stealth; Wines Luscious; the Air intemperate; endless Conversations; Slaveries without any seasoning of Liberty; in short, a Life quite different from what I past. And which is worse I shall want here the cool Air of *Flanders*, and the pleasant Walks of *Brussels.* But enough of that in this Letter: My usual Compliments to our Father Confessor; and may Heaven pour down his choicest Blessings on you.

Rome, April the
10th. 1616.

LETTER VI.

To the Duke of Monteleone, *a* Grandee *of* Spain.

First of all, I must beg your *Eminence's* leave to complain of the Heat: Oh! what a cruel Heat! What a fiery hot Weather! A Weather which has brought the Air of *Spain* into *France*, and of *Sevil* to *Tours.* Indeed I am concern'd for your *Eminence* if your Heat has been, in proportion, as violent as ours. That which we now feel here, is the more intolerable, as that we only had before a Summer by Name; for indeed most Days were like the Spring, and the Month of *July* like that of *April.* But this *August* is a continual Flame. There's no Sleeping in the Night, nor Repos-

ing

ing in the Day. For 'tis usual to turn the Night into Day. Accordingly, the great Master of the Horse came two Days ago to Visit me at the Abbey of *Marmoutier*, where my Lodgings are, towards the beginning of the Night; and the Duke of *Guise* came there yesterday Morning, almost at break of Day. However this Fury will be soon over: And your *Eminence* very well knows how the Violence of the Elements like the Passions of this Nation, are transitory: I have sufficiently complain'd of the Heat, let's now speak of other matters. I am at present at *Tours*, because the Court is there. As for publick Affairs, there are no others here, but what relate to the Queen Mother, and we may hope to see them terminated in a short time according to the Wishes of all good Men. The Queen is already resolv'd to come directly to *Tours* to meet the King. The Prince of *Piedmont*'s Journy to *Angouleme*, has not a little contributed to this Reconciliation. The Duke of *Monbazon* went afterwards thither twice from his Majesty, and gave the Queen more particular Assurances of the sincere intention of Monsieur *de Luynes* his Son in Law; which at last inclin'd her Majesty to banish all Suspitions, and come to meet the King. As the Passions and Interests of People differ'd, so her Councils were various; Nay, a great many advise her still not to trust any Body. I confess, I am one of those that have been most earnest in perswading her Majesty to come: I wrote to her by the good Father *Joseph*, a *Capuchin*, who went some Days ago to *Angouleme*; and told her freely, that

ſhe ought not to fear any thing, or put off her Journy any longer; for I had great Reaſon to aſſure her Majeſty, that things could not be here in a better Poſture. I have ſince receiv'd a very obliging Letter from her, whereby ſhe approves of my Advice, and the Liberty I had taken. And indeed no Man could get a clearer inſight into the King's and Monſieurs *de Luynes*'s intentions than I have done. We therefore expect her here e're it be long; and 'tis wiſh'd, if poſſible, that her firſt interview with the King may be on St. *Lewis*'s Feſtival, to make that Day ſtill more ſolemn, which of it ſelf is already ſo remarkable in *France*. We may without doubt expect a great Good from this Reconciliation; as on the contrary, we ought to apprehend no ſmall Danger, if it were not accompliſh'd; eſpecially at preſent, becauſe of the Aſſembly which the *Hugonots* deſign to hold the next Month; for nothing could ſo much favour their ill Deſigns, as the continuance of a Diviſion in the Royal Family. That's the condition the Queen's Affairs are in at preſent. Thus *Tours* will now become as famous by the Queen's Arrival on this Occaſion, as *Blois* was ſome Months ago by her Flight from thence. In my journey to the Court, I ſaw the Caſement thro' which ſhe went down at Midnight; and view'd likewiſe all the reſt of the Caſtle, which ſeems deſtin'd for the moſt tragical Accidents of *France*; particularly, I was conducted to the King's Apartment, where the Duke of *Guiſe* was killed at the States General held by *Henry* the III. *There*, ſaid they to me, *he came in, here he*

he receiv'd the first Blow; there he drew his Sword half way; here they made an end of him, and in that corner stood the King, unperceiv'd, to see him Die. My Horror was still greater when I came to the Place where the Cardinal his Brother was cruelly Butcher'd with Halberts. I saw the Room where Cardinal *de Bourbon* was Imprison'd at the same time; and finally I view'd the Chamber where Queen *Catherine* Died eight Days after, oppreſt with Grief for these fatal Accidents, and in the Apprehension of consequences yet more fatal, which she foretold a little before she gave up the Ghost. I consider'd likewise with great Attention, those animated Walls, which represent to the Life the Miseries of Crowns amidst their greatest Splendor. But let's return to *Tours*, and that delicious Country round it. It might justly be call'd the *Arcadia* of *France*, but that it wants a *French Sannazarius* to describe it. Yet if they do not give it here the Name of *Arcadia*, they call it however the *Garden of the Kingdom*; and that too with a great deal of Reason, since the fine River *Loire* carries its gentle streams so agreeably thro' its Plains; so delicious are its Banks, so rich and fruitful the Fields all around it, and so delightful the Prospects which they yield on every side. But what does your *Eminence* say of the situation of *Tours*, with the Village which stands opposite to it, where is the Abbey of *Marmoutier*? What do you think of these little Islands, where Art and Nature have form'd that Bridge, which serves for a Passage over the River, and an Entrance into the City? And again, what do you think of

all

all thoſe fine Trees, which, with a kind of Majeſty, raiſe their lofty heads among the Houſes both in the City, in the Suburbs, and in thoſe little Iſlands, which ſometimes unite ſeveral Objects together, and ſometimes preſent on every ſide a various, but ſtill agreeable, Proſpect to the wondring Eye? Your *Eminence* may perhaps have obſerv'd all theſe Things much better than my ſelf, when you were laſt at *Tours*; but nevertheleſs I was willing to refreſh the Remembrance of them in your Mind, and at the ſame time to renew your Pleaſure. Thus far of the Affairs of this Country. Count *Bucoy*'s Succeſſes in *Germany* encreaſe daily, ſince the Arrival of the Troops from *Flanders*; and the Electors have already acknowledg'd at *Francfort*, King *Ferdinand* for King of *Bohemia*, which is a great Point towards his being choſen Emperour. Nothing could be done here more advantageous for thoſe Countries, to ſerve at once both the Catholick Religion, and King *Ferdinand*. I ſhall conclude by owning the Receipt of your *Eminence*'s laſt Letter, dated the 27 of the laſt Month; and expreſſing to you the great Joy I have conceiv'd, at the moſt ſerene *Infant* Don *Ferdinand*, his Catholick Majeſty's third Son's being promoted to a Cardinal's Dignity; which adds a great Ornament to the ſacred College, and heightens the Glory of the whole Church. I remain, *&c.*

Tours, Auguſt the
20th. 1619.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the Same.

YOUR Eminence diſtinguiſh'd very right, when you anſwer'd the *French* Gentleman, as to the Embaſſy which is ſent from hence to *Germany*. It ought indeed to have been an Embaſſy of Proteſtation, and not of Negotiation; becauſe, by this means, both the Emperour and the Catholicks of *Germany*, would have reap'd a great Advantage by the Troops that were on the Frontiers, whereas now we can hope but little from a Treaty. Beſides, this Court had promis'd to ſuccour *Germany* by Arms, and not by a Negotiation. But your Eminence ſees in what a perplex'd Condition *France* finds herſelf at preſent. In ſhort, 'tis plain that this is a ſickly Body; which as long as 'tis troubled with the Palſy, (if I may ſo call it) of the *Hugonot* Faction, can never recover its Health, but will ſtill be ſubject to Convulſive Fits, and have but a quaking Strength. 'Tis principally from this Faction her whole Diſeaſe proceeds, becauſe it foments Seditions among the *Catholicks* themſelves. Therefore 'tis ſometimes one and ſometimes the other of theſe two reaſons, nay ſometimes both together, which occaſion thoſe commotions that generally diſtract this Kingdom; inſomuch that this Monarchy ſhall never recover its priſtine Vigour, till it be ſettled in a Condition quite oppoſite to what it is now in; becauſe the Common-Wealth, which the *Hugonots* every Day endeavour more and more to bring

into the Kingdom, is without doubt entirely opposite to the Regal Authority. Their late Assembly at *Loudun* lasted six Months together; during which they have still sent new Deputies to Court, who spoke like Sovereigns, and as such design'd rather to prescribe Laws, than receive any from the King; and after all, the Court was oblig'd to use a *Stratagem*, instead of its Authority, to separate them. I mean by this, that *France* in her present Condition, is not able to do what she would, either to serve others, or to supply her own Necessities. Your *Eminence* knows all this very well; and therefore to be plain, we ought every day to despair more and more of the Succours which were to be sent from hence to the Emperour, and the Catholicks of *Germany*; for the Queen-Mother's Affairs keep the Kingdom so much in suspence, that they cannot spare Forces to relieve Strangers. Nevertheless, there's no hopes the Emperor and the *Catholicks* of those Parts, should prosper, without a supply from *France*. The late Defeat of the *Bohemians*, by Count *Bucoy*, was very considerable; and 'tis believ'd for certain, that the Duke of *Saxony* will absolutely embrace the Emperor's Party. We shall see e're it be long what Effect the Monitory is like to have, which was signified to the Elector *Palatin*, to Summon him to quit *Bohemia*, and the other Provinces that have been usurp'd. In the mean while, we are here very much in suspence, as I said before, upon account of the Queen Mother's Affairs. The King sent lately Monsieur *de Blainville* to supply her with Money, and offer her new Conditions towards a Reconciliation.

ciliation. By all which 'tis plain, that in this Negotiation all possible means are us'd on this side to accommodate Matters, and bring her to Court. But on the other the Queen is fill'd with Suspicions; she would, and she would not; she desires and fears at the same time: and is more perplex'd by the Artifices of others than by her own Reasonings. We are now in these Uncertainties, and amidst the Dangers which may probably ensue.

I remain

Your Eminence's

most humble Servant, &c.

Paris, June the 5th. 1620.

LETTER VIII.

To Signior Antonio Querengo, *at* Modena.

MEthinks 'tis altogether a Dream that your Muse, which formerly was so lazy, should now produce at once so many fine Things in Verse and Prose, both in Print and in Manuscript; and that the same Muse should take a Flight into *Flanders* to Sing my Praise in an *unsettled, boisterous Climate*, is more than I can well

well comprehend, tho' my Eyes be open——. Yet, I have your Letters in my Hand; I read your Verſes, and hear the Singing of your Muſe which flatters me with my own Glory. Oh! what a charming Letter! what excellent Verſes! what a noble Sonnet! I receiv'd at *Cambray*, (where I now am on a Viſitation) all thoſe Pleaſures at once, which are really ſo great, that I am no more Angry with you, for that cruel ſilence, which you have kept with me ſo long. I am extreamly glad, you have at laſt reſolv'd to ſuffer your Poems to be publiſh'd; which without doubt will ſoon gain the univerſal Applauſe of *Italy*. I came to *Cambray* on the forementin'd Occaſion, this being the laſt Arch-biſhoprick I wanted to ſee, to finiſh the intire Viſitation of all theſe *Catholick* Provinces, which I have run over in five ſeveral Journeys. I have ſeen the famous Cities of *Ghent* and *Antwerp*, and the other principal Towns of this Country. I have view'd thoſe Places were the moſt celebrated Actions of War have been atchiev'd; and perhaps, (I ſhiver with horror to think on't) I have trod on the very Bones of my Brother *Alexander*, and of my Nephew *Cornelio*, in that fatal Field, where the memorable Battle of *Newport* was fought, among thoſe great Heaps of Sand, which the *Ocean* has gather'd in this low Country, for a Rampier aganſt it ſelf. I went thro' that Field accompanied by the Governour of *Newport*, a Soldier of Quality, who having been himſelf in the Battle, took great care to give me a particular Account of every Thing as we went along. On this ſide, ſaid he, the *Catholick*

tholicks were incamp'd, on that the *Hereticks*: Thus our Men March'd out, thus the Enemy; Here the two Armies Engaged; and here was the greateſt Slaughter. There Prince *Maurice* commanded all the *Dutch* Ships to retire from the Shore, on purpoſe to put his Soldiers to the neceſſity either of Vanquiſhing or Dying. Here the Arch-Duke fought with great Valour; Here he was wounded; there he was like to have been taken; and laſtly, here his Army was routed, tho' not without a conſiderable Loſs on the Enemy's ſide. Thus methought I was in the Fight my ſelf, by hearing ſo particular a Relation of it on the very Spot. You may eaſily imagine I wiſh'd to have ſeen *Holland*, if I could have had an Opportunity: However I have ſince ſeen it, in ſome meaſure, and at the ſame time penetrated into the Deepeſt Secrets of this new Republick of the United Provinces, by the means of an exact Information, procur'd me from ſeveral Places. I lately ſent to *Rome* a very full Relation of all, divided into three Books, and each Book into divers Chapters. From thence I took occaſion to ſpeak, tho as briefly as ever I could, of all that has hapn'd thro' the whole courſe of the late Wars. And in this ſhort hiſtorical Narration of mine, I have ſtill kept an Eye upon the elegant Abridgment of the *Roman* Hiſtory of *Florus*, as a Pattern to imitate, at leaſt as far as my weak Pen could reach the admirable Vivacity and Graces of that Author. How often have I wiſh'd that I might have communicated my Work to you! how paſſionately deſir'd, it might

first pass the Examination of your refin'd Judgment, that so it might not fear the Censure of others! But now 'tis no more in my Power, tho' at a nother Time it may. I can no longer entertain you in this Letter: My Ecclesiastical Functions call me away, and time presses upon me, being to set out to morrow morning for *Douay*, and St. *Omers*, to visit two *English* Seminaries there. St. *Omers* is not above four Leagues distant from *Calais*, that is say, it is almost in sight of the *British* Channel; I shall come back hither to *Cambray*, and from hence afterwards repair to my usual Residence at *Brussels*.

I remain,

Your humble Servant, &c.

Cambray, Sept.
the 28, 1611.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Count Annibal Manfredi *Ambassador from* Ferrara, *at* Rome.

THE Troubles of *France*, have occasion'd my long silence, so they ought to excuse the same to you. When I first came to *Paris* the last Storm was ready to break out; Tumults increas'd in an instant; *France* was all up in Arms; and 'twas thought she would be quickly be turn'd upside down. The Military Tragedies that were apprehended throughout the Kingdom, ended at last in some dismal Scenes at Court: And as things are now, we enjoy a little quiet; which makes me take Pen in hand, to repair the Fault I have committed in not writing to you all this while. I recover'd my Health by degrees during my Journy, (as I acquainted you before) and my stay in *Paris* has settled it in a perfect state. I found here the sweet Friendly Air of *Flanders*, by reason these Countries are so near one another that there's hardly any difference betwixt their Climates. I feel at *Paris* the same cool Weather I enjoy'd at *Brussels*; for the Month of *June* in *France*, is much the same with that of *April* in *Italy*. But then as for the People, their Customs and their Courts, they are intirely different. The very first Month of my Residence in *Flanders* suffic'd to bring me acquainted with almost all the Passages of the Princes's Lives during my *Nunciature* of Nine

Years. But were I to ſtay here Nine Ages together, I never ſhould find one Day at this Court like one of thoſe at 'tother. There, an uniform conduct reigns, and here a continual change; There they are too ſlow, and here too eager; and in ſhort the ſame contrariety is to be found almoſt in every thing. But all Courts and Nations deſerve to be commended for ſome things, and blamed for others; and a publick Miniſter ought to accommodate himſelf to that Diverſity of Humours which reigns in every one of them. There generally ariſe great Novelties in *France*, becauſe of the continual change of Affairs. During the few Months I have been here, there have happen'd ſuch great and ſtrange Revolutions, that thoſe very People who were Eye Witneſſes of 'em, can ſcarcely believe them. *France* was in one moment all up in Arms; and divided almoſt into as many Factions as there are Governours, and tho' every Faction had a various Pretence, yet all was done in outward appearance in the King's Name. 'Twas under this ſacred Name, thoſe Commotions of War were raiſed, whereof *Concini* Mareſchal *d'Ancre* was the principal Author; and the contrary Parties were thoſe of *Nevers*, *du Maine* and *Vendôme*. Several other great Men in the Kingdom were upon the point of rebelling, under the ſame Pretence: As were alſo the *Hugonots*, who amidſt the Diviſions of the *Catholicks*, conſtantly endeavour to encreaſe their Heretical Faction. But at laſt the King ſhew'd himſelf a King, and ſet up his Royal Authority every where. And to ſpeak Truth, in relation

lation to the Mareſchal *d'Ancre*, his Pride and Arrogance were grown to that height, that none here could bear them any longer. Therefore *France* demanded the Blood of this Victim, and there has been a neceſſity to Sacrifice it. I ſuppoſe, the particular News of theſe Tragical Accidents has already reach'd *Italy*. And I muſt confeſs I ſhould feel too much horror, ſhould I attempt to write a Relation of them in this Letter; I was ſufficiently ſtruck with it, when I beheld here that cruel Spectacle. They ought not to have been Surpiz'd at *Rome* at theſe Events, for I had often Writ, that according to the general Opinion, Mareſchal *d'Ancre*'s Violence, could not be laſting; and that the more his Ambition rais'd him on high, the greater his Fall was like to prove. This was the end of *Concini*'s Greatneſs, and 'tis thought his Wife will alſo loſe hers in a tragical Manner, and be ſoon put to Death by this Parliament, in the publick Place of *Paris*. 'Tis not to be imagin'd how much the Memory of both is deteſted, principally becauſe they are lookt upon as the Authors of the Diviſion betwixt the King and the Queen his Mother: Who ſhewing now no leſs Wiſdom in quitting the Management of the Kingdom, than ſhe did before in ſupporting the weight of Affairs, has rather thought fit to retire to *Blois*, and there to ſtay for ſome time. But 'tis to be hoped that Time it ſelf, will ſhortly exert its Efficacy in the reuniting the Minds of their Majeſties. In the mean time, the King has taken the Command into his own Hands; and the Death of one ſingle Man ſeems to

have

have appeased the Indignation of the whole Kingdom, and settled every where Obedience and Tranquillity. But nevertheless the fiery, boisterous Humour of this Nation still remains which, as I said before, will naturally produce Novelties in abundance. And besides the changeable Temper of the Nation, we must consider the Distemper which Heresy ingenders here: This is the Plague of the Kingdom, for it has disunited all the several Governments. The Heresy of *Calvin* is an extream, entirely opposite to the *Catholick* Religion: And the Commonwealth which the *Hugonots* endeavour to frame here, is another extream no less opposite to the *French* Monarchy. We therefore ought to pray God Almighty to take this Kingdom into his Protection, particularly the King, who is yet very Young. His Majesty has hitherto given Proofs of a great Judgment, and singular Piety. He is born a King,; bears the Name of a holy King and had a most glorious King, to his Father; all which are Characters that promise him also to be a very great Prince. During this Conjuncture of Time and Affairs I have had hitherto a great deal of trouble, neither am I like to have less for the Future. I am us'd already to the Forms of this Court, and the way of Living at *Paris*, where indeed I receive all the honour imaginable. The Court is very fine; particularly at present, when all the Princes, and almost all the other great Men of the Realm attend the King. But 'tis not to be imagin'd what a great Confusion there is: And they are so far from endeavouring to remedy it,

it, that the more this Greatneſs is confus'd and Noiſie, the more it is counted pleaſant and delightful. The Noblemen, and Perſons of great Quality, as alſo thoſe of an inferiour Rank, eſteem it a piece of extraordinary Greatneſs, and a Majeſtick Pomp, to thruſt themſelves into the King's Chamber, and are not content to be in his View, but they muſt crowd his very Perſon. I am ſometimes out of all Patience, becauſe at the Audience I can hardly get Room to reach the King's Ear. *Paris* is a City worthy of ſo great a Court; and the *Seine* a River worthy of ſo great a City; whoſe Situation deſerves alſo to be the Center of the Dominions of ſo noble a Kingdom. *Paris* is ſurrounded with an infinite Number of great Villages, and moſt fruitful Fields. There are in it above Six hundred thouſand Inhabitants; and therefore ſo vaſt and populous a Place could not have had a more pleaſant, and commodious Site. But having thus long been writing, I do but juſt begin to perceive that I write; for being deceiv'd with the Pleaſure I find in entertaining you, I only thought I was ſpeaking. Neither did I imagine to be in the *Rome* of *France*, but in that of *Italy*, ſitting by you, and diſcourſing with you after our uſual Freedom and Confidence. I conclude, with the Tender of my beſt Affection, &c.

Paris, June the
8th. 1617.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Signior Cornaro, *Clerk of the Apostolick Chamber, who afterwards was made a Cardinal by Pope* Urban VIII. *at* Rome.

'TIS true, I own it: I ought to have answer'd yours sooner, and would have done it, as well to comply with my inclination, as to discharge my Duty. But I was first hindred by a pain in the Liver, and then my Business kept me so long employ'd, that I now find my self prevented once more by your last, and most obliging Letter. If these Reasons are good, I shall be sufficiently excus'd; but if they won't do, I must confess my self conquer'd by you; I mean, conquer'd in those external Demonstrations of Love only; for you know well enough that in Point of inward Affection you cannot have any Advantage over me. I am at present in the Country, both to take the fresh Air, and fully to recover my former Health. I arriv'd five Days ago at *Noisi*, a Country-House belonging to My Lord Cardinal *de Retz*, four little Leagues from *Paris*. The Season could not be more pleasant at this time of the Year to be in the Country; nor the Place where I am more delicious to enjoy the Season. This House is Built upon a rising Ground; there are Gardens, Woods, Plains, and Hills about it, and this Decoration cannot be finer, because it cannot have

have more Variety. It prefents fometimes all thefe Things together to the fight, and fometimes one of them by it felf, and that too with with fuch delight, that the very fight is often confounded, not knowing what's moft to be admir'd. To all thefe fine things, there is but one wanting, which is, Water. Had this Place Fountains, it would be perhaps the moft delicious in all *France*, and exceed even St. *Germans*, one of the King's Houfes, a League diftant from hence. I have alfo feen St. *Germans* by reafon of its Neigbourhood: Its Situation is on a Hill, and certainly one of the fineft in the World. Amongft other things that are truly Royal, there's a great Defcent of Stairs, adorn'd with a Baluftrade, which parting majeftically from the Palace, in a double row, defcend, with eafy fteps, thro' a long piece of Ground, almoft as far as the Banks of the *Seine*; which in a gentle Stream carries its Waters thro' the Plain, and by feveral turnings and windings, feems to fly from it felf, and then to feek its own Channel again. In fhort, Imagination it felf cannot frame a Country more delicious than this. Neither are the Hills here, as amongft us, High, Craggy, and dreadfully fteepy in feveral Places, and when cover'd, 'tis only with an ugly, dead Green. But thefe verdant Hills of *Farnce*, preferving the lively colour of the Spring, as long as they are Green, rife gently amidft great Tracts of Fields, which yield a pleafant fragancy. This renders the *Viftass* fo fine and fo extended, that oftentimes they ftretch farther than the Eye can reach, and

the

the laſt appear ſtill more agreeable and charming than the firſt. I have been theſe Six Days in this Houſe of the Cardinal *de Retz*; and would have ſtaid ſometime longer, but that the Courier from *Rome* is arriv'd, who calls me back to morrow to *Paris*; perhaps to drive me from thence to the Court at *Monceaux*; which is alſo a very fine Place, by reaſon of its Situation, Gardens ane Buildings. When the Court is return'd from *Monceaux* to *Paris*, the King may perhaps go to *Fontainebleau*, which is the largeſt Houſe the Kings of *France* have in the Country; but which has no Proſpect, being Seated in a great Foreſt that ſtretches along the Plain, and is full of an infinite number of Stags, which is the Game that Kings generally Hunt. Theſe three Country-Houſes, *viz. Fontainebleau*, *Saint Germans*, and *Monceaux*, are the neareſt to *Paris*, and where the Court ſtays for the moſt part. As ſoon as the Court comes to any of theſe Places, it turns them preſently into Cities, ſo great is the Number of the Perſons who uſually attend the King, beſides thoſe who at all times reſort to Court from all Parts, upon extraordinary Affairs. Yet I have been from it theſe Six Days paſt, particularly from *Paris*, where the great Noiſe and Hurry of ſo many People, Carts and Coaches, ſometimes blinds my Sight, and ſtuns my Ears. Whileſt I enjoy this Tranquility and Silence here, I anſwer your Letter, and am wholly with you: For indeed I may be ſaid to be wholly with you, ſince I have given you ſo particular an account of this Country-Houſe, and of myſelf, who have liv'd in it. Let that ſuffice for private

private Concerns. As for the publick Affairs of *Italy*; I ſee both what you Write and fear concerning them. Nevertheleſs I ſtill retain my former Hopes, and firmly believe that after ſo good an Agreement about Sea-Affairs, no Difference ſhall happen at Land. God grant a ſpeedy Concluſion of all theſe Troubles, that our *Italy* from the Miſeries of this War, may learn for the future better to enjoy the Bleſſings of Peace. We live here at preſent in a great Tranquillity; but it is ſuch a one as is agreeable to the Genius of *France*, which has nothing certain in it, but Uncertainty it ſelf. Much like the Sea, which when moſt Calm, is neither leſs Deep, nor leſs ſubject to Storms; thus when *France* promiſes a great Tranquillity, 'tis then we ought moſt to diſtruſt its Promiſes. But in the mean time we ſhall enjoy the preſent Calm, and leave to Providence all future Accidents. How great is the loſs we had lately in Cardinal *du Perron*? He was the St. *Auguſtin* of *France*; and one of the greateſt Ornaments of our Age; he knew every thing; and whoever heard him ſpeak of any Science, would be apt to think he never ſtudy'd but that ſingle one. I return to your Letter before I conclude mine. I ſee your good wiſhes for me in Relation to Signior *d'Amelia*'s Journy into *Spain*; and acknowledg your wonted and partial Affection, which makes up in Deſire what I want in Merit. I pray God bleſs you with a ſpeedy ſucceſs in your Affairs; not only for your own Satisfaction, but alſo that your moſt Noble Family, which is a ſeminary of Cardinals,

may

may rejoice once more by ſeeing you advanc'd to a Dignity, you have ſo juſtly merited. I remain with ſincere Affection,

Yours, &c.

Noiſy, Sept. the 22. 1618.

LETTER XI.

To Signior Paul Gualdo, *Arch-Prieſt of* Padua.

I heard of your Nephew Signior *John Baptiſt*'s Departure before I knew any thing of his Deſign of being gone. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat diſpleas'd at it: What! Run away from *France*, before, (if I may ſo ſpeak) he was arriv'd there? Is it becauſe the Affairs of this Court and Kingdom deſerve not to be obſerv'd with particular Application? That Man who travels into foreign Countries, with no other Deſign than to make himſelf able to entertain his Relations at home, with a Deſcription of the Rivers, Fields, Foreſts, Mountains, Towns, and Cities, and the Number and Habit of the Inhabitants of a Country, that Man, I ſay, takes abundance of Pains to very little purpoſe; for by taking notice of mute, inanimate Things, he only conſults the gratifying of the Sight, and neglects what is more material, the Improvement of his Mind. Whoever leaves his

his own Country to ſee the World abroad, ought, in my Opinion, to beſtow his particular Obſervation on the Cuſtoms and Manners of Foreign Nations; The Temper and Genius of Kings; The Conſtitution of their Councils; Their Strength; The Laws and Statutes of Kingdoms, The State of Religion; How the Authority of Commanding, is mixt with the manner of Obeying; Upon what Terms they are with their Neighbours; What *peccant* Humour there is in each Government; and if curable, What Remedy were moſt proper for it. Theſe and the like Things which relate to Governments are ſuch as I would recommend to the Notice and Contemplation of Travellers. Juſt as the Soul gives us our Being, ſo does the Government give Kingdoms Theirs. Wherefore we ought to make this Part our conſtant Study, and endeavour to be throughly acquainted with it. All the reſt is groſs matter without Life, much like to the Members of our Body, which never move, but when the Soul informs them. But the Conſtitution of the Government of Kingdoms, is not to be Comprehended in a Day or two: This Knowledg requires Study, and Study Time. Now if theſe Things deſerve to be obſerv'd any were, they do ſo more particularly in *France*, which is a State ſo very large; ſo much divided in point of Religion; ſo often toſt by Civil Commotions; where one ſees one of the greateſt Courts in *Europe*, and one of the moſt conſiderable Governments in the World; in ſhort, where one meets with ſo many other things worth taking notice of, that whole Years would

not ſuffice to get a Competent Knowledge of all. But what deſerves more peculiarly to be conſider'd are the continual changes which are ſeen in this Kingdom. And if nothing contributes more to the Capacitating a Man for the Management of publick Buſineſs, than the viewing the Succeſſion of ſeveral Events, all other Countries muſt yield to *France*, becauſe, in this particular, *France* may be a School for all other Countries. Therefore Signior *Joha Baptiſt* ſhould have ſtaid here, at leaſt as long as Signior *Contarini*'s Embaſſy laſted. You ſee already he might have obſerv'd a very conſiſiderable Paſſage, at his firſt Arrival at *Paris*; I mean the ſudden Retreat of the Queen Mother to *Blois*, which occaſions ſuch great Troubles here. Oh! that I were now with our Friend Signior *Bono*! to diſcourſe him of this unforeſeen Accident, as we did two Years ago of that which the World ſo little expected, when the Queen retired from *Paris*. No doubt this Accident will ſeem great to him, for it is really great in it ſelf, and yet greater ſtill in its Conſequences, with regard to the Publick. We are here already in Alarms, and upon the Point of ſeeing ſtrange thing, if God Almighty caſts not an Eye of Compaſſion upon *France*. But I leave *France* to return to your Letter; 'tis a ſhame they did not deliver it to me ſooner: For if I always wiſh thoſe Letters that are Written to me had Wings, I ſhould do ſo much more particularly to yours; ſo much I value the new Teſtimonies of your Affection? and ſo great a Delight I find in any freſh Account of what happens at *Padua*. As for

Signior

Signior *Tedeſchi*, I thought indeed I might ſafely believe he would want Courage to come hither. But I find he now takes no more the Trouble upon him either of Writing to me, or making Verſes in my Praiſe. You have fill'd me with Joy, by ſending me news of *Signior di Feltro*, our Friend. 'Tis almoſt an Age ſince he has been ſo cruel as not to Write to me. What a fine Pretence can he find in the *Northern* Climate for his new reſidence in the Winter? For my part I have reſided nine Years together in *Flanders*, without being Frozen: If ever he returns to *Italy*, let him look to himſelf——. But I'll threaten no more at preſent. My hearty Service a thouſand times to Signior *Bono*; and tell him a thouſand times over, that I envy that ſoft Repoſe he enjoys at *Padua*, which every day ſeems more and more agreeable to me, either becauſe I am depriv'd of it, or in Compariſon to that buſie, tumultuous Life I lead here in *France*. I conclude with wiſhing you all the joy and content imaginable.

Paris, *March* the
20th. 1619.

LETTER XII.

To the Queen Mother, at Angouleme.

Madam,

AS nothing did more afflict our Holy Father, than to hear of the Misunderstanding that was between your Majesty, and the King your Royal Son, and which disturb'd every where the Peace of this Kingdom; so nothing could be a greater Consolation to his Holiness, than to receive News of the Reconcilement between your Majesties, and at the same time to see *France* restor'd to its former Tranquillity. The Joy his Holiness felt on this occasion was yet the greater, by having this News from your Majesty's own Hand, with so many particular marks of Confidence and Affection. Your Majesty will see his Holiness's Answer in the inclos'd Brief, and by the Letter that goes along with it, you will find how much Cardinal *Borghese* is sensible of the Honour your Majesty has done him by condescending to Write to him concerning this matter. This very occasion emboldens me to take Pen in Hand, to rejoice with your Majesty at so happy a success; which Duty I discharge with all the sentiments of a Person intirely devoted to your Service, both with Respect to the Publick Good, and a particular Regard to your Majesties Royal Person. God grant so prosperous a success may be attended with many other

others no less welcome; and that your Majesty's private Satisfaction may daily increase amidst the universal Felicity of your Kingdom. I remain with all Humility and Respect,

Madam,

Your Majesty's, &c.

Tours, July the 4th. 1619.

LETTER XIII.

To Cavalier Marini, *at* Paris

WHy did I snot ee you, my Dear *Cavalier*, before I went for *Fontainebleau*? Certainly I had either brought you with me, or else dragg'd you along. Tho' after all, I believe you would have come voluntarily and without force, for I imagine you would have been glad to have seen *Fontainebleau*, which holds the first Rank amongst the Royal Country-Houses of the Kings of *France*. But if I was depriv'd of your Conversation, I have however been entertain'd by the Reading of your Verses, and enjoy'd the sweet harmony of your charming Muse. This was all my Diversion during my Journy, and now I'm arriv'd, 'tis the greatest Recreation I have here. Good God! what a Poetical Vein! What Purity! What noble and uncommon Thoughts! But

what do you design to do with all your other Compositions, which are either finish'd, or want little of being so? Indeed you would very much wrong your own Glory, the Liberality of so great a King, and both *France* and *Italy*, (which agree in the same wishes, or rather contend for the Honour of that high Reputation you have in the World) if you should defer any longer to put them to the Press. But above all remember, I beseech you, my Dear *Cavalier*, what I have so often advis'd you to before, to purge your *Adonis* from Smut, that he may not fear the severity of our Censures of *Italy*, nor be expos'd to be put at last to a more unfortunate Death by the Violence of these Blows, than he suffer'd by those which you relate in your Poetical Fictions. Upon the whole Matter, I am certain you will not be the Parricide of your own Production. In the mean time, we shall enjoy the sweet and pleasing strains of your Muse. But why have you put after the Frontispiece that long Letter, or rather Apology, to *Achillini* and *Preti*? You have too much debas'd your own Virtue, and done too great honour to the Envy of your Enemies. The best way to punish Envy, is to despise it; never did any Arrow hit the Heavens. When a Man has reach'd that high degree to which you are rais'd, he ought little to regard four or five self conceited Men, who refuse to join their Applause to the general Approbation of the Publick. Shew me one Person amongst all the great Men, both Ancient and Modern, of what Profession soever, that in his Life time was not expos'd to Envy? And first among the

Poets,

Poets, leaving the Ancients, to mention only the Modern, with whom we ourſelves have been acquainted, have not *Taſſo* and *Guarini* felt the Teeth of Malice and Envy? And yet who remembers the biting Criticiſms that have been made on their Poems, or rather, who is it that does not laugh at their Authors? Now tho' thoſe great Poets are Dead, yet their Fame is ſtill Living. The ſame has happen'd to all the great Men that have been famous in Learning, War, or any other Profeſſion or Science. After all, 'tis Poſterity that gives Life that Death to the Memory of Men; 'tis ſhe or paſſes the true Sentence, and we muſt expect it from that unexceptionable and incorruptible Judge. But enough of that matter in this place, the reſt you ſhall have by Word of Mouth. I propoſe to ſtay at *Melun* all this Week, to enjoy ſome time longer this good Air, and pleaſant ſeat. I have already been once at *Fontainebleau*, and will return thither to morrow. To ſpeak the Truth, 'tis a great Houſe, and worthy of ſo great a King; Or rather, there are ſeveral Houſes join'd together at different Times, and without any Order; all which form a vaſt, ill-contriv'd, and confus'd Pile of Building; but that very Confuſion is full of Greatneſs and Majeſty. Its Situation is low, and ſomething diſmal to the Eye, eſpecially at this time of the Year, when the Country is not yet Green. *Fontainebleau* is in the middle of a great Foreſt, and the Houſe ſurrounded with ſeveral Hills cover'd with Rocks, and which yield neither Fruit, nor any pleaſant Proſpect. The Foreſt is full of Stags; and the Hunting of this Game being the chief Diverſion of the Kings of

France, that's the Reason why this Place, which is little remarkable, of it self, becomes so considerable from the stay which his Majesty makes there, with so many other great Persons. However there are very fine Gardens; and besides the first Fountain which gave the Name to the House, there are several others which are a great Embelishment to it. But why do you not take a Turn hither your self? You may come time enough yet to see *Fontainebleau* more than once before I return to *Paris*. In the mean time, you'll see by this long Letter, (which I write before I am perfectly well) how much Pleasure I take in enjoying your Conversation in Writing, since I cannot do it by Word of Mouth. I conclude with wishing you all the Blessings and Satisfaction of this World.

Melun, April the
7th. 1620.

LETTER XIV.

To the most Christian King.

SIR,

GOD Almighty, 'tis Probable purpos'd, to Crown your Majesty's Victories with that you lately gain'd in *Bearn*, having conducted you into the Country, as it were, with his own hand, to produce those happy and glorious Effects, which we now behold. Your Majesty, by your Royal Presence, has in one moment restor'd God to his true Worship; the Altars to their former

former Honour; the Church to her ancient Rights and Revenues; and the Country to its Liberty in Religion. And having made Piety to triumph, your Majesty was also willing that Justice should do so at the same time; which prov'd so great an Advantage to your Royal Authority, that it may seem doubtful, which of the two went before; either the Service with your Majesty has done to God Almighty on this Occasion, or the Recompense which God Almighty thought fit to bestow on your Majesty for it. 'Tis now plainly to be seen, as in many other occurrences, how much the Interest of the Church is combin'd with that of your Majesty; and how much both always concur to promote and favour each other. The universal Joy which *Paris*, and the whole Kingdom in general have felt at these important Successes Emboldens me to express mine to your Majesty, with all Dutiful Respect, Tho' on the other side, I am the more prompted to it by the Obligation incumbent on me to represent at this very juncture to your Majesty, the satisfaction our Holy Father will receive by it, which undoubtedly must be infinite and unexpressible. I pray God to bless your Majesty with a long Course of Life, and that in proportion of the increase of Years, he may also augment your happy Successes. I remain with profound humility and Respect, *&c.*

Paris, Octob. the
26th. 1620.

LET-

LETTER XV.
To Pope Paul, V.

YOur Holineſs was pleas'd, thro' your exceſſive Goodneſs, to make me ſhare your Graces from the very Beginning of your Pontificate; and to compleat your Favours, have been willing to continue the ſame to me ever ſince. That which I now receive with the Dignity of Cardinal is ſo very great, that the more your Holineſs's Benevolence towards me appears infinite, the more I am at a loſs to find Words to ſhew my Gratitude. I muſt therefore be contented with an humble and reſpectful ſilence to acknowledge ſo ſignal a Benefit, whoſe Greatneſs renders it impoſſible to be expreſt. However, I hope thro' God's Aſſiſtance, to exerciſe this Dignity, with ſo much Zeal for the holy Apoſtolick See, and ſo great Devotion for your Holineſs, that you will have no occaſion to repent, either the Favour you were graciouſly pleas'd to beſtow on me, or the Honour you have by the ſame means done to my Family. Now having been honour'd with ſo great a Dignity, I have ſtill reaſon to be Proud of being rais'd to ſo high a Degree by a Pope endow'd with ſuch eminent Qualities, that he was eſteem'd worthy of the Pontificate, a long time before he was advanc'd to it, and who afterwards has brought new Bleſſings on the Church by his wiſe Adminiſtration. To conclude, I with all humility Kiſs your Holineſs's moſt ſacred Toe.

Paris, January,
the 31st. 1621.

SIX
SELECT EPISTLES
OUT OF
Aristænetus.

Translated from the GREEK, *by*
Mr. A. BOYER.

EPIST. I. Lib. II.

Ælianus *to* Calycas. *He intercedes with a Lady in Favour of her Lover.*

GIVE me leave, Madam, to intercede with you on behalf of my Friend *Charydemus.* And all ye Powers of Eloquence assist me, to persuade this cruel Fair——. You know, charming *Calycas*, how passionately *Charydemus* Loves you, and how fondly he cherishes the pleasing, lingring Flame which consumes him to nothing: You see he is become the very Picture of Death, and can make but a very short stay here among the Living, unless you vouchsafe to apply a present Remedy to his Distemper ——Heaven forbid so Beautiful a Creature as as your self should ever have the crying Sin of Murder laid to her Charge! I know you're angry with the Youth, because he formerly offended you; but has he not suffer'd enough for it since? And can you in Conscience punish a trifling Fault as if it were a Capital Crime? Rather imitate the Goddess of Love whom you resemble as nearly as a mortal can approach a Deity: She carries Fires and Darts about her, but then she's attended by the Graces. Thus, as your bright Eyes wound our Hearts, and kindle a Fire in our Breasts, so let your kind Smiles, and gentle Graces cure the Wounds you make, and quench the Flames you kindle. Hitherto, I have addrest my self to you by Petition, now take what follows by way of Ad-

vice

vice——. I grant, 'tis a useful Policy in you Ladies, at the beginning of an Amour, to keep your Lovers at Arms-Length; for by that means you both encrease their Passions, and preserve your Dominion over 'em. But if you strain this Trick too far, you'll run the hazard of losing your Admirers for good and all; for some Men rather than see themselves disdain'd, will presently break off their Chains, and offer their services to a less rigorous Mistriss. You should remember that *Cupid* is an unsettled Deity, soon come, soon gone. Hope gives him Wings, but Despair clips 'em; and therefore all prudent Women entertain their Lovers with fair Hopes. Now tho' abundance of Ladies have already Endeavour'd to engage *Charidemus*, yet is he still constant to you, and swears no other Beauty shall ever captivate his Heart. I will allow you to treat Dissemblers as ill as ever you can, but I conjure you be more gentle to a Sincere Lover. Be advis'd to be moderate in your Rigour: And as the saying is, bend not the Bow till it cracks again. Nay have a care lest by being over-cunning, you grow ridiculously Proud; for *Cupid* alwaies loves to humble Pride——. The Favours a Woman grants are oftentimes compar'd to Fruit, which serves to teach you that as Fruit is good for nothing unless it be gather'd in Season, so your Favours will not be worth Accepting, unless you grant 'em while you are Young. For as most Men love Women for the sake of their Beauty, so their Passions decrease so soon as ever their Mistrisses are past their Prime. I will instance in another Simile. A Woman may be compar'd to a Meadow, enamell'd

mell'd with fine Flowers; for what these are to the Meadow, the same is Beauty to a Woman. Whilst the Field is verdant, the Flowers retain their lively Charms, but when the Spring of the Year is past, the Meadow ceases to look Green, and the Flowers fade and die. The same happens to a Woman: Assoon as her youthfull Days are over, her Beauty begins to decay, till at last all her charms are quite extinct: And what then remains but Repentance, and a forc'd Reserve, whereby antiquated Ladies fancy they secure themselves from Contempt. As *Cupid* admits none to Fight under his Banner, that are too young to bear the Fatigue, so, for the same Reason, he disbands all that are old; for he thinks those only fit to serve him, that are in their full Vigour, Strength, and Beauty. But why should I use Arguments to you, who are in all these Matters wiser than my self. I'll add but one Word more: As you are the Fairest of your Sex, so let your Goodness equal your Beauty, that we may distinguish you by those two shining Characters. Well, dear Madam, will you not suffer your self to be intreated yet? Yes, you will—— I know your easie, tractable Temper, I depend upon it, and shall wait on you with my Friend *Charidemus*, he shall acknowledge his Fault, and beg Pardon for it, you will forgive him; and if you consent to chuse me for your Mediator, I will make such a Treaty of Love and Friendship between you, as shall render both you and him happy, as long as you live.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXVII. Lib. I.
Clearchus *to* Amynandrus.

THIS comes to give you an account of a pleasant Dialogue, with which I was entertain'd last Night. As I was walking in the Piazza, *observing two Ladies, that stood before their Door, there happen'd to come by a taring Beau, humming a Song as he went along*: My Dear, *says one of the Ladies to the other, pulling her by the Sleeve,* my Life on't, that fine Gentleman Sings upon your Account: For observe how languishingly he looks on you! Bless me! how Handsom, how Tall! how well Shap'd he is! how sweetly he Quavers, how nicely his Hair is Curl'd, *For 'tis the Property of Love, to render those very People curious in their Dress, who otherwise would be meer Slovens*——— Well, *reply'd the other,* you may say what you please of him, but for my Part, I vow by all that's Good, I detest the Fop, let him be never so Handsom; for he is so conceited of himself, that he fancies all Women must necessarily be in Love with him, and Court him on account of his Beauty. See how proudly he tosses up his Nose; and with a Supercilious Frown, and affected Gravity seems to command the Admiration of all that look upon him. For my part, I hate a Lover that thinks himself in any thing more deserving than his Mistriss. But prethee, my dear, mind how I will make sport with him ——— There's a certain proud, conceited Fop, *Continued* she, that Loves me passionately, and whom I do not think worthy of my bare Smiles——.

He

He never misses going to and fro every Night by our Door, still plaguing me with his Serenades; but I assure you, I no more mind him, than I would do a Ballad-singer. I wonder the Fool has the assurance to play his Apish amorous Tricks over and over to no more purpose; I protest I cannot but blush for him. *With these and the like Words she insulted over the Spark; and the more to enrage him, she feign'd, stooping, to tie her shoe, to have an opportunity of shewing her pretty little Foot; and with the same Artifice discover'd those Parts which are most potent to inspire Love, as a lilly white Hand, a snowy Breast, and so forth. The youth nettled at her speech, for she took care to whisper so loud that she might easily be overheard:* Well, cruel Fair, *said he,* you are free to think and speak what you please, but it moves not me in the least; for 'tis not me you mock, but Almighty *Cupid,* who will certainly revenge the Affront, and pierce your scornful Breast with such a Dart, that I hope to see you prostrate at my Feet to beg me to take pity on you, and ease your amorous Pain——. *At this the Lady bursting out into a fit of Laughter, and clapping both her Hands in Admiration, with a side, disdainful leer reply'd*——, sure, I hope, I shall never be so unfortunate——. But as for you, may you still be fool'd by vain Conceits; may you still admire your dear, pretty self; may you Sing, Serenade, flutter about, and watch all the Night long to no purpose; may you still be tost by your boisterous Passion, and yet make no Progress in your Love-Voyage: In short, may you never receive any Favours from me, no, not so much as a touch of my little Finger, or have

the happiness to gallant my Fan, and yet be eternally my Slave ——. The youth was so confounded that he had not one Word to say for himself: The Ladies were highly pleas'd at their Victory, and the like was your humble Servant with their Wit and Malice.

EPIST. X. Lib. II.

Philopinax *to* Chromation. *Upon his falling in Love with the Picture of a Virgin he had drawn.*

WAS there ever such a Passion as mine? I drew the Picture of a beautiful Virgin, and then fell in Love with what I had Drawn. So that 'tis not *Cupid's* Darts, but my own Hand and Pencil that have wounded my Heart. I am the more unfortunate, in that I can only complain of my Art; for had I Drawn an ill Picture, I should still have enjoy'd my Freedom: But having made a good one, all will pity my Condition, as much as they admire at my skill, and I shall be accounted as wretched a Lover, as a good Painter. But why should I thus quarrel with my Hand? —— I have seen the Pictures of *Phædra*, *Pasiphae*, and *Narcissus*. The first griev'd at the Absence of her Dear *Hyppolitus*; the second was Distracted with an unnatural Passion; and as to the last, 'tis known that *Narcissus* no sooner offer'd to stroke his own Face pictur'd in the Fountain, but the dear bewitching image disappear'd and slipt thro' his Hands.

Now

Now as the Fountain reflectd *Narcissus*'s Image, so the Picture represented both the Fountain and *Narcissus* admiring his own Beauty. How different is my case from these? My Mistriss is still present as long as I please; she ever appears Charming and Beautiful, and if I offer to touch her, she neither flys from me, nor so much as stirs, but with a graceful Air smiles upon me, and even seems to open her Lips, as if she would talk to me. Intoxicated with my Passion, I sometimes clap my Ear to her Mouth that I may catch at her Whispers; but finding she speaks ne're a Word, I then Kiss her ruby Lips, her rosy Cheeks and her wanton Eye-Lids: And not satisfied with this, I press her to a close Embrace. She like a yielding Virgin gives consent by her silence——. Which having embolden'd my Passion, I throw her on a Couch, cast my Arms about her, and close my Breast with hers, to try if by this means, I can alleviate my amorous Pain. But when I perceive that 'tis but a Picture I am ten times more distracted than before. A frozen Numness then succeeds, and seizes my very Heart. Her Lips indeed express a Desire, but want the Power to return Kisses. If I shed Tears to move her Pity, the Picture looks as bright as ever, and rather seems to laugh at my Woe. Oh! ye indulgent Powers of Love, bestow on me a living Mistriss as beautiful as her whom I have Drawn, that by comparing them together, I may have the Pleasure to admire the happy *Consent* of Art and Nature.

EPIST. XI. Lib. II.

From a young Man who lov'd his Wife and his Mistriss equally at the same time.

Apollogenes *to* Sofia.

I'D fain put this Question to all Lovers one by one; whether any of them ever lov'd two Persons equally at the same time? For this is my case: I Lived in a great Familiarity with a Woman of the Town, and to free my self, as I thought, from this dishonourable Love, I Married a lawful Wife——. Now it so happens that my Passion for my Mistriss is not in the least abated, altho' I have an extraordinary Fondness for my Wife. For whenever I am in the Company of either, my imagination is presently haunted by the remembrance of the other, whose bewitching Image, like a bold Intruder, comes to disturb my present Joys. I am just for all the World like the Steersman of a Ship driven at once by two contrary Winds, the one from the East, and 'tother from the West; both these contend for the Mastery of the Ship, and raise opposite Waves, whilst still the Vessel follows but one Course——. Oh! how happy were I, if as these two Passions converse together in my Breast, so both my Wife and my Mistriss would live together without Jealousy.

EPIST.

EPIST. XII. Lib. I.

Euhemerus *to* Leucippus.

He excuses the Passion he has for his Mistriss, upon account of her extraordinary Charms.

THe World is unjust to censure my Passion for *Pythias.* Let those who have seen the Beauties of the *Eastern* Countries, or the celebrated fine Women of *Italy* and *Great Britain*: in a Word, Let all the Admirers of the Fair Sex repair hither from all Parts of the Universe to view my charming Mistriss: Then let them speak their Thoughts, and confess they never beheld so beautiful and so admirable an Object. What part soever of her Person you cast your Eyes upon, you meet with a Beauty; Every Feature in her Face, has an attractive Charm, and every Motion of her Body, a peculiar Grace——. Whoever comes to see her out of a Malicious Curiosity, is ready to burst with Envy, finding his Endeavours to discover a defect in her Beauty miserably disappointed. For my part, I am wrapt up in Admiration when I behold her fine Shape, her Majestick Mien, her Noble Gate, and Graceful Air. Nay, her very Feet raise my Wonder. For, you know, a handsom Foot is not the least Charm of an Accomplisht Lady, and will sometimes make an indifferent Beauty go down. But I am no less enchanted by the Perfections of

her Mind: For tho' my *Pythias*, prest by Indigence, was forc'd to grant her Favours upon Dishonourable Terms, yet did she still retain her native Modesty, a Winning sweetness of Temper, a lasting Good-humour, free from any Cocquettish Affectation, and a *S*oul rais'd above the meanness of her Condition. Over and above all this I am charm'd by her generous Innocence; for if I bestow on her never so trifling a Gift, she alwaies receives it with abundance of Gratitude, contrary to the common Practise of your greedy-Town-Jilts, who will undervalue your Presents, let them be never so considerable——. Blest in each other's Company, she and I live together like a Pair of loving Turtles——. But here I should stop my Narration, for 'twere a Crime to disclose the delightful Mysteries of Love——. However this I will venture to reveal, that she resists only with a Design to yield, and struggles no longer than is necessary to make me feel the Pleasure of Conquest——. Her Neck sends forth a Natural Fragancy infinitely beyond the Choicest Odours, and her Breath is so exquisitely sweet, that when you fix a Kiss on her soft Lips, you would Swear you were drinking out of a Cup ting'd with the most delicate Perfumes. Oh! How happy am I when in a long sleepless Winter-Night, to fill the Intervals of more transporting Joys, I gently recline my head on her tender Bosom, and with repeated Kisses keep time with the Panting of her Breast! From this it plainly appears that we find in a beautiful Mistriss a Thousand Endearments, equal, in some measure to, the very Pleasure of Fruition:

Whereof

Whereas a deform'd Woman yields none of these refined Delights. The difference, in my Opinion, betwixt a deform'd Woman and a handsom one, is much the same as we may observe betwixt course Meats and made Dishes; the first presently cause Satiety, nay sometimes turn our very Stomachs; when the other both please the Palate, fill the Belly, and excite our Appetite——. 'Tis my dear *Pythias* that renders my Days Happy and Serene, and makes my Life slide away smooth and easy——. I have often heard a Song beginning with *Absence is a cure for Love*, grounded I suppose upon the common saying, *Out of Sight, out of Mind*: Yet by all the Charms of my *Pythias* I swear, that even when absent, I Lov'd her to the highest Degree imaginable,

I fled from her but fled in vain:
Absence, which often chills desire,
Encreas'd my amorous fire,
And forc'd me back again.

I thank my propitious Stars that never suffer'd me to forget my Dear, but brought me back again to her longing Arms, where I find a continual Succession of fresh Delights.

EPIST. XXIII. Lib. I.

Monochorus *to* Philocubus.

From one who was unfortunate both in Love and at Play.

CEase, my Dear Friend, cease to wonder at my Melancholy: For I am plagued with two Evils, either of which is sufficient to make my Life Miserable. Know then, I dote on an expensive, Extravagant Mistriss, and love Dice as passionately, tho' I still lose all I Play for, and, which is the height of ill-luck, to my very Rivals. For if I Play with 'em either at Tables or at Hazard, my Head runs so much upon Love, that either I make *Blots* when I could take *Points*, or mistake the *main* and *chance* to my Disadvantage, so that I am a Bubble to those very People that understand Gaming worse than my self. If afterwards I visit my covetous Mistriss, I am sure to meet there with a more shameful Defeat; for my Rivals grown Rich by my Losses, give more liberally than I can afford, and beat me with my own Weapons. Thus you see what a wretched Condition I am reduc'd to, and how I am curst with two evils, which mutually encrease each other.

LET-

LETTER.

A Lady having granted her Lover an Assignation, and he not behaving himself like a Man, she sends him the following Letter.

Done out of Petronius, *by* Tho. Cheek *Esq*;.

IF I where very fond of loose Desires, I should be angry at a Disappointment; but I am so far from Complaining, that I think myself oblig'd to your Infirmity. For by that means, tho' I miss of the Pleasure I might reasonably have evpected from you, I have enjoy'd others by Imagination, which have lasted much longer, than any you could have given me, had you behaved your self like another Man. I only send to you now to know how you do, and whether you were able to get home to your Lodging? It is not without Reason I make this Enquiry, for I never saw you in so wretched a Condition as that in which I left you. I advise you to settle your Affairs as soon as you can, for it is impossible that a Man with so little Natural Heat should be able to subsist any considerable Time. I vow, Sir, you move my Compassion, and notwithstanding the Affront I have receiv'd from you, I cannot forbear giving you some good Advice: If you would retrieve your expiring Vigour, avoid your Page; you may probably recover your

your Health, if you are ſome time without ſeeing him, for certainly your Weakneſs proceeds from no other cauſe. As for me, if my Looking-glaſs, and the Opinion the World has of my Beauty don't bely me, I need not fear this Accident ſhould be imputed to me.

LETTER II.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

By the ſame Hand.

I confeſs, Madam, I have been guilty of a great many Faults in my Life Time, for I am but a Man, and indeed a very young Man; but I never offended ſo enormouſly as I did laſt Night. There's no excuſe to be made for't; and you cannot condemn me to ſuffer more rigorouſly than I really deſerve. I have Murder'd; I have Betray'd; I have committed Sacriledge: And for all theſe Crimes you have no more to do but to invent Puniſhments. If you would have my Life, my Sword is at your Service; if you think a good Whipping may ſuffice, I'll undreſs immediately, and wait upon you in my Shirt. However, Madam, be pleas'd to conſider, that it was a Defect in my Power, and not in my Inclination. My Caſe is not unlike that of a Valiant Soldier, who is ready

to

to fight, but wants Ammunition when he ſhould charge the Enemy. To tell you whence this proceeds, would be a very difficult Matter. Perhaps it was with me, as 'tis with thoſe who loſe their Stomachs, when they have too much Victuals ſet before them. Or perhaps the force of Imagination overcame the force of Nature. This 'tis, Madam, to make a Man ſo much in Love with you: A moderate Beauty would not have troubled the order of Nature, and would have been better ſatisfied. Adieu, Madam; I have nothing more to ſay to you, but this; that perhaps you will pardon me what is paſt, if you give me an opportunity to do better for the time to come; in order to that I deſire I may wait upon you to Morrow at the ſame Hour I did Yeſterday.

SELECT

LETTERS

Hiſtorical, Satyrical and Moral.

WRITTEN

In *Spaniſh* by the Famous Don *Antonio de Guevara*, Biſhop of *Mondonedo*, chief Miniſter of State, and Hiſtoriographer to the Emperor *Charles* V.

Made Engliſh *by Mr.* Savage.

LETTER I.

To Don Ignigo Ofreio; *Acquainting him how little we know of the Good or Harm attending us in this Life.*

Reverend Sir,

Cornelius Rufus, in the Confulfhip of *Quintus Cincinnatus*, going one Night to Bed in good Health, Dreamt that he had loft his Sight, and was led Blind about the City, which prov'd fo very Ominous, that the next Day Morning he could not difcern any thing before him. *Phalaris* the *Theban*, having been long afflicted with an Impoftume in his Lungs, hapned to be engag'd in a Battle, where receiving a Wound in his Breaft, his good Fortune fo order'd it, that he at once got rid of both Maladies. *Mamillus Bubulus* King of the *Hetrurians*, being Shot thro' his Cheek with an Arrow, which broke within him, by a fall from his Horfe difcharg'd the Arrow-head at his Mouth. By thefe Examples may be collected how little we know of what we ought to receive, or what we are to avoid, fince we find *Cornelius Rufus* loft his Sight by a Dream, *Phalaris* the *Theban* was cur'd by a Wound, and King *Mamillus* by a Bruize. All things therefore of this Life have no more Good or Harm in 'em than what happens in the Event; in a manner that here on Earth we have nothing to hope for, nor any thing to defpair of. I have faid thus much Sir, to Congratulate your Health and Recovery

from

from your late Diſtemper, for having had a quartan Ague for three Years, it ſeems a little Grief ſuffic'd to drive it away. Upon this occaſion, give me leave to affirm, that we have not what we requeſt, nor conſider what we would have in asmuch as we often ſeek after that we ſhould avoid, and fly from what we ought to embrace. Among thoſe excellent Precepts of Divine *Plato*, none was more to the purpoſe than *that we ſhould not Pray to the Gods out of this or that Fancy, but rather earneſtly implore 'em to beſtow on us what beſt conſiſted with their Heavenly Pleaſures and our Benefit.* The *Jews* having for a long time been govern'd by Judges, at length requeſted a King of God, which was granted them, tho' rather to comply with their Importunity, that his liking, whence it follow'd that they had better never have petition'd any ſuch favour. But however it were, and whatever befell them; I return again to rejoyce with you for the happy riddance of your Ague, tho' I muſt, at the ſame time, confeſs, I never before, heard from any Perſon, nor read in any Book, of any good effected, either by Grief or Sorrow. Wherefore, Reverend Sir, give me leave to tell you, that if all Diſeaſes were to be cur'd like yours, Cares and Troubles would be in greater Requeſt than both the *Indies*. And moreover that if Sighs and Sobs were to become Market Comodities, many would grow Rich and Fortunate, who are now Poor and Contemptible, Sorrow being almoſt as univerſal as the Air we Breath, or the Spheres we ſurvey. As for my own part, I'll aſſure you, if Medicines could be extracted from Miſfor-

tunes,

tunes, I have had ſufficient to furniſh all the Apothecarie's Shops in *Spain*. I have obſerv'd many in this World that have wanted Eyes, Ears, Limbs, Bread and the like, but never knew of any Man that could ſay he had not Vexations and Perplexities to ſpare, there being no Condition ſo very proſperous wherein Money is not ſometimes wanting, and Cares and Diſappointments always abounding. If henceforward I ſhould ever come to Viſit you while *Sick*, I find I muſt rather make it my buſineſs to Torment than Comfort you, for where others would be content to purchaſe their Quiet at the price of Gold, you recover your health (a much greater Treaſure) by being Plagu'd and Diſoblig'd. But *De hoc hactenus Sufficit*. In this Court there be many things to be talk'd of in Secret, but few to be divulg'd by Writing, for Complaints muſt be made in private when my Letters paſs thro' too many hands to be well conſtru'd. No more but God alwais keep and preſerve you, and give me Grace to ſerve him.

Toledo, the 5th of *January*, 1530.

F LET

LETTER II.

To Don Lewis Gonzaga; *ſeverely reproveing him for not yeilding to his Requeſt.*

I Underſtand, Sir, you were as forward to boaſt of denying my Requeſt, as I was backward to ask the Favour, and therefore I muſt tell you this conduct of yours has rais'd no ordinary Debate between your Authority and my Judgment. A Man that does barely ill, is but ſimply Wicked, when he that boaſts of it to boot, is not without a Spirit of the Devil. As it is the buſineſs of this Fiend to deceive, ſo it is the nature of Vain, and froward People to be Obſtinate, and therefore where it is in vain to give Councel, it muſt needs be the ſame to Adminiſter Correction, for in ſuch caſes the Mind is always turn'd into partiality, and all the Senſes reſolved into Faction. I mention all this not only on accout of your refuſing to favour my Friend, but alſo becauſe you could not vouchſafe to Anſwer my Letter, which is an Injury, rather to be felt than Publiſh'd, and which ought either to be thoroughly reveng'd or altogether diſſembled. I am not much concern'd that I entreated you, becauſe the Law of Nature leaves Liberty for one Man to be beholden to another, and among Friends that Requeſt ought not to be refus'd, where there is as much reaſon for it to be granted as required; and wherein the greateſt prejudice is commonly to

the

the Receiver. As concerning the wrong I have receiv'd, I will not enforce it with Arguments, since my Heart is not unarm'd with Patience to sustain it; Esteeming it a thorough Proof of my Virtue to suffer the Injury, since you made no Conscience to offer it. One of the things wherein *Cæsar* shew'd most Courage, was in seeming best pleas'd when the *Senate* had deny'd him any favour, affirming there could be no greater Glory than to be refus'd when he was most importunate; whereby he intimated that his Virtue of Selfdenial had more influence over him than their Affronts. The Letter I sent you contain'd things neither unmeet to be requested, nor worthy to be refus'd, perswading you only to have greater regard to my Friendship, than my Friend's Affronts, and this both because of his Repentance and my Petition. The Man that is neither to be mov'd by Words, nor enclin'd by Tears, must needs be a very Tyrant, refusing even what God holds acceptable from Sinners. As it is Dishonour to Revenge, it is highly reputable to Pardon, tho' there can be no general rule for forgiving Injuries, some being of that black dye, that the offence brings along with it a quality that cannot be pass'd by without committing a new Crime. But this Fault of my Friend's being not of that dark hue, deserves both to be forgiven and forgot. Suffer your self to be sought to, since even the greatest Princes are bound to hear Sutors. Withstand no Opportunities when the Partie's necessity deserves to be Pity'd, and disdain not my Interposing, since there can be no greater Treasure than good Council. Otherwise,

wiſe, if you be rigorous and obſtinate, tho' you may have many Neighbours, yet you will find but few Friends. So God Grant you what you deſire, and Defend you from what you have deſerv'd.

Oſſuna, the 6th. of
March, 1529.

LETTER III.

To Don Pedro Bernardino; *Conſiſting partly of Rebuke and partly of Perſwaſion.*

SIR,

WHen another's Misfortune will not prevail upon you, to Live equal to your condition, nor the experience of paſt Calamities ſerve you for a Warning, I can ſee no ſafety remaining but what may be hop'd for in a Ship, which when toſt by many Storms ſeeks her ſecurity where the Sea runs higheſt. But, I ſuppoſe, being happy in Friends, you live altogether regardleſs of chance, not thinking your ſelf at all ſubject to that Sentence of *Solomon*, which ſays, *that that which the Evil Man fears ſhall infallibly happen unto him*. By yours I underſtand the ſtate of your Perplexity, as likewiſe the probability of your Peril, if preſent Policy be not apply'd, for which I am ſo much the more concern'd as our Friendſhip is ancient, and will be the more careful, as it may fortifie our early Alliance, two conſiderations, which nothing can

ſer-

ſet aſide; our Alliance being fix'd in the Blood, and Friendſhip rooted in the Heart. In regard you are my Friend, I wonder I have not heard from you all this while, for when Friends are once divided, their next Office is to communicate their Thoughts; but ſtill, calling to mind that Forgetfulneſs is a Sweet Error, I have long ſince laid aſide all Expectation of hearing from you, eſpecially ſince I underſtood you have wholly Dedicated your ſelf to Sanctuarys, Churchyards and Churches of Refuge, where I preſume you have eſtabliſh'd your Station, not ſo much out of Devotion, or Remorſe, as to give the better colour to ſome Tranſgreſſion or Wrong. Be aſſur'd Sir, that to offend God and diſobey Juſtice, is a Crime ſo well deſerving Puniſhment, that tho' it do not happen to fall on the Perſon of the Offender, yet will it not fail to be redoubled on ſome of his Poſterity; God Almighty always proportioning his Vengeance to his Delays, in expectation of Repentance. I would fain have you ſatisfy me, if it be ill done, to prejudice your Neighbour, why is it your Practiſe it? And if it be a Virtue to make Reſtitution, why do you not do it? For my part I eſteem it neither Honour nor Courage to fly the face of Juſtice, nor can I doubt but at this Juncture you ſtand in need both of Councel and Relief. As to Councel, I deſire you to believe, that of all your Friends, I am the leaſt capable, and for Relief, as I am a Religious Perſon, one of the moſt Charitable, yet what I can be ſuppos'd to ſpare, will only extend to ſhew my Good-will, without being able to do you any great Service. As to your

Affairs, I Advise you to withdraw from where you are, and come towards us, by which means you will be farther off your Enemies and nearer your Friends, so that you may have an opportunity to be known to your Judges, and forgot by your Adversaries. There is no Love, which time will not wast, nor Hatred, but it will conclude, they being always accompany'd with Oblivion both towards an Enemy and a Friend. By your Importunities for me to Solicit your Cause, you seem to question my Friendship, which obliges me to tell you that from the beginning, my Diligence has all along exceeded your Merit, so that I could wish either your conditions were better temper'd, or your occasions to trouble me less frequent. You ought not to be Ignorant, that there is a Mean in all things except Friendship, wherein you are either altogether, to forsake or wholly to confide. Among true Friends; nothing ought to be rejected, nor any thing to be suspected, and tho' it be not consisting with Policy, not to doubt of one's Enemy, yet ought we to be so sincere towards our Friend, as to trust him with all we know now, and be guided by him in all we do. Let this suffice at present to convince you of my Truth, as I have no other designs but your Advantage. God bless you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

Valladolid, May
the 31st. 1526.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Emperour Charles V. *Congratulating his Victory, and taking the King of* France *Prisoner. Likewise enclining his Imperial Majesty to Mercy towards the* Spanish *Rebels.*

Imperial, Catholick, and Sacred, Sir,

SOlon of *Salamis*, in his Laws, commanded the *Athenians*, that whenever they gain'd any Battle they should forthwith offer up Sacrifice to their Gods, and reward their Soldiers plentifully, and this that the one might not be wanting to influence their Victorys, and the other to procure 'em. *Pluiarch* says, that when the *Græcians* became Conquerors at the Battle of *Marathon*, they instantly sent to vast a quantity of Plate to the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, that it was very much to be question'd whether the like were left behind in all *Greece*. When *Camillus* had overcome the *Hernicians* and *Volscians*, both mortal Enemies to the *Romans*, the Women agreed to send all their Gold and Silver to the Oracle of *Apollo*, without reserving the least part to themselves. The famous *Scipio* having worsted his powerful Antagonist *Annibal*, was so overjoy'd that he not only offerd all the Spoils to the God *Mars*, but also Sacrific'd to him a Vial of his own Blood. The renown'd and great Commander of the *Jews*, *Jepthe* made a solemn Vow, if he return'd Victorious, to offer upto God the first Creature that

came to meet him after his Victory, and which he perform'd tho' it hapned to be his only and beloved Daughter. From these examples, Sir, may be gather'd what great Acknowledgments Kings and Princes owe to the Almighty, for the Favours and Triumphs bestow'd upon 'em; for tho' it be in their power to begin a War, yet is it not to be secure of Victory. Nothing so much provokes God as Ingratitude for benefits receiv'd, and this because where Men require an adequate Return, He expects only an Acknowledgment. Princes are to be more than ordinary cautious how they receive the favours of Heaven, for Ingratitude in that case oftentimes renders Men incapable of a future Mercy. Neither will God Assist; nor do Men care to Serve an Ungrateful and Forgetful Prince. I say all this, Dread Sir, on occcasion of your late Victory near *Pavia*, wherein *Francis*. King of *France*, was taken and brought Prisoner in his own Galleys to *Spain*. An accident so great, News so strange, a Victory so rare, and success so compleat, as surprizes all the World, and at the same time lays an Indispensible Obligation on your Majesty, to be thankful to God for your Success, and grateful to your Soldiers for their Diligence. By this, Sir, you may perceive nothing is so much the pastime of Fortune as the event of War; since the King of *France* was not only assisting in Person, but had also all the Potentates of *Italy* on his side, yet lost he the Battle, was himself taken, and had his chief Nobility there Slain. Your sacred Majesty would commit no common error to attribute your Conquest either to your Conduct, your Power, or

your

your Fortune, ſince ſo heroick an Action and glorious an Exploit, could not be within any humane reach, but no doubt proceeded from Divine help. *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ tribuit mihi*, cry'd *David*, who tho' a King, Saint and Prophet, and made after his Maker's own Heart, knew not what to return to God for ſo many favours ſhower'd down upon him. What then ſhall we Wretches do? We who have not only nothing to ſay, but alſo nothing to give. Alaſs! we are good for ſo little, can do ſo little, are worth ſo little, and have ſo little, that unleſs God Almighty gives us firſt, we cannot have wherewithal to give him. What God can give is his Grace to Serve, and no liberty to Offend him. I will not adviſe you like the *Romans*, to offer up rich Jewells, like the *Grecians* to give Gold and Silver, like *Sylla* your own Blood, nor like *Jepthe* your only Child; but only to make an Oblation of the Diſobedience and Rebellion of the Commoners of *Caſtile*,; for no Sacifice whatever is ſo acceptable to God, as for a Man to forgive his Enemies, and be grateful to his Friends. The Jewels we might offer to God, come out of our Cabinets; the Gold out of our Coffers; the Blood out of our Veins; but the forgiveneſs of Injuries proceeds from our very Souls, where they before lay Raking, Tormenting, and Gnawing us, perſuading our Reaſon to Diſſemble, and Heart to take Revenge. I look upon it much ſafer for Princes to be belov'd for their Mercy, than fear'd for their Juſtice: For as *Plato* was wont to ſay, *a Man that is fear'd by many, muſt likewiſe be afraid of many.* Of thoſe

that

that so Undutifully offended your sacred Majesty in the late Commotions, some are Dead, others Banish'd, some Fled and others Absconded; therefore it is but reasonable, most Serene Prince, that upon the occasion of so glorious a Victory, they who remain living, shold have rather cause to Magnifie your Clemency, than complain of your Severity. The Wives of these unhappy Men are Miserable, their Daughters in the way to ruin, Sons Fatherless, and Kindred Disgrac'd; therefore the Mercy which is shewn to few, will hereby be extended to many. There is no condition in the World so exalted, in which it is not safer to put up an Injury, than resent it, for it very often happens that a Man seeking a Revenge upon another, utterly ruins himself. *Julius Cæsar*'s Enemies rather envy'd his Glory in pardoning *Pompey*'s Followers, than his Honour in subduing them; it being reckon'd as the greatest Commendation of this Emperour, *That he never forgot any Service done him, nor remembered any Injury offer'd him.* There were two Emperours in *Rome*, not more unlike in their Names than Natures, one whereof was *Nero* the Cruel, and the other *Antoninus* the Pious, the first making it his business to Execute or Murder, where the other was accustom'd to Indulge and Forgive. Tho' a Prince be Extravagant in Gaming, Niggardly in Rewarding, Extravagant in Talking, Careless in Governing, Arbitrary in Sentencing, Lead of Life, Immoderate in Eating, and Intemperate in Drinking, we say only that he is a vicious or a bad Man; but if he be Cruel and Revengeful, all term him Tyrant,

for

for as *Plutarch* says, *a Man is not to be so call'd for what he takes from us, but for what he does to us.* Now because, as *Calistenes* says, *Princes must be persuaded but to few things, and those necessarily to be good and deliver'd in good terms.* I must conclude my Letter with this Maxim, *That Piety and Mercy always cause Princes to be forgiven by God, and Belov'd by Men.* The Almighty ever Preserve your Imperial Majesty, and grant you a long and Prosperous Reign.

Valladolid, the 5th.
December. 1524.

LETTER V.

The Author to his Sister, residing at Court; Instructing her how to behave herself there; and partly satisfying her Request under a short description of Love.

Dear Sister,

CONsidering, together with the Nature of the Place you live in, the Quality of my Affection towards you; I doubt whether I had better to use Plainness according to good Meaning or Dissemble according to Custom, and so, one way, leave you better satisfied, tho', on the other, I am less contented; I being naturally unable to forbear Instructing you, and yet the Court will not give you leave to relish my Instructions. But, as I am your Brother, I think my self obliged to use my Authority

thority; and tho' I may not happen to writ to your mind, yet am I notwithſtanding reſolv'd to Perſwade you and Acquit my ſelf, tho' my buſineſs be rather to direct Conſciences than Adviſe in Affairs of Love. Where you writ, that he who preſented your laſt Jewel, was both your Lover and your Friend; I muſt needs take the liberty to queſtion it, there being no common Difference between one that profeſſes himſelf a Lover, and one that approves himſelf a Friend; for a true Friend will always Love, where a Lover may not, in like manner, continue his Friendſhip. This, no doubt, has been experienced by many of you Ladies about Court, who may all have had Sparks to ſerve, Gallant and Court you, yet who, nevertheleſs, more like Lovers than Friends, have intended nothing but their own private Satisfactions and to gratify their ſecret Wiſhes, being no doubt as far from thoughts of Marriage as they were from inclinations to Virtue, and ſo oftentimes procur'd both Diſhonour to their Miſtreſs, and ſhame to themſelves. One of theſe, I fear, was he that preſented your laſt Jewel, as you may quickly diſcern when you ſhall find how much his Performance will fall ſhort of his Promiſe, for Lovers, like Fowlers, only jug the Birds with pleaſing Notes, the better to decoy them under their Nets. Conſider, therefore where you are and whence you Deſcend, the Court always affording liberty to do amiſs, but ſeldom allowing opportunities to do Good; wherefore, if you do not ſtrictly adhere to the Virtues of your Anceſtors, you will find your ſelf often ſubject to ſlip. I have often Inſinuated,

ated, that if Devotion and Conſcience lead ſome Women to Religion, Virtue and Reputation raiſe more to Preferment, therefore, I adviſe you, not to preſume upon your Beauty, nor value your ſelf too much upon your Race, for at Court where one makes Love to your Perſon, fifty will make it their buſineſs to pry into your Life: Since Beauty without Virtue, and Deſcent without Reputation, is no better than a flouriſhing green Tree, that brings forth bitter or no Fruit.

You, and the other Ladies, your Companions, would needs know of me, what Love is, wherein it conſiſts, and what are the beſt ſigns and tokens of its ſincerity? And this, you ſay, becauſe you eſteem me both a Scholar and an old Courtier. Truly, in my Opinion, this Office is more proper for your ſelves than me, your Eyes enclining Men to Serve, Sollicit and Love you, and therefore methinks, your buſineſs ſhould be to deſcribe Love, and mine to Inform ye what Sorrow is; my Employment being to Weep, Faſt and Pray, where yours is to Dance, Sing and Trifle. Nevertheleſs, ſince you ſo earneſtly deſire it, as I have given a ſhort account of Friendſhip, I will alſo not grudge you the like Deſcription of Love; and this not only to Inſtruct, but alſo Warn, and Adviſe you, in this Paſſion, to act rather like a Chriſtian, than Courtier.

I Recommend to you firſt, to be Wiſe in your Words, Diſcreet in your Actions, Secret in your Thoughts, Particular in your Friendſhips, Modeſt in your Demeanour, and, above all, to follow the Dictates of your Conſcience and

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Virtues. Take care that you be not light in your Looks, Vain in your Life, lavish in your Speech, nor a Scoffer at our Sex; for with such Ladies, Men may often think fit to converse, but seldom or never care to Marry 'em: So that the best Dowry to advance a young Lady's Fortune is, where she brings Mildness in her Countenance, Wisdom on her Tongue, Modesty in her Behaviour, and a good Name throughout the the whole Course of her Life. But to come to our purpose; I know it is an Opinion amongst you Ladies that Love, and to be a Lover consists only in gay Apparel, being Pensive, Passionate, Impertinent in Addresses and Frivolous in Speeches, Things no less vain and light than distant from the true Property of Love, since the Qualities of that Passion are to supply force in these that want it, and to confirm it farther in such as have it. To the Heavy it gives Quickness of Spirit, and to Cowards Courage and Bravery The Covetous Man it makes Liberal and Generous, and sets open the Purse of the Niggard; insomuch that wherever it takes the least Possession, it suffers neither Imperfection nor Indecorum to Inhabite, but immediately lifts up our Thoughts to Power and great Actions, and Depresses and Discourages what was before mean and amiss in us. Where we cast our Eyes upon any object, there is difference betwixt bare Praising and Loving; for we may commend what we don't like, but what we Love we immediately treasure up in our Hearts, Plant in our Wills and bring forth the Fruit of upon all occasions. Love is best known to the Heart which only feels what it ap-

approves or Dislikes, Favours or Slights, Suspects or Trusts. To Instruct you in the Symptoms of Love, you must observe the parting of Lovers: which if sincere, will appear to be no less Torment than to divide one Heart into two halves. You shall likewise know true Love by its engaging its Votaries to great Actions and Encouraging daring Attempts. He that Loves truly never stays to be commanded; but thinks to Merit the more by Prevention. He offers no excuse, but is immediately dispos'd to Execute. He is not requir'd to be liberal, but only Endeavours to be Acceptable. He suspects not his Mistress, but takes all in good part. Believes no report in her prejudice, but is always well assur'd of her Virtue. He is not over-importunate, but entertains Hope and Patience for his chief Familiars. If she encline but to like him, he immediatety adds Wings to his Affection, and makes her the very Idol of all his Thoughts and Wishes; nay lives so entirely dedicated to her Devotion, that his chiefest care is to please, Fear to Offend, Desire to suffer, and Caution to disclose any Favour granted him. Moreover in Loving much, he thinks nothing too good to part with, for being outbid by another, he imagines he has nothing left of his own. In like manner a True Lover must be circumspect in his Conduct, Esteeming it no ordinary Happiness, to have his Thoughts and Delights to himself. He would do well likewise to appear bashful, the better to blind the Eyes of Spies. Also where true Love is found, Injuries must be born with Patience and Affronts with Resolution, is being

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baſe to return any Diſhonour to an Object in the leaſt belov'd, for in ſuch caſe, mildneſs is the beſt Advocate, and Silence the ſureſt Solicitor, the Trumpet of Love, not being the Tongue which Speaks, but the Heart that Sighs and Heaves. As the Tongue is reſtrain'd from Talking, but not the Heart from Loving, ſo I eſteem it better to Love with Sincerity, than Delude with Flattery; ſince the one is a Vertue, which brings its Reward along with it, when the other, being a Vice, is ſure of its Puniſhment. Thus, good Siſter, if any of your Sparks hereupon conclude me a Lover for having written ſo feelingly of that Paſſion, you may acquaint 'em, that, being once a Member of the World, I behav'd my ſelf accordingly, and might have ſo continu'd, had not Religion and Philoſophy taught me a better Leſſon

No more, but God endue you always with his Divine Grace.

Medina, Feb. the
5th. 1529.

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LETTER VI.

To Alonſo Suarez; *In Anſwer to a congratulatory Epiſtle ſent the Author upon his Promotion to a Biſhoprick.*

SIR,

YOurs I received here in *Ocana*, which I had preſently known, without either Hand or Seal to direct me; your reaſons being every where ſo copious and expreſſions ſo conciſe. Your Letters are always ſo very entertaining, that I never ceaſe Reading 'em without the greateſt Diſcontent, and that becauſe I cannot there fail to meet with both a winning Eloquence and a Surprizing Gallantry. In three things a Man diſtinguiſhes himſelf, which are, by bridling his Anger, Governing his Family and Writing a Letter. The moſt famous *Epiſtolizers* of the Antients were *Plato*, *Phalaris*, *Cicero* and *Seneca* all who have come far ſhort of you in my Eſteem, there being ſome thing ſo exceedingly engaging in your Lines, that not only pleaſes, but alſo raiſes the higheſt Veneration. But to paſs by all farther *Encomiums*, I muſt acquaint you that the Horſe you ſent I have refus'd, tho', at the ſame time, I heartily accept your good Will, and this not that he was unworthy, but rather becauſe I am curious, reſerving ſuch as you to give me good Councel, where any body elſe may ſerve to relieve my Wants. Being in Salary for ſo many Offices, how can you wiſh me well if

you would have me to have more Wealth? Where Riches abound, for the moſt part, Virtue is an utter Stranger, therefore the Wiſe will be contented with little, where Fools won't be ſatisfy'd with Plenty; inſomuch that from Superabundance they commonly degenerate into the extreameſt Want. It is a great trouble to the Poor Man to ſupply his Neceſſities, but a much greater to the Rich to keep up his Superfluitys, and this becauſe, tho' in raiſing his Eſtate he was all alone, yet in enjoying it, he will have but too much Company. Another Miſcheif attending Wealth, is that where a Man riſes in Authority, he commonly encreaſes in Neceſſity, for then his Buſineſs will not be ſo much to maintain his Family, as to Support his Luxury. Altho' every Man be oblig'd to provide againſt Want; yet is he nevertheleſs to take care that he do not diſtract himſelf with overabundance, ſince doubtleſs many would not ſo exceed in Vice, did they not ſo much abound in Wealth. I neither commend nor approve Neglecting neceſſary Subſiſtence to undergo this miſerable Life; becauſe a wanting Man can ſcarce ever have too great Content: Nevertheleſs, in my Opinion, God Almighty befriends him moſt to whom he allows a Competency, and delivers from a Neceſſity, to the end he might neither want wherewithall to ſuffice nor have ſufficient to ruin him.

I have been variouſly Inform'd of the Pleaſure you conceiv'd and the many Rewards you gave the Meſſenger that brought you news of my Election, but, at the ſame time, where I cordially accept your Kindneſs, I can by no means

means correſpond with your Joy, for if you knew, as well as I, what is requir'd to diſcharge the Cure of Souls, you would rather be ſorry for my Inſufficiency than rejoyc'd at my Advancement. Believe me, Sir, the Art of Governing a Common-wealth, and much more a Church, tho' ſought after by many, yet is rarely attain'd to, but by few. He that Governs muſt be learn'd to know what he does, Wiſe to find out how he is to do it, Diſcreet to wait a fitting opportunity, Juſt, that he may not fear being brought to Account, and laſtly Patient to amend what he does amiſs, otherwiſe he may both Injure himſelf and endanger the Common-wealth beſides. I'll aſſure you Sir, I am already ſo apprehenſive of the fatigue of a Biſhop's Office, that as I have determin'd it with Reaſon, could I but reſign it with Opinion, I would as willingly refuſe the Offer as ſome others would gladly Accept it; and this becauſe I am naturally more enclin'd to the ſweets of Philoſophy than Perplexitys of Policy. But all this while I may well ſeem to write againſt my ſelf ſince moſt Worldlings, ſuch as I, employ themſelves more in ſearch after Superfluity than Mediocrity, and therein may well be ſaid to have a greater regard to their Fancies than their Judgments. There are many in this World to whom, even of the little they have, there would yet remain ſomething, had they no body to content but themſelves; but their inclinations leading them more ſtrongly to ſatisfy what may be ſaid of 'em, than to do what ought to be done by 'em, neither the Inheritance of their Fathers, nor

the Assistance of their Friends can a whit suffice their Prodigality. Very Dangerous, Troublesom and chargeable is the Condition of a great Man; for tho' he got his Estate only himself, yet he must nevertheless share it with many. Nay I can hardly forbear terming him a Vassal and Tributary, since of all he possesses, he enjoys but the least Part himself. The good Emperour *Marcus Aurelius*, writting to a Friend of his, has these Words. *I would haveyou to know, my Dear Friend* Pollio, *that it is often convenient for a Man to do what he would not, but never what he ought not, for to make War upon Men is sometimes Glory, when to contend with Reason is always Folly. There be many in the World Wise, but more the contrary, yet still the greatest Fool will be He, who having it in his power to be quiet at home, does nothing but hunt after Plagues and Disturbances abroad. Who will not be apt to think an Emperour of* Rome *the happyest Person in the Universe? But, at the same time considering the Cares and Snares of a Crown, who would not wisely prefer a Private Life before it? And now, my good Friend* Pollio, *because thou art so near and dear to me, I will debate my Condition with thee, and that not so much to gratify thy Request, as to ease my self by communicating my Fortune. This was my Case. The Emperour* Antoninus Pius *adopting me for his Son, gave me his Daughter in Marriage, and for Dowry declar'd me his Heir, two things very Honourable, tho' not a little troublesom; his Empire being difficult to Govern, and my Wife not easy to Please. I would not have thee wonder so much at what I now write, as that I have been able to Endure so this long, the Burden of*

a Kingdom, shortening my Life and the Freedom of my Faustina, *diminishing my Honour; for she being Daughter of an Emperour, and Wife likewise, and moreover Rich, Powerful and Beautiful, makes use of her Liberty, not as she ought, but as she lists; yet still the worst is that she can never be reform'd without the extreamest Prejudice to my Honour; so that Considering the Life I lead, and the Wife I live with, I had much better have been a Plowman than Emperour; for where there is little Land, that cannot be turn'd up, there are few Men that care to be Enslav'd by that Sex. I was never better Serv'd than when I had but one Page, except when I had none, but now that I am an Emperour, tho' many call me Lord, I am rather a Servant to all, insomuch that if they pretend to obey me, I am likewise oblig'd to maintain them. You must know, my good Friend* Pollio, *that the difference between what I am and what I was, is, that then being a Philosopher, I was always at rest, but now I am an Emperour, am seldom or never at quiet: Nay more have forgot what I knew and neglected what I ought most to Value my self upon. When I was a private Man all fixt their Eyes upon me, but now I am an Emperour, most employ their Tongues against me, so that there will never want some thing to say of great People, nor asmuch to punish in Inferiours. All this, good* Pollio, *I have thought fit to deliate with thee, that thou mayest envy what I was, and Pity what I am, having now no time to converse amongst those I was Bred with, nor leisure to enjoy the knowledge I then acquir'd, the Affairs of the Kingdom transporting me into Thoughts and Heaviness, and the Vagaries of my Wife leaving me as many troubles of Conscience.*

Thus, Sir, you have your Congratulatory Letter Anſwer'd by *Marcus Aurelius*, from whom you may collect, that it is much ſafer for a Perſon of Learning and Religion, to exerciſe himſelf in Study and Contemplation, than to Aſpire after Government and Command. No more, but God keep you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

Ocana, the 4th. of
December, 1531.

LETTER VII.

To Moſes Ruben *of* Valencia, *who was in Love in his old Age.*

SIR,

THE 4*th*. of *Auguſt*, I read a Letter of yours here in *Madrid*, but the hand being ſomewhat wild, and the Name much blotted, I proteſt to you on the word of an honeſt Man, I could not for a long while either read or imagin, who 'twas writ from; for altho' while I was Inquiſitor at Valencia, we were very well acquainted, yet it is now an Age ſince we have ſeen each other. But at length, having rubb'd up my Memory and perus'd it over and over, I bethought my ſelf it might come from my old Neighbour *Moſes Ruben*, I mean the Amorous old Gentleman of *Valencia*. When we us'd to play at Draughts together at my Lodgings, I remember that not underſtanding the

the Game, well, you would needs give me a Man, but at the ſame time, I have not forgot you would never let me ſee your Miſtreſs. I remember on the Mountains of *Eſpadan*, in the Rencounter we had there with the *Moors*, I came off Wounded and you with a broken Head, yet we could neither find Surgeon to dreſs us, nor ſo-much as a Rag to bind up our Wounds. I remember that both of us going to wait on the King of *France* at *Requena*, when we came to *Siete Aguas* I complain'd that I had nothing to Eat, and you, that you had no Lodging; whereupon I receiv'd you immediately into my Room, and you went out in queſt of Proviſions. I remember, when the Emperor commanded me to *Toledo*, you gave me a letter for the Secretary *Urias*, concerning a Buſineſs which I did not only ſpeak to him about, but alſo got ſpeedily diſpatch'd. I remember that you quarrelling once with your Wives Chaplain in my preſence, and he ſaying *you ſhould not abuſe him, for he had the cure of Souls*; you anſwer'd, *he was no Prieſt, but a Sot and a Madman.* I remember when we were at *Xativa*, I advis'd and preſs'd you to caſt off the Love of you know who, becauſe it was both Troubleſom, Dangerous and Coſtly. Afterwards I remember you told me at *Alzira* with Sighs and Tears, that you could by no means remove it from your Heart: Whereupon I again demonſtrated it was not an *Amour* fit for you to Entertain. I remember we afterwards met at *Torrs-Teorres*, where I ask'd you *what had been the event of your Love*; and you anſwer'd, *not only infinite Trouble, but exceeding Sorrow, for that you had been Wounded, Enrag'd, Impos'd upon, Sham'd*

and Stript, and all on account of that Passion: I remember many other passages whilst we were Neighbours in *Valencia*, which tho' they might afford matter of discourse, are yet by no means proper to be written. By your last you let me understand you are again fallen in Love, and that since I guess'd so truly at the sequel of your former Amours, you now desire I would give you my opinion of these; being, it seems, assur'd, that I am better able than another to apply Balm, and heal your Wound. Truly, Sir, I wish with all my Heart your Letter had been about something of another Nature, for to deal ingenuously, I must tell you, it is neither proper for your Age to ask Advice in affairs of Love, nor consisting with my Profession to grant it. With Men of my Function, you ought rather to Consult Cases of Conscience, than a Remedy for Love diseases, I being much better vers'd in *Hostiensis* that instructs in Confession, than *Ovid* that writes of love Affairs. In good truth, my old Friend, neither you nor I are fit to engage in these matters, you being now grown old, and I in religious Orders; so that as you are of too great an Age, I likewise have too little leisure. Believe me, Sir, where a Lover wants Youth, Liberty and Liberality his Passion becomes a Plague; his Mirth full of Crosses; his Pleasure Imperfect, and Delights confus'd. When such as you strive to appear Youthful, and manage Intrigues, none afford them the Title of Sparks, but all that of decrepit impotent old Leachers; and on my Conscience, they are much in the right; for in my opinion such decay'd rotten old Fellows, are much

much fitter to dung Ground, than keep Mistresses. *Cupid* and *Venus* entertain none but those that are young and can Serve, Liberal and can Spend, Free and can Enjoy, Patient and can Endure, Discreet and can Talk well, Private and can keep Secrets, Faithful and will be Grateful, and in a word such as are Resolute and will Persevere. It were better for him that is not endu'd with these Qualities to end his Days in the Field, than to make Love at Court; for certainly no Person in the World is so unhappy as the senceless Lover. He is impos'd upon by his Mistress, Laugh'd at by his Neighbours, Cheated by his Servants, Bufeted by Bawds, and fed with empty Words. Moreover he continually misemploys his Talent, Lives uneasily, Believes every thing, and at last finds himself entirely Ruin'd and Undone. All other Arts and Sciences may have some account given of 'em, except Love only, which neither *Solomon*, could Describe, *Asclepius* Paint, *Ovid* Teach, *Hellen* Explain, nor *Cleopatra* Learn. Every Man's Heart is the best School where it is Taught, and his Discretion the surest *Preceptor* that dictates Rules. Nothing requires so great circumspection as Love; for Hunger, Thirst, Cold and Wearyness afflict the Body only, when this Passion likewise torments the Mind. That Love may be firm, secure, lasting and real the best way were for the Lovers to be equal in all respects: For if the Man be young and the Woman old, or the Woman young and the Man old, he Sober and she Wild, or he Wild and she Sober; he Prudent and she a Fool, or he a Fool and she Prudent; he Love her and she Hate him,

him, or he Hate her and ſhe Love him; you may be well aſſur'd this ill-match'd Affection, will ſoon end in real Enmity. But in caſe your Miſtreſs were 63 years of Age like your ſelf, there will be no great danger of doting on one another; therefore you might ſpend the beſt of your time in telling her what Ladies you had formerly had, and ſhe in requital might give you account of her Sparks. But on the contrary, to come to particulars; I wonder to what purpoſe a Man of your Age ſhould have a fancy to a young and beautyful Bedfellow, who will rather make it her buſineſs to get what you have from you, than to have the leaſt kindneſs for you? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtreſs that can only ſerve to dreſs your Iſſues, Pare your Corns, and keep the Flies from your Beard? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtreſs, ſince the greateſt Diſcourſe and Paſtime between you, will be to tell her Stories, give an account how little you Eat to Day, and how often you counted the Clock at Night? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtreſs, when you are too weak to oblige, have no Fortune to maintain her, want Patience to bear with her, and are too old to Enjoy her? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtreſs, who will no longer endure you, than you can continue to preſent and make much of her? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtreſs, whom you dare not refuſe any thing ſhe asks, nor correct for what ever fault ſhe commits? To what purpoſe would you have a Miſtriſs, who will never ſuffer you to proportion your Expence to your Fortune, but rather expect you ſhould ſuit it

with

with her extravagant Desires? To what purpose would you have a Mistriss, whose Favours you must always acknowledge, and never complain of hard Usage, tho' she be unreasonably Loose? To what purpose would you have a Mistriss, who will seem fond only to beg something of you? To what purpose would you have a Mistriss, whom you must always be oblig'd to smile upon, tho' at the same time the Gout makes you roar? To what purpose would you have a Mistriss, on whom you may spend all your Estate before you can throughly know her Qualities? To what purpose would you have a Mistriss, whom you are to purchase with ready Money, retain with continual Presents, and at last be will forc'd to part from with Discontent? If on these Terms, Sir, you think fit to be a Lover, much good may it do you, for I am sure before many minutes Enjoyment, your House will be until'd and your self expos'd to bad Weather; it being much fitter, in my opinion for your Age and Infirmities, to have a Friend to Divert, than a Mistriss to Torment you. *Samocrotius*, *Nigidius*, and *Ovid* have writ several Treatises of Remedies against Love; but the Jest is they all sought Cures for others, but propounded none to themselves, all three dying Miserably in Banishment, not on account of Crimes committed at *Rome*, but Amours prepetrated at *Capua*. But however let *Ovid* *Nigidius* and *Samocrotius* say what they please, I dare affirm, the best and surest Remedy against Love were to avoid, as much as possible, the sight of the party belov'd; for in matters of this Nature, many we find escape, that fly the Encounter, but few or none come off fairly that

stand

ſtand it. In a Word, Sir, my Adviſe is that you ſuffer not your ſelf any more to be decoy'd into the Amorous Snare, it being neither good for your Health nor conſiſtent with your Honour, and this becauſe you may be aſſur'd the Plagues you ſhall receive with your Miſtriſs, will be ſooner able to diſpatch you, than the Gout. I have enlarg'd farther on this ſubject, than I at firſt deſign'd, or perhaps you deſired, nevertheleſs ſince it was you firſt took up the Cudgels, you ought not to complain, tho' you come off with a broken Head. I herewith ſend a rich Cope to the Prior of *Porta Cæli*: Pray, order it to be forthwith deliver'd, and moreover be ſo kind, as to wait on him in my Name, I having receiv'd ſeveral favours from him, and therefore take this occaſion to make ſome tolerable Return. No more at preſent, but that God always keep and deliver you from two dangerous and troubleſome Diſeaſes, *viz.* *LOVE* and the *GOUT*.

Madrid, March
the 3*d*. 1537.

LET-

Letters *out of Don* Quevedo's Cavallero de la Tenaza. *All to Kept-Mistrisses.*

Made English by Mr Savage.

LETTER I.

Madam,

YOU hit upon an Unlucky Hour, to send your dirty Messenger to me; for while she Solicited my Generosity on your behalf, I was casting up an Account of my Profuseness. By a just Calculation, I find that your boasted Benefits have all along fallen short of my Returns, and that in the smallest Distribution of my Bounty, I have still over-ballanced your trifling Favours. Upon this Reflection I have not only rejected your Request, but also wonder at your Impudence, to ask 30 Ducats for new Rigging, when you ought rather to be turn'd Naked into the Woods. Such Beasts as you are dangerous in humane Conversation, and therefore an Irrational were much fitter for you than a Rational Cully. Like Squirrels, you are sayd to cover your Backs with your Tails; and to say truth, 'tis pity that any thing but Fur should come

come about you. To be plainer, a Beast were a more proper Bedfellow for you than a *Beau*, and a Satyr, than

Your humble Servant, &c.

LETTER II.

NO doubt *Madam*, you are well Acquainted with the Capacity of my Pocket, sinceyou so dextrously adjust your Favours to the number of my Ducats, for you no sooner observ'd my Fob to grow slack, but your Civilities ceas'd proportionably. I find you a more than ordinary Accountant, since I could not for my life top one Nights Lodging upon you beyond what my Money amounted to. Methinks now you have drain'd my Purse, you might be so generous as to trust me upon a Pledge, that since you have stript me to the very Skin, you may do me the justice to let the World know how I Lov'd you, to that Degree as to go Naked my self to Cloath you.

LETTER. III.

YOU require me to ſend you a Collation this After-noon, to make Merry with ſome of your Friends, and that I ſhould not ſpeak a Wo d of it to any Body. I ſhall be ſo very faithful in this matter, that you may aſſure your ſelf neither the Poulterer, Vintner, Confectioner nor Fruiterer ſhall know a Word of it. What, Madam, cannot you be contented to ruin me in Cloaths and weekly Allowance, but you muſt have Collations and Merrimakings? I ſhall learn you for the future to Faſt a little, that you may make ſome Attonement for your Intemperance. It is now juſt a Year, two Months, three Days, and an Hour and half, ſince I have been your Coxcomb; and that not only to you, but likewiſe to the Cockatrice your Maid, and the Treacherous Raskal your Footboy. You three Leeches have ſuck'd me to a very Skeleton. Therefore, prethee, my Dear, ſuffer me at length to have a little Reſpit, that when I die, I may have Fleſh ſufficient left, to recompence the Worms for my Lodging. Adieu.

LETTERS
OF
GALLANTRY.

WRITTEN

By the famous Mr. de Fontenelle, *under the Name of the Chevalier d'*Her-----.

Tranſlated out of French. *By Mr.* Savage, *and Mr.* Boyer.

LETTER. I.
To Madam ——.

Madam,

I would have long ſince taken the Liberty of Loving you, had you been at Leaſure to have been belov'd by me; but you are too much taken up by I know not how many other Admirers, and therefore I thought 'twas better for me to reſerve my Paſſion for a more favourable Opportunity. Perhaps your Court may grow thin; perhaps you may have a mind to ſpite ſome Body or other, and make him jealous, by cauſing a new Lover to appear all of a ſudden. Be aſſur'd, Madam, you have one in ſtore, whom you may produce when you pleaſe. I will always keep my Addreſſes, and amorous Wiſhes in readineſs; you need give me but the leaſt ſign, and I ſhall begin to act my Part. Do not tell me that what you like in Love is only a Crow'd of Admirers, and therefore it is time for me to come in, were it but to fill up the Number. Let me adviſe you to have more Management. A Fair Lady may often have twenty Lovers at once; but ſuppoſe theſe twenty Lovers ſhould fall off together, what a fine Condition would ſhe then be reduc'd to? Be you wiſer, and keep ſomething in ſtore for the time to come. I'll be contented with leſs bright charms than youre; I will forgive you the want of that extraordinary Livelineſs of Complexion; for when all is done there are great ſuperfluities in your Beauty.

For my own part, I desire no more than what' just necessary, which, I'm sure, you shall ever be Mistriss of. Suppose you bestow on me that Time I ask you—— 'Tis but what you would have bestow'd upon making Reflections, and I may flatter my self, I am still better than Meditations, and can entertain you with more delight. The least sentiments of Love are worth all the finest Reflections in the World: Therefore instead of being in a deep brown study, or thinking sometimes upon nothing, you may think on me. Adieu, Madam, till our Amour begins.

LETTER II.

To Madam C—— *newly arriv'd from* England *to* France.

I write to you, Madam, in a Language, which you know little of, as yet: But then to make you Amends, I have chosen a Subject to write upon, which you will easily conceive. When I tell you that I think you the most amiable Woman in the World, I believe you will have no need of an Interpreter. You might understand me even in *Arabick*, for after a Man has once seen you, what can he say else? I have known Ships which having Sail'd almost round the World, came at last into *France* fraighted with foreign Curiosities, but none ever yet brought so great a Rarity over as yours, tho' it came but a short Voyage.

Indeed,

Indeed, Madam, 'tis not because you are a ſtranger that I like you ſo well; were you a French-Woman I ſhould love you yet more. Nevertheleſs I fancy that pretty foreign *Jargon* contributes not a little to make me over-joy'd at the ſight of you. You cannot imagine how your looks are enliven'd, and how many new Charms are to be found there whenever you are in ſearch of a Word. All the Eloquence which your Mouth then wants, is to be read in your Eyes. I am then ready to wonder how one can be in Love with thoſe that ſpeak *French* without any Difficulty. For God's ſake learn to ſpeak it no better, for fear there ſhould be a thouſand little Cupids loſt. You will have need only of three or four Words, which are abſolutely neceſſary, *Aimer*, to love, for the purpoſe; *Soupirer*, to ſigh; and *Tendreſſe*, Tenderneſs, will carry you a great way into People's Favours. How I envy him, on whoſe account you ſhall liſp out thoſe endearing Words! Adieu.

LETTER III.

To Madam J——.

MY Duty, Madam, obliges me to entertain you with something, I have long since conceal'd from you. I am very sorry I can dissemble no longer, and am force'd to acquaint with what, perhaps, may displease you, But no matter, I must tell you, of it, rather than endure the Reproaches and murmurs of my Conscience. This day, Madam, just a Month I am fallen in Love with you——, You may take it as you please: you may frown, and be very angry; but for my Part, I only had a mind to discharge my Conscience, which done I shall trouble my self no farther. I think nothing can be more unjust, than to see so charming a Creature as your self without Loving her. Love is a Tribute due to Beauty, and whoever beholds Beauty without Love, commits a Sin which cries to Heaven for Vengeance; and this Sin I felt ly heavy on my Soul. Perhaps, you'll say, I ought to love you without telling you of it. I understand your Policy, Madam; But you know that when a Man pays a debt, 'tis but prudence to see himself croft out of the Book, or get an Acquittance. I discharge the Love I ow you, and at the same time, declare that that I am out of your Debt. How do I know but you might one Day or other sue me for it? There's nothing like going upon sure grounds. You'll tell me, I had no Reason to fear any such Thing——. Who knows what may happen?

happen? Perhaps your humour may change, but however, 'tis certain there is no harm done if I let you know,

I am

your devoted Servant.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

WEll, Madam, you was very angry at my free Declaration, and now are highly pleas'd with your ſelf for it. Your Virtue has bluſter'd and kept a heavy do; but for all this what will you lay that at a long run you will not hate me? Yes, you ſhall love me: I feel ſomething within me, which aſſures me I ſhall cauſe my ſelf to be belov'd. Do not entertain ſo good an Opinion of your indifference, for my Conſtancy is able to conquer an indifference twenty times as ſtubborn as yours. I matter not my Time, when beſtow'd on ſuch charming Perſons as you are. Will the Buſineſs require Years? With all my Heart, I'm ſure I cannot beſtow my Time better——. Will you grant me but ſmall Favours? Theſe ſhall appear great to me becauſe granted by you; And if you grant me no Favours at all, then I ſhall love you even for your Cruelty; you will oppoſe Rivals to me? I ſhall make all deſert your Houſe by my conſtant Viſits. In ſhort, take what

courſe you pleaſe, I ſtill ſhall puzzle your indifferency, and after much time, over-welm'd and tired with my Services, Fidelity, Tenderneſs and Reſpects, you will be forc'd at laſt to love me in your own Defence. The wonder will be, that when you come to love me, I ſhall not admire you the leſs for it. Perhaps you will reckon this for nothing? but let me tell you, the Promiſe I now make you is not ſo very inconſiderable. You, Fair Ladies, imagine you may leave your Lovers whole Years unregarded, and then when the Fancy takes you, love 'em in their Turn. But ſee what comes on't; as their Love had an earlier Date than yours, ſo it has a ſhorter Period, and you are fain to run the Race all alone. You'll have no ſuch Inconveniency to fear in me; for I love the more by being belov'd again. If you won't take my Word for it, 'tis matter of Fact which Experience muſt convince you of; Pray, then begin to Try.

LETTER V.

To the Same.

Madam,

SInce I have been your profeſt Lover, I have made no ſmall Progreſs with you——. You will not ſo much as ſtay one moment alone with me, nor admit me any more to your Toilet. Good! Madam, Good! I find I advance pretty well. You retrench me all thoſe ſmall Favours

you

you granted me before thro' careleſneſs, but now all I ſhall obtain will be ſignificant. 'Tis true you force me to go back to the very Beginning of our Acquaintance; but no matter ——. By the method I had follow'd a Man goes a great way at firſt, and is afterwards amaz'd that he cannot proceed a ſtep farther; whereas by this new courſe you put me upon, a Man makes but a ſlow Progreſs, but then he advances on, till he arrives at his Journey's end. I have only a Piece of Advice to give you: People take notice you uſe me worſe than ordinary; which makes 'em gueſs I am in Love with you, and that there muſt be ſomething betwixt you and me. I beſeech you, Madam, do not make our intercourſe publick. Be more diſcreet before People, and grant me ſome Favours to ſecure your Reputation. What! muſt I be more cautious than you? And is it uſual for Men to deſire ſuch Things from Ladies? You ſee, Madam, how far I am from following common Maxims: Others, leſs tender of the Honour of the Fair, would beg the continuation of your Cruelties, but I am none of thoſe Braggadochios.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the same.

I am going from you, Madam, for a while, that is, I'm going to love you more extravagantly than ever I did. Absence has a peculiar Virtue with me, which, I think, it has not with any Body else; I mean, it adds to my Tenderness. I always imagine those Persons I am absent from, the most amiable in the World, and I never fail being pleas'd with them. My Fancy shall represent you to me both tender and grateful; I shall think that if I were with you, you would grant me a hundred small Favours, and upon that score I shall be more charm'd with the Idea of you, than ever I was with the real Person. If by your Severity you think to gain from me the character of a Heroine, indeed you'l lose your labour; for as soon as ever I lose sight of you, I no longer remember your Cruelties. I have a tender Imagination which is not us'd to reflect such rough Ideas, so that I cannot believe 'em, unless I feel 'em. I know well enough at my return you will make it your Business to set the ill Ply of my imagination to rights; but however I shall enjoy some good minutes during my Absence in spite of you. I should be too happy if I could keep from the Folly of returning as soon as possible. Yet, if my Fidelity be not altogether indifferent to you, I'll engage to be rather more faithful when absent than present. I can no where behold a more charming object than your ima-

image furnishes me with, when abstracted and clear from all your Faults, and therefore I shall think on nothing else; but when I see you rigorous to the highest Degree, I then may meet with some Beauty or other, whom I may prefer to you. To be plain, I love you only because I know no Body at present that deserves so much to be belov'd; and if ever I should find a Person, whose merit were greater than yours, you must no longer depend on my Constancy. I were right enough in my Accounts, if your Wit and Beauty, whereby you excell all others, could ballance what you want in Tenderness. Upon computation, I found they did, and thereupon I began to love you. However, I will not warrant but that some Person or other may be found, who may love so well, as to regain by her kindness the other Advantages you might have over her. In such a case, I give you a fair Warning to look about you; for after all, you must not imagine that Wit and Beauty are the only charms that can engage a Man; Tenderness has also its Value, and 'tis written on my Heart in Capitals, as upon the apple of *Discord*, TO THE MOST LOVELY.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

I beg my King and Country's Pardon, for my Unwillingneſs to go to *Flanders* to joyn my Regiment: For, Faith, Madam, you are a very charming Creature, and I leave you with a Rival. Aſſoon as I'm gone you will forget how much I lov'd you, and think my Rival loves you well enough; but, pray, before I go take an exact ſurvey of my Love, that you may upon all occaſions compare it with his. Alas! he will practiſe on your Heart, all that we are going to perform in *Flanders*, as Beſieging, Storming, Ambuſcades, Surprizes, *&c.*—— And what if he ſhould ſucceed as we undoubtedly ſhall? After we have taken a great many Towns, I may perhaps have the Twenty thouſandth Part of the Honour on't; but when at my Return I ſhall find your Heart taken, the loſs will be all my own. I'll endeavour to merit the Honour of having my Name inſerted in the Gazette, to put you in mind of me; but the misfortune will be that I cannot get my Sighs printed with my Name; and what ſignifies my Name without my Sighs? Methinks there's but indifferent care taken of Lovers that go to the Wars. The King grants thoſe who are defendants in Debt, certain Letters of State or Injunctions to put a ſtop to the Proceedings of their Creditors whilſt they are in the Field in his Majeſties Service; for it were very hard, if

at

at their Return they ſhould find all Things turn'd topſy turvy at home, by an advantage taken from their Abſence. Now ought there not likewiſe to be Letters of State or Injunctions granted Lovers, to provide that whilſt they are in the Army no Body ſhall rob them of their Miſtriſſes? A Man ventures his Life in a thouſand hazards, and when he comes home after a tedious Campagne, he finds his Miſtriſs has deſerted him, for a Lawyer or a Cit. This makes a Soldier's condition very uncomfortable; and when the Miniſters of State have conſider'd the matter, I hope they will find ſome Remedy to prevent it. None but the Fair are like to oppoſe it; either becauſe of the too long Fidelity that ſhould then be requir'd of them, or upon account of the dull retir'd Life they muſt be reduc'd to during whole Compaigns: But no matter; the publick Good ought chiefly to be regarded; and I am ſure by this method, the King will be much better ſerv'd. I will endeavour to ſuggeſt this Project to thoſe who can approach the Superior Powers; and if poſſible, I'll oblige you to be faithful to me by Virtue of the King's Proclamation, ſince you will not be ſo by your own inclination.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

Madam,

MY Misfortune is not that you are mar-ry'd, but that your marriage cannot ſhake, my Conſtancy. I have here no other Inſtrument of Revenge, but the fair *Fleming*; and which is ſuch a one as 'tis no eaſie matter to make uſe of. It is no fault of mine, if I do not love her; I viſit her every day with that Intention; I Summon all my Tenderneſs to my Aid, but ſhe does nothing on her part to ſecond my Endeavours, I ſee a fine figure, tall, well ſhap'd, and wherein Art has nothing to do with Nature; but ſo much the worſe ——. Her large black Eyes can do nothing but ſtare, and want thoſe nice caſts, and gentle leers, which reſult either from a Deſire of pleaſing, or the Joy of having pleas'd. Her mouth, which is little, and the beſt form'd in the World, with the ſofteſt ruby Lips, does nothing but laugh, and is an abſolute ſtranger to ſmiles; and what's that immoderate, nay, often ſtupid Laughing, if compar'd to the nice Diſcretion, and ſubtle Affectation of Smiles? if ſhe walks, 'tis only to go from one Place to another, and not to give her ſelf more free Airs, or nobler Graces. In ſhort ſhe's handſom, only becauſe one muſt needs be handſom with thoſe Features ſhe has. Above all ſhe ſpeaks ſometimes with that ſimplicity, as gives me a cold ſweat? and when I ſee her

open

open her mouth, either I ſnatch the Word from her, or turn my head another way that I may not hear what ſhe ſays, and by that means keep my inclination to love her. I know how much my Love to her is tender, that is, eaſie to be offended, and therefore I manage it with incredible Care. I do not expoſe it to long, much leſs, to private converſations, which are dangers too great for him to eſcape; and yet for all that, my poor Love has much ado to ſubſiſt. You will ſay, you wonder I am not deſperately in Love with this *Fleming*, ſince I ever proclaim'd that nothing was ſo charming as plain, downright Nature. To this I can only anſwer, that if this be Nature, I had a very wrong notion of it, becauſe I nere had ſeen it. Oh! how well you have taken your meaſures to betray me, both when I am abſent, and in a Place where 'tis almoſt impoſſible for me to be reveng'd! But were I in *Paris* I would ſoon be even with you.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To the Marquis of C——

I muſt, dear Marquis, make you the confident of my Misfortunes. I lov'd, you know, Madam *L. M*——, but now I love her no more. She reproaches me with Indifference: I hear nothing but continual Expoſtulations: *What's become of my Proteſtations of Faithfulneſs and Conſtancy?* This drives me almoſt to Deſpair; for in good Faith, is it my fault if I love her no more? Let her reſtore me my Love——, I ask no better; I were too happy if I were ſtill in Love. I ſurrender, I abandon my ſelf to her charms; let her give my heart mortal Wounds, I'll help her to the utmoſt of my Power; let her give me a Gallon of Philters, I'll drink 'em all. What can I do more? I ſtill pay her the ſame Reſpect and Aſſiduity as I did before. But, ſays ſhe, all theſe want their former Air ——Ay—— there lies the miſchief: I can give her no Tidings of that Air; I know not what's become on't. She calls me ungrateful, but without any manner of Reaſon. What I now do for her coſts me a great deal of Trouble, and ſhe ought to thank me for it; whereas formerly ſhe thank'd me for that which coſt me none. We little know in this World the true value of Things: I began to love her without knowing why I did it, and now I make a thouſand Efforts to love her again, which are the

the effects of an extraordinary Respect I have for her. I often prepossess my Eyes in favour of her Beauty, before I see her; I compare her with Millions of Women less handsom than she; I study all the graces of her Carriage, that I may be affected with them; I find, or at least, I suppose I find Wit in every Thing she says; in short, having thus excited my Heart, I fancy I love her: I feel I know not what, for an instant, but the next moment, 'tis all gone, and I feel nothing. My dear Marquis, why must we love, and yet not love for ever? Or why do not a Couple of Lovers love both at once, and cease to love at the same time? I am so angry with Love, that at this Moment I wish he were exterminated out of the World.

LETTER X.

Don Guevara, *to a Lady, his Neece, who fell sick for the Death of a little Bitch.*

Madam,

BEing inform'd of the slight occasion of your Melancholy, we all thought it impossible your Grief should ever exceed our Mirth, for so it is, Madam, that whilst one bursts his spleen with Laughing, another breaks his Heart with Sighing. We have been acquainted different way of the Death of our Lap-Dog, which we understand has not only afflicted your Mind,

but alſo occaſioned a Feaver to confine you to your Bed, and to tell you Truth, this your diſtemper has been the cauſe of our Merriment. All matters of this Life are to be dealt with three ways, either to be lamented, laugh'd at, or not regarded; now this buſineſs of yours is rather to be ridicul'd than flatter'd, ſince you fixed your Affection ſimply, as you continue it fooliſhly. My Nephew has earneſtly entreated me to go ſee and comfort you in your illneſs, and told me you were as ſenſible of the Death of your little Bitch, as I concern'd for the loſs of my dear Siſter. A Child when new born knows neither how to walk, eat, nor talk, yet is preſently able to cry; therefore the crime lies not in that we mourn, but what we mourn for. Our firſt Mother lamented her Son *Abel*, *Jacob* griev'd for *Joſeph*, *David* for *Abſolom*, *Mary Magdalen* lamented her Sins, St. *Peter* his Apoſtacy, our Saviour his Friend *Lazarus*, and you, Madam, mourn for your little Bitch. Tears being as drops of Blood diſtilling from the Heart thro' the Eyes, we may be confirm'd by the Eyes of the Affections of the Heart, for if the one did not mourn, the other would never Weep. I ſay this, Madam, that you muſt needs love that Spaniel exceedingly well, ſince you have ſhewed ſo great concern for the loſs of it. What Men commonly ſay of Women, that their Tears are fictitious, is not true; but nevertheleſs they may weep for one thing, and ſay they do it for another; but to cry in jeſt is neither in their Power, nor ought any Body to believe it. To lament for one Thing, and pretend it for another, I neither commend nor con-

condemn, for in a generous and brave Soul, nothing ought to be more conceal'd than what we love moſt. This I thought fit to ſay in defence of your Sighs, and to favour your Tears. To confeſs the Truth, I cannot have patience to ſee you fix your Love ſo low, as upon a deſpicable Creature; for as *Plato* prudently ſays, *ſuch is the Lover oftentimes as is the beloved.* Love is of ſo great force, that both Parties commonly become alike by its Power; So if I love a Rational creature, I am Rational; but if a Brute, a Brute; whence we may infer, that, you do not all differ in this from your Lapdog. I have been much aſham'd, I could almoſt ſay angry, at your Affliction, which has not only been admir'd at by many, but alſo complain'd of by a greater number; and for my part, I think they had reaſon, for we ought not to place our Affection, but only where it may be both well employed and well receiv'd. The beſt part of the Body is the Heart, and the beſt Affection of the Heart is Love, therefore if this be not advantageouſly beſtowed, the Perſon muſt be very unhappy that admits of it, it being impoſſible he ſhould know how to live, that knows not how to Love. Alſo I cannot imagine what pleaſure you could take in loving ſuch a creature, or what returns it could make you, unleſs it were to fill your Cloaths with Hairs, dirty your Rooms, ſleep upon your Squab, load you with Fleas, trouble you to waſh her frequently in Summer, and lie upon your Petticoats all the Winter. But yet for all this, you did not content your ſelf with giving her the beſt bit out of your Mouth, and furniſhing

her, with wrought Collars and Silver Bells, but would alſo take it extreamly ill if any offer'd either to ſtrike or ſteal her, ſo that ſhe was both troubleſom to you, and a plague to every Body elſe. Of you two I know not whether was greater, the Bitches fortune in being ſo well belov'd, or your misfortune in doting on ſo inconſiderable an Animal. Nevertheleſs I am ſatisfied to keep a Monkey Dog, Cat, Parrot or Thruſh, has no harm in it ſelf, ſo long as we employ our Eyes only to obſerve the one, and our Ears to hear the other ſing, but the Heart is never to be made uſe of on ſo contemptible an Occaſion. To make ſo much ado about a worthleſs Bitch, is neither the part of a Gentlewoman, nor a Chriſtian; for a Chriſtian's Tears muſt rather be employ'd for Offences than Loſſes. It is much greater reaſon you ſhould remember God that made you, than a Bitch that died with you, ſince God gave you a Soul to enjoy, and an underſtanding to know him, but your trifling Favourite had nothing but a Tongue to bark at you, and Teeth to bite you. The greateſt concern you ought to have for your Bitch, is becauſe you did not give her an honourable Burial, by calling the Friar-*Mendicants* to your aſſiſtance, for ſo ſhe might have had the advantage both of their Abſolution and Prayers. We read of *Alexander* the Great, that he buried his Horſe, *Auguſtus* a Parrot, *Nero* a Thruſh, and *Heliogabalus* a little Bird, all whoſe Obſequies were perform'd both with Prayers and other Ceremonies; And I do not at all doubt, had you either heard or read of theſe Paſſages, you would ſoon have buried your Bitch

wiht

with the like Pomp, tho' to tell you the truth, I am of opinion you did worſe to ſhed ſo many Tears, than they to beſtow ſo great magnificence on their Animals. Another overſight you committed in not calling the Mid-Wife to your Bitches Labour, nor going on Pilgrimage to St. *Chriſtophers*, for thereby ſhe might have ſav'd her life, and you your Tears. But ſetting aſide all farther Raillery, I earneſtly entreat you to grieve no more on ſuch an account, but at length begin to be wiſe, for otherwiſe I ſhall think you rather fit to be reclaimed by Hellebore than a Jeſt.

LETTER XI.

The ſame to Doctor Melgar, *a Phyſician; in which are handled the good and harm occaſion'd by his Profeſſion, together with the Progreſs, and ſeveral interruptions of that Art, with the Author's Thoughts of its Excellency.*

Honour'd Dr.

YOurs I receiv'd, together with the Recipe enclos'd, and you may hereby ſatisfy your ſelf, or be inform'd by your Boy, that I have diſpatch'd your buſineſs with the Preſident according to deſire; ſo that as you have dealt by me like a Phyſician, I have treated you as a Friend. Now which of us has done better, you in Phyſicking me, or I in Soliciting your Affair, all good Men may Judg; for I'll

assure you, at the same time, I got your order Signed, I was very sensibly Afflicted with the Gout. Sir, I procur'd the Herbs and Roots, and bruiz'd and drank 'em according to Order, but better regard may God have to your Soul, than they brought relief to my Pains, for they not only fir'd my Liver, but also benumn'd my Stomach. And I must tell you plainly, in this Distemper you have been so far from performing a Cure, that you have done me a great deal of injury; and every time the Cold of my Stomach obliges me to Belch, I presently resolve never to have any more to do with Doctor *Melgar*, since he could not distinguish a Malady above, from one below; for I did not desire you to purge the Humours, but rid me of my Pains; not being able to guess why you should punish my Stomach, when all the Pain lay in my great Toe. I once consulted Doctor *Soto* about a *Sciatica* in my Hip, and he prescrib'd a Blister on my Ears, but which only occasion'd all the Court to laugh, and my poor Souses to suffer. Another time I had recourse to Doctor *Carthagena* in *Alcala* about the same Distemper, and he order'd me Cow-turds, Rats-dung, Nettle leaves, Rose-buds, and fri'd Scorpions to make a Plaister and apply to the part afflicted: But all the good I got, was, that it did not suffer me to sleep one wink in three Nights, and yet I paid the Apothecary above six Reals for making it. Whereupon, for the future, I utterly renounce any Man's Friendship that shall advise me to the Aphorisms of Hyppocrates, Maxims of *Avicenna*, Experiments of *Ficinus*, Treaties of *Racis* and Recipes

cipes of *Erophilus*, providing in any of their writings there be the least mention made of this curſed Plaiſter, I remember in *Burgos*, about 20 Years ſince, Doctor *Soto* cur'd me of an intermitting Feaver, but withal, made me eat ſo much Sellery and Barley, and drink ſo great quantity of Endive-water, that for a time I was quite depriv'd of the uſe of my Pallat; nay more could ſcarce Smell. Some few Years afterwards happening to viſit the ſame Doctor when ſick at *Tordeſillas*, I obſerv'd he Eat an Orange and Drank a Cup of good Canary, at the very time his hot fit came upon him, which I not only wondered, but was very much offended at, ſince he treated me after another-gueſſ-manner. Whereupon forcing a ſmile I thus accoſted him, *Tell me, I beſeech you, good Doctor, what is the reaſon you Cure your ſelf of your Feaver with Wine of St.* Martin, *and me of mine by Endive-water?* To which he readily replied with a great deal of aſſurance, *you muſt know, Mr.* Guevara, *our great Maſter* Hyppocrates, *under penalty of his diſpleaſure, Commanded us his Succeſſors to recover our own healths with the Juice of the Grape, when he order'd nothing but ſtill'd Water for our Patients.* Altho' this was ſpoke out of Raillery, yet I am apt to believe it in ſome meaſure, for I well remember you told me once in *Madrid*, you never took a Purge, or knew what belong'd to ſtill'd Waters in all your Life.

Of all Arts, the Practice of Phyſicians ſurpriſes me moſt, ſince they always ſeem deſirous of Curing others, yet care not to be Cur'd by the ſame means themſelves. But ſince you deſire it of me, generous Doctor, I

will give you my thoughts of Phyſick in general, as alſo what I have read concerning its firſt Inventors and Origin, and herein I ſhall endeavour to comply with your Inclinations without any regard to many others, for I know Blockheads will be offended, where I doubt not the Ingenious will be pleaſed.

If we may believe *Pliny*, none of the ſeven liberal Arts were ever ſo variable and fallacious as this; for he tells you, there was ſcarce any noted Kingdom or Nation in the World, were it was not almoſt thrown out, as ſoon as receiv'd. As Phyſick is a Foreigner, many are the troubles it will tell you it has undergone, and more the Kingdoms and Provinces it has travell'd thro'; but the cauſe was not that People had then no mind to be cur'd, but rather becauſe they always found that Science very uncertain. The firſt among the *Grecians* that happen'd upon this Art, was the Philoſopher *Apollo*, and his Son *Æſculapius*; both which grew exceeding famous. But at length *Æſculapius* being left young, and not having yet communicated his Secrets to any Succeſſor, a Thunderbolt at once depriv'd him of Life, and the Art of an Inſtructor. Four hundred and forty years remain'd this Science interrupted, till the famous *Hippocrates* was born, in the Reign of *Artaxerxes* the ſecond. While there were no Phyſicians in the World, the *Grecians*, when they made any Experiment with ſucceſs, ſpecified it in a Table, and hung it in the Temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus*. Theſe Phyſick-Tables *Hippocrats* reduc'd to a method, and added ſome obſervations of his own. This Phyſician was the

the greateſt that ever was known in the World, both be cauſe he was the firſt that writ and put that Art in order, as alſo becauſe he it is ſaid of him, he never was deceiv'd in any Prognoſtick, or miſt the cure of any Diſeaſe he undertook. When he came to die, his Diſciples began to cure, or rather kill, many People in *Greece*, the Art being then young and their experience but little; whereupon the Senate of *Athens* not only forbad any farther Practice, but alſo commanded them forthwith to leave the Country. They being thus excluded *Greece*, this Art was not only baniſh'd but forgot 160 Years, till another Philoſopher and Phyſician aroſe, call'd *Chryſippus*, who ſoon became as famous among the *Argians*, as the former had been among the *Athenians*; and who made it his chief buſineſs to leſſen *Hippocrates* and cry up himſelf, being the firſt that wreſted Phyſick from the Protection of Reaſon, and plac'd it in the cuſtody of Opinion. This Phyſician dying, there grew great contentions among the *Grecians*, which of the two methods was beſt, that of *Hippocrates*, or the other of *Chryſippus*: But at length they agreed in this, that they would neither follow one nor admit the other; affirming, *that Honour and Life ought never to become matter of Diſpute.* Thus the *Grecians* continued another 100 Years without Phyſicians, till *Ariſtrato*, Nephew to the great *Ariſtotle*, aroſe and reſcued Phyſick from Oblivion. This Man having cur'd *Antiochus* the firſt of an infirmity in his Lungs; the King gave him his Daughter, 1000 Talents of Silver, and a Golden Cup. So that he not only gained great Repute but alſo

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enrich'd his Family. But nevertheleſs, he firſt brought a ſcandal upon his Profeſſion, it having been never before known that any cur'd for hire, but only out of Friendſhip or Charity. *Ariſtrato* dying, his Diſciples ſoon became more covetous than wiſe, and had greater Skill in draining Purſes, than relieving Maladies; inſomuch that the Senate of *Athens* was once more ſet to work to forbid any Phyſick being read, or practis'd among them. Another 100 Years was Phyſick Exploded in *Europe*, till *Euperices* reſtor'd it in the Kingdom of *Trinacria* (*Sicily*) But he and a Quack quarrelling about curing King *Chryſippus*, it was agreed, that for the future, no mixt Potions ſhould be uſed, but only Simples preſcrib'd. A long while was *Sicily*, and the greateſt part of the World, without profeſt Phyſicians, till *Herophilus*, a Man of great skill, both in Phyſick and Aſtrology, ſtarted up in *Rhodes*. After him, and his Learned Pupils, Phyſick lay dead for almoſt 800 Years, as well in *Europe* as *Aſia*, till the great Philoſoper and Phyſician *Aſclepiades* appear'd in the Iſland *Mitilene*, (formerly *Lesbos*) a Man learn'd enough, but withal extreamly fortunate. During all this while we do not read of any Phyſicians in *Rome* or *Italy*; for 'tis well known, the *Romans* were the laſt of all the World that had Clocks, Buffoons, Barbarians and Phyſicians introduc'd amongſt them. Four hundred and 60 Years was the City of *Rome* without either Phyſician or Surgeon, and the firſt we read of, was *Antonius Muſa* a *Grecian*. The occaſion of his coming thither, was a *Sciatica*, the Emperour *Auguſtus* had in his Thigh, which he having totally cur'd, the

Romans

Romans in Gratitude, rais'd him a *Porphyry* Statue in the *Campus Martius.* Prodigious wealth and great Fame might this Man have got, had he made Physick his sole Business, and not pretended to Surgery; for it being often necessary in that Art to cut off Arms, Legs, Fingers, sear Flesh, and apply Cupping Glasses, the *Romans* not accustom'd to see such Cruelties, or undergo such Tortures, at length ston'd and drag'd him dead thro' the City; immediately resolving never to admit Physician or Surgeon more among 'em. This continued till the Reign of infamous *Nero*; who in his return from *Greece* brought Physicians and Vices good store along with him. During his Reign, and that of his Successors *Galba*, *Otho*, and *Vitellius*, Physick was in great Esteem in *Italy*; but after their Deaths, the good Emperour *Titus* banish'd both Orators and Physicians; his reason being that the former were Destroyers of good Customs, and the latter Enemies to Health.

However, Physick is to be priz'd, first, because the Creator of all things design'd it as a Relief to his Creatures in time of need, by placing a Vertue in Plants, Herbs, Waters, Minerals, and even in Words; to which they might have easy recourse, and find speedy benefit by.

II*ly*. When it lights into the hands of a Prudent, Knowing, Discreet, and Experienc'd Practitioner, who may sooner find out a Distemper, think of a proper remedy, and administer it surer than another.

III*ly*.

III*dly*. When the Phyſician only uſes it in acute and dangerous caſes; ſuch as a Pluriſie, Quinzie, Impoſthume, Scarlet-Feaver, Apoplexy, *&c.* in all which, means muſt be diligently ſought, and a good Doctor credited.

IV*thly*. Where a Flux of Blood, can be cur'd by waſhing; a Head-ach by a good ſcent; a Pain in the Stomach by a quilted Stomacher; a heat of Liver by an unction; a Scalding of the Eyes, by cold Water; a Tympany by a Gliſter, and a Calenture only with good Diet.

V*thly*. Where I could find a Phyſician that would rather chuſe to cure me with Natural ſimples, than *Hippocrates* his compounds; and preſcribe fair Water, before juice of Endive.

VI*thly*. Where a Doctor in a ſimple Feaver, not only waits till the third Day be over, but alſo looks into the Patient's Water, to ſee if it be high colour'd, trys the Spleen if it be ſtop'd, has regard whether the Lungs be damag'd, or Tongue rough, and opens the Eyes, if they be heavy; ſo that he never pretends to preſcribe, till the Diſeaſe be perfectly known.

VII*thly*. Where the Phyſician finding the Caſe dangerous, calls others to his aſſiſtance, to enter into Conſultation, not Contention and Wrangling, about the Patient's Diſtemper.

He that is willing to comply with theſe Rules, may be ſafely ſent for, and confided in; and

and moreover ought to be well paid for his pains, Physick chiefly consisting in Ability to find out a Distemper, and Experience to apply a proper Remedy.

But I complain to you, noble Doctor, First, of many Lazy, Blockish, Rash and unexperienced Physicians, who for having only heard of *Avicenna*, *&c.* resided in *Guadalupa*, or being Foot-boy to the Queen's Physician, presently post away to the University of *Merida*, where by a Letter from *Rome*, they soon get to be Batchellors and Graduates in that Profession, *but who nevertheless* verifie the Proverb which says, *Physicians* of Valencia *have large Gowns, but little knowledge.*

II*dly*. Of many Ignorant and Vulgar Doctors, who having to deal with a dangerous Malady and after Purging, Syruping, Blooding and Anointing, not knowing what to do next, at length prescribe prepared Brickdust before supper, and clarified Cat'spiss at Day-break.

III*dly*. of many Boy Doctors, who not having the least insight into their Profession, prescribe the Alphabet quite through for an ordinary Feaver, and often make use of the same dangerous Remedies as are proper against a Pestilence, insomuch that it were far safer for the miserable Patient to sit down at quiet with his Distemper, than hope to be cur'd by such Means.

IV*thly*.

IV*thly.* Of many of your Companions, nay, and Scholars, who prescribing against a weak Stomach, overflowing of the Gall, common Scurvy, or a little Flushing of the Blood; all which might be remedied with three days Temperance, Sugar and Water, or Honey of Roses, nevertheless order their poor Patients to be tormented with Cupping Glasses, and plagued with Juice of Endive, in a manner, that in stead of easing, they rather keep 'em continually on the Rack.

V*thly.* Of many others your great Cronies, who think themselves wise, and it may be are so, yet never prescribe any common Remedy for fear they should be thought not to know what belongs to Foreign Plants and Distant Drugs.

VI*thly.* Of many ignorant Prentices whom their Masters, intrust with their Business, giving 'em an Ephemeris of Critical days, and Symptoms to walk by it, who nevertheless neither regard when the Distemper began, or whether it increase or diminish, but still load the miserable Patient with repeated Doses, till at last they reduce him to great danger of his Life.

VII*thly.* I complain, that generally your Profession are at variance one with another, disagreeing in Humours as in Opinions, which is demonstrable in that some follow *Hippocrates*, some *Avicenna*, some *Galen*, and some none but their own Suggestions. But still the mischief

chief is, that the Poor Patient ſuffers, while the Doctors wrangle and diſpute.

VIII*thly*. Of many Beardleſs Practicers, who being Novices in their Art, and but very ſlender of Judgment, whatever Experiment they have once ſeen tried, heard or read of, they immediately preſcribe without the leaſt regard either to their Patient's Conſtitution or Diſeaſe.

Laſtly, I complain to you, and even of you good Doctor, that generally you all wrap your Recipe's up in ſuch obſcure Terms and unintelligible Cyphers, that it is impoſſible for any but your own Profeſſion to underſtand 'em. The reaſon of which I cannot gueſs at, for if your Preſcriptions be good, they need not be conceal'd, and if bad, ought not be order'd. Nay neither ought they to be kept from our knowledge eſpecially ſince it is our buſineſs both to ſwallow the Potion and pay the Apothecary.

Thus, Sir, I have hinted at the good Knowing Phyſicians do, and the many Injuries occaſion'd by the Ignorant, and to deal ſincerely I am of Opinion, tho' my Misfortunes are many, yet the Villanies of your Profeſſion are more; ſince at the hazard of our Lives you both purchaſe laſting Fame, and heap up vaſt Eſtates. No Power can contend with yours for Pre-eminence, for no ſooner are you entered our Doors but we part with all we have, and approve of all you do; and where the Surgeon takes but 10 Ounces from our Arm, you infallibly draw twice

twice as much out of our Chests. After what we bestow on the Poor, nothing goes beyond what we give to our selves; I mean, part with to good Physicians, that restore our Healths and ease our Pains, when on the contrary no Money is worse spent than that a bad Doctor carries away from his ruin'd Patient; for where the former ought to be well pay'd, the latter deserves to be soundly kick'd. It was a Law much in use among the *Goths*, that the Patient and Physician should article together before any thing were attempted, whereby the one oblig'd himself to cure, as the other to pay; and if the Doctor fail'd in his Art, he was to satisfie both Patient and Apothecary. I am of the opinion, Sir, that if this Law were now in force, you, and your Fellow-Practicers, would give your selves more up to Study, and perform better what you undertook; but as you are pay'd what ever happen, if you succeed, you take the Honour to your selves, and if not, lay all the blame on your Innocent Patient. This is plain, in that you often affirm we eat Fruit, Sleep a days, neglect what you order; walk too much abroad, or catch cold when we are in a Sweat, so that for the most part where you cannot Cure, you will not fail to Slander. I am mightily pleas'd with that saying of *Hippocrates*, *That a Physician is little to be valued if he be not always fortunate and successful*, for from thence we may infer, our Health depends not so much on your Physick as your Fortune. Little regard must he have to your Art, that approves of this Maxim, for we are thereby taught to avoid the knowing and unlucky, and have Recourse altogether

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to the Ignorant and Prosperous. Eighteen Years since being ill at *Osornillo*, I remember you came to visit me, and bad me beware how I meddled, you having already kill'd my Father, murther'd my Uncle, destroy'd my Sister, and made away with my Cousin, so that if I had a mind to List of that Company, you could sooner undertake to dispatch, than cure me. Although you spoke this out of Raillery, yet it immediately sunk into me for a truth, and I thenceforward resolv'd never to trust you with my Pulse, nor confide in your Prescriptions. The Miller we trust only with our Corn, Lawyer with our Estate, Taylor with our Cloaths, but the Physician with our Life. How great a Fool must he be that does not consider well before he admits a Purge into his Bowels, or Lancet into his Arm; since it often happens he could heartily wish the Potion out, and Blood again in his Body. There are no healthier People in the World, than such as live regularly, and despise Physick, and the reason is, because Nature oftner requires Conduct than Help. The Emperor *Aurelian* died 66 Years old, in all which time he never Purg'd, Blooded, or Physick'd any otherwise than by Bathing once a year, Vomiting once a Month, Fasting one day in a week, and walking one hour in a day. On the contrary *Adrian* who was every way debauch'd in his youth, in his old Age became full of Diseases, so that he never went without Physicians, or was attended without an Apothecary's Shop: But would you know what good they did him, or Remedies prescrib'd him? You may be satisfied, by that he order'd to be en-

grav'd on his Tomb, *Perij turbâ Medicorum*, as if he would ſay, *It not being in the power of my Enemies to kill me, my Phyſicians did it in a trice.* There is a pleaſant ſtory goes of *Galienus* the Emperor, who being grievouſly afflicted with a *Sciatica*, and a Phyſician undertaking to cure him, perform'd indeed his Promiſe, but nevertheleſs made him undergo a thouſand painful Experiments, whereupon the Emperor one day ſent for, and thus ſaid to him, *take*, Fabatus, *Two thouſand Seſterces, but withal be inform'd, I give 'em not for curing my Sciatica, but that thou may'ſt never cure me more.*

Wherefore, noble Doctor, I think it much more adviſable to reward Ignorant Phyſicians for doing nothing, than for the greateſt Care and Pains they can take; ſince we daily ſee they kill more by their Medicines, than their Anceſtors deſtroy'd *Moors* in the Wars. But to conclude my long Epiſtle, I Accept, Approve, Commend, and Bleſs the ſacred Myſtery of Phyſick, when at the ſame time I cannot but Curſe, Reprove, and Condemn the Phyſician that knows not how to make right uſe of it, for as *Pliny* ſays, *Non Rem Antiqui damnabant ſed Artem*, which to make plainer may be thus expreſs'd, *The ancient Sages did not find ſo much fault with the Art, as Artiſt, and Method of Curing; ſince Nature having plac'd ſufficient Remedies in Simples, Men altogether confounded them by Compounds.*

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LETTER XII.

The ſame to Mr. ——— ; Concerning the qualifications of a true Friend,

SIR,

HAving read your Letter over and over, I found in it many things worthy to be anſwer'd, and more to be blam'd ; for conſidering what you write, and how you write, it is impoſſible but you ſhould weary your Pen, and tire out your Reaſon. You ought not only to have regard what, but to whom you addreſs your ſelf; for Men of Quality and Slaves are not to be accoſted after the ſame manner; too much haſte and negligence for the moſt part ſavouring of Diſreſpect. Take it for granted, Sir, the Reader's Authority is very much leſſen'd by the Writer's Aſſurance ; and therefore I would adviſe you for the future to ſit down, and conſider what you are to ſay, and how you ſhall expreſs it before you begin your Letter ; for an Abſurdity, if it be folly to ſpeak it, it will be much greater to write it. Never begin any Letter of importance, till you have firſt made a rough Draught of your Deſign, for otherwiſe you will write what will certainly be laughed at ; and requeſt what will as ſurely be rejected. Sir, you ſay you deſire me for your *Lord*, yet have choſen me for your *Friend*, but I muſt tell you there is ſo great difference between theſe two offices, that were you ſenſible of it, you would neither ask the one, nor think of

the other at the ſame time; for where a Friend is engag'd at liberty, a Lord is taken thro' neceſſity; a Friend ſerves, a Lord requires ſervice, a Friend gives, a Lord takes; a Friend endures, a Lord bluſters; a Friend is ſilent, where a Lord condemns; and laſtly, a Friend Pardons, when a Lord Revenges. *So* that this being true, I hold it impoſſible they ſhould ever agree together; You, to be my vaſſal, and I to be your Friend. In making me your Lord you muſt ſerve, follow, obey, and fear me, all which are both prejudicial to liberty, and Enemies of Repoſe; ſo that you muſt often feel diſquiet and likewiſe cauſe me ſome trouble. It may alſo happen, where I command you as a Lord, you may think to obey me as a Friend; and ſo believe your ſelf juſtified, where I am diſappointed and wrong'd. To ask me likewiſe to be your Friend, is to require the greateſt ſlavery imaginable, for I am thereby oblig'd to be yours all my life long; for true Friendſhip cannot be ſuch where the Perſon belov'd does not continue the ſame with the Lover. Friends are to be ſo abſolutely united, that they are to have but one Tongue to talk with, the ſame Feet to walk with, and but own Heart to produce inſeparable Affections; in a manner, that one Life ſupports, and one Death ends 'em. It is very ſtrange for one Friend to tell another, he won't do ſuch a thing, or, he cannot, when the Laws of true Friendſhip oblige him to give all he has, and do all he can. In a Friend's Houſe ought neither to be Weights nor Meaſures; Bonds nor Bills; Property nor Thivery; for there we may enter without knocking, and take without asking.

ing. He ties himself up very strictly that enters the Lists of Friendship, for in such case he has neither power to deny, nor leave to excuse. I cannot take him for my Friend, or even a good Neighbour, that when he gives, does it by Weight and Measure, and sometimes when I ask refuses me; for where is the reason that he should not partake of my wants, who is the only object of my best wishes? *Seneca* in his Book, *de Ira*, says, *a wise Man ought to have but one Friend, and likewise, must take care he have no Enemies*; which was well advis'd, since Enemies are dangerous, and too many Friends troublesom; for the Rules of Friendship are so very nice, that where many pretend, few are able to perform 'em. A true Friend's *Motto* is, that *he would sooner suffer for our Honour, than be reliev'd by our Fault.* The Philosopher *Mimus*, said, *He had a greater regard to the Love in his Friend's Heels than Grief in his own Heart.* Also true Friends, are oblig'd to have the same sense of another's Misfortunes, as they have of their own; and at the same time, are not only to be sensible, but also assisting in a Remedy; for otherwise where they accept their Tears, they will have reason to complain of their stinginess or neglect. The Philosopher *Eschines*, being ask'd, *what was the greatest trouble of this Life?* Answer'd, *To lose what one wins, and part from what one likes*, which was happily spoken, for in the one a Man loses his pains, and in the other his pleasure. It is another priviledge of Friendship, that we resent a wrong done to a Friend in the same degree as to our selves; for no sooner can he be afflicted, than we are to be disquieted. We ought

to make choice of ſuch as are Diſcreet to Adviſe, and Powerful to Defend; for if they want Diſcretion, we ſhall need Councel in Proſperity; and if Power, Relief in Adverſity; So that even amidſt our Pleaſures we may as well be loſt, as in our greateſt Troubles ruin'd. Great occaſion has every Man for a true Friend, who may aſſiſt when preſent, and defend him when abſent, inſomuch that he that has met with ſuch a one may well boaſt himſelf poſſeſs'd of the greateſt Treaſure upon Earth; for he is to Relieve him with his Eſtate, Councel him with his Prudence, Defend him by his Power, and Correct him when he does amiſs; ſo that it is both his Duty and our Happineſs to keep us from falling when ſtaggering, as to lift us up when down. It is alſo requir'd in a true Friend to be both Diſcreet and Secret? for if he be a Fool, he is not to be endur'd, and if a Babler may ſoon ruin us. Our Eſtate, Perſon, Conſcience, or Life may be entruſted with a Relation, Acquaintaince, or Neighbour, but our Secrets muſt only be confided to a Friend. It alſo comes under the Rules of Friendſhip, not only to conceal all one hears, but alſo to be ſilent of all one ſees; for Men have ever valued themſelves upon holding their peace, when they generally repent of too much talking. Never muſt one Friend flatter another, for the more we Love, the more we are oblig'd to Favour, Defend, Counſel and Correct. Alſo never reproach for Benefits done, but be ſatisfied with our bare trouble for a Reward; for the Heart is never more at eaſe than when it has diſcharg'd it ſelf honourably to a Friend. Alſo in a dangerous Diſtem-

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per, we muſt not always expect a Friend ſhould ask our aſſiſtance, for oftentimes he may grieve long before he cares to complain. Virtue has ſometimes Friends, and Proſperity is never without 'em; but be they what they will, they are both known in Adverſity, for where the better ſort follow Virtue, the greater part will be ſure to wait upon Fortune. All Acquaintance are not proper for Friends, for tho' they may be honeſt enough, yet they are generally indiſcreet; and where we may be allow'd to have a reſpect for their Perſons, it will not be prudence to truſt 'em with our Secrets. Theſe and many other Qualities are to be requir'd in a true Friend, all which tho' you may find in my Mouth, yet I would not adviſe you to expect 'em in my Heart, and therefore you would do wiſely, neither to think of me for your Lord, nor chooſe me for a Friend; for as to one, I am not powerful enough, and as to the other not good enough.

LETTER I.

St. Jerome *to his Nephew: Being a most severe Satyr upon the Recluse part of the Church of* Rome. *Exposing their Intemperance, Luxury, Pride, Covetousness,* &c.

Written Originally in Latin and made English by Mr. Savage.

Dear Nephew,

YOurs I receiv'd, and Return you for Answer that I can never enough wonder how so great Licentiousness in Meals, Habits, Beds, Equipages, *&c.* as you mention, could get in and be as it were establish'd among *Monks*, for those who have thus wholly abandon'd themselves to these Excesses, seem to have had but little Regard to the Spirit and Religion of their Ancestors, in a manner, that by these Excentric Proceedings, they have procur'd Vices the name of Virtues, and Virtues that of Vices. Also where a moderate Expence ought to be term'd Covetousness, sobriety, if extraordinary, Austerity, and Silence, Sadness; they on the contrary term a loose Behaviour, the effect of Discretion, Profuseness, Liberality, and much talking, but common Civility. Immoderate Laughing with them is no more a Vice, but goes under the name of a necessary Gaiety; Luxury in Habits and

and Pride in Horſes are look'd upon as good Breeding in them, and ſuperfluous Ornaments are the chieſeſt furniture of their Chambers. Are not their Mouths and Ears equally filld with choice bits, and confus'd noiſes; and while they ſpin out the Immoderate Feaſt, Is there any among them, who offers to regulate the *Debauch*? No certainly! Diſh Dances after Diſh, and for Abſtinence which they Profeſs, two Rows of luſcious Fiſh, appear ſwimming upon the Table. Are you cloy'd with theſe? The Cook has Art ſufficient to trick you up others of no leſs charms. He'll provide Sauces as diſferent as your Palates. Thus Plate is devour'd after Plate, and ſuch natural Tranſitions are made from one to the other, that tho' they fill their Bellies, they ſeldom blunt their Appetites, for the Palat is always ſo agreeably entertain'd with Novelties, that it has not leiſure allow'd it to be ſatisfi'd. Now Hunger is reviv'd, and the Appetite awaken'd, and they fall on afreſh with the ſame greedineſs andGuſt. TheBelly having no Eyes, ſees not how much it takes in, and at laſt is rather fill'd than Cloy'd. And ſince the ſimplicity of Nature is not entertaining enough, they make mixtures and hotchpotches of various kinds, and by their exquiſite and elevated Sapours, ſupport and encourage their Intemperance: Notwithſtanding, tho' they recede ſo much from Nature, yet are they not able to fill the vaſt capacity of their Deſires. Likewiſe they dont think themſelve well dreſt, unleſs they have the beſt of every thing on their backs; they don't look after the moſt Decent and Commodious, but the gayeſt Apparel; they

they don't enquire for the warmeſt, but the fineſt Cloth; in a word, they don't deſire (purſuant to their Vows) what they have only occaſion for, but what may cover them moſt with Vanity. Don't we ſee every Day, that thoſe Habits which were given Monks, as marks of Humility, are ſo contriv'd that they ſerve rather to exalt their Pride? Scarce can a whole Kingdom furniſh them ſuitably to their extravagant Deſires. The Soldier and the Monk almoſt partake of the ſame Habit in the Field, and in the Cell. Will not a Monk's Cowl nowadays become a Man of the World? But you'l tell me perhaps with the Proverb, *That the Habit does not make the Monk*, and that it is Virtue alone which governs the Heart, tho' the Perſon be never ſo ſplendidly cloath'd. Very well, then would I fain ask you what makes them traverſe the Town, viſit Fairs and Merchants Warehouſes, overturn their Merchandizes, unfold their Silks, eſſay them with their Fingers, view them with their Eyes, hold them up to the Light, reject ſome and like others; if they were not more addicted to Vanity than Virtue? Perhaps I may hereupon incur the Character of an Arrogant Perſon, abounding in my own Senſe, but it is no matter, I cannot hold my Tongue, but muſt always take liberty to enquire how the Salt of the Earth comes to be ſo depravʼd; what occaſions Men, whoſe Lives ought to be Examples of Humility to others, to give rather, by their ill Practiſes, Inſtructions and Models of Vanity. For to paſs by many other things, what a proof of Humiliry is it to ſee a vaſt Retinue of Horſes, with all their Equipage,

page, and a confusion of Valetsdechambres and other Servants crowding after a venerable *Abbot*? In a manner, that now-a-days the Train of such a one far out-shines that of two Bishops put together. May I be thought a Lyar, if it be not true that I have seen one *Abbot* only, attended by above 60 Horse. Who would take these Men for Fathers of *Monks*, and Shepherds of Souls? Or who would not be apt to take them rather for Governours of Citys and Provinces? Why tho' the Master be 4 Leagues off, must his Train of Equipage extend even to his very Doors? One would take these mighty preparations either for the subsistance of an Army, or for provisions to travel thro' a very large Desert? Also cannot Wine and Water be pour'd undefild out of the same Cup? Cannot a Candle give light, but in a Gold or Silver Candlestick? Cannot you sleep upon any other bed than one of Tissue? Will not one Servant suffice to guide your Horse, serve at Table and make your Bed? If you tell me it is to save charges in an Inn, that you carry all these things; then will I ask you why every Person does not carry his own Provisions? But all this is little or nothing; let us proceed to matters of more consequence. I shall then take notice of the unreasonable Dimensions of their Churches, their stately Heighth, their excessive Length, and superfluous Breadth, of their sumptuous Ornaments and curious Pictures, which attracting the Eyes of the Congregation do not a little, I fancy, divert their Devotion, and which seem to me not much more allowable than the Ceremonies of the Ancient *Jews*. As for my part

I would have all Devotions and Places of Worship tend to the Glory of God. Now I would fain ask these Monks one Question, which a Pagan heretofore demanded of his fellow Pagan. *Tell me, Priests*, said he, *what has Gold to do with Holy Places?* Tell me Poor Souls (then say I, if you may be call'd Poor Souls) what has Gold to do in the Sanctuary? I do not here mean Bishops and their Churches, for we know that they are indebted both to Wise Men and Fools, and must be allow'd to stir up Devotion in People by Images, whom they are not able to move by their Preaching. But they that are no more of the World, that have forsaken all the Pleasures and Riches of Life for Christ's sake; that have cast at their Feet, all that glitters in the Eye of the World, and have fled from Concerts of Musick, Fragrant Smells and Feasting their other Senses; Ought those, I say, to Interupt their Devotion with these Stumbling-blocks? What could they expect, should they acquiesce in all these Vanitys, but the Admiration of Sots, and the Satisfaction of Fools? Is not the commerce they entertain with the World, the cause of their Offering Incense to these Idols? Or to speak more plainly, is not Avarice rather the cause of it, the very worst of Idolatrys? Is it not true that they have more regard to the People's Riches, than their Salvation? Perhaps you'l here reprimand me, and cry what! will you then discover the great Secret? Have not we an Art to multiply Riches by Exhausting them, and like a River to make them encrease, while they flow in the most rapid manner, for with us Profuseness is the cause of their Abounding?

ding? With you indeed the Minds of the Auditors are seduc'd by costly Vanities, insomuch that instead of Offering their Hearts to God, they Sacrifice their Purses to Man. Thus you may proceive Dear Nephew, how Riches hamper Riches, and how the Money of the *Monks* prove a bait for the Caution of Fools. These *Monks* cover their Riches with rich Attire, and Pilgrims for fear of being dazled, approach them with shut Eyes and open Mouths. The best Adorn'd of Images, are ever the most Holy. Men crowd to pay them Devotion, but first must be Consecrated with Holy Water before they come near, then and even then for the most part, they are enclin'd to admire at the Ornaments more than either the Representatives or the Representation. Next their Churches are hung round, not with Crowns of Thorns, but Ropes of Perls; the lights of the Lamps are heightned by the lustre of Diamonds, and instead of Candlesticks, you see branches of Brass mounted, whose Weight and Workmanship are equally to be Admir'd. What do you think can be the cause of all these fine things? Are they more to put you in mind of your Sins, than to move your Admiration? No certainly! O Vanity of Vanitys! But this is not so much a Vanity as it is a Folly. The Church here shines in its Walls, and suffers in its Poor; It covers its Stones with costly Ornaments, but leaves its Children, the misfortune of being Naked. Here the Eyes of the Rich are fed with the Bread of the Poor: The Curiosity of Men is Indulg'd where the miseries of the Indigent are neglected. Nevertheless if we are insensible of the wants of

Men

Men, we ought to have more Respect to the Images of our Saints, than to pave our Churches with them; what a shame is it for us to Spit in the Mouth of an Angel, and tread on the Face of a Saint? But all this while, tho' we have an Indifference for the Carving, why do not we spare the beauty of the Painting? Why do we Paint with our Hands what we intend to deface with our Feet? Why do we take so much pains in embellishing what we intend to defile the next Minute? What signifie so many fine strokes, when they are immediately to be cover'd with Dust? In a Word, what occasion is there for all these Vanities amongst poor *Monks*, who have renounc'd the Follies of the World? Thus, Dear Nephew, you have your Letter answer'd, I hope to your satisfaction. God continue you always in the good Course you have begun, and enlighten your Mind with his Divine Grace.

LET.

LETTER. I.

A Letter *from* Cato Uticensis *to his Son* Marcellus.

Done out of Latin *by Mr.* Savage.

Son Marcellus,

IN yours, and my Case, it is evident the Love of a Father outdoes the Duty of a Son, for where you have forgot to write to me; I not only take care to send you Letters, but also provide you necessaries to boot. If you will not converse with me as a Father, Pray Write to me as a Friend, and tho' you cannot respect my Grey Hairs, have at least regard to my good Works. You know, Son *Marcellus*, I have been now for these five Years in *Greece*, and resided for the most part at *Athens*, where are the most famous Philosophers, and most celebrated Academies in the World. If you would know my Opinion of these *Grecians*, it is this: They talk much and do little; call others *Barbarous* and themselves only *Learned*; are Friends to those will be guided by them, and Enemies to such as will not, dissemble Injuries, but never forgive them; are constant in Hate and variable in Love; hidebound when they give, and Covetous when they get. And in a Word, Son *Marcellus*, they are naturally Proud and Imperious where they Command, and Slavish when they Obey. This is

what the Philosophers Preach and People Practise, and whereof I thought fit to Inform you, that you might have no Inclinations to leave *Rome*, to come hither; for you know well the Prudence and Staidness of our Country would suit but ill with the Levity and Novelties of *Greece*. The Day our Sacred *Senate* shall permit the *Greek* Arts and Sciences to enter *Rome*, that very Day our whole *Republick* will be inevitably Ruin'd, for where the *Romans* may have reason to boast of Living well, the *Grecians* only busy themselves with talking of it. Altho' the *Grecian* Arts are all either Dubious, Pernicious or Scandalous; yet let me tell you, Son *Marcellus*, Physick is like to prove most dangerous to our Common-Wealth, for the People here have long since resolv'd to Murder those by Potions, they cannot Conquer by Arms. I every Day Observe these Doctors quarrelling among themselves, not how they shall Cure, but after what manner kill their Patients. But I enjoyn you, Son *Marcellus*, forthwith to Advise the *Senate* of the first Arrival of Six Physicians lately sent from hence, that they may not be suffer'd either to Read or Practise they Pernicious Mysteries among you. Fare you well from *Athens*.

T L E-

Two Letters of the Emperor *Aurelian* and Queen *Zenobia. Done from the Original by Mr.* Savage.

LETTER I.

Aurelian *Emperour of* Rome, *and of all* Asia, *to the Honour'd* Zenobia, *Queen of* Palmyra, *Health and Prosperity.*

ALtho' such Women as you, ought rather to be treated like Rebels than Friends, yet to shew you my Clemency superfedes my Justice, if you will yield me Obedience, I will not only Pardon, but Honour you and yours. The Riches you enjoy, I am content you shall continue in the Possession of, and likewise hold your Kingdom of *Palmyra* during your Life, and dispose of it at the time of your Death, providing that you for ever renounce your Pretensions to any other Dominions in *Asia*, and likewise acknowledge *Rome* for your *Sovereign.* Your Subjects I do not require for Slaves, but Confederates and Friends, but this on condition that you forthwith disband your Army in *Asia*, and return to your Obedience to *Rome*, yet I am willing to allow that you should be permitted to keep up such a Force as may be sufficient for your private Guard. As for your Sons you have had by *Odenatus* your Husband, I am contented you should choose which of them you please to continue with you in *Asia*, but for the rest I must carry them with me to *Rome*, yet that not as Captives but honourable Hostages. As for our Prisoners taken on both sides, I am

willing they shall be exchang'd Gratis. Thus you may continue Honour'd in *Asia*, while I return to *Rome* satisfy'd and well pleas'd. The Gods be your Protectors, and always preserve our Antient Mother *Rome*.

LETTER II.

Queen *Zenobia*'s Answer; suppos'd to be written by the great Philosopher and Critick *Longinus*, who lost his Life on that Account.

Zenobia *Queen of the* Palmyrians, *and Sovereign Mistriss of the* East, *and of all* Asia, *to the Emperor* Aurelian *Health and Consolation.*

YOUR Entitling your self Emperor of *Rome*, I have nothing to say against; but when you extend it to that of the *East* and of all *Asia*, I must tell you, *Aurelian*, you claim what is none of your own; for you know well, that part of those Dominions I have Inherited from my Ancestors, and the other part have conquer'd by my Arms. You write, if I will yield you Obedience, you will not only honour but pardon me and mine; to which I answer, that it would be a most unjust thing in me, if since the Gods have thought fit to make me capable of Governing the Empire of the *East*, I should submit my self a Vassal to *Rome*. You say you will permit me to enjoy my Riches, and to Dispose of my Kingdom of *Palmyra* only, in case I will acknowledge *Rome* for my Sovereign: To which I must answer that you give what is none of your own to dispose of, and pretend

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to what you shall never be Master of, for I hope sooner to be in a condition to give away what you enjoy in *Rome*, than you shall be able to dispose of what I possess in *Asia*. The War you wage against me, *Aurelian*, is most unjust; since you take up Arms to deprive me of what is my Right, both by Nature and Conquest. Do not think that the Name of *Rome* frights me, for if it was in your power to begin a War, it is only in that of the just Gods to dispose of the Victory. Remember you have to do with a poor Widdow, disconsolate whom it will be no Glory to Conquer. And on the contrary if she should Conquer you, as who knows but she may, consider what shame it will bring you. A Troop of Highway-men, have already defeated your Army in *Syria*. The *Persians* come to my aid, the *Sarazens* arm for me, and the *Armenians* have declar'd in my favour, and I doubt not but the Immortal Gods will likewise assist me, their delight being to protect the Innocent and Chastize the Haughty. But if they should not, and my bad Fate should permit you to triumph over me and deprive me of Life, yet I Comfort my self, in that it will still be said after my Death, that the Unfortunate *Zenobia* lost her Life in defence of her Country and Honour. Do not, *Aurelian*, seek to win me either by Entreaties, Threats or Flattery; for all those Methods will be alike unsuccesful. As for my Sons, you must not think to gain any of them for Hostages, unless you can force them, for I have long since taught them to defend themselves, and not to betray their Country. Fare you well from *Palmyra*, and the Gods be your Advisers.

FAMILIAR
LETTERS
OF
Gallantry and *Friendſhip*:

WRITTEN

By, and to, the famous Count *Buſſy Rabutin.*

Tranſlated from the French, *by the Honourable* H--- H--- *Eſq*;, *Mr* B--- *and others.*

LETTER I.

Count Bussy, *to Madam* ——

'TIS an easie matter for the King to buy all that he cannot conquer: Thus either by Sword or Money he will at last be Master of the largest Part of the World. But I admire at the King of *England*, who drives a Trade in Towns, and sells *Tangiers*, after having sold *Dunkirk*: If I were in his place I would likewise sell *London*, for he has as little reason to keep that, as any of the rest.

Since Cuckold-making has been in Fashion, there never was a Man that deserved more to be made one than Mr ——. and every Day of his Life adds something to the Esteem I had for his Wife, when she chose rather to turn Common, than live again with him. Well, Madam, I must be in Love with Madam ——. Since my Railing at her in Rhime persuades you I am. Now suppose it were so, you must own she's an ungrateful creature for not returning me Thanks, for all the repeated Proofs I give her daily of my passion. But let her use me as she pleases, I do assure you I'll not be discourag'd to go on.

LETTER II.

The same to Madam ——

THE Ink you made use of to write to me was so white, that I could read but ten or twelve Words here and there in your Letter; and 'twas

only your good sense and mine, that made me guess at the rest. This is the best Ink in the World to write Promises with, that one has not a mind to keep; for by this time, 'tis all blotted out; but however I remember you wrote to me some very obliging Things. I hope those Civilities have made a deeper Impression on your Heart, than on your Paper; else you'd be the most fickle creature in the whole World. As for that Affection, Madam, which I have sworn to you, 'tis written in my Heart with such Characters as nothing shall ever be able to deface.

LETTER. III.

The same to Madam ——.

I was so uneasie about you, Madam, that I am over-joy'd to hear you were only sick: 'Twas so long since I had heard from you, and I so much depend upon your Friendship, that I had reason to fear you were dead; but as long as 'tis nothing but choler that you are troubled with, I hope you'll get rid of it, as I have done. 'Tis not to be imagin'd what a perfect Health I enjoy; God almighty, sure, makes me amends by this, for all the other Blessings he has taken from me. Whilest I was at Court, I was continually toss'd betwixt hope and fear, which so heated my Blood, that I was often oblig'd to have part of it let out; that is to say, compounded for one half of my Life to save the other; but at present my ill Fortune puts me in an admirable Temper. You cannot imagine, Ma-

Madam, how much a Dose of Adversity is sometimes beneficial. I own that Potion tastes somewhat bitter, and one must have a strong Head, not to turn giddy with the Vapours it sends up to the the Brain; but with a little Trouble at first, one may use one's Palate to it, and then this Remedy works wonderful Effects. You that live in the world will call me a Quack, and I'm sure, you'd rather take a Vomit than my Medecine; in Truth, few People ever us'd it but upon a forc'd put. I am sorry for the Ill Treatment our Friend meets with at Court, and I had rather any other Man of Merit, should contribute to comfort me, for the usage I have receiv'd these three Years past, by the Example of his Sufferings.

Before I conclude I must desire you not to shew my Letters to any Body except Mr——. You know Men in my condition can say nothing but what will be found fault with: If we are merry, we exasperate our Enemies; and if sullen and peevish, People are afraid of our Resentment. As for me, they would not allow me to be sufficiently cast down; and tho' I have Resolution to spare, yet I shall be glad to have no fresh occasions given me of exercising that Virtue.

LETTER IV.

The same to Madam ——.

THere's a Time, Madam, when 'tis to be construed a neglect not to write to our Friends, and there are others where 'tis Discretion. Me-

thinks, it becomes a Man in disgrace, rather to be silent than to speak, for either, he is troublesom if he talks of his Misfortunes, or ridiculous if he pretends to be merry. For my Part, Madam, I have not hitherto done my self the Hononr of writing to you, for fear of falling into either of these Inconveniencies. I have more Respect for you than to fatigue you with my Sorrows, and I am wiser, than to laugh at them. I know very well, Madam, there's a Medium between those Exreams; but nevertheless the Conversing with the unfortunate is ever unpleasant, especially to those in Prosperity. Which obliges me to conclude by assuring you, that no Man in the World esteems and honours you more than I do.

LETTER V.

Madam S——— to Count Bussy.

I wonder, Dear Cousin, that it should be precisely in our little Sister of *St. Mary*'s (*a Nunnery so called.*) Chamber, where the Fancy takes me to write to you. One would be apt to think our Friendship were grounded on our Grand-Mother's Devotion; else how comes it to pass that so many other Places where I have seen you, do not put me so much in mind of you, as this where I never saw you in my Life? You have here a Daughter that contributes to that Miracle. She's as witty as if she convers'd with you every Day, and as modest as if she had never stirr'd from *Saint Mary's*. Indeed, She's a young

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Person of very strict Christian Principles, adorn'd with certain Graces inseparable from the House of *Rabutin*, which render her wonderfully charming. I doubt whether any of your other Children are better than she; but let this suffice to make her Proud. I have been eight Months in *Brittany*, during which time I never could find my self witty enough to write to you. At my return I was willing to renew our accoustomed Intercourse, and I begin with this: The better Day, the better deed. I send you no News, either private or publick; you know all that passes, at least I will think so, for I fancy 'tis not safe to write about some Things. There are new Plays, on which, I have the Vanity to believe, you will pass the same censure as my self have done. Farewell, Dear Cousin; you cannot imagine how much I covet the honour of your Friendship.

LETTER VI.

Count Bussy's *Answer to Madam* S-----

DO you know the reason, Madam, why you write to me from a Place where you ne're saw me, rather than from many others where you have seen me a Thousand Times? 'Tis because my Daughter puts you in mind of me, and growing soon weary of the common Discourse of a Nunnery, you pass away part of the Time of your visit in writing to her Father. Thus, Madam, as far as I can perceive, you chuse rather to converse with the World than me, but then you have rather

con-

converse with me than with a Nun. This you will own if you are sincere. When I perus'd that part of your Letter, wherein you say, *That my Daughter is as witty, as if she convers'd with me every Day, and as modest as if she never stirr'd from* Saint Marys, I thought you had written, *as modest as if she had never convers'd with me.* For indeed a young Lady may become agreeable by conversing with me, but she can hardly grow a Saint that way. My Daughter proves such, as I have been told by a great many, besides your self, she would do; and the Testimony you give me of the Charms of her Wit, is what we call *the Approbation of the Judicious.* Her Sisters have also their Merit; and if by my Disgrace they have lost some Advantages as to their Fortune, they have gain'd others with respect to their good Education, and their improving of their Judgment. You should have written to me from *Brittany*: Both of us are losers by your silence. 'Tis a jest to tell me you did not find your self witty enough. What! do you design to write fine Letters to me? In my Opinion they can never be such when written with design and study. I confess I know what passes at Court; but I should be ignorant of it, if all my Friends were as cautious as your self.

LETTER VII.

Madam —— *to Count* Bussy.

I am so seldom at *Paris*, that it has never been yet in my Power to obey your Lordship's

ſhip's Commands, however, I am very ſorry for't, becauſe I LOVE you very much. Were I ſome few Years younger, that word LOVE in Capitals would look very terrible to me; but ſince it goes for no more than Friendſhip between us, I ſpeak it boldly. I ſend you here encloſed the Ballads, which Monſieur *Benſerade* ſent lately to the Duke and Dutcneſs of *Orleans*; you'll judge of them better than any Body elſe. The Counteſs *D*—— will not follow the Court, becauſe ſhe goes to drink the Waters. For my Part I uſe my ſelf ſo much to Solitude, that were I at my own Diſpoſal, I ſhould certainly turn *Ancherete* for good and all. I know not whether you can conceive, that one may ſometimes grow weary of ones ſelf, as well as of other People; but for my part, I experience it to ſuch a degree, that I grow very *Singular* in that Reſpect, not to ſay *Mad.*

LETTER VIII.

Count Buſſy's *Anſwer.*

'TIS to no purpoſe, Madam, for you to exaggerate your Age: For when you tell me you *Love* me, I account it as a very great Favour, and do heartily rejoyce at it. But without pretending to leſſen my obligation to you, I dare aſſure your Ladiſhip, that let your ſentiments towards me be what they will, yet they can amount to no more than Gratitude, ſince I began to Love you firſt.

The Ballads you ſent me, have been very enter-

tertaining: No Man but *Benserade* can write Trifles so genteelly.

I can conceive, how People may grow weary of themselves, as well as of other People. This proceeds from Idleness; for if you kept your self employ'd, you would not be unneasie as you say you are. You mention solitude as a Remedy against Melancholy, whereas in Reality 'tis the true cause of it.

Would you not think it very strange to see Madam C—— Marry the Abbot *L*——? But would you not be more surpriz'd, if after that she did not cuckold him?

LETTER IX.

Count Bussy *to Madam* M——

I receiv'd your Lordship's Letter, but yesterday; by which, you very obligingly expostulate with me concerning my long Silence. This, by your favour, is an odd way of proceeding, for you know very well you ow'd me an Answer, which perhaps, I would patiently have expected a little longer.

I find you want to know what I do? I must tell you, I never was so well in Health, so merry, nor so desirous of seeing you as I am at present. As for the Lady you speak of, who was like to die in the Country, I heard the extream Danger she was in, with as much Resolution, as she receiv'd the News of my being a Prisoner in the *Bastille*; and for all you are pleas'd to say in your

your Letter, you know very well, I have reason to have no better sentiments towards her.

I know not what to think of my Return, at least at this present time. If I reflect upon my Faults only, I should be recall'd to morrow——, but then if I think how unlucky I am, I find it cannot be so soon. However, that Day must come; and I do assure that when ever 'tis, I shall be very glad of it, merely upon account of my Friends; for you know well enough, I am not such a Fool as to have any ambitious Thoughts in Prospect. Then I shall be intirely at my Friend's *S*ervice, aud Fortune shall no more divide my Heart. You need not ask what share both you and my little Cousin shall have in it, for I can assure you 'tis so much your own, that you may dispose of it at Pleasure.

LETTER X.

Madam B—— *to Count* Bussy.

I must acquaint you Lordship with a piece of News, that will certainly make you merry; which is, that Mr—— was reconcil'd to his Wife, but is now so asham'd of it, that he only sees her in private. 'Tis thought the Reason of this Reconcilement was, that he might engage his Wife's Interest to gain her Sister's favour, whom he Loves to distraction, and who desir'd of him that Proof of his Love. Farewell, My-Lord; give me leave to tell you by the by, that 'tis very ungenteel in you, never to write to me, till I have answer'd yours first, when People Love their Friends never so little, they don't use to stand upon Punctilio's.

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LETTER XI.

Count *Bussy to Madam* B——

YOU tell me, Madam, you know not what I can think of your being silent this long while? Truly, I cannot but think that you Love me but very indifferently; for your little Journey into the Country did not interrupt your Coresponding with your Friends at *Paris*; and you might as well have sent thither, from time to time, a line or two for me. I grant you I might have done the same, but I fear'd either that my Letters would never come to your Hands, or else that you would care but little for 'em. For, Madam, you cannot imagine, how much People in disgrace are apt to be mistaken, and full of Suspicions.

I am very angry with your Husband's Rheum, since it robs me of the Pleasure of seeing you here. You would have been welcome to a pretty, clean, pleasant House, and been entertain'd with our homely Country-Fare, and above all, a great deal of Mirth. You do very well to Nurse up your Husband your self, and not to trust him with the Physicians, who have not so great a concern in him as your self have,

The Death of M—— does not render the Court more melancholy than it was before: This Reflection ought to redouble our care of Life, since People are no sooner dead than they are forgotten. 'Tis true it would avail them but little to be remembred; therefore we must endeavour to live, for living sake. Mr——S. Reconcilemen

concilement with his Wife is pleasant enough: I apprehend his Reasons for it, but cannot conceive his Wive's; unless it were that when she liv'd from her Husband, she had not the Pleasure of deceiving him, which gives a wonderful Relish to an Amour. I ever lookt upon the poor Lady as a *silly Goose*, and could not imagine how any Man would trust her either with his secret or his Heart. Madam, Adieu——. Be for the future a little more exact in answering my Letters, for I am not a little desirous of having all I can from you.

LETTER XII.

The Marchioness of —— to Count Bussy.

YOU ought to suppose I cannot write to you, whenever I happen to be silent; for I discharge this friendly Duty with too much Pleasure, to be wanting in any opportunity.

I am over joy'd to hear you are in good Health, and I thank you heartily for it: That's a Blessing for which your Friends are beholden to your good Temper, which makes you to comply with the Times, and renders you the delight of all that approach you; whereas the generality of other Persons in Disgrace are insupportable.

I am not a little oblig'd to your Lordship for being somewhat uneasie at my absence; I return you the same Compliment: Indeed I had rather be your Neighbour than any Body's else in *France*.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

Count Bussy *to Madam*——.

I admire, Madam, both at the continuance and Exactness of our Correspondence: Were it not suported by a great Esteem and Friendship on both sides, it had often been interrupted; but I take great delight in writing to you, and you are alwaies so kind as to answer me without any delay.

Had poor Madam— been dead these hundred years, she should not have been more forgotten than she's already: However we must not wonder at it: We often forget the Absent who are dead but for a while; how then should we remember the dead, who are absent for ever? I would lament 'em more, if I thought they remembred us; but I believe they have other business to mind, and therefore, Madam, let us remember, and make much of one another, whilest we live, since we have no other time to do it in; and for that very Reason, let's live as long as we can ——. The Company, which, I told you, I expected here, is not yet arriv'd; but in recompense I have many other Visiters both from *Paris* and the Country. The Neighbourhood of St. *Mary*'s Wells brings us a thousand People, who are not one jot the more troublesom for their Distempers. Formerly the conversing with those *Pilgrims* was dangerous, but now adays a great many Ladies come hither to refresh themselves, who, in my Opinion, are not the less lovely, for having their Blood a little upon the Ferment.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Madam *Scarron* (now Madam *Maintenon*) to Count *Bussy*.

I Write to you, my Lord, assoon as I am able: For I have been troubled these twelve days with a continual Feaver, attended with such a Head-ach, that I was ready to run distracted. Assoon as I receiv'd your Letter to the Duke of St. *A* —— I dispatch'd it to him. I have not heard from him this long while, but I know how to awake him, if he should chance to be asleep. He is a very good Man, and one who is ever ready to oblige his Friends to the utmost of his power. I have been alone this Fortnight; which is the reason I have no News to send you. I am so silly whilst I am sick, that I am well-enough pleas'd to have no Visiters. What do you think of Madam —— and her great affliction on the Death of the Abbot of —— For my part, I commend her for it; tho he were a *Friend* or *Gallant*: For after all, when a Woman is infatuated by either of these, and that he proves faithful, if she loses him, her loss is certainly very great. Do you not think it a very grave business for Madam *R* —— to be a Widow the three first Months? Afterwards she will like it well enough; for of all conditions that's the most free: And indeed the opportunities one might have of doing ill, is apt to lessen the desire of being dishonest. Adieu, Dear Count, my head turns go

dy, and were it not that I have a great esteem for you, and that I cannot live easie without your Letters, which are become a necessary good to me, I had not been able to write at all.

LETTER XV.

Count Bussy's *Answer to Madam* Scarron.

YOur Reason, Madam, does not seem to me impair'd in the least by your Head-ach, and I believe that proof against the severest Megrims; however I am extreme glad you are in better Health. Our Friend's fault is not to be wanting in serving his Friends, when 'tis in his Power, but only not to own his Inability of serving them upon some occasions. I wonder you have been a whole Fortnight without receiving any News from your Friends; they might have thought something or other had happen'd to you, which deserv'd their enquiring after, since they did not hear from you all that while. Madam—— has reason to grieve at the Death of the Abbot of —— and not to conceal her affliction, for she expected to marry him. I know not whether she is to be condol'd with upon this occasion, and desir'd Madam —— to inform me. I do not think, as you say, that Madam—— can keep up with Dignity, the Gravity of a Widow for three Months together. Nay, I doubt whether she can forbear Laughing at those, who shall offer to comfort her. I agree with

with you, that Widowhood is a pleaſant Condition, eſpecially to the Women; becauſe they recover their Liberty, and without injuring the Memory of your poor deceaſed Husband, I believe, (betwixt you and I) you would not be willing to ſee him come to life again.

LETTER XVI.

Mad. Scarron *to Count* Buſſy.

I Will follow your Lordſhip's counſel, and indulge the pleaſure I find in writing to you often, provided you be as willing to anſwer my Letters. 'Tis true, you'l make a *Negro*'s exchange; That is, you'l part with *Gold* for *Iron*: And the advantage I ſhall find in this way of Trading, will be, that I ſhall grow Richer, and you never the Poorer. But, my Lord, if what I heard Yeſterday be true, we are like to have War very ſpeedily. I ſaw Yeſterday Monſieur——— who inform'd me of a Report, as if the King had agreed with the King of *England*, to make the Prince of *Orange* Sovereign of the *United Provinces*. I cannot give credit to it; but if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, you *Heroes* would make the Market on't. The little Monſ. ——— who is in *Lorrain*, wrote Yeſterday to his Father, that they were commanded to march he knows not whither; that they had taken Proviſions with 'em for three days, and that their firſt days march was to be ſixteen Leagues Others write that *Nuremberg* is Beſieg'd by the Biſhop of *Munſter*,

and that our Troops are marching to join him. If all this be true, will it not be a means to haſten your return to Court? A little time will better inform us of all things. You ſay true, that Count ——'s Letters want to be Tranſlated into *French*, to be underſtood. He writes better to Madam *M*—— than to me, perhaps becauſe he does not ſo much endeavour to write well to her.

Paris, June 9.
1671.

LETTER XVII.

Count Buſſy's *Anſwer to Madam* Scarron.

WELL, Madam, 'tis agreed we ſhall write often to one another: Be not in pain about my being punctual in anſwering your Letters; for I have more ſpare time than you. I know not what to ſay to the commendations you give me about my *Gold* and your *Iron*; but have you a mind to know why I write Letters to your liking? 'Tis becauſe you can judge of their value, and I muſt confeſs that's an incouragement. You ſay 'tis thought we ſhall have War; for my part, I am not in this as the generality of People, who eaſily believe what they moſt wiſh for; to be plain, I believe nothing of the matter. I think we could make a ſhift to defend our ſelves, if we were attack'd, but we find our ſelves too well Eſtabliſh'd in the

the present Posture of affairs, to desire to change it by our own choice. I warrant we shall never quarrel first. Count ——'s Friends are in the right on't, to amuse him with Presents; for in the condition he and I are in, they ought to divert us and keep us employ'd, that we may not have time to reflect on our affairs at Court. We ought to take care of nothing but to live; for let all the World be against us, yet time is for the unfortunate. I doubt not, as you say, but the obscurity of Count——'s Letters proceeds from his endeavouring to write well. When a man has a Genius, he must give it its full scope, and never constrain it. But if the Count's Riddles puzzle you, they do you a great deal of credit in recompence. You would understand him better had he less esteem for you, or were he less desirous to please you. He renders himself intelligible to Madam —— because he despises her. If your intercourse with him continues, he will one day or other pull off the Vizor, and shew himself to you bare-fac'd. Madam ——'s Devotion, blended with all her other affected ways, make a fine mish-mash; but I knew nothing of her being a Friend to Madam ——. Your Mr. —— has Eyes like another Man; but it pleased me to see, that immediately after naming him, you should mention a Mistress of mine. I am sure you did it without minding the comparison; but it falls out every day, that some People put us in mind of others by chance, which however never fails to have the same effect as if we did it on purpose. I have the same thoughts with you about Mr. —— He is an accomplish-

Gentleman, whom I value very much. Madam ——— had more Love and Ambition when ſhe Married ——— her Husband; but I queſtion whether ſhe continues in the ſame diſpoſition, eſpecially when ſhe's in *Paris*, where ſhe has frequent occaſions to wiſh herſelf ſtil a * Dutches. Let a Husband be never ſo genteel and agreeable, yet he is no more than another Man, when a Woman is once us'd to him, and the temptation of thoſe Honours ſhe has quitted, will return of courſe. Let the Caſe be how it will. Madam ——— has reaſon to ſet a good Face upon the matter, for that's the only way ſhe has left to juſtifie to the World what ſh. has done. I love her very much, and both ſhe and her Husband have reaſon to love me. Neverthelefs, I am miſtaken, if you and Madam——— do not love me better, for indeed you take place before 'em in my Heart. As for Madam ——— I deſpiſe her very much; tho 'tis not either hatred or ſpite that ſets me againſt her; but I do it only for Diverſion ſake. Her miſfortunes do not awake my Generoſity, becauſe I found her indifferent in my Diſgrace. However, I deſire this may go no farther than Madam ——— and your ſelf.

* *Note, that in* France *Women loſe their Titles when they Marry*

Buſſy, June 20. 1671.

LETTER XVIII.

LETTER XVIII.

From Madam Scarron *to Count* Buſſy.

With Father Rapin's *Character.*

I Have a Book to ſend to your Lordſhip from Father *Rapin*, a *Jeſuit*, who tho a ſtranger to you, is one of the beſt heads of that Society, and a man of Exemplary Virtue. Knowing the World ſo well as you do, you may eaſily imagine he has abundance of Friends among Perſons of Quality. I once ſhew'd him one of your Letters; and to ſhew you his good taſte, I can aſſure your Lordſhip he was ſo charm'd with it, that from that moment he has had a ſtrong deſire to ſettle a Correſpondence of Letters with you, and be admitted amongſt your Friends. Therefore, my Lord, I think you ought kindly to accept his Preſent, and honour him with an Anſwer to his Letter. I promis'd him to give you his Character, and I am going to make my word good. His Phyſiognomy diſcovers a great deal of his good Nature, and mild Temper: His Manners and Behaviour are free from that Affectation which is remarkable in the generality of thoſe thas wear a Religious Habit: He is contented to keep up a *Decorum*, and have that prudent Reſerve which becomes a Man of his Age and Profeſſion. He not only is morally Good, but alſo very Religious; his Devotion

puts him upon performing good Works, but never renders him a Persecutor of his Neighbour's Defects; for he is so far persuaded, that the turning from Evil to Good must be owing to God's Grace, that he rather chuses to pray for Sinners, than to preach to them, when he finds his Sermons would only serve to exasperate their Minds. Thus he shews no more of his Devotion than is just necessary to edifie others by it, and convince 'em, that a polite, accomplish'd Man, may be a very good Christian. He has a quality which, in my opinion, argues the Greatness of his Mind; which is, that he can raise and lower it at pleasure. Amongst Scholars he is accounted the best Scholar of the Age, and yet his Knowledge is so well digested, that one discovers nothing in his ordinary Conversation, besides Reason and good Sense. Methinks that Man deserves the highest Commendations, who being able to say a thousand fine things, yet condescends to say indifferent ones, only to adapt himself to the capacity of those with whom he speaks. This is Father *Ravin*'s Talent, for no man knows better than he, how to talk with all People of what they understand best, and pleases them most; which, in my opinion, is the most difficult knowledge, and such as is most to be admired in a Religious Man. He is courted and belov'd by the greatest Men in the Kingdom, and yet he is neither pufft up with being acquainted with Persons of great Quality and Wit; nor does he despise those of an inferiour Merit. He is as upright and just as 'tis possible for any Man; neither Greatness, Favour, Rank, nor Wit, can seduce him, or so much as tempt him.

He

He is the best natur'd Man alive; kind, obliging to every body, but to his particular Friends without any reserve; still endeavouring to serve them to the utmost of his Power, without any private consideration. I must acquaint your Lordship, that besides the great Esteem he has already for you, he also desires to be your Friend, that in time he may have occasion to be serviceable to you; for even thro' all the Stories your Enemies spread abroad, he has perceiv'd that you are a good Man. However 'tis upon the score of your Wit he now sends you his Book, and begs you to correct what you'l find amiss in it, because he will reprint it with some other Compositions of his. Now what is most true, and yet very uncommon in an Author is, that your Corrections, if the Book admits of any, will oblige him more than your Commendations. He has writ lately another Treatise concerning Eloquence, which he will send you assoon as he knows your opinion of this. In the mean time, if you do not kindly receive both the Friend I give you, and the Books he presents you with, I shall be very much dissatisfied. I pity you, my Lord, that must take the trouble to *read* so long a Letter, but then consider, I have been at the pains of writing it; but I do assure you, were I not your very humble Servant, you'd never catch me at it again.

LETTER XIX.

LETTER XIX.

From the Reverend Father Rapin, *to Count* Bussy.

I Confess, my Lord, that Madam *Scarron* having shewn me some of your Letters, I was so touch'd with your way of Writing, and began to have so great an Esteem for your Lordship, that I desir'd her to send you a Book I had lately written concerning *Eloquence* and *Oratory*, that I might in some measure, merit a share in your good Graces, and have a Correspondence with you. Nevertheless I would not be thought so vain as to court this Intercourse merely because 'tis Honourable and Glorious, but rather because I thought it might be profitable to me. I am, my Lord, so far acquainted with the Ancients, as to find you are master of the Stile, and that you are the only Man that knows how to be plain without being low, and natural without being flat. This Talent is so very rare, that it has created the great esteem I have for your Lordship, and the desire of being one of your Friends. If what you say in some of your Letters be true, that your good Nature surpasses your Wit, you will easily grant the favour I beg of your Lordship, which is to take the pains to peruse the Book I now send you, and to write your Remarks in it; that I may either add or retrench what you shall think fit. I am about to print

Three

Three Comparisons of six of the most Learned Men among the Antients, *viz.* of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Homer* and *Virgil*, to gather in the same Volume a Historical Philosophy, Rhetorick, and Art of Poetry. Now because the Treatise I send you is the most imperfect of the Three, a Ray of your sublime Wit, which I hope you will let flow on it, will much contribute to the mending its Faults. This is the favour I beg of your Lordship, and I presume you will not be sorry to oblige a Man who is already so much inclined to honour you; who has so great a value for your Merit, and who may teach others how to value you. Pardon, my Lord, my free way of writing, which I have pitched upon, for fear of being mistaken in the Forms wherein Persons of your Quality must be address'd to. I am, with all the Respect imrginable,

Paris, July 24.
1671.

LETTER XX.

Count Bussy's *Answer to Father* Rapin.

I Was highly pleas'd with the Civilities I receiv'd from you, thro' Madam *Scarron*'s Hands, and your Letter has made me compleatly yours. Tho' I see in the main you flatter me, yet you do it so nicely, that you almost perswade

perſwade me you ſpeak nothing but the Truth; for let the eſteem that others have for us be never ſo ill grounded, you know, Reverend Father, we always take it in good part. You ſay you will be my Friend, and I paſſionately deſire to be yours; you write you are prompted to court a Correſpondence with me, becauſe it may be uſeful to you, I wiſh with all my heart it may; nay, I will endeavour to render it agreeable and entertaining. You ask my judgment about your Compariſon of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*; I proteſt I was charm'd with it, and never ſaw any thing ſo clear, ſo well demonſtrated, ſo natural a Style, nor an exactneſs ſo artfully manag'd. All I diſlike is its being in Print; I wiſh none but ſuch as are able to know its Beauties ſhould have it in Manuſcript; for after all, when I conſider that a thouſand Blockheads may read read it without knowing its worth, I cannot but be uneaſie at it. You tell me I ſhall not be ſorry to oblige a Perſon, who has already ſo great an Eſteem for me, and may teach others how to value me: I do aſſure you, my Reverend Father, that both to you, and to any man, whoſe Eſteem and Friendſhip you may procure me, I ſhall ever approve my ſelf moſt ſenſibly Grateful. Pray inculcate this often to your ſelf and to others, *&c.*

Buſſy, Auguſt 18.
1671.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Madam S --- *to Count* Buſſy.

I Have now your great Boy in my Chamber, having ſent for him in my Coach to Dine with me. My Couſin the Abbot, who was here juſt now, preſented my Nephew with a Paper folded up, which having open'd, he found it to be a Pedigree of the Houſe of *Buſſy Rabutin.* He was very much pleas'd with it, and is now buſie about looking from whence he deſcends. If all under one he conſiders whither he is going, we are not like to dine ſo ſoon; but I will ſpare him the trouble of that Meditation, by aſſuring him, he goes directly to a certain, nay, a ſpeedy Death, if he follows your Profeſſion, as 'tis likely he will. I hope this Thought will not keep him from eating his Dinner; the Blood that runs in his Veins will not ſuffer him to be ſtartled at ſo ſad a News. But when all is done, I cannot imagine how a man can expoſe his Life a thouſand times, as you have done, and not be kill'd a thouſand times over. This day my head is full of that Reflection. Monſieur *Longueville*'s Death, that of *Guitry*, *Nogent*, and ſeveral others; the Wounds of the Prince of *Marcillac*, *Monrevel*, *Revel*, Count *de Saux*, *Termes*, and a thouſand others, give me a very dreadful Idea of the War. I cannot comprehend the paſſage over the *Rhine* by Swimming. For Men to throw themſelves into that River

River on Horseback, like a Pack of Hounds after a Stag, without either drowning, or being knockt on the Head at their Landing, so far surpasses my Imagination, that my Head turns giddy with the thoughts on't. God Almighty has hitherto preserv'd my Son, but how can we depend on those that are in the Wars? Farewel, dear Cousin, I am going to Dinner, I find your Son handsom and agreeable; I am very glad you like my Letters; 'tis impossible to please you, without being proud of it.

Paris, June 19.
1672.

LETTER XXII.

Count Bussy's *Answer to Madam* S-----

AT the rate you speak, one would think, Madam, that none but Soldiers die; nevertheless, 'tis certain, that the Wars hasten the Death of some few. For my own part, I have had my share of several dangerous Encounters, without being so much as wounded. My Misfortunes have been of another kind; and to be plain with you, I had rather live less happy, than have dy'd young. A hundred thousand People have been kill'd in the first Fight they were engag'd in, and a hundred thousand more in the second, but still I have escap'd. I find you are very much alarm'd; but I must comfort you,

Madam,

Madam, by acquainting you, that ſome People make ſometimes ten Campaigns, without ever drawing their Swords, and are often in a Fight without ſo much as ſeeing the Enemy; as for Example, when they happen to be in the ſecond Line, or in the Rear, and that the firſt Line decides the Victory, as it fell out at the Battle of the *Downs* in 1658. In a Field-War, the Horſe Officers run more hazard than the reſt; in a War of Sieges, the Officers of Foot are a thouſand times moſt expos'd. On account of which I muſt relate to you, what Monſieur *de Turenne* told me he heard the late Prince of *Orange*, *William*, ſay, *That young Women thought Men always ready; and* Monks *believ'd Soldiers in the Wars always Fighting.* The great concern you have in this Campaign occaſions thoſe melancholy Reflections, which you never made before. Were not your Son in the Army, you would look upon that Action, as upon a thouſand others which you have heard related without Concern, and would only think the Paſſage over the *Rhine* couragious, whereas you now account it fool-hardy. Believe me, dear Couſin, moſt things are great or ſmall, according as our Fancy makes 'em. The ſwimming over the R*hine* is a great Action, but not ſo bold as you imagine. Two thouſand Horſe go over to attack four or five hundred; the former are ſupported by a great Army, commanded by the King in Perſon, whereas the others are Troops already frighted by the blunt and vigorous beginning of the Campaign. Had the *Hollanders* ſhewn more Reſolution on this Occaſion, they had perhaps kill'd ſome few more of our Men, but muſt nevertheſs at laſt have been

over-

over-power'd by our Numbers. Had the Prince of *Orange* been posted on the other side the *Rhine* with his Army, I do not think Ours would have ventur'd to have pass'd that River swimming before him. This, indeed, had been a rash Action, had we attempted it: However, 'tis no more than *Alexander* did at the Passage of *Granicus*, which River he crost swimming with 40000 Men, in spite of 100000 that oppos'd him. 'Tis true, had he been beaten, he had been accounted a mad Man; and 'tis only because he succeeded that we say, he did the greatest Action in the World.

I am glad, dear Cousin, that your passionate railing against War, proceeds only from your Fears of what may happen, and that your Son is come off safe. We must hope he will always have the same good luck, tho' 'twas the saying of Mareschal *de la Ferté*, that 'twas the Motto of War, *Stay and I shall catch thee.* Pray, inform me, whether your Son was commanded to pass the *Rhine* or not, if my Son pleases you, Madam, he may well hope to please others.

Chaseu, June 26.
1672.

LETTER XXIII.

Count Bussy *to Madam* S----

A Scratch of ones Finger, when one is uneasie, hurts one more than a Quartan Ague with a contented Mind, I say this to you, dear

dear Couſin, becauſe I think all the Ailments of the fair Counteſs proceed only from her being gone from you. Let her make much of her Life, and endeavour to live merrily. I counſel her nothing but what I have practis'd my ſelf for theſe twelve Years paſt. No man is more touchy than I am; but ſo long as I was Mutinous and Refractory againſt Perſecution, I ſuffer'd like one in Hell, and ſo augmented my Miſeries by my Impatience. I had died in the *Baſtile*, if a Month before I was ſet at liberty, I had not entirely ſubmitted my ſelf to God Almighty's Will. This Reſignation reſtor'd me to my good Humour and Gayety, and ſaved me a dangerous Operation, to which the Surgeons had already condemn'd me. Ever ſince that time, Madam, having found ſo great a Benefit, by Patience and Mirth, you need not doubt but I have often repeated the ſame Remedy, which has ſettled me in ſuch a Temper, that though I loſt my long Services of thirty Years, yet the return of Fortune is almoſt grown indifferent to me; nay, I never enjoy'd the ſweets of Life ſo well, as I have done ſince my Diſgrace. This is my Receipt which I ſend to my dear Couſin, the fair *Provencal* Lady. I don't think the difference of our Conſtitutions can hinder my Remedy from being beneficial to her, for I look upon it as the beſt Specifick.

'Tis moſt certain, that the unhappy need but live: For as Gameſters loſe only for want of Money to play on, ſo People remain in Diſgrace only for want of Life. I think, Madam, I told you this once before; but I beg leave to repeat it at preſent; and you'll have good luck, if I don't tell it you ten times over and over.

Father *Rapin* is deeply afflicted at the Death of the firſt Preſident, though little more than my ſelf. I was ſenſible he lov'd me as much as ever any Man in the World did, and you know how my Heart ſtands affected towards thoſe, whoſe Friendſhip I am well aſſur'd of. Farewel, dear Couſin, I do not tell you I love you, that's to be underſtood. Let's do in this for the future, as thoſe who Bet at Play, and are willing to ſave themſelves the trouble of Staking; that is, let's love one another as long as we ſay nothing to the contrary.

Buſſy, Jan. 5.
1678.

LETTER XXIV.

Madam S----- *to Count* Buſſy.

I Begin, dear Couſin, with wiſhing you a happy New Year, which is as much as to wiſh you a continuation of your Chriſtian Philoſophy, wherein true Happineſs conſiſts. I cannot imagine how 'tis poſſible to enjoy a Moment's Tranquility in this World, without having God Almighty in proſpect, and ſubmitting to his Will. With this Support we are able to bear the greateſt Misfortunes; and therefore, dear Couſin, I wiſh you the continuance of that Bleſſing, for ſuch it is; nor is in our ſelves that we can find thoſe Reſources. I will forbear mentioning

what

what you deserv'd to have been, and what you are now: My Love for you, and for my self, has suffer'd too much by it already; let's think no more upon it, God would have it so, and I subscribe to all you say to me about it. The Court is full of new *Blew-strings*, and one cannot make a Visit without meeting with four or five of 'em. This Ornament comes very *A-propos*, to grace the Arrival of the King and Queen of *England*, who are come to St. *Germains*, and not to *Vincennes*, as 'twas at first reported they would. This Day will be the true Feast of the * King's; very pleasant to him who receives the other under his Protection, but very sad to him who wants a Sanctuary. These are great Objects to gaze at, and great Subjects for Conversation. Politicians have now abundance to say. No body doubts but the Prince of *Orange* was willing to let the King escape, that he might be Master of *England* without a Crime; and as for the King, he did well to quit the Field, rather than hazard his Life with a Parliament that put his Father to Death, though he was of the same Religion as they. These Events are so great, that 'tis no easie matter to conceive where they will end, especially when one considers the present State and Disposition of all *Europe*. That same Providence that over-rules all, will also unravel all: We are here below but blind and ignorant Spectators. Farewel, I embrace you and my dear Niece; I am sorry she was oblig'd to be let Blood for her sore Eyes.

* *The French call Epiphany the Feast of the Kings.*

LETTER XXV.

Voiture *to the Duke of* Anguien, *when his Highneſs paſt the* Rhine *with the Troops that were to join thoſe of* Mareſchal de Guebriant.

By *J. R.* Eſq;

TO apprehend the meaning of the following Letter, you are to know, that before the Duke left Paris, *being in company with a Circle of Ladies, they all fell a playing at ſmall Games, particularly the* Game of Fiſhes; *where he happned to be the* Pike; *which gave occaſion to the Author, who has alſo one of the Gameſters, under the name of the* Carp, *to write the Duke the following ingenious Piece of Raillery.*

I Always fancied, Mr. *Pike*, the Waters of the *Rhine* would never hold you. For being acquainted with your Strength, and knowing you lov'd to *Swim in deep Waters*, I imagin'd thoſe of that River would never fright you, but that you would make your way thro' 'em, as glorioufly as you have perform'd ſo many other Exploits. And

And this you have ſucceſsfully effected, even beyond our expectation; the very Fame of your Name having diſpers'd all thoſe who were poſted to oppoſe you, and neither your own ſelf, nor any of yours have loſt ſo much as one *Scale.* As excellent and dainty as you have hitherto been with all manner of Sauces, it muſt be granted that the *German Sauce*, with the *Laurel*, its chief ingredient, gives you a wonderful Reliſh. The *Imperialiſts*, who thought to have *fry*'d, and eat you with a grain of Salt, are miſerably balk'd; and 'tis pleaſant to ſee thoſe who boaſted they would keep the Paſs of the *Rhine*, are not ſure to defend that of the *Danube. Cods-Fiſh!* how you go to work? There's no water ſo muddy, ſo deep, nor ſo rapid, but you plunge deſperately into it. Truely, you belie the Proverb, *Young Fleſh, and Old Fiſh:* For as young a *Pike* as you are, your Fleſh has more firmneſs than the oldeſt Sturgeons; and you bring theſe things to Perfection, which they themſelves durſt not have attempted. You cannot therefore imagine how far your Fame reaches. There is no Pond, Fountain, Brook, River, nor Sea, but what celebrates your Victories. Your name penetrates to the very Center of the Seas, and flies on the Surface of the Waters; nay, the Ocean, which bounds the whole World, does not yet confine your Glory.

T'other day, when my Friend the *Turbot*, and ſome other Freſh-water Fiſhes, were brought together at Supper at the *Smelts*, we had an old *Salmon* brought us, which had gone twice round the World, was newly come from the *Weſt-Indies*,

Indies, and had been taken for a Spy in *France*, as he follow'd a Vessel laden with Salt. He told us your Name was both known and dreaded in the deepest Abysses of the Waters, and that the *Whales* of the *Atlantick* Ocean were in a cold Sweat, as often as they heard your very Name. He would have told us a great deal more, had he not been in the boyling Pan, so that he could hardly speak. The like Tidings we had from a shoal of *Fresh Herrings* that came from *Norway*. They assured us that the Sea in those Parts was frozen that year two months sooner than usual, thro' the general Consternation they were under, upon the News that you directed your Course Northward. They told us the *great Fishes* (which you know eat the little ones) were apprehensive that you would do by them, as they do by others; that the greatest part of them were retired as under the *Bear*, thinking you would not go so far; that both the weak and strong are alarm'd and perplex'd; but especially a sort of *Sea-Eels*, that squeak already as if you were fleaing of 'em, and make the shore ring with their noise.

To say the Truth, you are a terrible *Pike*; and begging leave of the *Hippotamos*, the *Sea-Wolf*, or the *Dolphin* himself, the greatest and most considerable Guests of the Ocean, are but *Shrimps* in comparison of you; and if you go on after the rate you have begun, you will swallow up the Sea and all its Fishes. But now you have rais'd your Glory to such a pitch, that 'tis certain it can neither go farther nor higher; it would not be amiss, I suppose, after so much Fatigue, that you come and refresh your self in the Waters of the *Seine*, and sport and play

a little with ſo may pretty *Tenches*, fine *Perches*, and honeſt *Trouts*, that wait here impatiently for your Company. But let their Paſſion to ſee you be never ſo great, yet it comes far ſhort of mine, and of the deſire I have to expreſs how much I am

Your GRACE'S

Moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,

The CARP.

LETTER XXVI.

Monſ. St. Evremont *to Monſ.* . . . . .

Concerning Friends, when a Man is in Diſgrace.

SIR,

YOU blame me for not letting my Friends hear from me, to which I anſwer, that I muſt know 'em, before I write to 'em. A Man will find himſelf miſtaken in his ill Fortune, if he depends upon old Acquaintance, which are miſcall'd Friends, on very ſlight Grounds. We often endeavour to make ſome People remember

us, who have a mind to forget us, and whose Spleen we move, instead of bespeaking their good Offices, And, indeed, those who are inclined to serve us in our Disgraces, are impatient to shew their good Will towards us, and their Generosity spares a Man the secret Trouble, which he ever feels in explaining his wants. As for those who suffer themselves to be courted, they are in a manner resolved to fly from us, and our most reasonable Petitions, become to them Troublesom Importunities. I will make a particular Application of this general Reflection, by acquainting you, that I have heard from all those Persons, who would be ready to use their Interest in my Favour; I should in vain Fatigue with my Letters, such as have not writ to me hitherto. Among those Friends whom I have try'd in my ill Fortune, I have found some full of zeal and tenderness; others who did not want Affection, but having a clear knowledge of their Unability to serve me, and being little concern'd to see themselves without Interest on this occasion, have easily commited all my Misfortunes to my Patience. I am oblig'd to 'em for the good opinion they have of it. This is a Virtue which a man makes the best shift he can withal, yet which he had rather his Enemy should practise. Nevertheless we ought to be thankful for the Service which is done us, without complaining for that which is not; and reject certain Suggestions of Self-Love, which represent other People more oblig'd to serve us, than really they are. During four years I have been out of the Kingdom, I have every six Months gone thro' new Rigours, which I ren-

der

der as light as possible, by the easiness of Patience. I hate those unprofitable Struglings, which instead of preserving us from Misery, retard the familiarity we ought to contract with it. Besides, those whose Power has no Bounds, never make us so unhappy as they might, when they find us docile to their Orders. Opposition exasperates their Will, without diminishing their Power. This submission to our Masters, insensibly prepares me to suffer by those that are not so. I often hear my self condemn'd without cause, and after a slender justification, that I may not provoke People by being too much in the right, I wait till they undeceive themselves; and in Truth, in the heat of a scurvy Business, we must expect more from Time than from Reasons; some are unwilling to speak them, others to hear them; but by a turn either of Humour or Interest, that which was the occasion of our Disgrace, is now accounted our merit. There are few Persons at Court whose Reputation I have not seen change twice a year, either thro' the ficklenes of our Judgments, or the unsteadiness of their Conduct. I confidently hope the same will happen in relation to me; but rather thro' the Reflections of others, than thro' any change of mine. I'll make an end of this ungrateful Subject. 'Tis a *Ridiculum* ordinary in those in Disgrace, to infect every thing with their Misfortunes, and as their Mind is possess'd by them, they are still plaguing *others with them.* The Conversation of Mr. *D'Aubigni*, whom I am now going to see, saves me a longer Impertinence, and you the trouble you would receive

By

by it, with him, Mirth is of all Countries and of all Conditions, even to that degree, that a Man in Diſgrace has then too much Gayety, and breaks in unawares upon the Decency of a ſerious Air, which is the leaſt homage we owe to adverſe Fortune.

Original

ORIGINAL LETTERS ON Divers Subjects,

BY

Several Hands.

LETTEL I.

From Ed. L----- *Esq; to Mr. R----- containing an Account of the* Oxford *Wits.*

SIR,

I Will not pretend to give you a particular Account of *Oxford*, 'twould take up too much time: And besides, you meet with it in so many places, you may easily spare me that Trouble. We have several things here very well worth your seeing. The Colleges and Halls are the finest in *Europe*; the Publick Schools and Library, the Theatre, the *Musæum*, and the Convenience for the Maintenance of above 4000 Students, without the least Noise or Hurry, are very surprizing to such as come from the Universities abroad. Had I more leisure, I should enlarge upon each of these Heads, but though there are some things omitted in the Accounts that are publish'd of *Oxford*, yet I should be forc'd to tell you many things you must have heard before, and not so much to the purpose, you mention, as that I am going to acquaint you. The Conversation of this Place is very troublesom to a Man who has seen the World, and cannot entertain himself with hearing two or three grave Coxcombs repeat a hundred Scraps of old Authors; and those, perhaps, such as no body but themselves, would be at the pains to remember. Every thing is formal and stiff that comes from

from them; they give themſelves over a Bottle, the Magiſterial Air of the Quadrangle, and treat *Strangers* as they do *freſh Men*, with as much Contempt, as they themſelves meet in *Covent-Garden.* They will be very Drunk, but never Merry; and the Senior of a Houſe, if his Penſion will allow it, may carry four Bottles to his Chamber, without ever having a Laugh for it; they are all profeſt Politicians, and not a Youth that comes from the Tuition of a Country Pedagogue, but preſently enters into the Government, and makes a part of the State. There are very few good Poets, but as many Criticks as there are Gowns; and we damn every thing that is not our own, with as much Eaſe and Severity, as if we really underſtood it. As for Plays, the Maſters and old Fellows are perpetually railing at them in publick, and improving themſelves over 'em in private. The Gentlemen-Commoners, and the ſmaller *Fry*, are good Cuſtomers to the Bookſellers, when they pay 'em; and there is never a Scoundrel Author, who has the Advantage of an Advertiſement, but they immediately buy him. If they like any thing, 'tis commonly as the Cits take up the Faſhions, when the Court has abandon'd them. Thus they are all paſſionate Admirers of *Collier*, who is as new to them now, as *Davenant* is to you; and *Davenant* will, no doubt, be as dull to you too, as ever *Collier* was; for ſuch is the Fate of all *Temporary* Writers. *Blackamore* has a powerful Party here, and you would not be believ'd, if you ſhould tell them, that his Books are lately ſold by the Pound in *Duck-lane.* Thoſe who write in your way, ſeldom

ſeldom fly higher than a Madrigal or Lampoon; and if their Songs are Amorous, you will find ſo many pretty Philoſophical, and Metaphyſical turns in them, that you wou'd think 'em rather deſign'd to inſtruct, or puzle the Fair, than to move her. Their Language is as affected as their Mien; nothing natural, free, eaſie, or polite; and though they can never give Town-Poets a good Word, yet the Flowers and Graces of their Eloquence, are generally collected from the Dramatical Poems; but ſo awkardly, that there is ſcarce a Farce, with a new Phraſe in't, which they do not apply to the moſt ſerious Uſes; as I heard a florid Preacher in St. *Mary*'s tell his Auditory, *Some People give themſelves ſtrange Airs in Devotion*; and abundance of ſuch Stuff, which had made the *Pit* merry in *Drury-lane*, and was now to put the ſquare Caps and Bonnets into the right way to Heaven; nay, ſo very fond are they of getting into the Language of the Town, that there is never an *Iriſh* Man, who has the *Brogue* of *Tipperary* on his Tongue, but if he can paſs with you for a Wit, he ſhall ſoon be a Pattern to our fineſt Orators, and his vulgar Cant be impos'd on them, for the Talk of the Circle. However, here are ſeveral very honeſt Gentlemen, who diſtinguiſh between a Man of Learning, and an empty Pedant, who ſtudy the beſt Authors, and Copy them in their Writings; in whom there is nothing of the Ruſt of the Schools, and from whom, in time, we may expect ſomething extraordinary. I am in hopes to get leave of one of them to ſend you a Copy of Verſes he has lately made, which I think

is

is admirable in its kind. I ſhall continue to let you hear from me, as you deſire, if you con-continue to write me. I am,

Oxford, 1. *of* May. 1701.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

From Captain Ayloffe, *to his Sick Friend, Mr.----- to comfort him under the Apprehenſions of Death.*

SIR,

I Heard of your Indiſpoſition with a great deal of Regret. All your Friends are extreamly concern'd at your deſperate Condition, but moſt of all, to find this laſt Scene of your Life, not only diſſonant from, but a little unworthy of the reſt. 'Tis a miſery of Nature to be neither exempt from Pain, nor eaſie under it; but your Diſtemper has nothing in it but Danger. I grant it is eſſential to Humanity to dread a Diſſolution; and that few were found ſo miſerable, but, upon very indifferent Terms, would compound to live; but theſe are Men abſolute Slaves to the Mechaniſm of their Exiſtence, and who have not Philoſophy enough to raiſe 'em above the Condition of animated Clay. You, Sir, have taſted all the Blandiſhments that Life affords, and long ago might have been thought tir'd with the

the nauſeous Revolution of the ſame Delights. You were never imperious in Authority, nor ſupercilious to your Inferiours; you drank without Quarrelling, and play'd without Swearing; you repay'd what you borrow'd, and lent ſometimes more than you could conveniently ſpare; you laught at no Religion, though you never declar'd your own: Every one by this Diſcretion thought you of his, becauſe your Morality ſhew'd you of the beſt. If you have not improv'd your Eſtate, you have ſpent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks theſe Reflections might make your Mind more eaſie under your approaching Diſunion. That you ſhould chuſe to live, (if it were in your Option) I don't wonder at; ſince your Life was a Pleaſure to your Friends, and never a Trouble to your ſelf. But ſince Neceſſity ſeems to have determin'd your Fate, the radical Moiſture quite exhauſted, and the Glaſs, in fine, run out; why ſhould you be anxious at the cloſing of a Period, you have ſo glorioſly protracted to a good old Age? Why can't you calmly ſuffer, what it is impoſſible to avoid? And not by any Regrets and Reluctances ſeem too deſirous of what muſt not, cannot be; this were by one Action to tarniſh the Glories of fifty odd Years. I can't ſee a Bleſſing on Earth worth your ſtaying for; the eternal viciſſitude of things confirms you, that they were made to be chang'd, and that the Law of Succeſſion would be violated, if you did not in your Turn make way for a new Part to be acted. Shew the World you believ'd what you practis'd, ſince to Dye is the conſequence of being Born; let the Scene be quietly ſhifted, and

go

calmly off the Stage. As you liv'd honourably, die so, and then you may expect to rest happily, and leave a good Name behind you.

LETTER III.

From the same to Mr.------

I Wonder you should be so surpriz'd in our Friend's Disappointment. The very Reasons you urge why he should have succeeded, are to me Assurances of his miscarrying in it. His Ingenuity and Accomplishments are what will always hinder his rising in such a Post, as you mention'd. Persons of Quality can't always chuse for themselves, the rest of the Family have too great a share in their Preference, and too great a Power over 'em, to let any Gentleman of extraordinary Merit be with 'em. His Sense might be fatal to their Interest, and his Ingenuity destroy many of their sinister Advantages. The whole Family must be of a Knot, and this is the reason why some of our Noble-men are so very contemptible at Home, and so seldom welcome Abroad. A Man must be half blind, and quite a Blockhead, to make his Fortune under a Peer. They are so capricious, that Men of Merit would undervalue themselves, if they submitted so servilely to 'em, as all must do, to live easie under 'em. Generous Tempers can't brook it; make him something else, and his Parts will help his Fortune; or, if possible, make him a Fool, and then you'l be sure to prefer him to my Lord, &c.

LETTER IV.

From a French *Gentleman in* London, *to his Friend in* Paris, *giving him an Account of the Court of* England, *particularly of the* Assemblies *at* Kensington; *and of the Celebrated Beauties there.*

Made *English.*

SIR,

YOU engag'd me, before I left *Paris*, that I should send you an Account of the Court of *England*, and I would have discharg'd my Promise sooner, had I not committed the same Fault, which most Foreigners are guilty of when they come to *London*, without being recommended to some Person of Distinction; that is, I got into mean Playhouse Acquaintance, with whom I have spent a great deal of Money before I knew where I was.

But about a Month ago, Fortune brought me into better Company, particularly that of my Lord *M*----- who told me, that having, in his Travels through *France*, receiv'd great Civilities from my Father, he would be glad of an opportunity of shewing his Gratitude to his Son. I return'd

return'd him my Thanks, and beg'd he would honour me with his Protection, and introduce me to Court, which he readily granted.

On a *Tuesday* Morning his Lordship carried me in his Coach to *Kensington*, a place within three Miles of *London*, where the King of *England* makes his ordinary Residence; I was not a little surpriz'd to see so thin a Court about a Prince, who makes so great a Figure in the World, there being not above 20 Persons at his Majesty's Levee: the Lord under whose Conduct I was, perceiving my wonder, told me, that two chief Reasons contributed to the thinness of the Court; first, the natural Aversion the *English* have to all manner of Dependance; and secondly, the small Encouragement his present Majesty gives to Pleasures and Diversions, the weighty Affairs of State employing almost all his time. However, added he, to morrow Night you will see here an Assembly of all the *Beau-Monde* of *England*, which may vie with any of the same nature in *Europe*.

I had fancied the King of *England* to be a tall Man, of a stern, severe Countenance, such as ancient Heroes are generally represented, but I found him to be of a middle Stature, and wonderfully affable and of easie Access. He has the *French*, *English*, and *Dutch* Languages, at command, but uses the first more than any of the rest. His Nose is *Roman*, his Eyes fine, quick and piercing, and his Physiognomy speaks him what he really is, the best of Politicians.

The King's Palace at *Kensington*, is scarce magnificent enough for a private Nobleman, much less for so great a King. The only remarkable thing in it, is a long Gallery full of fine Pictures of the

beſt *Italian*, *Dutch*, and *Engliſh* Maſters; Painting being the liberal Art that his Majeſty reliſhes moſt. I expected to have ſeen ſome of King *William*'s great Actions among theſe Paintings, becauſe I had ſeen thoſe of our King maſterly expreſt by *Le Brun*, and others, at *Verſailles*; but my guide told me, that Monuments of K. *William*'s Actions are every where to be found except in his own Houſe; he told me alſo, that the King choſe *Kenſington* for his Reſidence, both becauſe of its being near *London*, and of the goodneſs of the Air; but that he begins to be diſguſted with the place, by reaſon that People build too faſt about him, He added, that his Majeſty had two other Palaces (much finer than that at *Kenſington*) the one at *VVindſor*, the other at *Hampton-Court*, whither he promis'd to carry me, whenever I pleas'd. Tho the King's Houſe at *Kenſington* be but indifferent, yet the Gardens about it are very fine and neat.

The next day, about Eight a Clock at Night, I met my Lord *M*——— at a certain Chocolate-Houſe in St. *James*'s-ſtreet, where Perſons of Quality and nice Breeding generally rendezvous; from whence we went to *Kenſington*, all the way being lighted with Lamps, ſet up on both ſides of a fine Cauſey, at 20 Foot diſtance from each other, which yielded a very fine Proſpect, and rendred our Flamboys uſeleſs. The number of Coaches about the King's Palace was ſo very great, that 'twas a long while before we could alight, but being got out at laſt, I follow'd my Guide up into the Gallery of Pictures I mention'd before, where, it ſeems, the Aſſembly met. Here I was raviſh'd with Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment at

the

the ſight of ſo many great Beauties, to which the gliſtering Jewels they wore, added nothing but their weight, being eclipſed by their brighter Charms. I had an extraordinary Character given me of the *Engliſh* Ladies, before I came over, but yet I muſt confeſs my expectation was far ſhort of what I beheld in this Aſſembly. Beſides their delicate Complexions, and fine Shapes, the *Engliſh* Ladies have another advantage over the *French*, which is their genteel natural Air, and way of Dreſſing, free from all manner of Affectation. Among this great number of celebrated Beauties, the Honourable Perſon who conducted me, bid me take notice of the Dutcheſſes of *Ormond*, *Bolton*, *Grafton*, *Richmond* and *Somerſet*, the Counteſſes of *Ranelaugh*, *Burlington*; *Marlborough*, *Orkney*, *Sandwich*, *Kildare*, and *Angleſey*, my Lady *Spencer*, and Mrs. *Godolphin*, both Daughters to my Lord *Marlborough*, and Mrs. *Godfry*, Niece to the ſame Earl; my Lady *Cavendiſh*, Daughter-in-Law to the Duke of *Devonſhire*; Mrs. *Brudenel*, Daughter to my Lord *Cardigan*; my Lady *Hernley*, Daughter to Major-General *Earl*; my Lady *Betty Cromwel*; my Lady *VVindham*, Mrs. *Berkley*, Daughter to my Lord *Fitz-harding*; my Lady *Belgrave*; Mrs. *Price*, and ſeveral others, whoſe names are ſlipt from my memory, tho their Faces never can. As for the Men, I need not tell you that the *Engliſh* are generally handſom, proper, and well-proportion'd; but I cannot bur take notice, that thoſe amongſt them who endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their Dreſs, are ten times more Foppiſh and Affected, than our *Petits Maitres*, and always follow the extremity of Faſhion, which

renders them ridiculous to those that have the *Bon Gout.*

At this Assembly, the only diversion is playing at Cards: For which purpose there are two Tables for *Basset*, and three or four more for *Picket* and *Ombre*, but generally the Basset-Tables are only fill'd, whilst the rest of the Company either sit or stand, talking on various Subjects, or justle about from one end of the Gallery to the other, some to admire, and most to find fault. The King out of Complaisance, generally sits about an hour at one of the Basset-Tables, and then goes to Supper, leaving the Company by themselves, till midnight, when all retire. The only fault I found in this Assembly, was the want of a Side-board-Table, for the Refreshment of Ladies and Gentlemen, who cannot but be very much heated in so great a Crowd. I forgot to tell you that the *English* call these Assemblies *Apartments*, because they are kept in the King's Lodgings.

The next day, the Weather being frosty and clear, my Lord *M*— and I walk'd in St. *James*'s Park, a place answering to our *Thuilleries*, tho more airy and open, and more beholden to Nature than Art for its advantages: here I had a view of all the Beauties I had admir'd the night before at *Kensington*, and of several others who flock'd hither out of the City; for the *English* Ladies are not so tender as our *French* Women, who seldom or never walk abroad in the Winter-time.

Since the beginning of the Spring, I have frequently accompany'd my Lord *M*——— into an Inclosure near the Town, which reaches as far as the King's House at *Kensington*, and which they

they call *Hide-Park*: This place is a large Field 5 Miles in compaſs, embelliſh'd with fine Trees, Fiſh-Ponds, and ſtock'd with abundance of Deer. Within it is a great *Ring*, which they uſe as our *Courſe*; and where I have often computed near 500 Coaches, that vie one with another for ſplendor and equipage.

Thus, Sir, I have given you an account of the Court and *Beau-Monde* of *England*, as far as I could gather it from my own obſervation; if it can have the good fortune to contribute to your Entertainment, I have my wiſhes, as being

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

The ſame to the ſame. Containing an Account of Will's *Coffeehouſe, and of the* Toaſting, *and* Kit-Cat-Clubs.

Made *Engliſh*.

Dear Sir,

SInce my laſt, wherein I gave you a view *en paſſant*, of the Court of *England*, I have endeavour'd to gather an Account of the ingenious

Men of this Country, which, considering how reserv'd the *English* naturally are to Strangers, has been no small difficulty.

The *English* have no settled *Academies de Beaux-Esprits*, as we have in *Paris*, but instead of such Assemblies, the most ingenious Persons of their Nation, meet either in Places of promiscuous Company, as *Coffee-houses*, or in *Private Clubs*, in *Taverns*. Among the first *Will*'s Coffee-house in *Covent Garden*, holds the first Rank, as being consecrated to the Honour of *Apollo*, by the first-rate Wits that flourish'd in King *Charles* II's Reign, such as the late Earl of *Rochester*, the Marquis of *Normanby*, the Earl of *Dorset*, Sir *Charles Sidley*, the Earl of *Roscommon*, Sir *George Etherege*, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, and some few others; and tho' this Place has lost most of its illustrious Founders, yet it has ever since been supported by Men of great Worth; but its being accounted the Temple of the *Muses*, where all *Poets* and *Wits* are to be initiated, has given occasion to its being pester'd with abundance of false Pretenders, who rather darken, than heighten its former Splendor.

The Company which now generally meets at *Will*'s, may be divided into two Classes; the first of which contains the *Wits*, justly so call'd, and the other the *Would-be-Wits*.

Among the first are Men of distinguish'd Merit and Abilities, such as Mr. *Wicherley*, Dr. *Garth*, Mr. *Congreve*, the Honorable Mr. *Boyle*, Colonel *Stanhope*, Mr. *Vanbruk*, Mr. *Cheek*, Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Burnaby*, Mr. *Rowe*, and some few others whose names at present do not occur to my memory.

Mr

Mr. *Wycherly* is universally allow'd the first place among the *English* Comick-Poets, who have writ since *Ben. Johnson.* His *Plain-Dealer*, (of which he took the first hint from *Moliere*'s *Misanthrope*) is the best Comedy that ever was compos'd in any Language. The only Fault that has been found in it, is its being too full of *Wit*; a Fault which few Authors can be guilty of. He has also writ three other Plays, the best of which is the *Country Wife.* Mr. *Wycherly* is one of the politest Gentlemen in *England*, and the most civil and affable to Strangers, especially to those of our Nation, for whom he has an Esteem; he is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation, but when a Man can be so happy as once to engage him in Discourse, he cannot but admire his profound Sense, Masculine Wit, vast Knowledge of Mankind, and noble but easie Expressions. These qualities gain'd Mr. *Wycherly* the Love and Esteem of his Master King *Charles* II. and of his Successor the like King of *Britain*, as the Comelineſs and Gracefulness of his Person did the Hearts of several Ladies of their Amorous Courts.

Dr. *Garth* is an eminent Physician, of universal Learning and polite Literature; his Looks is smiling and cheerful; his Conversation free and entertaining; he admires the *Ancients* no farther than they are to be admired; and understands and values our best *French* writers, especially Monſ. *Despreaux.* He has writ a Poem in *English*, call'd the *Dispensary*; wherein he has equall'd, if not exceeded the *Lutrin*, which he had propos'd to himself as a Model. His *Diction* is pure and correct; his *Verses* numerous; his *Satyr* genteel and nice; and his

his *Praises* delicate and natural; in a word, this little Piece is worth an Epick Poem. The only difference I find between him and *Boileau* is, that our *French* Poet got a good Pension for commending his King, whereas Dr. *Garth* has got nothing for the just Praises he has bestow'd on his.

Mr. *Congreve* is a Gentleman whose Poetry has been in vogue for 6 or 7 years past, but whose late Performances have not met with so favourable a Reception; not so much, as I am told, thro' the defect of his Muse, as the fickleness of the Town, in their Tastes and Opinions. He has writ two Comedies, *viz.* the *Old Batchelour*, and *Love for Love*, and a Tragedy call'd, *The Mourning Bride*, which have been acted with an universal Applause. His Master-piece is an Elegy, by way of Pastoral, on the Death of the late Queen of *England*, which comes up to the best performances of that kind of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. Mr. *Congreve* it a polite, well-bred Person, but somewhat cold and reserv'd, unless he be among his intimate Friends. He is particularly belov'd by my Lord *Dorset*, and my Lord *Hallifax*, the *Mæcenas's* of the *English* Muses.

The Honourable Mr. *Boyle*, tho' Grandson to the famous Earl of *Orrery*, is yet more distinguished by his Learning, Politeness, and Affability, than by his illustrious Birth. He understands *Greek* and *Latin* like an Vniversity Professor of those Languages; and writes *English* as well, as if he never had studied any thing but his Mother-Tongue. He has, like his Grandfather, a happy Vein in Poetry. To this Gentleman we owe a very Correct Edition, with a *Latin* Version, of

the

the Epiſtles of *Phalaris*, and a very learned *Diſſertation* on the ſame Epiſtles, occaſion'd by Dr. *Bentley*'s the King's Library Keeper, refuſing to lend him the *Greek* MS.

Colonel *Stanhope* (Nephew to my Lord *Cheſterfield*, and Son to the famous *Negotiator* Mr. *Stanhope* , at preſent King *William*'s Envoy at the *Hague*) is a Gentleman of great Literature and Judgment; he underſtands *Spaniſh* and *Italian*, and is acquainted with the Beauties of our Language to a greater Perfection, than any *Engliſh* Gentleman that ever I had the opportunity to diſcourſe with. Beſides theſe Qualifications, he is well Read both in ancient and modern Hiſtory, which gives him a clear inſight into the preſent Intereſt of Princes.

Mr. *Vanbruk* is a Gentleman of great natural Parts which he has ſtill improv'd by Travel, and Converſation, more than by Books; he has writ three Comedies, *viz.* the *Relapſe*, *Æſop*, and the *Provok'd Wife* ; wherein he diſcovers a great knowledge of Men and Manners, and a wonderful Happineſs in expreſſing his Thoughts, and which ſhews him to have always convers'd among the Good.

Mr. *Cheek* is a Gentleman who both by his Education, and his converſe with the beſt Authors, and moſt ingenious Men of the Age, has acquir'd a true Taſte of Poetry, and Proſaick Writing. He is alſo famous for writing a great many Songs, full of Wit and inimitable Graces.

Mr. *Walſh*, a Member of the Parliament of *England*, is a Gentleman of univerſal Literature and juſt Diſcernment. He underſtands and reliſhes our beſt *French* Authors, eſpecially *Voiture*, and *Boileau* ; and is ſaid to be the Author of a

very

very learned and judicious Dissertation prefix'd to *Virgil*'s Pastorals, translated by Mr. *Dryden*.

Mr. *Burnaby*, is a gentleman of a very happy Genius in Comedy; of which he has given us the first Essay in a Play call'd *The Reform'd Wife*, which for the Excellency of the Plot, and the shining Character of a sick Lady, has met with the general Approbation.

Mr. *Rowe* is a Gentleman that promises very much, he hath given us a Tragedy call'd the *Ambitious Step Mothor*, which has been universally applauded.

Besides the forementioned Gentlemen, there are many others that frequent *Will*'s Coffeehouse, who have great skill in the Liberal Arts and Sciences, as Mathematicks, Architecture, Musick, Painting, *&c.* and who distinguish themselves from the impertinent *Writings*, by their Polite, ingenious, and Regular Conversation; for here, as indeed every where else, the most foolish are always the loudest, and those speak most who have the least to say.

Now to give you the Names and Characters of all the *Would-be-Wits*, that resort to *Will's*, would be as tedious and impertinent, as their Conversation is to Men of Sense; however 'tis but fit I should describe them to you in general Terms, that you may avoid their Company, if ever your curiosity should bring you to the place.

Some of these *Wittlings* distinguish themselves by Railing both at the *French* Writers, whom they don't understand, and at those *English* Authors, whose Excellencies they cannot reach with them *Voiture* is flat and dull; *Corneille* a

stranger

ſtranger to the Paſſions; *Racine* ſtarch'd and affected; *Moliere*, *Jejune*; *La Fontaine*, a poor Teller of Tales; and even our Divine *Boileau*, no more than a Plagiary from the Ancients. As for the *Engliſh* Poets, they treat 'em almoſt with the ſame freedom: *Shakeſpear*, with them, has neither Language nor Manners; *Ben. Johnſon* is a Pedant; *Dryden* little more than a good Verſifier; *Congreve* a laborious unnatural Writer; and *Garth* a Copier. Some of theſe *Criticks* are great admirers of the Ancients, but their ill, lame Tranſlations of them, ridicule thoſe they would commend; Others are ſtrenuous ſticklers for the Moderns, but their own ill Compoſures deſtroy the force of their Arguments, and do the Ancients ſufficient Juſtice, Others, in a fond imitation of the incomparable *Milton*, miſtake *Bombaſt* and *puffy Expreſſions* for *Sublime*; and having had their fuſtian Plays damn'd upon the Stage, ranſack *Boſſu* and *Dacier*, to arraign the ill Taſte of the Town. Others having met with the ſame misfortune, hope to preſerve their unlawful Title to Wit, by bringing all that write, down to their own level. Theſe Men are indefatigably Induſtrious in enquiring what Plays are upon the Stocks, what ready to be launch'd forth; and if they can be inform'd of any remarkable Fault in them, they never fail to whiſper it about, to ſecure the Damnation of the Play, before its Repreſentation. Others have got a Reputation by their undigeſted Medleys of *Comedy* and *Farce*. For, Sir, you muſt know, upon the *Engliſh* Stage, any thing that is eminently Ill, has almoſt the ſame ſucceſs with what is excellently Good. Others ſerve the Town in the double

Cap-

Capacity, of Poets and Players; and what by reviving, altering, and travesting old Plays; fathering other Peoples Productions, and filching Plots from some Authors, who trust their writings to their perusal, make a shift to get more Money than the true Poets. *All these Would-be-Wits*, are never so busie as on the first night of a new Play, for then 'tis that their Grand-Jury sits, and the boldest of the Company having read the Charge against the Poet at the Bar, the most Eloquent opens the Indictment, learnedly explains the three Unities, the Fable, Manners, and Language which are requisite in the *Drama*, and having prov'd the Criminal to have Trespass'd on most of the fore-mention'd Heads, the grave Fore-man finds the *Bill*, and they all unanimously conclude, that *the Play will not run*; but then it generally happens, that the Town, who certainly is the best Critick, reverses the Verdict of those unwarranted Judges, and with loud Applauses acquit the Prisoner.

Among the other Pretenders to Wit, that repair to *Will's*, some have nothing to depend on but *Quibbling* and *Punning*; and these are the sport of the true Wits, who laugh (at least simper) at the cold Jester, whilst they seem to Laugh at the Jest. Others are only Conspicuous, by disturbing ingenious Company with their accounts of *Bear-Garden* Entertainments, and Bawdy-Stories, which they often repeat, till they are left by themselves. Others retail the *Politicks* they had at *Tom's* (a Coffeehouse adjoining to *Will's*) by wholesale; and in return they carry away whole Bales of *scraps of Wit*, which they vend at *Tom's*. In general, most People here, that frequent Coffee-houses,

fee-houſes, ſet up for *Politicians*; it being the Prerogative of an *Engliſh-man* to ſettle the Nation, altho he be not worth a Groat. There come alſo to *Will's* ſome Gentlemenn of nice Dreſs, which the *Engliſh* call *Beaux*, let them be never ſo ugly; and theſe frequent the place only the better to gain the Favour of ſome Ladies in this Town, who are mighty fond of Intrieguing with a Wit; and care not what becomes of their *Honour*, ſo they may ſecure the Reputation of their *Senſe*. Some Poets have of late ridicul'd theſe *Beaux* upon the Stage, which I much wonder at, they being a ſort of inoffenſive, well-bred People, that never quarrel with any Body, except their Taylors, and Perriwig-makers.

Beſides the Company at *Will's*, there are in *London* two famous *Clubs* of Gentlemen, that meet at ſet times in Taverns, for the pleaſure of Converſation; the firſt and ancienteſt is that of the *Knights of the Toaſt*, whoſe number is never to exceed Thirteen; the other is the *Kit-cat-club*, whoſe number is about 36, but yet unlimited. Theſe Clubs are compos'd of ſelect Perſons, eminent as well by their Birth and Titles, as by their Wit and Senſe. To give you an account of the particular Characters of the Members of theſe illuſtrious Clubs, and of the Rules they obſerve, would ſwell this Letter to a large Volume; nay, the very Derivation of the Names of *Toaſt* and *Kit-cat* is ſo dubious, and controverted, that it would require a Diſſertation to trace it to its true Original. You muſt therefore excuſe me, if I ſay no more upon that matter at preſent.

Beſides

Besides the *Wits* that resort to *Will's*, there are a great many *English* Gentlemen, (and even Peers of the Realm) who are famous for their ingenious Compositions and good Literature; but having already trangrest the compass of a Letter, I refer to speak of all these in a particular Account of the *English* Poets, which you may expect in a little time.

I am,

SIR,

&c. &c.

LETTER IV.

From the same to the same, Containing an Account of the most famous English *Divines, and of their Writings.*

Made English.

YOU need make no Apology for the trouble you put me to: I can assure you, I never found any in obliging my Friends; and the satisfaction you tell me you have found in my Letters, is sufficient encouragement for me to go on with my Relations of what is most remarkable in *England*.

In

In your last, you desire me to give you the Character of the *English* Divines, now living, and of their Writings: This Task I might justly decline, upon account of my incapacity; but because you will not allow of such an excuse, I will adventure to send you a rough Sketch of them, leaving to abler Pens to draw them in full length, and to the Life.

The *Anglican* Church, as it is the most Orthodox, and most agreeable to Primitive Christianity, of all the Christian Societies in the World, so her Prelates and Teachers have ever been conspicuous by their Piety and Learning.

The Persons who now distinguish themselves most amongst the *English* Divines are, the Archbishops of *Canterbury* and *York*, the Bishops of *Rochester*, *Worcester*, *Salisbury*, and *Ely*, Dr. *Sherlock*, Dr. *South*, Dr. *Burnet*, Dr. *Bentley*, Dr. *Allix*, Dr. *Jane*, Dr. *Fleetwood*, Dr. *Lucas*, Dr. *Birch*, Dr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Atterbury*.

Dr. *Thomas Tennison*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, was advanc'd to that Supreme Dignity both by the unspotted Reputation of his Piety, Probity, and exemplary Life, and Charity, and his mild, condescending Temper; all which qualities render him most proper to preserve the Unity of the Church, and to reconcile the Dissenters.

Dr. *John Sharp*, Archbishop of *York*, is a learned Divine, and the best Pulpit-Orator in *England*; he was Rector of St. *Giles* in King *James*'s time, where having signaliz'd himself by his bold Sermons against Popery, he was by King *William*

rais'd to that Poſt, he now worthily maintains. Several of his Sermons are already Printed.

Dr. *Thomas Sprat*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, and Dean of *Weſtminſter*, is one of the moſt eloquent Preachers, and beſt Writers of *England*; his Diction is pure, correct, elegant, and florid; whatever he Writes or ſpeaks, he gives it a Turn, wonderfully engaging and perſuative. His Works, beſides his Sermons, are the *Hiſtory of the Royal Society of* England, (no way inferior to Mr. *Pelliſſon*'s Hiſtory of the *French* Academy) *the Hiſtory of a Plot againſt King* Charles II. and *an Anſwer to Mr.* Sorbiere's *ſcurrilous Account of* England. He has alſo writ a ſmall Poem in *Pindarick* Verſe, upon the Plague that rag'd in *Athens*, which is look'd upon as a Maſter-piece in the kind.

Dr. *William Lloyd*, Biſhop of *Worceſter*, and Almoner to His Majeſty, is a Prelate equally diſtinguiſh'd by his Piety, Charity, mild and affable Temper, and by his vaſt Learning, and deep Knowledge in Hiſtory, and the *Oriental Languages.*

Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and Chancellour of the Garter, is a Prelate, whoſe Reputation would be greater, had he wholly conſecrated his Talents to the Service of the Church, and not intermedled in Politicks. He is a great Scholar, and particularly well Read both in ancient and modern Hiſtory; he has a wonderful Memory, a fluent and ready Expreſſion, and delivers his Sermons with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence;

hemence; perhaps, with more than becomes a Christian Declamator. He has made himself famous in the Common-wealth of Learning by several great Works, as, *The History of the Reformation*; *His Travels to* Italy; *A Pastoral Letter to his Clergy*; *Four Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion, the Divinity of Christ*, &c. And *the Exposition of the* 39 *Articles of Faith, of the Church of* England. In all these Works the Doctor has us'd some bold and free Expressions, which have given a Handle to those that envy him, to censure his Principles, and bring his Orthodoxy into Question.

Dr. *Simon Partrick*, Bishop of *Ely*, is a Prelate of deep Learning, and great Piety; his Paraphrases on several Parts of Scripture are accounted the best Works of that kind.

Dr. *Sherlock*, Dean of St. *Paul's*, *London*, is one of the most learned Divines in *England*, and no less famous for his Sermons, than Writings. His Discourses on *Death* and *Judgment* are Master-pieces of Morality, which may be of Universal Use amongst Christians. He has also writ a Treatise concerning the Trinity, which is not so generally approv'd of; for by endeavouring to prove the *Three Persons* in the Deity, his Adversaries pretend that he proves *three different Godheads*.

Dr. *South*, a Canon of *Westminster-Abby*, is a most learned Ecclesiastick: Besides his Sermons, which are Universally esteem'd, he has writ two large Volumes against Dr. *Sherlock*, concerning

the Trinity, and the different ways of explaining that Myſtery.

Dr. *Burnet*, Maſter of the *Charter-houſe*, is a Perſon, who for his vaſt Learning, may be compar'd to our great *Bochartus*; and, who, by his happy Genius, and polite Literature, has exceeded all modern Philologers. He has writ two Books in *Latin*, Entitul'd, *Theoria Telluris, & Archæologiæ Philoſophicæ*, wherein he advances Principles, or rather Conjectures, which tend to weaken the Authority of *Moſes*'s Hiſtory of the Creation. Among the reſt, there is a comical Dialogue in good *Terentian* Stile, between *Eve* and the Serpent. Theſe Books have made the Dr. obnoxious to the Clergy, who have caus'd him to be remov'd from his Place of Clark of the King's Cloſet. He has tranſlated his *Theoria Telluris* into *Engliſh*, by which he has ſhewn himſelf to be as great a Maſter of his own Tongue, as he is of the *Latin*.

Dr. *Bently*, the King's Library-keeper, and one of His Majeſties Chaplains in Ordinary, is a Divine of great Learning, and univerſal Literature. The famous Experimental Philoſopher, the late Honourable, Mr. *Boyle*, pitch'd upon him, to Preach ſeveral Sermons (for which he left a Foundation) againſt *Atheiſts*, *Deiſts*, and *Socinians*; which Choice alone is ſufficient to give a great Idea of Dr. *Bentley*'s Merit. He has writ a Book in Vindication of himſelf, againſt the Honourable, *Charles Boyle*, Eſq; which, tho' occaſion'd by a private Quarrel, about the MS. of *Phalaris*'s Epiſtles, yet deſerves to be read by the

the Curious, it containing many useful and rare Observations. This Paper-Combat has had the same Effect, which fighting of Duels has with most People; that is, it has made Mr. *Boyle*, and Dr. *Bently* Friends, and entertain a better Opinion of one another than they did before.

Dr. *Allix*, a Canon of *Salisbury*, and Treasurer of the Chapter, though a *French* Man by Birth, yet makes a very considerable Figure among the *English* Clergy. He is particularly famous for his Consummate Knowledge in Church-History. Besides several other useful Books, he has compiled of late, an Universal History of the Councils, which is actually Printing.

Dr. *Jane*, Dean of *Glocester*, and Divinity Professor in *Oxford*, is an extraordinary Man in Polemick Divinity.

Dr. *Fleetwood*, Rector of St, *Austins*, *London*, is an extraordinary good Preacher, as well as Dr. *Freeman*, Rector of *Covent-Garden*; Mr. *Atterbury*, Preacher at the *Rolls* in *Chancery-lane*; and Dr. *Birch*, Rector of St. *Bridgets*, *London*. This last was remov'd from St. *James*'s Church, *Westminster*, for Preaching a Sermon, on King *William*'s Birth-Day, upon this Text of Scripture, *Sufficient to each Day is the Evil thereof.*

Dr. *Lucas*, Vicar of St. *Stephen*'s in *Coleman-street*, is a Divine of singular Piety, and Charity. The loss of his Sight has not at all lessen'd his constant Endeavours to serve the Church, both by his Sermons, and admirable Writings. Among these last, are his *Practical Christianity*,

and his *Enquiry after Happiness*, two Moral Treatises of inestimable Value.

This is all the Account I can give you at present of the *English* Divines; wherein I have follow'd common Fame, and the Judgment of others rather than my own. If you are pleas'd to lay any farther Commands on me, while I stay in *England*, you shall ever find me ready to obey you, who am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

Wherein are laid down general Rules to judge of Tragedy *and* Comedy.

To the Honourable Mr. H——

SIR,

TO give you such Rules of judging of the *Drama*, as may keep you from falling in the general Faults of the *Criticks* of the Town, requires both more leisure, and more room, than my Affairs, and the compass of a Letter can afford me; however, to let you see how ready I am to comply with your Desires, I have adventur'd to send you my present Thoughts about a Subject, wherein you can never want a Guide as long as you follow your own Judgment, and your Reading.

You

You are just come from the University, to be Master of your own Conduct and Estate; and being furnish'd by Nature with a gayety and sprightliness of Temper, and a happy Genius in Poetry, improv'd by a Familiarity with the Ancients, I do not wonder that you seem so much inclin'd to so generous and noble a Diversion as that of the Stage; a Diversion that at once delights and instructs. And this Inclination, I must tell you, distinguishes you more from some other Gentlemen of your plentiful Fortune; than that does from the most inferior of the People; for too many of them seem to place their chief, if not whole Satisfaction, in either meer corporeal Diversions, or such as are yet more despicable as *Gaming*; which generally is the effect of an avaritious Temper; whereas a Prospect of the various Fortunes, Inclinations, and Humours of Mankind in the *Drama*, affords you a Pleasure both more Sublime, and more Rational. But this is not the Place to reflect on the former, or praise the latter: 'Tis Commendation enough to the Stage, that the wisest People among the *Greeks*, I mean the *Athenians* invented and encourag'd it; and that their greatest Philosopher has left us the justest Critique upon it. To be perfect in *Aristotle*'s Poeticks, and his best *Commentator*, *Dacier*, is the surest way to judge with the highest Justice of all Dramatick Performances; and therefore 'tis from them I have drawn the following Remarks; which, I am sensible might be of more use to a great many of the little Criticks of the Town, who pass their Censures without any regard either to *Art* or *Nature*; a pert, talkative, positive Generation, obstinate

and vain in their Ignorance, and incapable of Reproof, or Improvement.

To judge aright of a *Performance* in any Art, we ought to consider the *End*, or Design of that Art; for that *Performance* must certainly be the *Best*, which *best* answers that End. In *Tragedy* we must remember that the End is to move *Terror* and *Pity*, by that motion to *purge* those two Passions; that Play therefore, that in all its Parts, is best directed to obtain that *End*, is the best *Tragedy*. From hence it follows, that the Poet who cumbers himself with any thing that obstructs this *End*, is so far defective in his Performance, that no Beauty he hunts after, though attain'd, will sufficiently ballance that Defect.

It is a vulgar Error that has mightily obtain'd among our half Criticks, to value a *Tragedy* for what they call the *Language* and *Wit*. If the *Topicks* are *spun out*, and *foreign Reflections* foisted in; if the Language *swells* with a *Luxury of Epithets*; the *Verse Sonorous* and *flowing*. —— They are satisfied with the Poet's Performance, and bestow on him the Bays, though his *Conduct* be never so *preposterous*, *unnatural*, and *inartificial*; though the *Manners* and *Characters* are not *mark'd*, or, at least, *not well mark'd*; the *Passions languid*, *unnatural*, *ill-exprest*, or very *unfrequent*. These are things they never mind: But *Aristotle*, the best, if not only *Critick*, measures a Poet's Merit chiefly by the *Fable*; that being both the most *Difficult* and most *Noble*, and at the same time the only thing that distinguishes a *Poet* from a *Versifier*.

The *Fable*, indeed, is the true Place of *Imitation*: the near Aim of a Poet. To form that well;

well, to make all its Parts just, and depending on each other, is not in the Power of every Writer; most of them have therefore Recourse to a *florid Stile*, a thing that a little Assiduity, a good Ear, and Memory will supply them with. Some have gone farther, and *emboss'd* the Drama with Sentences and fine Things; but these seem as preposterous, as those Nations, that are at the pains to cut and carve their Flesh into Flow'rs, Birds, and Foliage, when its natural smoothness is much more beautiful. *Farnaby*'s *Index Poeticus*, and some few other common Place-Books, will, with a great deal of ease, furnish them with abundance of these *Trifles*; while the *Plot*, or *Fable* only cannot be form'd without a *Genius*.

In your Conversation with the *Affecters* of *Wit*, you'l meet with no small number of little Pretenders to Rhime, that will be very severe on a *slip in the Language*; on *Words* they think *improper*, or unharmonious; on *bold Metaphors*, or a *Catachresis* even in the height of a violent Passion, where both the Sentiments and Language are naturally confus'd; and where a Propriety of Words seems insufficient to express its Extent and Ardour. These Men, and their Notions, are the *Disease of Wit*, and would fain spread their Infection, where-ever they go, to the prejudice of Merit, they cannot equal; and since they can find no material Faults, they will not lose the occasion of publishing those Peccadillo's their Envy furnishes them with. They say, that those who are infected with the Plague, have a malicious Desire to infect others; I know not whether that be a vulgar Error, or not, but 'tis certainly known, that these Men never enjoy themselves

ſelves more, than when they meet with a willing Ear to receive their Detraction.

Moſt of our Town Criticks, indeed, ſeem rather *Grammaticaſters*, than *Rhetoricians*, or *Poets*; they are wholly ignorant of the Paſſions, and therefore underſtand not their Language; they cannot caſt off *Seſquipedalia Verba*, but are ſo fond of the Buskin, that neither the Paſſion, nor Character can make them pardon any *Subſtantive* without a pompous Sound and Equipage of Epithets; and he that writ, *Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile Bellum*, would have pleas'd them more, than he who began thus, *Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ*, &c, *Æſchylus*, had they been Judges, would have carried the Prize from *Euripides*. Theſe ſort of Judges you'l find almoſt in every Coffee-Houſe; and with theſe there's no arguing without the hazard of a Reproach to your Senſe and Underſtanding. And indeed, I think no prudent Man would give his Cenſure in ſuch promiſcuous Company, where the Ignorance of the greater part muſt prevail. But, Sir, I am confident, this depraved Taſte of the Town will have no influence on you; for, let that reliſh what it pleaſes, no Play will be approv'd by you, where the *Plot* is confus'd, or ill contriv'd for the producing Pity and Terror, and a frequent variety of Paſſions, which are neceſſary to keep up the Attention of the Audience; for when that languiſhes, the Poet can never reach his Aim. If the Manners are ill mark'd, and by conſequence the Characters ill diſtinguiſh'd; if out of an Affectation to fill the Stage, four or five Perſons ſpeak in a Scene; nay, in a Scene of Paſſion too; if that Scene degenerate

into

into calm Narrations, or cool Confabulations, which have either no Action, or no Action of Consequence; for *Action* is the very Character of the *Drama*; and whatever is not Action, is contrary to its very Fundamentals.

In *Comedy*, you will not be satisfied with the unnatural Farce of some Poets, which look like sick Men's Dreams, compos'd of Parts that no Man can reduce to one Body, and run out of Nature to make you laugh; as if Comedy was only to make us laugh at the Folly of the Poet. I grant, Comedy does miss its Aim, if it moves not our Laughter; yet it is so to move it, as at the same time to convey Instruction with it. In *Comedy*, *Action* is absolutely necessary, as well as in *Tragedy*; and whatever is contrary to that, is to have no Place in either. In Comedy also the chief Thing is the Fable, or Plot; the Excellence of which is to bring in such Characters and Incidents, as may naturally produce *Humour*. There will yet be room enough for *Wit*; but that Comick Poet, that makes *Wit*, and (what we call) *Dialogue*, his chief Aim, ought to write nothing but Dialogues, for he can never obtain the Name of a Dramatick Writer, with the best Judges. Our famous *Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman*; *The Fox*, and the *Alchymist*, and most of *Moliere's* Plays are the surest Standards to judge of Comedy; of which I say the less, because I never bestow'd much Thought upon that sort of Poem, my Taste, Genius, and Inclinations leading me to *Tragedy*.

I have forgot to speak of modern *Episodes*, or *Underplots*, in *English* Tragedies, which have cost some of our great Performers in the Drama, no small

ſmall Pains to defend. Nay, they are not contented to juſtifie their vitious Practice, but endeavour to exalt it into a Merit; and tell you that 'tis eaſier to write a Play after the *ancient Model*, than after *Theirs*; but if any impartial Judge will conſider both, he will ſoon be convinc'd of the contrary. 'Tis certain, in an Entertainment of ſo conſiderable a length as a Play; nothing can preſerve the Attention, but a juſt Variety: Now, I think, no body will queſtion, but that this Variety may with at leaſt half the Labour, be drawn from two Subjects than one; and 'tis as obvious that theſe *Epiſodick Tragedies* are two diſtinct Subjects, that is, that one at leaſt, if not both, may be finiſh'd without the other, and they are, indeed, but two Plays tack'd together, and that generally very *inartificially*: but where with the moſt Art very *lamely*. A pregnant Proof of this we have in the Maſter-piece of *Sophocles*, I mean the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Lee* have ſpoil'd, by introducing the Epiſode of *Creon* and *Adraſtus*. And thus 'tis evident, that 'tis more difficult to write an entertaining *Tragedy* without, than with an *Epiſode*. Next, I think 'tis as evident, that a ſingle Plot is more natural, and conducive to the very End of Tragedy, the moving *Pity* and *Terror*: For when our Concern is divided, it muſt be weaker; and this happens in all Epiſodick Tragedies, in many of which the Under-plot enjoys moſt of the injudicious Poet's care. But I perceive my Paper begins to fill; and beſides, here's enough to enable you to make a true Judgment of the *Mourning Bride*, the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and other celebrated Plays;

and

and to decide whether the Town has justly past a favourable Censure on them; or whether the Authors ought to be very vain of that Success which often is but the lucky Result of an immature Undertaking. By this too you may form some Judgment of *the Way of the World*, from my liking of which, I confess, I cannot yet recede, in spight of all the Malice of our brisk, false Criticks. I have only this to add: Read *Aristotle* and *Dacier*, and consider Nature throughly, and you cannot fail of making a true Judgment of the *Drama*. Study *Otway*, and there you'l find *Nature* and *Art* justly mingled, in the midst of an Age, that had, if I may say it, declar'd War against both. I remain,

Sir, Yours, &c.

W. B.

LETTER VI.

Mr. G--- *to Mr.* B---y *in Answer to his Enquiry, whether he should shew his Play before its being Acted?*

YOU enquire, my Friend, whether you should shew your *Comedy* to your Acquaintance before its Representation? I Answer in the Negative; which I shall confirm by the following Considerations.

The

The Reputation a Poet obtains from the Publick Applauſe, is not altogether imaginary; for the number of thoſe who are not influenc'd by it, is ſo very ſmall, that he is out of Fear of danger from them. Nay thoſe very Men, who on a private peruſal of ſome Plays, entertain'd but an indifferent opinion of them, fondly debauch'd by their ſucceſs, run their approbation up to Bigotry; never reflecting that as a Man's Name often ſubſerves to his publick Reception, without regard to his Performance; ſo the Gracefulneſs of the Action, and the Pomp of the Theatre, join'd to the injudicious Claps of the Audience, as often give the greateſt applauſe to the worſt Plays; and for a while preſerve the general Eſteem of the Town. For when once a Play has got that on its ſide, a great many Men of Senſe rather ſwim down, than ſtem the Tide, or oppoſe the Vogue at the expence of the Imputation of Singularity. This is evident from ſome late Plays (I had almoſt ſaid Farces) againſt which the beſt Criticks declar'd in vain.

But before the Action, a moderate Character of a Play, from a Man of tolerable Senſe, ſhall by his parcimonious Praiſe damn it, tho never ſo meritorious; for the judgment of the Audience being not yet paſt in its favour) the Town is ready to take the firſt impreſſions from any Man, whoſe plauſible aſſurance has got him the Reputation of a Critick; becauſe People hope by falling in with his Cenſure, to give a ſufficient Proof of their Underſtandings. A Poet therefore in ſubmitting his Play, before Action, to a Peruſal, runs as many hazards, as he confides it to Men that want either Candour or Judgment;

and

and among those that the Vulgar voice has allow'd Wits, a Man with such Qualifications, is not very easie to be found. One of these Wits always over-values himself; and believing that he is master of a great deal of Sense, when his *Portion*, perhaps, but just *seasons* him from *Fool*; and so only finishes a Coxcomb, who thinks the only way to establish himself a Wit, is by finding Fault. And the Town, that is not over-nice, in distinguishing betwixt Merit and Pretence, is often impos'd on by the Coxcomb, it mistakes for a Man of Sense, and byass'd by the general Malice of Mankind (that inclines most Men rather to believe Ill than Good of another) it strikes in with his injudicious, as well as unjust Censures.

There is another sort of *VVits* (tho of somewhat a higher Class) whom a small Stock of Learning, and the Flattery of some of their Acquaintance, has confirm'd in the Self-opinion of being good Criticks, and with these the Poet runs yet a greater risk; for 'tis impossible to please them with any thing Modern, except their own. These Criticks have a very contemptible Opinion of the Age they live in, and think Fortune extremely severe in not casting them into the Times of *Euripides*, *Horace*, or it may be *Shakespear*; and they are angry with Providence for planting them so far *Northward*, who might have made a Figure in a more Southerly Clime, among the first Rate Wits of old *Greece* and *Italy*. They think so meanly of all they know, that they would sooner admire a Scribler they never saw, than a Man of the best Sense, of their own Acquaintance. They censure the Wit by the

Coun-

Countenance; and the Man whose *Face* they are disgusted with, must never hope to please them with his *Understanding*. If ever they happen to think well of any Man's Wit for a while, (for their good opinion of any one is of a very short duration) 'tis when they meet with one as ill-natur'd and vain as themselves; then their Spleen at the Merits of others, being gratified with the Railing, blinds them to a momentary satisfaction in the Defamer; but that being over, their native Pride returns, and they look down on him too; for all their Talent and Time is expended in speaking well of themselves and their Writings, and ill of every body else: But then the World is often even with them, for they generally are pleas'd with themselves without a Rival.

Indeed, there is often a Magisterial Pride, and ill Nature in Men of a great deal of Wit, and Learning, which almost over-throws all their Merit, or at least makes one angry to find things so valuable in such ill Hands; for when Praise, or Success, has once debauch'd a Man's Judgment into *Opiniatreté*, he is but a Fool of his own making, ten times more intolerable than a Fool of God's making.

Again, there are some that are but lately establish'd Wits by a lucky hit, who hope to keep up that Character by depressing others, or damning what they write, with faint and affected Praise. These are for keeping *Fame chaste*, (tho' themselves are an Instance of her Prostitution) that is, for their own use only; never reflecting, that she, like those of whose Sex she's painted, is capable of satisfying more than one; nay,

nay, that like a pretty Woman, 'tis almost impossible to keep her to ones self; and these particularly avoid, for their recent Success makes their Pride more lively, and their apprehension of any Rival more strong.

Mr. *Wycherley*'s Coupler reaches abundance of our current Wits, or Criticks.

Those who write ill, and those who ne'er durst write,
Turn Criticks out of meer Revenge, and Spight.

Yet all these have it in their Power, to do a great deal of Mischief to a Poet that is so bold, as to venture his Reputation in their Hands; because the undiscerning Town never reflects, that as a *Critick* is the last Refuge of a Pretender to Wit, so he that is full only of the Faults of an Author, is less deserving, even of that Name, than he that sometimes rises up to a Taste of his Excellencies. Nor does the Town consider, that a great many Men have no other way of keeping within the Pale of *Wit*, but by excluding those who are only capable of excluding them.

There are another sort of Men that pass for Wits with the Town, that are far from being so; and these are your *Laughers*, *merry Rogues*, that have a mortal aversion to Thought; and as they laugh at every Thing, even what they say themselves, 'tis not to be expected they should spare the most serious Performance.

Lastly, The Judgment most Men make of Books, is generally very erroneous in judging the Performance by the Author, not the Author by the Performance; if a Man, through Inexperience, or any accidental Misfortune, have the ill luck not to please in one thing, some will by no means allow him a Capacity of pleasing at

all. Tho' Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Otway*, and every eminent Poet, have been Proofs of the contrary; while ſome, ſucceſsful to a Wonder, in their firſt Attempts, have mouldred away, and dwindled in a little time to leſs than the ſhadow of thoſe mighty Men their firſt ſetting out promis'd. And, indeed, Popular Applauſe is too common a Teſt of the Writer's Merit, of which the beſt Poets have complain'd both in *Greece*, and *Rome*. *Petronius Arbiter*, in the Perſon of *Eumolpus*, gives it as an Obſervation in his Time.

Ego inquit Poeta ſum, & ut ſpero, non humillimi ſpiritus : Si modo coronis aliquid credendum eſt, quæ etiam ad Imperitos deferre Gratia ſolet.

The Ignorant as well as Learned, ſhare the Applauſes of the Town; and there has ſcarce appear'd a Scribler ſo deſpicable in Reality, as not to have been, ſome time or other, the Favourite of a Day.

Theſe, and many more Hazards a Man runs, that has the Aſſurance to conſult thoſe we generally call Friends, before the Repreſentation, and the Fortune of a Poem, and that of a Man meet with the ſame Meaſure. When a Poem, by the publick Reception, is paſt needing particular Approbations, the Wits are laviſh of their Praiſe; but when their Approbation might eſtabliſh its publick Reception, they are very ſcrupulous of beſtowing it. The Benefit therefore, that you expect by it, being ſmall, and uncettain, the Damage ſo apparent, and conſiderable, I think it ſafer to come to the Publick with all ones Faults, than by a falſe Hope of mending them by Advice, have them turn'd to the ruin of the whole Poem:

Poem: And having given you my Judgment, you may, as Men generally do, follow your own Fancy: 'Tis enough I have endeavour'd to serve you, and so prove that I am what I pretend,

Your faithful Friend,

G——

LETTER VII.

Captain Ayloffe *to Captain*------ *containing some Reflections on a Soldier.*

Dear Friend,

WAR being more odious than it is either bloody, or terrible, we shall have some difficulty in establishing a Reputation by following it; Soldiers being hated even by those who stand most in need of them. We tax the City of *Athens*, with base and unpardonable Ingratitude towards her greatest Generals; but it is infinitely worse with us now, for we look upon all Soldiers as Men thirsting after Blood, and Destruction; and so many profess'd Enemies of Mankind. However, though we cannot expect to meet with any favourable Construction upon our Vocation from Fools and Cowards, which constitute the greatest part of Mankind, yet we will not blush to own our selves Soldiers, since God himself is styl'd by sacred Writ, *A Man of War, and the Lord of Hosts.*

Kings might dispence, indeed, with having no standing Army constantly, could they but be insur'd from the terrible Inundation of a foreign Power; and the clandestine Plots and Contrivances of some ambitious Grandee at home; But since this is a state of Life to be wish'd, rather than hop'd, for, in these Ages, and not to be found but in the happy *Eutopia*: We must cauriously provide for possible Dangers, nothing exposing a Prince so much to the Insults of his Neighbours, as a supine Negligence and Tranquility at home. It will be too late to levy Men, whilst the Enemy is already ravaging the Country, and is like to have more come in to him to save what they have, than hazard all, and Life too, by opposing him. Besides, undisciplin'd Troops, in a thousand fatal Instances, have shew'd the World, that they are much more destructive to one another, than to the Enemy. In such an unhappy juncture the improvident Politicians will repent of their Frugality, and have their ill-grounded Jealousie of standing Forces severely punish'd, when a Conquering Party puts all to the Sword, to secure the Plunder.

We have seen great Captains, great Courtiers, and who have been as agreeable and polite in civil Conversation, as they were valiant in the Field. Nay, Philosophers have been at the Head of an Army; but whether Soldiers are Courtiers, and Scholars, or not, it is evident, they should be *good Christians* at least; for those whose Profession exposes them to so many Dangers more than are commonly incident to the Generality of Mankind, ought, questionless, to be well provided for Death. But this being rather an Idea of what

what ought to be, than the reality of what moſt of them are; let us take a ſhort view of an Officer in his natural Colours

A Soldier, then, is, in ſhort, a Perſon to whom croſs Fortune has declar'd her ſelf an irreconcilable Enemy, having neither Goods, nor Chattels, he makes a vendible Commodity of his Health, and Eaſe, and ſells his Blood to buy him Bread, expoſing his Life to ſave it; for he muſt either ſerve, or ſtarve. If *Eſau* was exploded and laugh'd at, for parting with his Birth-right for a Meſs of warm Broth, when he came hungry and tyr'd home, from Hunting; I leave any reaſonable Man to conclude what our Hero, muſt be, who takes upon him this ſad Profeſſion for ſo ſmall, ſo inconſiderable a Salary? His Humour muſt be Savage, leſt People ſhould think him Effeminate; and he ſtifles all thoſe milder Inſtincts, coeſſential with Humanity, to avoid being look'd upon as a Coward; as if there were no medium between being Brave, and being Brutal. He beats his Soldiers as old teſty Parents do their Children, not for their Inſtruction, but out of a vain Oſtentation of their Authority. By continual Debauches he labours to ſtifle at once the Suggeſtions of Morality and Mortality. If he chance to eſcape one Rencounter, or ſlight Skirmiſh, he is as formidable as *Hercules*, and goes out upon the next Command, with as much Aſſurance, as if he were Musket-proof; his Inſenſibility is taken for Courage, which if rightly defin'd, would come under the ſame Predicament with the Valour of Fools, who fight without Fear, or Wit.

But our great *Achilles* having fortunately ended his Campaign, draws home to Winter Quarters, where he is hardly settled, but he engages in new Wars, and is as redoubtable to the fair Sex, as he was before to the Enemy. The first that smarts by him, is his good Landlady, who is well pay'd, if she get but good Words for all his Entertainment. Over some serious Bottle, our brutish Warriour grows insolent, swell'd with the vanity of his Commission, contracts a Quarrel, and is forc'd to Fight, for fear of being Kickt. Thus, before the Winter is well over, in the Course of such a lewd and dissolute Life, the Spark gets P——'d, and who expected a noble Pension for Recompence of some glorious Maim, dies in an Hospital a wretched Burnt-Offering to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, as little lamented as he liv'd belov'd.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. C—— *to Mr.* B——r.

Dear B——r,

I Receiv'd an Answer to my last Letter to you about a Week since, and had not been silent so long, but that till now I was in hopes of getting the Copy, I mention'd, time enough to send it you this Season, but I find I cannot have it yet a while. You were not so kind in yours, to send me any Town-News, I mean not of the State, for *quod supra nos nihil ad nos*; but as to the Transactions

actions of *Covent-Garden*, as what new Wits arise? (for there they spring like Mushrooms, and are as often of no longer a date) or what the old perform? Whether Self-opinion, Ill-breeding, Ill-nature, and noisy Assurance are still thought sufficient Ingredients to compose a *Critick*? for *Parnassus* has its *Bullys* still, though *London* has almost lost the Breed. Whether Farce on the Stage, and Noise, and Nonsence in the Pit be as much in Vogue as ever? Whether my Friend, Mr. *C---k*, has forsaken his midnight Jests, and his Mattins-Bottle? For I have known an old Stager, that when neither brisk Eyes, nor a soft Hand could longer provoke him, has turn'd Saint; but you may say, indeed, that *Bacchus* and *Venus* are not alike in their Votaries; the *Goddess* finds *Impotence* sooner than the *God*, who often very hospitably receives those he thinks no longer fit for her Service. Nay, you sent me no News from the Sun-shine of the Boxes, or the Clouds of the Pit; What new Face, or Wit has engag'd you, or what new Authors entertain you? You have not so much as mention'd the *Chaos* of the *Theatre*, whether Faction be still alive there; though one would think there were as little Fewel for it, as for Envy to some of our modern Poets, who have the blind Vanity to think well of themselves without a Rival; though, indeed, it often happens that the poorest States are most subject to Sedition. But methinks, if you could have sent me no News of any one else, you might about my self, for I since have heard how much Mr. O--- and I are to Mr. O——s, for stirring in an Affair he had nothing to do in, either as a Gentleman, or a Person oblig'd. As for the kind Words

he beſtow'd on me, 'tis no more than my ſpeaking well of him, and my poor endeavours to ſerve him merited; for when a Man once thinks great Obligations none, becauſe due to his Merit, he may well forget what the good Word, and good Will of a Man without Money was able to perform. I wonder he ſhould value himſelf ſo much on his *Gentility*, without reflecting, that *Defamation* is as contrary to that, as to *Chriſtianity*; and, indeed, to the Laws of humane Society; and the murdering a Man's Reputation is as criminal and immoral an Action, as the murdering his Perſon. If he would look into himſelf, he would find that he was not a little concern'd at Mr. C——*k*'s Verſes before Dr G——*th*'s Book, and loaded them with all the Villainy in the World, for only reflecting on his Poetry, as he thought. If that were ſo hainous in another, is it leſs in him? He may think the Parallel won't hold.—— But he ſhould remember, that a good Opinion of ones ſelf is a Right that cannot be made a Monopoly of; and ſince we, as well as others, may have leave to think infinitely better of our ſelves than we deſire, the Injury he does is equal; nay, ſuperiour to Mr. C——*k*'s to him, for I never gave him the leaſt cauſe to be my Enemy, and Mr. O—— has given him many to be his Friend.

Though you ſend me no News, I will you; I am grown a perfect *Rechabite*, and I riſe every Morning at Five, or earlier, Study till Nine, then take my Morning's Draught, return to my Study till Noon: After Dinner a Pipe, and a Cup of true brew'd *Engliſh* Ale, an hour or two of Converſation, and then with a Book we take a

Walk

Walk in the moſt delicious *Promenade* in the World, either on a woody Hill, with a gentle murmuring Rivulet beneath; or elſe on the Brink of that, through a winding Valley, with verdant and eaſie Hills on both ſides, cloathed with Trees and pleaſant Meadows in the Interval. There *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, or ſome ſuch Heroes entertain us, till ſatisfied, not ſurfeited, with the Pleaſure. And this has given me a true Taſte of Temperance, and its ineſtimable Delights. But I forgot my ſelf, and had not the Margin of the Paper put me in mind, I ſhould have run on I know not whither. My Service to Dr. G——*th*, Mr. C——*k*, and Mr. *B*——*t*, if in Town, I am

Your Friend and Servant,

C——

June 28. 1700.

LETTER IX.

Lond. Aug. 10. 1700.

Mr. *B*—— *to* Mr. ——C.

Dear G——

I Find by your Letter, you are ſo well acquainted with the Tranſactions of *Covent-Garden*, that I need not give my ſelf the Trouble of excuſing

cuſing my Silence as to that Particular; nay, rather I expect your Thanks for it, ſince your civil Expoſtulations contain a better Account of the Wits, the Criticks, and the Theatre, than I can pretend to write. I muſt freely own to you how timerous I am in medling with the Poets; they are known to be a peeviſh turbulent Nation, eaſily provok'd, and ſeldom or never reconcil'd; and I had rather entertain you with State Affairs, and ſettle the Succeſſion of *Spain*, or *England*, than give my Opinion of the Performances of the old and new *Wits*. Indeed, there were leſs danger in ſiding with *Denmark* againſt the Triple Alliance, or maintaining the Prerogatives of the Crown againſt the Incroachments of the Common-wealth's Party, than in oppoſing the Self-conceit of a New——— Writer, or condemning the ill Taſte of the Town, for miſtaking a *Farce* for a true *Comedy*; and to engage the proud, ill-bred, ill-natur'd Critick at *Will*'s, and dare to call his pretended *Sublime*, *Fulſome Bombaſt*, were more hazardous than to ſpeak Treaſon, or rail at the Court. We have a freſh Inſtance of this Truth; when the *Cheapſide* Poet, at the Expence of proclaiming himſelf a Fool, publiſh'd a Satyr againſt *Wit*, What Tumults, what Storms did he raiſe? All *Will*'s was preſently in Arms; both Commiſſion'd, and Non-commiſſion'd Officers rais'd Forces againſt the common Enemy; raw, unexperienc'd Soldiers, nay, Women were Liſted to make up a compleat Army; Men of the Sword, Phyſicians, Lawyers, young Students, Punſters, Topers, ingenious Ladies, *Drury-lane* Poeteſſes; in a word, all the *Wits* and *Witlings* thought themſelves

ſelves engag'd in Honour to revenge the Affront; and Headed by a fierce Leader, with *Pointed* or *Blunt* Epigrams, no matter which, march'd out in Battle-Array, to fight their bold Antagoniſt——— But when as dull a Poet as Mr. *B*——*re* writes a low, pitiful Satyr, call'd the *Foreigners*, and levels his malicious Bolts at the two Favourite Lords, he is unregarded, and has nothing to fear but Contempt and Oblivion, the eaſie Puniſhment of *Scandal* without *Wit*. From all theſe you may ſafely conclude, that 'tis with Trembling I inform you, that we were lately preſented with a new Play, which with the Author, his Bookſeller, ſome of the Comedians, and the Gallery, paſt for a pretty *Comedy*; but with the beſt Judges in the Pit, and the Boxes, for a downright *Farce*. There was, indeed, a good Character in it; but which was ſo ill manag'd, and ſo ill attended, that it look'd like——— 'Faith, I want at preſent a Simile to expreſs the Odneſs of the Compoſition, but I ſhall owe it you. Our Friend, Mr. *C*---*k*, has neither forſaken his *Jeſt*, nor his *Bottle*; to temper which, he drinks the Waters of *Helicon* more plentifully than ever——— Without *Metaphor*, he is ſeldom in a Tavern, but he falls to coupletting ſome of his Neighbours in the adjacent Rooms.——— Beſides, he has a new Play upon the Stocks, which will be ready to be Launch'd forth after *Michaelmas*-Term. You ask me what new Face has engag'd me, Faith I am ſtill as you left me, inclin'd to be *amuz'd*, but not engag'd by the Fair, for I look upon Love as an agreeable Companion, as long as he is upon the Wing, and fluttering from one Face to another, but methinks he becomes pla-

guy

guy Fatiguing, when tied to one ſingle Object. As for Authors, I ſeldom converſe with the *New* any farther than their Title-Pages, and Contents, but I make the *Ancient* both my Study and Entertainment. —— Among theſe I rank thoſe modern Writers that have a true Taſte of Antiquity, and a deep knowledge of Nature; as *De Montaigne*, St. *Evremont*, *Paſcal*, *la Bruyere*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, and ſome few others among the *French*; and *Bacon*, *Temple*, *Cowley*, *Ben. Johnſon*, and *Shakeſpear* amongſt the *Engliſh*. I own, in ſome of theſe the Delicacy of Expreſſion is ſometimes wanting; but the juſtneſs of their Thoughts ſufficiently recompences that Defect; and whoever reads, ought rather to conſult the Improvement of his Mind, than the gratifying of his Ear.—— I am ſorry for, though not ſurpriz'd at, your being abus'd by Mr. —— 'Tis no more than you ſhould have expected from your Intimacy with him. I know not how far he has injur'd you; but this I am ſure of, that ſo unpolite, ill-natur'd, and ſelf-conceited a Man can no more make a true Friend than an agreeable Companion. I wonder, that ſince all Offices of Friendſhip have prov'd ineffectual to reſtrain his detracting abuſive Inclination, ſome Body or other has not attempted to civilize him the ſame way, as we tame fierce untractable Animals. This, in my Opinion, is the only Method to deal with him, for to encounter him with his own Weapons, a Gentleman muſt forfeit that very thing that makes him a *Gentleman*, I mean his good *Breeding*. I envy you, at leaſt, I wiſh I could partake with you the Pleaſures of your Retirement: For inſtead of your ſweet Country Air,

we

we live here in a ſmoaky Town; inſtead of your delicious Walks in verdant Meadows, we walk through duſty Streets; inſtead of your murmuring Rivulets, or the melodious warbling of Birds, we are here peſter'd with the ratling of Coaches, the rumbling of Dice-Boxes, the Curſing of loſing Gameſters; or which is worſe, the Impertinence of Fops, 'Tis true, inſtead of your true brew'd *Engliſh* Ale, we drink here true *Champagne*, *Burgundy*, or *Languedoc*. But this is not ſufficient to ballance the Diſparity, or atone for the Abſence of Mr. C—— eſpecially with ſo ſober a Man as my ſelf, who, you know, never exceed one Bottle. My hearty Service to your Fellow Anchorite; and believe me entirely yours. &c

LETTER X.

A Character of Mr. Wycherley.

By the Honourable, Mr. Granville.

Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch't upon true Comedy,
But hasty Shadwel, *and slow* Wycherley.
Shadwel's *unfinish'd*, &c.
But Wycherley *earns hard whate're he gains,*
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains.

Earl of Rochester, *&c.*

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

This Character, however just in other Respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherly* in one particular, being represented as a laborious Writer, which every one can contradict, who has the least personal knowledge of him. Those, indeed, who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be

apt

apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such diversity of Images and Characters, such strickt Enquiries into Nature; so thorow an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true, and so perfect a *Dissection* of Humane-kind, as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others who have the happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm, that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for if I mistake him not extreamly, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he would have spar'd himself that Trouble. What he has perform'd, would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force; but the *Club* which a Man of ordinary size could not lift, was no more than a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Writings, is *severe*, and *bold* in his *Undertaking*; in his Conversation, *gentle*, *modest*, *inoffensive*; in his Writings he seems without *Mercy*; in his Nature he is all *Tenderness*. He makes use of his *Satyr* as a Man truly *Brave*; of his *Courage*, only upon publick Occasions, and for publick Good: He compassionates the Wound he is under a necessity to probe; or like a good natur'd Conqueror, grieves at the Occasions that provoke him to make such Havock.

There are who object against his *Versification*; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond, for not being

being polish'd: *Versification* is in Poetry, what *Colouring* is in *Painting*, a beautiful Ornament: But if the Proportions are just, the Posture true, the Figure bold, and the Resemblance according to Nature, though the Colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the Picture shall loose nothing of its Esteem: Such are many of the inestimable pieces of *Raphael*; whereas the finest and the nicest Colour that Art can invent, is but labour in vain, when the rest is in disorder; like Paint bestow'd on an ill Face, whereby the Deformity is render'd but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some Observations upon this Subject, by way of Advice to many of our present Writers who seem to lay the whole Stress of their Endeavours upon the *Harmony* of Words: Like *Eunuchs* they sacrifice their *Manhood* for a *Voice*, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Eccho*, nothing but *Sound*. In Mr. *Wycherly*, every thing is *Masculine*; his Muse is not led forth as to a *Review*, but as to a *Battle*: Not adorn'd for Parade, but for Execution: He would be Try'd by the sharpness of his Blade, and not by the *Finery*: Like your Heroes of Antiquity he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament, but intrinsick Vertue; and, like those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own; and by the unanimous Assent of the World, is call'd, The *Manly Wycherley*.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Mr. B——r *to* J. L—— *Esq;*

Dear Sir,

YOur Reproaches for my not writing are so very obliging, that I know not how to answer them: Not but that I might tell you twenty Things by way of Apology, but I rather trust to your Generosity for my Excuse. Yet, if you will believe me, the true and only Reason of my Silence, has been the Barrenness of News, which alone may render my Letters Entertaining. I suppose you have been no less surpriz'd at *Tunbridge*, than we here in *London* at the Election of *Poland*: Our Divines, and Men of rigid Principles, highly censure the Duke of *Saxony*, for changing a Spiritual Crown of Eternal Bliss, for an Earthly Transitory Diadem: Others are contented to say, that 'tis below a Man of Honour to change his Religion upon so trifling a Consideration, as the Elective Crown of *Poland* ought to have been, with a Prince who held already so considerable a Rank in the Empire; but to me it seems, from the common Practice of all Times and Nations, that the Laws of Religion and Honour were only made to fetter Mortals of an inferior Degree, whereas Princes seldom follow any other Rule in all their Actions, besides their Interest, or Pleasure; and I am sure you are too great a Politician, and Courtier, not to

commend them for it, However, 'tis certain this Election is a great Balk to the *French*; and if the Siege of *Barcelona* be not more successful in the End, than it was in the Beginning, we may hope a happy Conclusion of the War. Thus much of Publick Affairs.

Her Royal Highness, by her peculiar Attractive Faculty, has, I suppose, drawn all the *Beau-Monde*, and Pleasures after her to *Tunbridge*, for we have nothing left here, but the bare Walls of a Town, destitute of its greatest Ornaments the *Belles* and the *Beaux*. The Playhouse is so thin, that when I go there, 'tis meerly upon the account of the coolness of the place. St. *James's* Park is become a Solitude where an Anachorete might now make his Abode, without fear of any Temptations; for all the Evenings I have been walking in it, I saw there but some few antiquated Ladies, that preach'd Continency with the miserable Ruins of their past Beauties. I advise you to lay hold of the Opportunity Fortune has thrown before you, to enjoy your self. Take your full Swinge of Pleasures, for the precious Minutes of our youthful Days, fly fast away, never to return again. If you light upon some of those Ladies, who, I hear, are gone to *Tunbridge* upon no other Errand than to Cuckold their Husbands, be sure not to disappoint them, for a Woman once balk'd, turns presently her Love into Hatred and Revenge. If you play at *Picket* with my Lady, do not forget to *shew your Point*, and *count your Aces*, for that's the only way to get the better of her. Mrs. *D*—— Desires

ſires to be remembred to you, with as much Earneſtneſs, as I ſuppoſe, you deſire to forget her; for you know, Women will be mighty fond of their old Lovers, till they can get new Ones. My Service and Reſpects to all the Gentlemen at the Princeſſes Court, and believe me,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

White-hall, July 11. 1697.

LETTER XII.

Mr. B——r *to my Lady* B——th, *on the Death of her Mother.*

Madam,

I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe the Liberty I take of expreſſing my Concern for your great Loſs: a Loſs that will be lamented even by thoſe who had but the Honour of a bare Acquaintance, with ſo good a Lady, and which of neceſſity muſt be the more afflicting to your Ladyſhip, ſince in her you not only loſe a kind Mother, but a Boſom Friend, and a dear Companion. Indeed, Madam, Providence ſeems to have permitted this heavy Weight of Sorrow to have fallen chiefly on your Ladyſhip, becauſe you have a more than ordinary ſhare of Piety and Grace, to ſupport you under it, and I doubt

not but that so divine a Soul as yours will shew a Christian Resignation to all the Decrees of Heaven. I pray God to be himself your Comforter, and heal up this fresh Wound, by pouring down new Blessings on you, and all your Family. I am with all the Respect and Sincerity imaginable.

Madam,

Your Ladyships, &c.

EPISTLE XII.

To Mr. Congreve; *occasion'd by his Comedy, call'd,* The way of the World.

By Captain Steel.

When Pleasure is fall'n to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight:
No Sense of Wit, when rude Spectators know,
But in distorted Gesture, Farce, and Shew;
How could, great Congreve, *thy aspiring Mind,*
Dare to write only to the few refin'd?
Yet though that Nice Ambition *you pursue,*
'Tis not in Congreve's *Power to please but few.*
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dreſt Barbarians *know his awful Name.*

Though

Tho' senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they fill Wine, but when till Drunk they quaff.

Forgotten Authors who have lately writ,
Despair now to revive their Fame of Wit;
Hard Fate! that all Poetick *Hopes are fled,*
'Spite of that help to Glory, being dead.
On Thee from Fate a lavish Portion fell,
In every way of Writing to excel;
Whene'er you sing an undissembled Woe,
With sweet Distress your rural Numbers flow;
Pastora's *the Complaint of every Swain,*
Pastora *still the Eccho of the Plain;*
Or if thy Muse describe with warming Force,
The wounded French-man *falling from his Horse;*
And her own William *glorious in the Strife,*
Bestowing on a prostrate Foe his Life.
You the great Deed as generously rehearse,
And all the English *Fire is in thy Verse.*

By thy politer Scenes, and juster Choice,
Ennobled Comedy *exalts her Voice;*
You check unjust Esteem, and fond Desire,
And teach to Scorn, where else we should Admire.
The just Impression taught by Thee we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player;
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,
For he alone professes what he seems.

But when thy Muse assumes her Tragick Part,
She conquers, and she reigns in ev'ry Heart.
To moan with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And generous Pity's all the Grief they know,
The Widow who, impatient of delay,
From the Town Joys, must Mask it to the Play:

Joyns with thy Mourning Bride's *resistless moan,*
And weeps, a Loss she slighted when her own.
You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,
And vary our Affections as you please.
Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign?
But no, go on—— your moving Power employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. H——n *to Mr.* J——s.

THo' my Silence may make me seem either Idle, or Negligent, yet I assure you, I had too great a Value for so agreeable a Correspondent, to let either of those Vices prevail; but I was unwilling to give you a fruitless Trouble, and therefore defer'd Writing, till I could give you a full Account of the Enquiry you desir'd me to make, the Result of which is, that Dr. *Lesly*'s Answer to Dr. *King* is not to be got, not above Fifty of the Impression escaping the Seizure, if I can give Credit to a Member of the Church Militant, who is a great Dealer in those Commodities: This I have heard since confirm'd by a Gentleman, who assur'd me, he had the Original Copy, at least as much of it as was sav'd from the Wreck. But though I could not get that of the Person I sought, I got the following Verses, fixt, or suppos'd to be fixt on St. *Stephen*'s Chappel.

Gold

Gold rules within, and reigns without the Doors,
Makes Men take Places, and poor Maids turn Whores;
Her blooming Virtues sold, his Trust betray'd,
Debauch'd the Member falls, so does the Maid;
Each pleads Excuse, the Profit each does move;
This is his Monarch's Service, Hers is Love.
The World sees through the Sham in which both joyn,
He votes for Interest, and she Whores *for Coin.*

Thus you see Scandal is still at work in this wicked Town. This I'm afraid, will come too late to bring you News of the Duke —— Success. My Lord *J*— has drawn away *B*— *R*—'s Wife, who is young and pretty; her Mother led her the way in *Elopement*, for having Married an *Irish* Knight; after he had done all he could to satisfie her her way, when he hop'd to have had his turn of being pleas'd his way, she left him in the Fleet; and when she had emptied his Bags, carried hers off full. These are terrible Stories to relate to a Person who resolves for that State, which is subject to these Revolutions; and indeed, a Man that ventures his stock of Happiness in a Woman's Hands, does what they do, who trust their whole Fortune in a Bankers; for as her Caprice, and his Conscience is all their Security, she changes, and he breaks, and the happy Man is a Wretch, and the rich Man a Beggar. Yet these things will be, and therefore let 'em pass. ——

P. S. I have, Sir, made a farther Enquiry after *Lesly*'s Answer to Dr. *King*, but to no purpose, till accidentally, last Night, I was brought into

the Company of the Gentleman that has the Original Copy in his Hands, who assures me, it never was printed.

LETTER XIV.

Mayfield, July 6. 1696.

Mr. S—— *to Mr.* M——

Reverend Sir,

YOur ingenious and pathetical Letter came safe to my Hands, but being too greedy to know the Contents, I tore off as much Sense as would lye upon the Surface of a Six-pence; but what vexes me yet more is, that it was in the middle of your Philosophy, and has absolutely prov'd a *Vacuum* in your Letter; so that this Breach has made your Sense imperfect, and depriv'd me, in some measure, of your witty Turns, and fine Cadences. But for all this unhappy Accident, I can in many Places see the Ruins of what we call *Wit*, from those pretty Fancies that still remain, and I make a shift to guess at the Meaning. *In primis*, I think you talk of Time; that there is a Time for all Things; Nay, a Time to drink *Water*. Then you speak something of Memory, and that Mr. *B*—— at the Place is my Cousin. Indeed, it is a great Advantage to have a good Memory; but it is a greater to have a good Judgment: For Memory respects only the Outside of Things, but it is a

good

good Judgment that will rectifie all, and shew you what is real, and what not, If you have recourse only to Memory, you may question a Man's Honesty, though upon false Grounds, and esteem him highly ungrateful who is really kind and courteous. Suppress then, Reverend Sir, the vivacity of your Judgment by the solidity of your Judgment, and the things will fall out directly according to your Expectation. It is an unreasonable thing to expect a hearty Welcome from *English*-men, whilst you so closely accuse than of fickleness, and unsincerity. But how unjust your Accusation is, I leave it to the Scrutiny of your own Conscience, which, I believe will testifie these two Things against you; either that your Memory is short in retaining Benefits, or that you are so unacquainted with Friendship, as to be unreasonably jealous of your best Friend. A true Friend is always the same; neither the prosperous Gales of Fortune, nor the gloomy Clouds of Adversity can change his Mind, or unhinge his Affections. What need you then require fresh Instances of Love and Kindness, when these naturally and voluntarily flow into the Object belov'd? In the latter part of your Letter you say, you expect my Orders with Impatience; I suppose you allow me to be a Christian, and if my Orders should not come so soon as you expected, 'tis not to affront you, but to give you an opportunity of exercising that noble Vertue, *Patience*, which will make a Man easie in all Conditions, and encline you to entertain charitable Thoughts of

Your Affectionate and humble Servant,

J. S.

LETTER XV.

Decemb. 30. 1694.

Mr. Boyer *to* Tho. Henshaw *Esq;*

Sir,

THE last time I had the Honour of being in your Company at *Kensington*, I acquainted you with my design of compiling a *French* and *English* Dictionary. I have since Collected some considerable Materials towards it, and engag'd an ingenious *English* Gentleman to revise my *English*; so that I have reason to hope I may be able to exceed all former Works of this Nature. Yet, because I should be loath to advance any farther in my Undertaking, without the Advice and Encouragement of pertinent Judges, I make bold to desire you to peruse the enclos'd Specimen, and to tell me freely your Opinion of it, by which I am resolv'd to let my Work either stand or fall. I remain with all imaginable Respect and Affection,

Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Jan. 3. 1693.

Mr. Henshaw *to Mr.* Boyer.

Sir,

YOurs of the 31st. past I have receiv'd together with the enclos'd Specimen, and am very glad you are so far advanc'd in so useful and desirable a Work, and doubt not but your great Industry, assisted by your excellent Judgment in the *French* and *English* Tongues, will render it a Piece both acceptable, and applauded by the VVorld. I acknowledge I have but very little Skill in these Matters, and therefore you are not to rely upon my Opinion, but on the Judgment of some better Critick. Yet, to shew you that I have, according to your Desire, perus'd your Specimen, I will adventure to set down my Remarks upon it. And first, in the Title-Page, I would advise you to say *Out of the best* English *Authors*, and not to name the *Four great Masters*, which may too much disturb the Envy of all those who are apt to think well of their own Rhetorick; and the naming of Sir—— among them, may make some Men, who have no Esteem for him, slight your Judgment, and bring a Prejudice on the Book. As for *Cotgrave*, tho' you do not derogate from him, yet I would by no

no means you ſhould neglect him in your great VVork: Dr. *Caſaubon*, a Learned *French*-man, and a competent Judge, in his *Diatribe de quatuor linguis*, ſays, it is the beſt Dictionary that ever was made in any Language; though there are ſeveral VVords wanting in him, that came up ſince his Time; yet they that love to read old *French* Authors, cannot be without him. *Rabelais* will never be laid by till the VVorld's end, and there is ſcarce a hard VVord in him, but may be found in *Cotgrave*. As for *Miege*, I never found him Satisfactory, and ſo can ſay nothing in his Behalf. *Richelet* has done very well, yet there are many VVords of common uſe omitted by him. The Method and Exactneſs of the Beginning of your Dictionary gives great hopes of an Excellent Work; but above all, let not your Bookſellers be ſparing as to make the Book leſs than a Folio, and have it Printed on good Paper. I remain with much Eſteem and Affection,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Tho. Henſhaw.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Mayfield, *July* 13. 1696.

Mr. *S*. . . . to Mr. *B*. . . .

Dear B ——

I Hope you receiv'd my last safe. With this you have my whole Collection of Words; which I desire you to Marshal more Alphabetically than I have done, and deduce proper Phrases from 'em, where they'l allow. I dare warrant all of them us'd: I had 'em either out of very good Authors, or else from some very ingenious Gentlemen, whom I converse with here daily; and I'le assure you, they have all past their Allowance; therefore if any body questions any of them, I am ready to undertake their Defence.

Now for some general Observations on *Miege*: First, he has innumerable false *Interpretations*, and almost as many false *Syllabications*, which, I hope, you'l take care to avoid. I do not think it reasonable, that because he imagines a word Spelt so, that it should be admitted, tho refer'd to one that is right spelt. Then, I am sure, he is defective in *necessary* Phrases, tho he abounds in such as are *superfluous*: All which, I hope, you'l take time to consider of, and not suffer your *Booksellers* to wrest your work maim'd from your hands, which you may have leisure after

to repent. That *Tribe* are too frequently known to precipitate, and lead a rash Author to his Ruin, I mean, as to his Reputation. But no doubt, you'l have the least occasion of this Advice, tho your Undertaking be so Voluminous. I wish you success with all my heart, and that my Endeavours may equal my Respect and Value for you. There is above a Thousand Words, which is the more considerable, because there have been so many Compilations. As for the Authority of making new Words, I have not assumed it, tho I think it but proper, to have a word to express every particular meaning; and where a Language is defective, 'tis allowable to supply it. Our Language lies very open to Remarks, as the making up words with Particles and Terminations, and thence it is that we so abound; but still if we express that in one word, that otherwise should require three or four, are not we rather to be commended than blamed? I mention this to obviate all Cavils against our Language. Pray let me hear from you the first Post after the Receipt of this. Send me an account of all Adventures, and write plainer, and in a larger sheet, that may contain more of your instructing Stile. I am, with my Service to all Friends,

Dear SIR,

Your, &c. S——

LETTER XVIII.

LETTER XVIII.

Whitehall Aug. 2.

Mr. *B*.... to Mr. *S*..

Dear S——

YOur threatning to write to me in *French*, may very well authorize my Conversing with you in *English*, since I want no less to improve my self in your Language, than you do in mine. However, if you find my *French* Letters any way conducive to your Progress in our Tongue, I shall willingly put a stop to my own Advancement, to further yours. That's the least thing I can do in requital of those kind Offices which you pour in so thick on me, that even my Epistolar Acknowledgments, can scarce keep pace with your Bounty. All your Letters are come safe to my hands, that only accepted which was written in *French*. I know not where to lay the fault of the Miscarriage, but however I hope its Freight will not be lost to me, if you have kept a Copy of those Words you sent me in it. Your Collections are of great use to me, as well as the Hints you give me in your Letters, which I will improve into several good Paragraphs, in the Preface to my Dictionary, and at the same time I shall not forget informing the World, how well you have deserved of the Commonwealth of Learning in general, and of me in particular.

Having

Having done you this Juſtice, I hope you will not think it either derogatory to your Labour, or too preſuming on my own, if I tell you that both in the Collections and Hints I have often jump'd with you; nay, rather I believe you are ſo much my Friend, as not to grudge me this juſt Occaſion of being Proud.

As for News — the Peace betwixt the *French* and the *Savoyard*, puts our Politicians a little beſide their Meaſures. Some ſay the Allies are reſolv'd to declare War to the Duke, whereby his Country is like to be haraſſed both by the *French* and Confederate Armies: And he'll find himſelf *Entre le Marteau & l'Enclume*, as our *French* ſaying is. People are at a gaze to know how far the Princes of *Italy* will engage in the Quarrel, eſpecially the Old Father, and the Republick of *Venice*. 'Tis, in ſome meaſure, to beſpeak the latter, that an Embaſſy is ſpeedily to be ſent to *Italy*; and if you continue in the mind you once had, to Travel abroad, you can never meet with a fairer opportunity. I would encourage you to it from a deſire to ſee your Parts and Knowledge advanc'd; for tho they be capable of little Addition, yet Travelling may ſerve to refine 'em, and give 'em a brighter luſtre. You know that when the Poet would raiſe in us a great Opinion of his Heroe, he thus deſcribes him;

Qui Mores Hominum multorum vidit & Urbes.

Pray, my hearty Service to your Brother; and believe me entirely Yours;

P. S.

LETTER XIX.

April 29. 1699.

Mr. *B---r* to the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of *S---m.*

My Lord,

I Hope your Lordship will pardon the liberty of this Letter, were it but upon this score, that it will be less encroaching upon your precious Hours, than a Visit.

I am not an absolute Stranger to your Lordship, having had the Honour of being recommended to you, by the famous Mr. *Bayle*, when I first came over; and if I have neglected to wait oftner upon your Lordship to secure that protection, which you were pleased to promise me, 'tis merely out of fear of growing troublesom.

Having lately brought to a period a long and tedious Work, which by her *Royal Highness's* particular Leave and Approbation I undertook, for the Use of his Highness the Duke of *Glocester*, I made bold to send your Lordship a Specimen of it, before I presented you with the whole Book, which is now at the Binders.

Mr. *Du B*—— whom I entrusted with the Specimen, told me, that according to my Request, he had waited upon your Lordship, and that you were pleas'd to express a Liking of my Design.

Some days after, I was told from Sir *B*—— *B*—— that your Lordship having given the said Specimen to peruse to Mr. *P*-- he had disapprov'd something in it, chiefly the Inscription of the Book, *for the Use of his Highness the Duke of* Gloucester, and the Corrections of the Faults which I found in Mr. *Miege*'s Dictionary.

As to the first, your Lordship may know how I acquainted her *Royal Highness* with my design of inscribing my Book *for the Use of the Duke*, about four years ago, and how she was pleased to favour and encourage it: Which, I think, is a sufficient Warrant for my Dedication and Title-Page.

As for those Faults which I found in Mr. *Miege*'s Dictionary, and which Mr. *P*—— wou'd endeavour to justifie, I dare firmly assure your Lordship, that they are all such as I have set them down, which I can prove by the unquestionable Authority of the *French* Academy's Dictionary. I shall only instance in two or three of them, for fear of abusing your Lordship's Patience.

For, to Ordain a Priest, the *French Academy* says, *Ordonner un Pretre*, and not *Ordiner*, as *Miege* has it; Ox-eye (an Herb) *Oeil de Boeuf*, and not *Buglose*, as *Miege* has it, which signifies *Bugloss*, or *Ox-Tongue*; Prolixity, *Prolixité*, and not *Longueur*, as *Miege* has it, which is only a synonimous

ſynonimous Word, the Paſſion Week, *la ſemaine de la Paſſion*, and not, *la ſemaine Sainte*, &c.

I confeſs, that ſince Mr. *P* —— was choſen to Inſtruct his Highneſs in the *French* Tongue, I ſhould have waited upon him to acquaint him with my deſign, which, perhaps, might have beſpoken a more favourable Cenſure of my Preface from him: But however, I hope he will not ſtand ſo much upon Punctilio's, as to condemn me without hearing, leſt he ſhould betray his own Ignorance, by involving in the ſame Condemnation the whole *French* Academy; a Learned and Illuſtrious Society, from whom all that ſpeak and write true *French* ought to derive their Deciſions.

I ſubmit the whole matter to your Lordſhip's candid and unbyaſs'd Judgment, and the love you have for the Commonwealth of Learning, of which your Lordſhip is ſo eminent a Member, and beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, with profound Reſpect and Veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

and obedient Servant,

B——

LETTER XX.

From Monſieur *Baile*, to the Right Reverend Father in God, *Gilbert Burnet*, Biſhop of *Salisbury*; upon his Lordſhip's Preferment in the Church of *England*.

Done out of French.

My Lord,

THere's ſcarce any body amongſt thoſe who are ſo happy to be known to you in theſe Provinces, but has been leſs ſenſible than my ſelf, of the great and glorious News we have received concerning your Lordſhip, and more diligent in Congratulating you by Letters. I ſuppoſe thoſe Perſons, whom you honour with your Friendſhip, being tranſported by their Zeal and Reſpect, did not conſider, ſo maturely as my ſelf, our common Obligation, not to interrupt you one moment in thoſe important Employments, which render your Lordſhip ſo uſeful to the Publick. This, my Lord, is the true Reaſon of my ſilence: For the more I heard the World Ring with your Name, both in Publick and in Private, the more I reflected you might juſtly ſay, *Nos pondera rerum & momenta ſumus*, and

and the less was I forward to take Pen in hand, to communicate to your Lordship the hearty Applauses which I gave those just Rewards that had crown'd your great Merit, and continued Services; and which I join'd here, upon all occasions, with the Acclamations of the Well-Affected. But at present, My Lord, when Affairs seem so well settled, as to yield you some Repose, I should think my self inexcusable, If I should defer any longer, assuring your Lordship by a Letter, that no Man rejoyc'd more than my self, to behold the Illustrious Dr. *Burnet* advanc'd to so high a Rank in the *Anglican* Church, of which he was so worthy, and which he is so well qualified to maintain, to the Glory of God, and the Illustration of the most sublime and sacred Sciences. God grant your Lordship may long enjoy this new Dignity, in full Health and Prosperity.

Give me leave, my Lord, to close this Letter with an humble Request in favour of him who will deliver this to you, and who is likewise entrusted with the *Panegyrick* which the learned *Perizonius* pronounc'd at *Franeker*, on their *Britannick* Majesties's Coronation Day, directed to your Lordship. He is a Gentleman of a good Family, related to one of my intimate Friends; and who having begun his Studies in *France*, has continu'd them with success at the University of *Franeker*; where he has learnt not only Philosophy and Divinity, but also the Mathematicks. I take the liberty, my Lord, humbly to beseech you to furnish him with means to advance himself, in such a way, as your ge-

nerous Protection of the Refugees shall make you think most proper. I shall be extremely oblig'd to you for it; and esteem my self happy whenever I can find an opportunity to express to the World, with what profound Respect, and extraordinary Admiration, I am

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble and

most obedient Servant,

Rotterdam, July 11. 1689.

B A I L E.

LETTER XXI.

Dr. *Thomas S---th*, to Mr. *B----r.*

S I R,

I Should, I acknowledge, have made a speedier return to your obliging Letter, but one thing or other stept between me and my good Intentions, which has cast me so far behind-hand with you; but Yesterday making a Visit to Sir *P*—— *A*——, who told me he was going to *Riskens*, to divert himself after the great Affliction, which has befallen himself and Family, I was resolv'd to delay it no longer, having so sure and good a Conveyance.

The Complemental part of your Letter I cannot well admit, in which you heap up those

Praises

Praiſes which are no ways due to me; but however I look upon it as the effect of your good opinion and reſpect toward me. I wiſh it had been more in my power to have oblig'd a Perſon of your Character, for whom I ſhall always preſerve a juſt and tender Regard, and will be ready upon all occaſions to do all Offices of a firm, hearty, and ſincere Friendſhip, whenever it ſhall lie in my power.

I look upon it as a a clear Indication, and effect of a merciful Providence toward you, that when you were driven out of your own Country, by ſo terrible a Hurrican, you have found ſo good a ſhelter in Sir *B——— B———ts* Family; in company of which you have the opportunity not only of enjoying the Delights, the Retirements, and pleaſant Air of the Country, during theſe exceſſive Heats of Summer, but of Travelling with them to ſee their Friends and Relations. In the Account of your Journey into *Northampton-ſhire*, I am moſt pleas'd with your View of the ancient Statues in the Garden of * Sir *William Farmer*, at *Faſton*. Theſe were formerly brought into *England* by that great Man *Thomas* Earl of *Arundel*, and adorn'd the Garden of his Palace here in *London*. A conſiderable number of Marbles with Inſcriptions, were given to the Univerſity of *Oxon*, by his Grandſon the late Duke of *Norfolk*; but theſe, which he reſerv'd for the Uſe, Honour, and Ornament of his Family, were ſold by his Relict, to Sir *William*, who has a great Genius and Guſt for ſuch curious Monuments of Antiquity. He acquainted me with his Purchaſe at firſt, and I have threatned to go Expreſs to ſee

* *Now Lord* Lemſter.

his whole *Ville*, on purpose to write out the Inscriptions; but I have been hindred hitherto from pursuing that design. I thank you for the Inscription you sent me, upon the Marble-Chair: I doubt only whether you have transcribed the last word right, and whether it should not be ΧΑΡΙΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ, but if it be, as you say, ΧΑΡΙΣΤΗΡΙΩΝ, whether there be not a word following, at least a space, and the word illegible? This is only a Thought which now comes in my mind, upon which I lay no great stress; but will examine and compare yours with the like Inscription in *Gruter* and *Reinesius*.

I doubt not but you will see *Windsor Castle*, which is a glorious Building, and, take it with all its Advantages, is not exceeded by any Royal House of *France*. When you look upon the Sepulchral Monuments which are in St. *George*'s Chappel, if there be any one erected to the Memory of the late most learned *Isaac Vossius*, I pray write out the Inscription for me. But perhaps it is not yet put up by his Nephew, who assured me several times, before he went into *Holland*, that it should be done; and I question not in the least, but he will make good his Resolution, both out of a Principle of Justice and Gratitude.

I will not say, I hope, because I am pretty well assur'd, that you employ your leisure Hours to the advantage of your Studies, toward which I should very gladly contribute. You do well to perfect your self in the Knowledge of the *English* Tongue: but the study of the *Greek* is that which will be of more use to you, in order to make

make you serviceable to the Church, to which by the Bent of your Mind, and Course of your Life, you have devoted your self. I know you cannot but take in good Part, this free Advice, which flows from the hearty Affection of,

St. *James's-street*,
13th. Aug.
1691.

Sir, your most faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

T. S——th.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. B——r *to the Reverend Dr.* S——

Reverend Sir,

IT fares with me as with those fortunate Traders to the *East-Indies*, who with a small Venture, get a Return which doubles their Stock, and makes 'em forget the length of the Voyage; thus your kind Letter, by over-paying mine, makes me more than sufficient Amends for my waiting for an Answer.

I am extreamly pleas'd with the Account you give me of the Antiquities, which I saw in Sir *William*'s Gardens; for, in my Opinion, it is with these, as with ancient Books, and Manuscripts, of which the knowing how they have been preserv'd, and now come to be in such or such

ſuch a Place, adds no ſmall Satisfaction to the peruſing of them. I doubt not but you are right in your Conjecture about the Inſcription I ſent you; for as far as my Memory can return back, I can aſſure you, there neither was, nor appear'd to have been any other Words in the Marble-Chair beſides theſe,

Ο. ΙΕΡΕΥΣ· ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΝΟΣ·
ΦΙΛΑΙΝΕΤΟΣ· ΙΣΙΔΙ· ΟΣΙΡΙΔΙ·
ΑΝΟΥΒΙΔΙ· ΧΑΡΙΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ.

As for my miſtaking an Ο for an Ω, you muſt aſcribe it to the haſte I was in, when I wrote out the Inſcription, being then in Company with four or five young Ladies, who had rather hear a Jeſt, or a ſweet Expreſſion, in plain *Engliſh*, than to view the fineſt Pieces of Antiquities in the VVorld; and who laught at me all the while as a ſimple Fellow, to mind ſuch learned Trifles.

I had a Month ago the opportunity of viewing *Windſor-Caſtle*, with all that belongs to it. I confeſs, it is one of the fineſt Pieces I ever beheld. The advantage of its Proſpect is almoſt as great as that of *Greenwich-Park*, (which, I think, is no where to be parallel'd) the Building is ſolid and ſtately; the Furniture rich and magnificent; the Painting of St. *George's-Hall* extraordinary fine; the Carving of the King's Dining-Room mighty curious, all worthy of a King. St. *George's* Chappel is alſo a very fine Piece of Architecture: I view'd it both without and within, and look'd upon ſeveral Epitaphs, but I don't remember that I ſaw any Monument erected to the Memory of the famous *Iſaac Voſſius*.

I am

I am ſenſible of what you hint in your Letter concerning my Condition: and will freely own to you, that bating the Hardſhips which are inſeparable from Παιδαγωγία I am as happy in my Exile, as I could have been in my own County. I return you a thouſand Thanks for the kind Advice you give me of improving my *Greek*, as being both a particular Proof your Affection to me, and agreeable to the main deſign of my Studies. I may ſay, without Vanity, that I had made no contemptible progreſs in that Tongue, whilſt I was in *France*, having read the greateſt part of *Homer*, *Iſocrates*, and *Ariſtophanes*'s Works; but our ſad Diſperſion has cut off the Thread, and Series of my Studies, and forc'd me to carry them on, *à batons rompus*, as we ſay in *French*, both for want of Time, Books, and other Conveniencies; and I found true by Experience the ſaying of the Poet,

——*Haud facile emergunt*, &c.

I hitherto have had a ſtrong Deſire of Learning the *Engliſh* Tongue, for as long as our Miſeries laſt, (and God knows whether we ſhall ever ſee the end of them) the ſureſt, and perhaps the only way for a *French* Man, who has nothing to truſt to but his Learning, to get an honeſt Livelihood in *England*, is to ſpeak *Engliſh*. If it concerns you much to have *Voſſius*'s Epitaph, I will go to *Windſor* on purpoſe to ſee whether there be any ſuch thing, there being nothing in the World

bur

but what I ſhould at any time be willing to do, to aſſure you how far, and how ſincerely I am,

Reverend Sir,

Ritskens Aug. 18. 1691.

your moſt faithful affectionate, and humble Servant,

A. B——

LETTER XXIII.

Tho. Cheek *Eſq*; *to* Henry Brett *Eſq*; *concerning* Wit.

Sir,

I Have a great mind to write to you, but am a little diſturb'd about the manner of doing it, becauſe I am not ſufficiently aſſur'd you will be ſatisfied with a Letter, wherein I give it under my Hand, that I have no ready Caſh of *Wit* about me; therefore, Sir, ſince *Wit* is not now the Buſineſs, you muſt e'en be content to take what follows.

This is as unpromiſing a Beginning, as a Man would wiſh, and if I were as you, I would read no farther; yet, prithee do; if it be for no other reaſon, but to be convinc'd that I have kept my Word. You may imagine 'tis not very hard for a Man to keep his Word in an Affair of this Nature; but if I ſhould not, I flatter my ſelf, that

that you might be perſwaded to forgive me, when in breaking my Word, I ſhould break a Jeſt at the ſame time. However it be, you will find that I make uſe of the word *Wit*, as frequently, as if I deſign'd ſomething by it; but upon Examination, I hope to make it appear, that I am as much a Stranger to the Thing, as moſt of our Modern Poets are. Yet I would not have you ſuppoſe, that I have the leaſt deſign to write *A Satyr againſt Wit*, as a late Author has done; who through his whole Poem has been ſo ſincerely *unwitty*, that he leaves us no Room to doubt of the Reality of his Intentions. No, Sir, as this is altogether foreign to my Inclination, ſo I queſtion not, but I ſhould be very unſucceſsful in the Performance, being apprehenſive that I might be ſo unfortunate by ſome unſeaſonable impulſe of Fancy, as to betray the Cauſe I endeavour'd to ſupport, and ſo make the World ſuſpect I writ Booty. Aſſuming ſome Vanity on this Occaſion, I have thought a thouſand times, that *Wit* and I ſhould never have parted; I reliſh'd all its Frolicks, was never pleas'd without it, and never diſcourage by the No-Taſte of ſome of my Acquaintance; who, by the by, were Perſons of no inconſiderable Quality, (for Folly does not degrade a Man) and are now the Acquaintance of States-Men, and Privy-Councellors; I ſay, that parting with *Wit*, was a thing I could never have foreſeen; and though I was ſomething averſe to it for a while, yet I found at laſt it was very neceſſary and expedient; for notwithſtanding the glittering Figure it makes, I don't perceive it is any real Advantage to a Man, who endeavours to make his Fortune. On the

contrary

contrary 'tis generally an Obſtruction to a Man's Preferment; for they, who are in Power, have their Frailties and Imperfections like other Men, and are extreamly jealous of too nice an Obſerver, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe a Man of Wit to be. Now they reflect thus, that though by their Bounty and Favour, they ſhould endear ſuch a Man to their Intereſt, yet they look upon him in his Nature, to be a ſort of wild Beaſt, whoſe Fierceneſs, though they might in ſome meaſure, reclaim and overcome by their Kindneſs; yet, they ſuſpect he may, like the reſt of the Savage Race, one time or other, have ſome ſudden ſtart of his inborn Cruelty, and invincible Temper to fly out in the Face of his Keeper, though he was tied down by a Chain of a thouſand Obligations. In ſeveral advantageous Profeſſions, the being only thought a Wit, will go a great way to the undoing a Man; eſpecially if Wit has the misfortune to be joyn'd with Poetry. We have an Inſtance of this kind, in the Perſon of a very eminent City Phyſician, whoſe Wit and Poetry, if it had been as extraordinary as the vain Opinion he had of it himſelf, he had irrecoverably loſt his Practice; but by the happy influence of his benevolent Stars, he had not ſwallow'd ſo large a Doſe of Wit, as to work his Deſtruction; and ſo, like the inſignificant Efforts of old Age, with an infectious Harlot, his very Impotency ſav'd him.

Demetrius, of the *Inner-Temple*, has lately ſold his Chambers, and has taken a Lodging near the *Playhouſe*: 'Twas ſaid, that he intended to turn *Cook* upon *Littleton* into blank Verſe, to ſoften, in ſome meaſure, the ruggedneſs of the Expreſſion.

He

He might, perhaps, have ſucceeded as well, as a certain Spark of my Acquaintance, of whom it is reported, that he attempted to tranſlate a very odd kind of a Book, call'd *Hudibras*, into *French* Metre. This Gentleman is frequently poſſeſt with Poetick Raptures, and all the Family complains that he diſturbs 'em at Midnight, by repeating Verſes; particularly laſt night, reciting ſome incomparable ſublime Fuſtian of his own Compoſing, he made ſuch a horrid rumbling Noiſe, as alarm'd three Watch-Men that were walking under his Window, who immediately knock'd up his Landlady, to enquire if the Houſe were haunted: When he is in Bed, one would imagine he might be quiet for that Night, but 'tis quite otherwiſe with him; for when a new Thought, as he calls it, comes into his Head, up he gets, ſets it down in Writing, and ſo gradually encreaſes the deteſted Bulk of his Poetick Fooleries; which, Heaven avert it, he threatens to Print, and then, O ye courteous Readers, and credulous Bookſellers, look about you, for Mischief is coming to wards you. This unhappy Perſon, before the Curſe of Poetry had ſeiz'd him, was in a pretty way of thriving Buſineſs.

His Chambers eccho'd with the grateful Noiſe
Of harſh Contention, and litigious Brawls;
And he obſerv'd, better than the Phyſicians,
By the melodious ſound of Chinking Fees,
That Diſcord makes the ſweeteſt Harmony.
Thus he in troubled Waters Fiſh'd; from Strife
He drew the Joy and Comfort of his Life.
The Clients were with reſtleſs Cares oppreſt,
He ſtill preſerv'd a Calm within his Breaſt,

And

And laugh'd to ſee rich Fools promote Debates,
Till Lawyers parcell'd out, & purchas'd their Eſtates.
But now the Scene is chang'd, and he's in Pain,
The Muſes Throws diſtract his feeble Brain.
Nature alarm'd declines th' unequal Toil,
And like a Gun o'erloaded does recoil.
His Genius ſhrinks, and bids him write no more,
But Fate is in't, and he can ne'er give o'er.
He raves, he foams, and ſeems like one Poſſeſt,
And is what he could never write —— a Jeſt.

I have done with this Gentleman, whom I leave at *Temple-Bar*, and go directly on to the City, where I obſerve, that *Wit* makes but a very indifferent Figure; nay, even on a Lord-Mayor's-Day, with all the Pomp of Pageants to ſupport it; and I've not heard that any of that Character have Fin'd for Alderman. When they uſe the Word, 'tis generally in an ill Senſe, as when they have cheated a Man, they cry, they have *out witted* him. A remarkable *Gallick Wit*, whoſe Demeſns in *Parnaſſus* were very conſiderable; yet upon account of the uncertainty of the Income, has very prudently withdrawn his Effects, and converted his Subſtance to *Indian* Ware, which Undertaking exactly agreeing with his Genius, proſpers ſo faſt, that he has more Ladies at his Shop every Afternoon, than he us'd to have in the Front-Boxes, on the third Night of a new Play. Our Iſland is very much addicted to Trade, but Wit is a Commodity that few People deal in, and will never be a Staple Commodity, till the Natives are better acquainted with its Value. I foretel that this may probably hap-

happen in the next Century, but no Man, that is already Born, will live to ſee it. Perhaps you may not a little wonder how I came to ſo great a Knowledge; but this 'tis to obſerve the Stars, my Friend, for you muſt know I often ſit up a Nights—— Well, Sir, you may laugh, if you pleaſe, but what I tell you is very true for all that. I ſuppoſe, by this time, your Countenance is ſettled, and a Man may go on without Interruption. I ſay then, ſince *Wit* is not worth ones while to deal in, you can't blame me for diſpoſſeſſing my ſelf of ſuch Lumber. Indeed, I never had ſo great a quantity, as to be a conſiderable Loſer by it; but that little Stock I had, diverted me from a better ſort of Traffick. To manage rightly, our chief Dealings ſhould be of more profitable kind, and *Wit*, a Trade, ſhould come in by the by; methinks *Wit* is like a Miſtreſs, a pretty thing for a Man's Diverſion, and fit to be enjoy'd at leiſure hours; but if once a Man becomes wedded to it, 'tis like marrying one's Miſtreſs; let thoſe that have try'd it, inform you how they like it. To carry on the Alluſion, if *Wit* be a Miſtreſs, I have found her ſometimes very rampant, for ſhe has raviſh'd me in your Company; the thing might be indictable, but that I have confeſs'd, I receiv'd a great deal of Pleaſure and Satisfaction in it; which, I believe, is generally true in other Rapes, but they have not the Grace to own it. Raillery apart, theſe few Obſervations I have made on *Wit* and *Poetry*, I wholly ſubmit to your Judgment: I do not pretend to teach you [illegible] on this Subject, who are better qualifi'd to g[illegible] me Inſtructions; which Favour I the moſt earneſtly

 requeſt.

requeſt of you, that I may in Abſence improve as much to your ingenious Letter, as I us'd to do in your Company, by your witty Converſation, which is admir'd by none ſo much as by

Your real Friend,

and humble Servant,

Tho. Check.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. O —— *to Mr.* M——

YOU tell me the People of *Will's* Coffee-houſe are removed to the *Rainbow*, that the *Wits* and *Politicians* have been ſo much diſturb'd by the *Baſſetiers* and *Picquet* Men, that their *Maxims* and *Scandal* began to grow into Contempt; and 'twas no matter how well a Man talkt of the Stage, or the State, unleſs he cou'd handle his Cards with a good Grace, and looſe his Money as freely as thoſe that get it, throw it away on their Vanity and Vices. 'Twas in a lucky hour this Deſertion happen'd, for the Infection of Playing had ſpread ſo far, that many an honeſt Author has been tempted to eaſe himſelf of the Burthen of a whole Third Day, and put the Fortune of a Years Rhiming on *Point*, *Quint*, and *Quatorze*.

How-

However, I don't think it a Business of so much Importance, that the Welfare of the Nation depends on't, or that the Commonwealth of Letters might not very well have supported it self, if *Morris* had turn'd his Room into Gaming-Tables, as soon as his Predecessor *Will* departed for the *Fryers*. Though I have heard some young Fellows who were just commencing Wits to affirm that 'tis as necessary for an Author to be Drunk at *Rouse*'s, and be known at *Wills* to get Credit in *Covent-Garden*, as for a Merchant on the *Exchange*, to have his Bills pass with the *Goldsmith*. 'Tis lately, it seems, call'd the *Coffee-house* by way of Eminence; and since the misfortune of poor *Will*, no wonder they are asham'd of the Fate they brought him to, and endeavour to sink his Name.

As for News from *Sussex*, a Gentleman, a Neghbour of mine, and a Worshipful Justice of the Peace, has been rambling towards *Parnassus*, and in his Journey deliver'd himself of two Plays; he calls one of 'em a *Tragedy*, and the other a *Comedy*. I have seen 'em both, but which is the *Tragedy*, and which the *Comedy*, I must confess, I cou'd not in the least distinguish.

If there is in Town any Profession that undertakes to introduce *Wit* or *Passion* into the Houses, I am sure these Dramatick Pieces will come easie, and may be had a Pennyworth, The whole *Profits*, *Epistle*, and *Printing* not excepted, which I know has been the ruin of many a fair Bargain, besides several handsom Entertainments with Commendatory Verses in abundance, by Persons of Quality, and more *Squires* to adorn them than have appear'd since the *Stepmother*.

You will very much oblige my Friend, if you can dispose of this Merchandise, and though he relinquishes his Pretences to the Third and Sixth Days, yet I believe he would make a Desert of his Park, and send a *Haunch* to every one of his Actors, rather than they shou'd not come on.

There need not be any difficulty for the resemblance between the *Comedy* and the *Tragedy*, since such things are so familiar at both Houses, they will not, I am sure, make that an Objection.

The design of both the one and the other has of late been inverted, and I have seen some *Taking Poets*, (as they call 'em) who have very much comforted themselves with the Mirth of the House at one of their most moving Scenes, and in the height of the Buskin; nay, who have extreamly lamented, that their Tragedy and Distress cou'd not during the whole course of its Acting, extort one Laugh from the insensible Audience. For they, fancy as a certain *Witty* Lady said of a late Dramatick Poem, that a Play can never please, which does not make the Company merry. As on the contrary, What Mortal so void of Compassion, that did not weep as plentifully at the first Trip in the mid'st of its Fortune, as at the Second under the *Circumstances* of Damnation.—— By which we see 'tis not always in the Poet's Power to make the Audience merry, or melancholly when he pleases,

Lewis 11. June. 1701.

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Containing a short Account and Character of Spain, *&c.*

HAving, dear Sir, acquainted you before with my Passage from *Plymouth* to *Corunna*, I will still endeavour to satisfie your Curiosity, by sending you the Observations I have made on the common Way of Living at *Madrid*, a City which tho it be the Epitome of all *Spain*, yet what passes for best there, comes short of what we account most ordinary and contemptible in *London*.

To begin with Generals, I must acquaint you, that the Soil here is nothing but Sand and Flint, and that if it produces any thing, 'tis rather to shame the Laziness of the Inhabitants, than to shew its Fertility.

The Waters are more Sandy than the Urine of one troubled with the Gravel, and as they are extreme soft and light, so are they easily corrupted; which serves for a good excuse to us *Englishmen*, for drinking nothing but Wine. Tho in truth even that is here so Sophisticated, that I cannot say I have tasted one single drop of true *Spanish* Wine since I have been at *Madrid*, the Vintners here having an Art to make a third sort of Liquor, by mixing it with so

much Water, that the ingenious Author of the *Visions of Hell*, assigns them no other Quarters than with those the *Spaniards* call *Aguadores*, Water-Bearers.

As for River-Waters, I can give no account of them, here being no other than the River *Mancanares*, that passes by *Madrid*, which is nevertheless scarce any where to be found but in the Songs of the Poets. 'Tis true, the Emperour *Charles* V. caus'd a very large and stately Bridge to be built over it, which having one day shewn to an Ambassador, to know what he thought of it, he was answer'd, *Menos Puente o mas aqua*; (less of the Bridge, or more of the Water.) For my part, I believe this good Prince contented himself to build the Bridge, and left to his Successors the Care of bringing a River to it. For to find Water there, one must digg a Well in it. and therefore 'tis grown into a Proverb, That *Esta Puente espera el Rio como los Judios el Messias*; that is, *This Bridge waits for the River, as the Jews do for the Messias.*

As for the other two Elements, they are here altogether so blended and confounded, that the *Air* is nothing but *Fire*; and unless a Man partake of the Nature of a *Salamander*, or a *Pyraustus*, he will be stifled with drawing his Breath. Nothing allays the intemperature of the Air, but a certain Wind call'd *Gallego*, *Gallicia* Wind, as mischievous as the Nation that gives its it Name; and so very piercing, that when it blows, a hole in a Casement, or a chinck in a Door,

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is ſufficient to ſtrike a Man into a Palſie; and very often from a Neighbouring Brothel, it carries the Pox into a Houſe of Piety. Therefore if a Man comes away from *Spain* with any Spice of that Diſeaſe, he may as well have catched it in a Church, as in the Stews.

From theſe Irregularities proceed two Cuſtoms which I have taken notice of, in the *Habit* and *Gate* of the *Spaniards*: For to guard themſelves againſt the *Gallego*, they go as well cloath'd in Summer as in Winter; and at all times have their Jackets quilted, as if they were going to put on Armour.

The other Cuſtom is, That for fear of exciting the internal natural Heat by that without, they walk with ſo much Gravity, that 'tis hard to determine whether they move or ſtand *ſtill*. Nay, even when they Dance they preſerve their grave Air to that degree, that their Capers are more like the Curteſies of a *Carmelite* Nun, or the Crawling of a Gouty Claret-Drinker, than the Riſing of *L'Abbé*.

You will, perhaps, be apt to imagine that they correct here the Defects of the Air, by the Perfumes of thoſe famous *Spaniſh Paſtills*. But you are miſtaken, for at *Madrid*, the *Paſtills* of the Day are nothing but the *Ordure* of the Night. All *Madrid* is a Common *Houſe-of-Office*, and no other *Gold-Finder* to cleanſe it, but the Sun: And if it be true, what ſome Philoſophers of old have imagin'd, that the Stars feed on the Vapours of

the Earth, I believe they can fare worſe in no part of the World than here.

I ſhall now proceed to tell you what I have obſerv'd about the Beauty, Temper, and Converſation of the fair Sex. 'Tis ſaid, that moſt Women here beſtow their Favours freely, and without intreaty; and that the moſt reſerv'd will not be angry at being ask'd the Queſtion. 'Tis true, tho they wear neither Veil nor Mask, yet are their Faces ne're the more to be ſeen; for they are ſo thick cover'd with Paint, that 'tis not in the Power of *Nature* to break through it. The Old Women take it as a Favour to be call'd *Putas* (Whores) and the Young are no more pleas'd to be accounted *Mocctonas* (Maids) than to be ſo in reality. This point of Honour being, it ſeems, a Token of their want of Merit and Beauty. In our Country the Ladies will grant Favours upon Promiſe of Marriage; but here upon the firſt Addreſſes a Man makes to a Woman, he muſt declare his Intentions, which they anſwer accordingly thus; *Si para marido, no, ſi para amancebado, ſi*; If you are for being a Husband, I've nothing to ſay to you, but if you have a mind to be a Gallant, with all my heart. In the Articles of Marriage, there are Clauſes whereby the Women reſerve to themſelves certain Days in the Week, to be wholly at their liberty. In ſhort, if they be honeſt, I muſt needs ſay, they ſeem quite otherwiſe. Their Confeſſors are very indulgent to that Frailty, and eaſily diſpence with them for not keeping Lent, ſo that they may, I ſuppoſe, have the more ſtrength to get their livelihood by Sin. But thoſe

Prieſts

Priests who excel the rest in point of Spiritual Wisdom, believe that the surest and readiest way to Heaven, is for them to earn in their Youth, by the Sweat of their Bodies, Ten Thousand Crowns for Masses to be said after their Deaths, for their Souls. What the Women here call *Chapina*'s (a sort of Buskins) may rather be term'd Stilts; for they are so very high, that they never pull off their Shooes, but they part with one half of their Persons; and because those *Chapina's* are enriched with Plates of Gold, or Silver, and their Heads bedaub'd with Plaister, they resemble the Statue of *Nebuchadnezar* turned upside-down. Bawdy-Houses here, are not Publick Places, as in other Countries, for every body has one at home, were there only the Mother or the Daughter. And as 'tis a Privilege of the Nobility to have an Oven, and a Brothel in their own Houses; so the *Spaniards*, who pretend to be all Gentlemen, are very tender of this Prerogative.

Having left those infamous Places, we shall pass on to others, where Sanctity is so cheap, that it suffices for a Man to be accounted a good Friar, if he be but an *Ignoramus*. As to their Capacities, there are two sorts of Doctors among them, some of which understand no *Latin* at all, and others make shift to guess at it; and 'tis a sensible Effect of the Divine Providence, that the Bible was translated into their vulgar Tongue; for had it remained in *Hebrew* and *Greek*, the *Spaniards* would have mistaken it for the *Alcoran*. They never understand any thing well

well, but one ſingle thing only; and if Women were Sciences, there wou'd never be Adultry amongſt them.

Next to the Eccleſiaſtical Order, that of the Nobility is the moſt innocent: Their greateſt Vice, 'tis true, is Pride; and indeed, they are ſo very haughty, that if they ſaw a Gentleman in their Wives Arms, they would not exchange a look with him, for fear of being obliged to ſalute him. They are ſaid to be very revengeful: Nevertheleſs, their Enmity is not irreconcilable; ſince moſt of their Enemies are their Wives Friends. If they have a Quarrel upon their hands, they generally decide it after a Royal manner, that is to ſay, with the odds of a hundred to one. However 'tis ſaid, that in foreign Countries, they maintain the Character of Valiant Men; but that is, becauſe not knowing the Roads which way to fly from danger, they are obliged to ſtand ſtill, and think they have ſufficiently diſcharg'd their Duty, when they ſuffer themſelves to be beaten in a good Poſture. In ſhort, they make a mere ſpeculative Science of the Military Art; and think, that to be accounted Warlike, 'tis enough, that their Anceſtors have been ſo, and that they poſſeſs their Qualities, by virtue of the ſame Title, as they do their Inheritance.

Thoſe who have a mind to be diverted with an aukard Figure upon a fine Horſe, muſt come to *Madrid*; for were it not for the red and green Croſſes on their Cloaks, it were impoſſi-

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ble to diſtinguiſh a *Spaniſh Cavaliero* from a Cobler.

As to the third Eſtate, I know no other, except the *Alcahuetes*, Pimps, and the *Terceros*, Brokers; every one of which nevertheleſs, accounts himſelf *Hidalgo como el Rey*, as good a Gentleman as the King? nay, the very Coachmen here wear Swords in their Boxes, which being in all other Countries a mark of Diſtinction to Nobility and Gentry, here only is a part of their Habit, or rather one of their Members; for I do not believe that they leave it off even when they go to Bed, *in Puris Naturalibus.*

I will not pretend to give my Judgment upon the Adminiſtration of Court Affairs; I ſhall only tell you by the by, that if any thing in this World may be compar'd to the Torments of *Hell*, 'tis the tedioufneſs of the Miniſters of State, who repay the Attendance of thoſe that ſollicite them for any thing, with no other ſatisfaction than what *Tantalus* enjoy'd amidſt the Waters. 'Twould be an admirable School for Atheiſts, to wait for Diſpatches upon ſome Principal Secretary of State here; for being in eternal Pain during their endleſs Sollicitations, they might without difficulty, be afterwards brought to believe the never-ceaſing Torments of the damn'd in the other World.

As for their Oeconomy, and Domeſtick Concerns, the Fathers take no more care to educate their Children, than the Children do to Honour

their

their Fathers; and this, you muſt know, becauſe they are mere Strangers to one another: Likewiſe, if the Mothers are curious to preſerve the Virginity of their Daughters, 'tis as we cry up a choice Commodity, only to enhance its price.

Among theſe great Diſorders, there are alſo great Virtues. They have an incomparable Zeal to plant the Catholick Religion in thoſe Places where Gold-Mines are found. Their Wiſdom is ſo profound in Warlike Enterprizes, that the *Flemings* and *Italians* under their Dominion, have much ado to put them in Execution. If Juſtice be not duly Adminiſtred here, 'tis not for want of Officers, there being more *Alguazils*, Catch-Poles, than of any other ſort of Inhabitants: But nevertheleſs, all the juſtice they do, is to live by the Iniquity of their Neighbours; their Deſign being not to reform Abuſes, and redreſs Grievances, but rather to make an advantage of them. And if every *Alguazil* were to hold a Thief by the Hand, they would be ſo well match'd, that it would not be poſſible to diſtingiſh one from 'tother. The Badge of Honour theſe Officers of Juſtice bear, is a Staff call'd *Vara*; which is alſo the Name given to the *Ells* in Shops; thereby to intimate, I ſuppoſe, that Juſtice here, is ſold by falſe Meaſure, as well as Cloth.

Every Country has ſomething wonderful in it: In *Spain* I find two things which ſeem to me prodigious, and which I know not how to reconcile. The firſt is, 'That every body here being

being us'd to beg, where are those that give? Whenever you find a Gentleman makes you a Compliment, you must expect Begging in the conclusion. That which distinguishes Scoundrels from Gentlemen Beggars, is, that these demand with more Arrogance, and are unacquainted with returning of Thanks, and think they fully repay what is given them, by taking the pains to reach out their Hands to receive it.

The second, and far greater Wonder is, That in so Christian and Catholick a Country as *Spain* is said to be, there should be but two Festivals kept, one of which is *The Comedy*, whither there is not a Chimney-Sweeper, tho never so needy, but will make a shift to go; The other is the famous Feast of *Bull-Baiting*, to which this whole Nation runs with greater Eagerness than the *Jews* to the *Paschal-Lamb.* As for the Feasts of *Easter* and *Christmas*, they are kept here only upon Courtesie and at Discretion, it being lawful to work on them, as on any other Working-day of the year.

You Wits will be curious to know the reach of those of *Spain*: And if you think that a Person unconcern'd in this matter can be able to judge of it, I will acquaint you, that the general opinion here is, that the *Spaniards* who have most Wit, have no Soul; and those who have the least of the first, make use of their Superior part, to gratifie the Inferiour, and of their Reason, to satisfie their Appetite. They have no Memory but to remember Injuries; no Under-

standing

ſtanding but to mind their private Intereſt; no Will but to deſire It. As for Friendſhip, they make a Bank of it, and Stock-Job it *cent per cent*. The preſent Things are always deareſt to them, eſteeming it Simplicity to buy with ready Money any thing in Reverſion, no not Heaven it ſelf: and therefore to merit this, they think 'tis enough ro give God Almighty fair Promiſes. The generality of People here believe, that all good Senſe is to be found in the Heads of the *Caſtilians*; but in my opinion it is,as a great Treaſure is expected by the Vulgar from ancient Tombs, yet which when opened yield nothing but Duſt and Bones. To give you an inſtance of a rare piece of Subtilty and Penetration,I muſt tell you, that being deſir'd by a Friend at *London* to deliver a Pacquet,with a Watch encloſed in it, to one of the King's Secretaries, when I brought it to him, the firſt thing he did, was to clap the Pacquet to his Ear, to know whether I had ſtoln his Watch, ſuppoſing the Chain had been long enough to make it go from *London* to *Madrid*; and having heard no noiſe, he ask'd me, *What was become of his Watch?* They have learnt Architecture from Moles, moſt of their Houſes being of Earth, and like Mole-hills, but one Story high; and in thoſe which are more ſtately, the Mule that carries the Brick, has a greater ſhare in the Glory of the Work, than the Architect himſelf. Not but they have Materials of all kinds ſufficient to build better; nevertheleſs, as in other Countries, Art perfects Nature, here it is quite otherwiſe, for ſhe no ſooner comes under the Workman's Hands, but ſhe loſes her very Native Excellencies, and Stones in their Quarries are much

much better dispos'd, than here in the best Chimney-Pieces; as also Wood under its Bark, has more of Beauty, than when it has undergone the utmost Art of the Joyner. In a word, they make their Houses as they stamp their Money, wherein the Materials ever exceed the Form.

Liberal Arts also are no better practis'd here than the Mechanick, if any Arts the *Spaniards* have can pretend to be Liberal. As for Physick, it is altogether Mercenary, insomuch that the dispeopling of *Spain* may be rather attributed to *Esculapius*'s Tribe, than to the banishing of the *Moors* and *Jews*. Musick likewise is so *Liberal*, that the veryest Varlet that can thrum a Guittar, tho never so vilely, will expect a Months Wages before-hand, and notwithstanding quit you before half that time is out. Singers indeed have most reason to be well paid here, because they purchase their Voices with the loss of their Genitals. I say nothing of the Apothecaries, because if they are *Liberal*, they cannot be supposed to lose much.

I would now speak a word or two in favour of *Spanish* Virtue, but that is a quality so difficult to find out, that it requires more time than I have to spend here to do it. 'Tis, nevertheless, the common opinion, that as every body has a good and bad Angel to attend them, so Virtue here is always accompanied by some Vice. Temperance never goes without Avarice, Civility without Design, nor Devotion without Hypocrisie; neither can Humility be met with without

without Treachery. If a *Spaniard* fasts, 'tis rather to gratifie his Covetousness, than out of any Obedience to the commands of the Church. If he pardons Injuries, 'tis for fear of being beat in offering to revenge them. If he does good, 'tis in order to receive some; and if he prays to God, 'tis not so much to ask Pardon for his Faults, as to have an opportunity to commit more.

If I should say that there were no Thieves in *Spain*, I should have some reason for't, especially if I were taken right, and that is, as there was formerly no Adultery in *Sparta*, because all conjunctions were allow'd. Here all is good Fish that comes to Net, and every one declares his Neighbour his Enemy, that he may have a right to pillage him: And if God Almighty sav'd the bad Thief, as well as the good; I can't believe but that the *Spaniards* are in a fair way to Salvation. If any one in *Spain* should affirm, that he had neither a Whore, nor Thief of his Race; he would be presently taken for a Stranger, and call'd *Gavacho*. I remember a Fellow here that had the Impudence to tell his Mother so. What! Rascal, quoth she, have you the Insolence to call in question your Parents? Restitution in case of Robbery they never dream of, because believing themselves all descended from Kings, they imagine they may lawfully usurp sometimes, or else, because that things are always sold here three times more than they are worth, they think, if they steal two parts, and pay for one, there is a sufficient Ballance between Buyer and Seller.

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I have heard several devout Sermons here; but not one that inveigh'd against Incontinence: For fear, say the Priests, that it should raise a Commotion among the People; who being obliged to believe it no mortal Sin, would then think, that God was not forwarder to pardon them for it, than they were to commit it; as they commonly believe. When the Maids hear the foolish Virgins in the Gospel preach'd against, they presently imagine they have that Title given them, because they were Virgins, and that they were deservedly condemn'd for being so. 'Tis true, here are but few Magicians and Conjurers, the reason, I suppose, being, that the Devil was too cunning to trust a *Spaniard*, either upon his Oath, or his Bond. Also he could not be ignorant, that in *Spain* Perjury is only punish'd by a Mulct of 25 *Reals*, which being once paid, the Officers are *Cavalleros Honrados* as before.

Amidst so many Examples of human Infirmity, it were very strange if there should not be found one just; and as among the Apostles there was one *Judas*, so it is probable, that among so many *Judas*'s there may be one Apostle. The Persons that are commonly pitch'd upon in this Country for Saints, are, for the most part, Persecutors, as St. *Paul*; Renouncers of God, as St. *Peter*; Usurers, as St. *Matthew*; or frail Women, as *Mary Magdalen*; or else Murtherers are Canoniz'd St. *William*; Magicians, as St. *Cyprian*; or Jail-birds, as the good Thief. In a word, there is not one of them but has been converted. No *John* Baptists among them, that

were ſanctify'd in their Mother's Wombs; becauſe they were generally tainted before they are born.

Now becauſe I have touch'd at the exceſſive Prizes of Things here by the by, I will give you a Liſt of ſome of them in particular. You muſt know then, that Water is ſo dear, that it coſts more to waſh a Chamber, than would ſerve to make four Porters drunk with Brandy, at *London*. Wine here is cheap enough, and all Sobriety depends upon Parcimony. Water and Soupe would be the ſame thing here, if it were not for the Ice that diſtinguiſhes it, which is ſold at a dearer rate at *Madrid*, than either Chriſtal, or *Venice* Glaſs.

Expect neither good wild nor tame Fowl, in a place where an Egg coſts more than a Capon is worth. Veniſon you muſt not expect neither, becauſe all the Beaſts here are Domeſtick. For Fiſh, they ſcarce know the Name, and often miſtake Poor-Jack, for a Pike.

You'l perhaps expect I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning the *Spaniſh* Tongue, before I conclude: But the little ſatisfaction I have receiv'd here of things in general, has in a manner ſo far diſguſted me againſt the Language, that I have had no manner of inclination to look into it. What I have obſerv'd is, That the Verbs always require the *Dative* Caſe, which is the only Liberality I have ever remark'd among the Nation. They have no Phraſe to return Thanks, all their Gratitude conſiſting in *Beſo las manos.*

Thus.

Thus, Sir, I have presum'd to trouble you with such an account of *Spain* as I could hastily put together; yet which if it should have the good fortune to prove any ways diverting, either to you, or your Friends, let me but know your Commands, and you may expect more, here being sufficient matter in every Province, nay almost in ever Street, to furnish out twenty Letters of this kind: But presuming upon your pardon, for my long Epistle, I shall at present conclude,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate,

Humble Servant,

C. T.

ORIGINAL
LETTERS
OF
Love *and* Gallantry.

Written by feveral

Gentlemen and *Ladies*, viz.

Capt. *Ayloffe*, Mrs. C——*l*, under the Name of *Aſtræa*, Mrs. *T*——*r*, Mr. *B*——*y*, Mr. *B*——, Dr. G——, Mr. *F*——*r*, and others.

LETTER I.

Captain Ayloffe *to Mr.* ——

Honeſt Dick,

THat *Mariana* ſhould at firſt reject your Vows, is no ways ſurprizing to me; and that ſhe ſhould alter her mind too, is not impoſſible, unleſs her Heart is prepoſſeſt in favour of ſome other *Swain.* The commencements of Love are alike in all Perſons; but the ſeveral Humours in Men, make 'em take ſuch differing Methods in declaring it. No two Gameſters ever play a ſet at Cheſs alike; yet both play what they think beſt. Women are obliged by their Sex (as we have made it) to ſuſtain the Charge, and not to give it, which is an Impoſition I utterly declaim againſt; for by this means we rob the fair Sex of the greateſt Pleaſure of Life, and increaſe our own Miſery. Since we cannot hinder 'em from Loving, why ſhould we injoyn 'em Silence? The raging Flames of our Inclination are not like thoſe of a Candle, which go out of themſelves if they have not vent; this immaterial Fire is more active and devouring for being confin'd; and though theſe Paſſions be never ſo impetuous, yet 'tis my Opinion, they are conceiv'd the firſt inſtant ſuch Parties meet; and if not then, they are never to be kindled by any ſubſequent Endeavours. Alas! we cannot like, or or loath at Will; there is ſomething in our own

Soul

Soul, which too violently oppoſes ſuch unreaſonable Attempts: Not but that Converſation may improve the growing Kindneſs; and Time ſhew us Charms in their Mind, which were not to be diſcern'd by the common Opticks. We know not at firſt what it is, and when we have diſcover'd the Power of *Cupid*'s Dart, we are almoſt undone. I fear you may look upon this as a Heterodox Opinion in Matters of Love; but had I more leiſure, and more room, I would engage to convince you of its Verity.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

The ſame to the ſame.

WEll, *Dick*, you have a deſign then to ruin me, or make me give my ſelf the Lye ſome time or other, when we are together; for if this Letter is ever ſeen by your Siſter, God knows what may be the Event: For ſome Women are Jilts, others are fooliſh, yet all deſigning at bottom; and ſhe that now appears ſo mighty Coy, and Nice, may peradventure do it only to make you the more eager.

Faintly ſhe ſtruggles to avoid a Kiſs,
Only to make us fonder of the Bliſs:
But if the baffled Swain, perchance give o're,
She'll poorly ſue for what ſhe ſcorn'd before.

Women are like Commanders in ſmall Garriſons, reject the *Carte Blanche*, and pretend to maintain it to the laſt Man; but when your Approaches are made, and the Batteries play ſmartly upon 'em; they'l hang out the Flag, and that Town is not far from Surrendring, which begins to Parley. This we know, but Women don't think we do: However, 'tis a moſt inconteſtable Truth, that Women love the Sacrifice, though they care not for the Prieſt. Vanity and Pride make up two thirds of their Compoſition; ſo that Flattery, with a ſeeming Fidelity, will prevail much with the ſevereſt of 'em all. They expect ſome Courtſhip, leaſt their ſudden yielding ſhould diſguſt the Lover. The difficulty of obtaining always enhances the Pleaſure of Poſſeſſing; and a cheap Woman is the moſt deſpicable thing upon Earth. If you really like your Miſtreſs, you will think her worth ſome Pains, and ſome Services. The Chaſe may be pleaſant, though we take not the Game. Some Lovers are for Courſing, and either *kill*, or loofe in a *ſhort* time; but the prudenteſt Men are for Hunting; the Exerciſe is not ſo violent, but is more durable, and the deep mouth'd Hound rarely miſſes at the long run.

LETTER

LETTER III.

The ſame to Melaniſſa.

Too unkind Melaniſſa,

I Was not a little concern'd at your unkind proceeding laſt Night; nay, I am ſure you would have repented your Cruelty, if you could ſee what tormenting Thoughts it has occaſion'd in me ever ſince. But why ſhould I deſire to examine a Heart wherein I may poſſibly find only the fainter Embers of an expiring Affection? perhaps nothing but Infidelity? Well, I confeſs I ſtand indebted to you for this Myſtery, and perceive it was an act of Charity, (as you thought) to conceal from me the littleneſs of your Love, or the coldneſs of your indifference; for too ſudden a diſcovery of either, might have had ſuch fatal Conſequences, as your own ſelf (how unkind ſoever you reſolv'd to be) would not willingly ſhould happen. Why, were you not this inſenſible Creature the firſt Minute I ſaw you, my Heart had then regulated its Motions by yours, and I had not been undone? But you kindly receiv'd my firſt Addreſſes, and gave me leave, not only to love you, but to tell you ſo too: Now you have blown the kindling Flame into a rapid, and all-conſuming Fire, you run from it, as if you fear'd it might make ſome Impreſſion on your Heart. The increaſe of my Paſſion has occaſion'd a Wane in yours; and becauſe you know

I can't

I can't possibly love you more, you think you may not love me at all. These are killing Reflections, (cruel *Melanissa*) yet I can't forbear 'em; since not to think upon your Unkindness, were to forget how much I lov'd you, and to how little purpose I have a thousand times renew'd those solemn Vows of being inviolably, and eternally Thine.

LETTER IV.

The same to the same.

Lovely Melanissa,

I should willingly confess my self in the wrong; but such an Action would be an Injury to my Love; and where either my Tenderness, or Fidelity are concern'd, I cannot, will not receed; nay, I were unworthy of your Affection, if I offer'd at any thing that might seem to lessen my own, How readily your self propos'd an eternal Separation? And by one cruel Resolution would have dash'd the Joys of an inviolable Passion, which otherwise could not have concluded but with the extreamest Moment of my Life? How could you exhibit so desperate a Remedy, to so indearing a Malady; or how could you think it possible for me to take it? I am so nice in these Points, that it would be much more intolerable to me to be suspected of a Crime, than to see you actually commit one. I am more jealous of my own Heart than of yours, and could sooner

pardon

don you an Infidelity, than that you ſhould think me capable of one— — But the Conſciouſneſs of my own Integrity and Paſſion ſhall conſtitute that Felicity you ſeem not very ſolicitous of. My Love is ſo dear to me, that I ſhould offend it, if I let you doubt of its Violence, or Verity. But how can you doubt of it, when, notwithſtanding all your Injuſtice, and all your Unkindneſs, I continue ſtill to adore you with the ſame Fervency as ever.

LETTER V.

The ſame to the ſame.

Unjuſt Melaniſſa,

HAD I foreſeen your Indifference, or that coldneſs at leaſt, wherewith you Love, my Heart, alas! had not been left yours: For my Paſſion ows its Birth not more to your Beauty, than a violent neceſſity of Inclination, I could not withſtand the Dear, the powerful Flames, and though I have ſuffer'd all the Torments, and Miſeries, of an unhappy Lover, yet I cannot repent of my Paſſion. No, it is charming to me, for your ſake, and I hug the Chain, becauſe it was of your Impoſing. How great would my Felicity be, if with a reciprocal Ardour you crown'd my Love; Since, alas, I am not without ſome Satisfaction how cruelly ſoever you triumph over me? Oh, (inſenſible Creature) aſſure your ſelf, that Indifference is more prejudicial to the Perſon that

that ſhews it, than thoſe againſt whom it is deſign'd. But you know not how to Love, I would not change the Tranſports of my Paſſion for the lazy Tranquillity of your Heart. The Soul can feel no Joys but thoſe of Love, and the exceſs of the Paſſion, determines the exceſs of the Pleaſure. True Love is impetuous, eager in its Deſires, and violent in its Poſſeſſions, and can never be judg'd of advantageouſly, but by its rapid irregularity. There is no moderation either in its Joy, or Grief, equally furious when crown'd, as when diſappointed; and as jealous as it is tender. Alas! not one of theſe convincing Symptoms appear in you, and it is only out of Charity to the violence of my Paſſion that you would ſeem to make it ſome ſort of Return. Oh! Love has too many Eyes to be long impos'd upon, and knows too well the nature of its own tender Motions to be deluded by a fictitious Flame.

LETTER VI.

The ſame to a Friend.

WAS it not an unpardonable Error in the Ancients, to feign *Cupid* either a Boy, or the Son of *Venus*? The celerity of his Progreſſion, when once a pleaſing Object has wounded a tender Heart, argues more the Vigour of an adult Perſon, than the infirmer Wadlings of a blind Child; and we ſee frequently (not to ſay always) that the Pleaſures of his long reputed

Mother,

Mother, prove her rather a fatal Parricide than an indulgent Parent. The greateſt Favours *Phillis* can confer, owe the moſt of their Joys and Tranſports to the Affection of the Perſon who receives 'em; and were there not an unaccountable Charm in Variety: we ſhould hardly be conſtant, tho' Women were as true as they could be kind. If any thing deſtroys Love, it is Fruition; Deſpair does not determine our diſlike of the Object; but the deſire of ſucceeding ſome where invites us to diſcontinue the fruitleſs Expectations, and baffl'd Hopes, and uſe the ſame Endeavours to be happy in ſome other place. Not, but if Men would ingenuouſly declare the Truth, they, moſt of 'em, would confeſs that they wiſh'd they had met with the compliance of the latter, in the Perſon of the former, preſuppoſing that they really lov'd; for there is no Account to be made of thoſe tranſient Inclinations, which expire almoſt as ſoon as conceiv'd, and never ſubſiſt longer than the Nymph is preſent. If the rigours of our Cuſtoms had not impos'd ſo ſevere Laws on the fair Sex, we ſhould not always be ſo unfortunate in our Amours, or ſo frequently Shipwrackt in Matrimony. But, Sir, ſince the Woman muſt be content, when her too cautious and covetous Parents command, no wonder that Marriage is a Miſery, by ſo much the more intolerable, as it is for Life. Some People have had no longer time to learn each others Humours and Diſpoſitions than the Taylor had to make their Cloaths; and when at the Altar, have vow'd Love, Honour, and Obedience to one they were the leaſt acquainted with of the whole Congregation; and knew no more of each

other

ther, than that their Parents had agreed together. What Harmony can you expect when there is but one String in Tune? Had Women the liberty equally with us of declaring their Affections, it would facilitate some People's Felicity, and prevent others a vain and tedious, nay, expensive Courtship. This you are as sensible of, as that I am,

Sir, your most obliged Servant.

LETTER VII.

The same to the Charming Aurelia.

THE Influences of your conquering Eyes have been so fatal, that Lovers are now become no Novelties to you, each hour informs you of more than one Victory, and you look no where but at the expence of a Heart. Why should this sort of Sacrifice offend my *Aurelia*, when Importunity pleases even Heaven it self? If you will not regard my Passion, pitty at least my Pain. The Severity of the Law was never extended so far, but the most notorious Criminals were allow'd to sigh upon the most deserved Rack: And since Love has made me suffer so much more than I can express, though not than you merit; forgive *Aurelia*, forgive the Presumption of this Declaration. 'Tis some Satisfaction to me, that you know my Love, but it would be a greater, if you believ'd its Violence.

Aurelia's

Aurelia's Kindness alone must, or can remedy those intolerable Pangs her own Beauties cause. That loving a Person so divinely Fair, should occasion so much Misery to a faithful Heart, is what I can't comprehend, though I too fatally experienc'd it. Accept the pious Incense of your adoring Slave, then your Goodness will be little inferiour to your Charms, though both of 'em are to the Sincerity and Passion wherewith I am inviolably yours.

LETTER VIII.

The same to the same.

Dearest Delight of my bleeding Heart.

THE Torments of Uncertainty are more insupportable for the time than those of Disdain. Whatsoever you resolv'd should be my inevitable Fate, it would have alleviated its Horrors, to have been pronounc'd by your inchanting Lips. Is it then possible, cruel *Aurelia*, that there should be so little Mercy where there is so much Beauty, and that you should be in every thing Divine; but your Heart, when you should chiefly be so? Well, I see, that he who loves, must prepare to suffer, and that Courage and Patience are as necessary Ingredients in a Lover, as Tenderness and Fidelity. Do the Miseries of your Adorers add any thing to the Lustre of your Triumph? If not, why are you more transported with the Horrors of their Despair, and the height

height of their Misery, than sollicitous of making them happy? That Beauty should thus delight in Blood, and the brightest of the fair Sex, smile to see a tender faithful Lover gasping at her Feet; is less natural than Ice in *June*, and Thunder in *January*. But if my anguish can advance your Felicity, I am ready to undergo any thing, my dearest *Aurelia* shall inflict; and would tear my very heart out, if it could shrink at any pain that would procure you one easie moment. My Obedience shall shew my Love, tho at the expence of my Life; and I dare be wretched to express how inviolably I am,

Yours.

LETTER IX.

The same to the same.

Charming Aurelia,

TO have yielded, even at first sight, was more an Argument of the mighty Power of *Aurelia*'s Charms, than of basenets and timidity in her adoring Vassal. If the violence of a tender Passion, which despair it self cannot lessen, can meet with nothing but disdain, Heaven has no Justice, or no Power. Yet tho your mortal Hatred were equal to my faithful Love, I would not alter my Affection. You injure your self while you question my Passion, and

me

me if you question my Integrity. Ah! could *Aurelia* see these gaping Wounds her Eyes have made in *Strephon*'s Heart, cruel as you are, you could not longer doubt the fatal Truth. My Martyrdom speaks my Love, and your very Scorn is less insupportable than your thinking I but dissemble. Nothing ever ingag'd my Thoughts till I saw the charming *Aurelia*, and nothing now can dispossess her of an absolute Empire over my Soul. When I conversed with others, 'twas without Assiduity or Consequence, and I preserv'd my Liberty in a crowd of Fair ones. As yet I repent not that I've lost it; nor will I wholly despair, tho you assur'd me there was no hopes. Since you were at the pains to write me that News, I hope in time you may come to change your Style.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

The same to Mr. ....

SIR,

TO Answer your last Question, I must propose another, which is this; since there is nothing more pleasing or surprizing than Beauty, more diverting than W[illegible] and more desirable than Gold, whence proceeds it that ma-

ny cel brated young Ladies have reapt no other Fruit from 'em, than the vainer hopes of being Great, or well Marry'd at least? Nay, have languish'd under that tedious Expectation, till 30 Years had put a fatal Period to the Lustre of their Charms; yet during so considerable a space of time as they were Marriageable, they never met with one tolerably Advantageous offer? This misfortune has not only befallen those whose Beauty alone was their Patrimony, but it has not seldom too attended Women of great Estates; tho some of them are patient of the bitter Reflection, have taken off the shameful Reproach of being Old Maids, by a most incongruous (not to say scandalous) Marriage. Noblemen have Wedded their Menial Servants, and Countess's little better than their Footmen. Some love no body but themselves, and others love every body but their own Wives. There is a hidden Spring that gives a Motion to all sublunary Things: what it is we can't comprehend, Providence it may be, but Chance it cannot possibly be: 'Tis too regular not to be order'd, tho how we cannot tell: Some Marry whom once they had an Aversion to; and others again hate in a little time those they marry'd only for Love. What should, partly, be always, and sometimes is the bond of Affection, proves as often its Dissolution.

Since then neither Beauty, Wit, nor Wealth, can get some Women Husbands, you ought not to wonder why the Negative of either has met with happy Matches. There is one standard

dard, or everlasting Reason for all our Actions. That *Strephon* should have impos'd upon *Au...lia*'s credulity, and with a feign'd Passion in...nuated himself into her Favour, (I will not say, he has created a real one in the lovely Maid, tho 'tis not impossible,) has nothing in it that astonishes me. For as he loves no body in Truth, he might much more easily effect this. But, believe me, he had found it very difficult to have succeeded in this pretended Amour, had he at the same time had a real, violent Affection to conceal: For some words or actions before we are aware, often will drop forth, and betray the counterfeited Flame. No Man ever lov'd but he shew'd it; and if his Friends doe not find out the Person as well as the Passion, 'tis because they do not often see 'em together. Some Men I have kown, who have endeavour'd to be in Love, and could never effect it; they have hunted after a Mistress, and could never find a Chain they could put on, they are necessitated to be free; for amongst all they converse with, they meet with none they can love.

Adieu.

LETTER XI.

The same, to the cruel Amarantha.

THat you should reproach me thus with Inconstancy! I think Injustice; tho that I have chang'd I protest is true. Her Beauty vindicates the Action, but perhaps she is less Inhumane too. Were it not an unheard of piece of Madness in me, to have persisted in my Adoration, to an inexorable Divinity; when with fewer Sacrifices, and less Incense, I could obtain the same Blessing from another? That you had vaster Empires to dispose of, I'll readily allow; but what was that to your humble Suppliant, who could never obtain the least considerable Employment under you? We never pray but when we want something; and if we are devout enough to return Thanks for the kind Collation of one benefit, 'tis out of hopes of more. Fear first taught man to carry Oblations to the angry Gods, and if they had not equally apprehended their Displeasure, and stood in need of their Mercy, *their Altars had been without Smoak, and their Priests without Employment.* In the crowd of your Adorers, too unkind *Amarantha*, you took no notice of me; the mounting Clouds of various Incense, hindred you from distinguishing my pious Hands that offer'd their part. I

went

went to a less frequented Temple, and met with the felicity I had so long pray'd for, in vain, at yours. What can oblige me to an eternal Obedience, nay even a Vassalage to a Prince, who is so far from protecting me, that he persecutes me, and invidiously forbids me to accept of that happiness from another's Hands, which he obstinately refuses me from his own? I could have been constant in my Love, but not in despair; that part of Passive Obedience I cannot digest. Too severe a usage damp'd the Loyalty of more than one Kingdom; and he that might have continu'd an Emperour at home, is now a Mendicant abroad. You might have had a faithful Subject in me, if you had not tyrannized; and by the continuance of your Cruelty, given me a fatal Assurance, that there was nothing to be got from you but Frowns. I am happy enough at present, and peradventure might have been much more so, if you had pleased. And this I think Triumph enough for you, to compensate the loss of a Lover, you esteemed not enough, since you treated him so barbaroully.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

The same to Mr. . . . .

On the Vanity of Intrigues.

Sir,

YOu must pardon my Vanity, if I am not a littl pleas'd that my Letter gave you any Satisfaction; not that I have so much as to imagine it merited that advantageous Character you were so indulgent as to give of it. Indeed I could not well expect less from a Person of your Civility, nor more from the kindest Friend. As for the rest, I can say but little: I am sorry it is so; yet dare not be certain, that if any kinder Stars had ever favour'd me with an Intrigue worth relating, I should not have augmented the Number of those ungenerous Men, I so much abhor at present. I confess it is no Virtue to be Innocent, when there is no Temptation to Sin; and perhaps I owe all mine to a certain insensibility of Temper, and not to choice. I can safely say, that since I writ Man, I never lov'd two days together; nor was ever a Woman so dear to me, but for one kiss more than she allow'd, *I* should have sacrific'd her to the next I Visited. After some Conversation, I found, I will not say (a Defect in them) but

but a disappointment to me, which made me endeavour to find that satisfaction in the whole Sex, which I had so long and so vainly sought in the Individuals. Not that I would justifie this Levity at all, but it was a powerful Byass of Nature, which secured my Tranquility by the frequency of my Change; and the short livedness of my Love. You your self, Sir, are not unsensible that we court them only for our own ends; and were there not a probability of succeeding, we should soon give over the troublesom pursuit. However, with all our precautions, 'tis we for the generality that are made the Properties. Some, I know, have boasted of their happy Triumphs over Virgin Modesty, and would not be convinc'd of the contrary, till the one found his Mistress in three Months deliver'd of a fine Child, and the other in twice as many days was forc'd to confess his Maidenhead was a C——p. There is a secret satisfaction in divulging a Favour of this nature; but its origin is nothing but Vanity and Self Conceit. It seems an injury to our merit to conceal its Power; and if we did not proclaim 'em, others would not know our Conquests: Tho to a considering Man there's not much to brag of, in the having met with a Woman who yielded to his Sollicitations, his Passion, his Perseverance, and his Presents; nay, perchance, besides all these, had an Eye to the gratifying one other humour more, I shall forbear to set down.

The World is so full of Censure, the Men of vain Glory, the Women of Malice and Curiosity,

that no Intrigue can be long manag'd in privacy; and the Gallant has hardly received two considerable Favours from his Mistress, but every body knows it. A *Mountford*, a *Goodman*, and a G—*aine*, have distinguish'd three Women of Quality; and they were as well known by those Men, as by the Names of their Husbands. Those things will be so sometimes. *Adieu.*

LETTER XIII.

The same to Mr. —— *to dissuade him from Marriage.*

Honest Dick,

I Have not only heard of, but born a part in some of your Frolicks; yet never observ'd any so extravagant, as gave me reason to apprehend you would ever be so mad to *Marry*. Sure, the Devil is in Thee or Her, for without Fascination, this miracle could not be wrought. To be very sick of Love, is no wonder, but that can't last long: the raging Feaver must pass or kill; your Fate is soon determined; a few days brings it to its Crisis, and is it not better dying quietly in your own sheet, than in a whining Wive's Arms? You can never live in Charity with her ten days together, unless you are a stricter Christian than I take you to be, or think possible for one of nineteen to be. Experience, dear bought Experience, has convinc'd you, that the difference between Women consists more in our capricious Humours

and

and the Sense of variety, than any intrinsic Goodness. The Novelty may please, 'tis true, but after the first Night's Enjoyment, a Wife is eternally the same; the Ruin of your Estate, and the disquiet of your bed. If she live three years with you, she'l spend more than her Fortune in Cloaths alone; abstracting from all those vast and unavoidable Expences that attend a married Life. If she bring you any Children, these are so many fresh additions to your Misfortunes, creating Torments if they live, and Grief if they Die. Which of thy Sins, *Dick*, has been so black in it self, or so heinous in its Circumstances; so frequently repeated, or so long unrepented of, as to deserve so heavy, so lasting a Punishment? You that could never a Love a Woman above a Week, and chang'd your Mistresses faster than they did their Lodgings; how, alas! do you think it possible for you not to be miserable under this Confinement? As a Friend, I forwarn you, and assure you, that you would give five times her Estate within the Year, to be at liberty again. Alas! *Dick*, this is not a humour that Ten Guineas will Bail you out of; but what is the greatest mischief, 'twill last all your Life. The knowing that we can't alter our condition, is, I believe, a more sensible Affliction, than all the others that make it anxious to us.

A Husband is the most insipid Character of all Mankind, never pleasing, and as seldom pleas'd. Tormented in his own Person, and more feelingly in that of his Children, who are continually whipt and beaten by the Wife, to be revenged of his unkindness, or to provoke his Anger. Be sober once in thy Life, and renounce the

Thought

Thought of so fatal, so unpardonable a Distraction. Why will you affect drinking out of a Horn, when you have so much and so good Plate? You had best shew this to your fair Charmer, and demonstrate the Power of her Eyes, by resisting so wholsom and seasonable Advice. If you think fit do so: I had rather lose her good Will, than shew my own Integrity to you, and would refuse your Friendship, if I might not express my own.

LETTER XIV.

The same to the same.

Honest Dick,

WHY all these fond Addresses to a Woman, who can't be kind unless she is Criminal? Why so hot in your Attacks, so close in your Siege, so pressing with your Batteries, when you can't carry the Town without Injustice, as well as Cruelty? Not that I take upon me to vindicate that unreasonable Custom which circumscribes our Pleasures; but your having so tamely submitted to it, makes the very Tyranny of the Law obligatory to you. What is there more in her you desire, than is in her you enjoy, unless the one is your own, the other cannot be so? He that wishes, wants, is most certain; but that possession should render you poor, is a Paradox I can't resolve. I know it is the most considerable Blemish upon Mankind, the first Fruits of our Parents Transgression, that Reason it self should not be able to withstand the furious Instigation of Lubricity, and that we should rashly and foolshly hazard

hazard the Tranquility of our whole Lives, for the Pleasures of one Tumultuous Moment; which how prone soever Nature is to, she does not enjoy without the confusion of a Blush: but what is very worthy your Reflection, the Law it self which makes it no longer Sinful, is not powerful enough to make it not Shameful at some times, or in many places. 'Tis a hardship upon Humanity, to stand by a River, to be Thirsting, and yet prohibited Drinking: Such a desire is a misery of deprav'd Nature, and all of us feel sometimes those softer Motions, which we would willingly gratifie at (almost) any rate; but they being for the most part involuntary, in their Beginning, and like so many Surprizes upon us, we easily forgive 'em in every body. Now you make it your business, and seek danger, which you might shun without difficulty; and this I take the liberty to reprehend you for. I thought the World had long since taught you what was the utmost value of a Woman. But your deluded Imagination furnishes you with strange Ideas of late, and Experience that improves other Men's Understandings has only perverted yours. Men as wise as both of us, have said, that *every Woman is the same*; and our selves have found, that when Desire is preising, and such an object at hand, there is seldom room left for Niceties, all having that conveniency about them, which we stand immediately in need of. Now to expect and seek for more, is a Distemper of the Mind, and a Dishonour to the Man. What would lessen much of the Esteem we for the generality have for the Sex, is, that all the Advantages possible, cannot long retain our eagerest

Affe-

Affections; and the most perfect Beauty that ever adorn'd a Female Face, never alone insur'd the Fidelity of any Man, against the Allurements of Variety. The satisfaction those tender Commerces afford, are never long-liv'd, and loathing succeeds to a sated Desire: a few years, or a fit of Sickness, destroys all those Charms, and if they are not cropt in their Bloom, they quickly fade of themselves; and she whom Pride kept chast at seventeen, if not marry'd, will be contemn'd at thirty. You have ty'd up your hands, *Dick*, and by a spontaneous Act, renounc'd that dear Freedom we Batchelors may sometimes indulge our selves. 'Tis the misery of our Condition, to stand in need of Physick, but to make it our Food is a Folly that wants an Epithet. *Farewel.*

LETTER XV.

Astræa *to* Celadon. *Upon the Drawing Cuts in the Pit, who should write first.*

IF Oracles were now extant, I would consult them, to know what Fortune designs, by thrusting me into an affair of this kind: Whether my lot brings Life or Death, I know not. I own the hazard which I run is great; 'tis much the same as if a Novice at Fencing, should draw upon a *Master* of the Science. However, I am resolv'd not to make the fickle Goddess so much as one short Prayer to assist me. No, I'll chuse rather to lie at your Mercy, than hers: The reason is, I have known her false and foolish; and I fancie you

of

of another Species, at least till you give me Reason to alter my Opinion. Well then, what shall I say to you? Why, what can I say to a Man altogether unknown to me, a Man *who will stand or fall, by the general Opinion we have of Mankind?* Now the Sentiments we have of Men in general are very loose; but I am unwilling to entertain such of you; your late Deportment rais'd you above the common level in my Thoughts: This is all I can say in your Commendation, till I know you better, for random Compliments ought to be despis'd by Men of Sense. Pray observe the same Method when you write to me, for I am not so much a Woman as to love to be flatter'd. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Celadon *to* Astræa.

EXtraordinary Blessings are never merited, but freely given; nor can they come by chance; Fortune therefore shall be quite left out of my Thanksgiving for the double Favour I've been oblig'd with your Letter, and leave to answer it. Notwithstanding, I find my self in this high degree of Felicity, I can't help being apprehensive that your Indulgence may prove fatal to me. Should you severely judge my Letters, little reason shall I have to boast, if by 'em I lose that share of your good Graces you was pleas'd in Humanity to give to a Stranger, before he had discover'd

ver'd enough of his Folly, to ſhew he did not deſerve it. Entertainments of this dull kind, are Plagues ingenious People never fail to draw upon themſelves; and they find the ſame diſadvantage in ſhewing their Wit, as young Maſter does in ſhewing his Money. The needy will certainly borrow, tho they're ſure they can never pay, and will imagine, thoſe who have ſo much that they muſt ſhew it, know no better uſe on't. Juſt ſo it fares with thoſe that carry more Wit about 'em than they can hide; we that have none ſhall be ſure to intrude upon their Converſation, in hopes of advancing our own Characters, without ever conſidering (for we can't make the caſe our own) that to be always ſtooping, muſt needs be a very uneaſie poſture. So fond am I ſtill of keeping up to my out-of-Faſhion Way of Plain-Dealing with you, and to encourage you to believe that in every thing, tho never ſo much to my own diſadvantage, I ſhall always treat you with Truth and Sincerity, I have ventur'd, by writing, to undeceive you, rather than to ſuffer you to continue any longer in a falſe Opinion of me; tho, I dare ſay, I might have ſpar'd my pains; for without being induſtrious to let you into the ſecret, ſo piercing a Judgment as yours, could have eaſily ſeen to the bottom of me. I do'nt know what ails me, but I write with an awe upon me, as if I was ſubmitting my ſelf to the Cenſure of ſome curious Critick, without any hopes of Succeſs. By your next, I ſhall gueſs at my doom, if you write as much of your mind as I have done.

Celadon.

June 7. 1700.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

WHat measure you'l take of my Manners, by the ill Nature of my wish, must be wholly submitted to your Judgment, *Astræa*; but would to Heaven you were to feel, for one hour, the torment of my Soul, for the want of your company; that little time, I'm confident, would give you a sufficient Sense of the lingring Death I suffer by it, to ingage your Pity for my Relief, if not your Love, which only can asswage and calm the Pains that thus distract me. I endure too much Torment to be silent, and methinks have endur'd long enough to have my Complaints heard with Patience. I love you; I doat on you; my passion makes me mad when I am with you, and desperate when I am from you. Sure of all miseries Love is to me the most intolerable; it haunts me in my sleep; perplexes me when waking; nor is there a Remedy in Art so powerful to remove its Anguish; nothing but those bewitching Charms which gave the wound can be its cure; if then I am not odious to your Eyes: if you have Charity enough to value the well-being of a Man, who holds you dearer than you can do the thing you most are fond of, by that dear envy'd Object of your Love, I here conjure you pity the distracting Pangs of mine, and give some Ease to the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd my

Breast,

Breaſt. I would obey you if I could; but when you bid me lay aſide my Paſſion, give me leave to write, I find it is impoſſible. What opinion have you of my Conduct, that makes you ſtill oppoſe an Application to you, which never was, or ſhall be Criminal? Can you imagine I will importune you to grant me a Favour to your own Prejudice? No --- Heaven knows my Heart: I would rather endure eternal Torment, than be the occaſion of a moment's Diſquiet to that dear lovely Breaſt, whoſe Repoſe I infinitely prefer to my own ſatisfaction. Nay, ſo much I value you above my ſelf, or any other Conſideration whatſoever, that were it in my power to add to your Happineſs, as much as it is in yours to advance mine, I'd make no ſcruple of Sacrificing both Reputation and Fortune to your ſervice. I'll never believe that you deal ſincerely with me, or that you think I have one good Quality about me, ſo long as you remain indifferent. When I can perceive Impreſſions upon you, or the leaſt ſigns of Love, I'll be perſuaded to believe I have Charms, and that I am Maſter of thoſe Excellencies, of which you have been the firſt Diſcoverer. If you could look upon your ſelf with the ſame Eyes that I do, you'd be convinc'd, that in my laſt I had no deſign to rally you, but that thro' the whole there was an Air of Sincerity. Your mind is like your Eye, it plainly ſees every thing elſe, but wants a ſight of itſelf. Conſider but your ſelf, you'l find that Youth, Beauty, Wit, and good Humour, make their conſtant Reſidence with you, with a thouſand other Charms which have engag'd the heart of *Celadon*.

LETTER XVIII.

LETTER XVIII.

Astræa to *Celadon.*

I shall not condemn your wish, since it brings so light a Curse along with it, compar'd with what I now feel, I have got the Tooth-ache: Now will I leave it to any indifferent Person to decide, whose pain is greatest. Thousands can judge of mine who have felt it, but scarce one in ten thousand ever really felt what you pretend to; and 'tis as natural for your Sex to write and make Love, as 'tis for ours to be caught by your flattering Baits. But let me tell those too credulous Nymphs, they'll quickly find those Ages of Love which they expect, reduc'd to some few days, when once their Lovers have reach'd the height of their desires. This I take to be the general maxim of your Sex — I can't imagine what you mean by this way of Proceeding: it is as contrary to my design of conversing with you, and as different from what we first agreed upon, as smuggling is from the wholesome Law of the Nation. You conjure me by what I am most fond off — I am fond of nothing upon Earth; therefore if you fail to attain, blame your ill-choice in the Charm. I am not Fool enough to believe you are unacquainted with you own Perfections, tho your modesty forbids your owning it; but if you were, I

must beg your pardon, I never mean to buy your Conversation at the Price of my Repose, that is beyond the Law of God or Man. I believe *Celadon*, as sincere as any Man upon the same subject can be to me, and in return I promise, if I would barter all my future ease and quiet for any Man, *Celadon* should command *Astrea*; but I am certain I shall never be brought to change real Pleasures for imaginary ones. If it is possible for you to continue our Correspondence according to the first design, (on my side I mean) I shall account my self the happiest Woman on Earth in your Acquaintance; but if you suffer the Tares of Love to grow up and choak the good Seed of Friendship, 'tis time to cut down the Crop, and stop the ensuing Evil. We must desist writing: for I am weary of this unpleasant Subject, with the Preface of sincerity. if you'll be ingenious and own it Raillery, then you shall be answer'd in Specie; but these formal Pretensions from a Man of your Sense, would not be believ'd by any: and I'm certain did I encline to love you, you could no more return it, than you would oblige a stranger with your Estate, did he want it. Therefore, pray, henceforth unmask, and deal freely with,

ASTRÆA.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

UNmask and deal freely with *Astræa!* with all my heart; as soon as she pleases: I have no Mask about me but my Cloaths, and those I'll quit at any time, to be more at liberty for a fair Ladies Service. I accept your Challenge, and now you find me a Man of Honour, I hope you won't be afraid of engaging; I know the odds are against me, but I had rather be bravely beaten, than despised for a Coward. You are the most barbarous Creature I ever met with, to boast that you delight in persecution; and can laugh at the cruelties you exercise upon Mankind; as if we were born to be tormented, for no other purpose but your diversion: Good Gods! what Raillery is it to equal the Tooth-ach to the Pains of unsuccessfull Love; there's no more comparison, than there is betwixt the biting of a Flea, and the tickling of an Incision-knife: did you but give me any hopes of pleasure at the end of this pain; could I but have a prospect of *Canaan* from this Wilderness I'm passing thro'; or foresee a Carnival after this tedious Lent; I would patiently bear my Pennance, nay could be fond of the fateague that leads to so pleasant an End: but when you tell me I'm

only to expect my Service for my Reward, is I'm sure to treat me with an imaginary bliss, instead of a real one I have in view; 'tis leaving a Cloud in my Arms, instead of the *Juno* I wish to embrace. As much as I can I'll persecute you, and always entertain you upon a Subject you don't like, I'll so teaze you with impertinent Letters, and more impertinent visits, I'll bring you to such a sense of being forc'd to endure what you don't like; that at last you'll be glad by obliging your Lover with one favour, to purchase another of ease to your self. Be generous, therefore, and surrender whilst you may have honourable Conditions, rather obstinately hold out till you are reduc'd to extremity; for then you must expect no quarter. I won't run the hazard of an assault, because I'm sure to have better success if I continue the Seige. You see I'm bent upon mischief; consult, and you'll find 'tis your interest to prevent it; thus you may secure both your Friend and your Lover,

CELADON.

Saturday
past seven.

Your Pardon, Madam, for not writing sooner, and for writing in so much haste now.

LET-

LETTER XX.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

CONfess, my dear *Astræa*, now you know me better, that you have had reason to alter your opinion, *that she that has me would have all our Sex can give.* Never judge by cursory views and specious appearances again, but dive into the merits of the Cause, before you give your Sentence. 'Tis not enough to hear a Man's character from himself: We all lie, Madam; nor is it sufficient to be let into the secrets of his life, to give us a true light into his Heart; Form and outside are no more proofs of a Man's being a Man of Parts, than the fine Japan of a Cabinet is, that the Jewels are good that are in it.

Let me consider ——— have I any thing to thank your for? No, I think not: if I have 'tis so little, that 'tis not worth while to pay till the score's larger. I'll chalk on therefore, if you please, and see how the Tick will encrease by to morrow morning. *Imp in my Vigor*, but I had forgot the Usquebaugh; that was an *item* worth the remembring, On my Conscience; and I would, as I told you, if I had not had a world of Love and Vertue about me, have been a certain Preface to an ensuing Debauch; but I have been lately made sensible, that even the fragments of love exceed all those that are miscal-

led *the truest delights of the Bottle.* *Celadon* resolves to renounce the Follies of Wine, and begs to be admitted to a Feast of Love.

LETTER XXI.

Astræa to *Celadon.*

ALter my opinion! No, I'll stick as fast to it as Martyrs to their Religion: I did expect by this time to find you alter'd, but seeing you're still on the same strain, I may reasonably suppose you are yet in the state of ignorance, which you wilfully embrace, rather than be converted by the wholsome council of your Friends, tho I have put you in the way. Well, *Celadon*, if you ever find cause to repent this obstinacy of yours, blame your self for it. Consider before you engage any farther: for should you flatter me into a belief you lov'd me, and did not, you must e'en take what follows; If you have my heart, you will certainly have all the train of impertinent follies that usually attend a Woman's love: and which make a Man study more how to quit, than ever he did to obtain —— As, *whether go you? where have you been? when will you come again? who's that Lady you ogled at the Play? Hey ho! you don't love me* —— And a thousand things more of this nature, which in a little time render a Mistress as tiresome as a Wife to Man of Sense.

These

These are common calamities, but now one word by the by: how would *Celadon* like Rivals? for you must expect a thousand (if I am such a Person as I describ'd to you) tho not one of 'em upon your terms: They shall bring preservatives for *Life*, and you for *Love*; now I cannot pretend to Table a lover whose stomach won't agree with this Diet. Think on this, and change your quarters whilst you may: the Devil's in you Rake, if this Advice has no effect from,

ASTRÆA.

LETTER XXII.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

I Do feel the Power of Love, *Astræa*, nay, it's Tyranny in earnest: Tis impossible to escape insensible from such Charms as yours; and impossible to counterfeit such a Passion as mine. I have had you in my Arms all night, and if imagination is so charming, the delights of Enjoyment will be too exquisite to be born. Kill me then that way: I'll never complain of your Severity, unless sighs and murmurs are complaints. But if I survive your *killing kindness*, I'll vow to be revenge'd, and love you for ever: my constancy shall be a burden to you; dare but to believe and you'll engage me to be unalterably yours, and only yours.

CELADON.

LETTER XXIII.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

AS Country Curates preach better other men's Works, partly out of Idleness, but with more regard I hope to a greater benefit of the Parish, than they could presume to hope from their own; so I have transcrib'd a Letter out of the Book you lent me, for your sake as well as my own. 'Tis an exact Copy of my Thoughts, but a thousand times more happily expreſt, than if it had been my own, and will better bear being serv'd up again and again, than the fineſt Entertainment I could have set before you.

Tho I don't deserve an Answer for this, I hope you'll be generously pleas'd to give me one, for I would have thought the same; but when I read this I could not be reconcil'd to any Language of my own, nay, I endeavour'd to write in other words, but these were got into my head and would be at my Pen's end in spite of

CELADON.

June 19th.
1700.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Astræa's Answer to *Celadon.*

IDleness is as ill a quality in a Lover as in a Clergy-man, and ought to be treated alike; The Parson should lose his Tithes, and the Lover his Mistriss, for every Man must stand or fall by his own works; and since we have got *Love* and *Religion* in one Scale, Pray, let *Celadon* take care that Truth and Sincerity ballance in the other. I am sorry to find you guilty of what you seemed to condemn in another; you have rewarded my lending of the Book as unjustly, (and made as ill use of the favour) as the Gentleman to whom you gave sanctuary did your Friendship. Now, let *Celadon* consider if I ought not to be angry after his affecting the wholsome food of Plaindealing, he should offer me the fragments of Flattery from the Table of another. Turn the Case and let it be your own: Did you not conceive a secret pleasure, when you cut the Lady's Gown for haste, in being the first she ever favour'd? Nay, the Gods were wont to be appeas'd with the first fruits of the Earth, which shews the first of every thing is the most acceptable, tho never so mean. But you of all mankind have the

the leaſt excuſe for what you have done; you can never want words to dreſs your thoughts; Learning, Wit, and Eloquence are your inſeparable Companions; therefore borrowing is as unpardonable in you as in a Miſer. You ought rather to enrich the Publick, than encroach upon it. Thus far by way of Advice: Now, I deſire you to deſiſt Applications, for I can't bear ſo groſs an impoſition on my Sence. I muſt claim the Priviledge to uſe my Reaſon in Love as in Religion; and I muſt tell you there's not one word in that Letter could be apply'd to me, no more than the virtue of working Miracles to the Reliques of a Modern Saint; therefore I ſhall never be brought to believe it: Don't ſay but I have given you timely notice: but if after this you will play the Fool, 'tis none of my fault; my Conſcience will be clear and ſo farewell,

ASTRÆA.

P. S. *I fear I ſhall go to the Play. I believe* Aſtræa *would be well enough pleas'd to find* Celadon *there.*

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Chloe to *Astrea.*

IN lieu of *Celadon*, the Person's whose Fate you seem to envy, was the happy Creature, who by fortune was destin'd to read your ingenious Letter; wherein I find more charms than your good nature allows in a new acquaintance, who willingly quit all superiority of Merit to his former Mistress, that has a much better title to the Compliments she is pleas'd to make a stranger; and would have you just enough to your self to believe, that if you are not capable of obliging him to constancy, the rest of our Sex must decline all pretensions. If his stay in Town be longer than he propos'd, I believe indulgence for his natural indisposition detains him with more prevalency than a Passion for me: of which he will convince you by a very speedy departure, and perhaps with an unexpected store of Love at his Return to the Charming *Astrea*, whose Wit alone has wrought a most powerful value for you in the heart of the Unfortune *Chloe*.

LET-

LETTER. XXVI.

Astrea to *Celadon*.

IF I ever was leaning to the folly of Love, *Celadon* has cured me effectually; therefore, pray bestow your gratitude on *Chloe*: I ne're expected a return for any favour I bestow'd. No—— Mankind is a sort of horn-book, which I can say by rote; there needs no study to find you false, and not one Art in Nature to make you true. Your whole Sex is scarcely worth the trouble I have given my self about you, and now I dare boldly say I know Mr. *A——e*. I had the curiosity to see if a man of sence could be guilty of the same errors the common stamp of Men are; and now I am convinced that there's no more difference in the honour of Mankind, relating to our Sex, than there is between the King and Beggar in the Grave. I wonder *Celadon* should own an Obligation to a Person he did not think worth visiting when in Town; one who compar'd with his Charming *Chloe*, seems so worthless, that he cannot choose but curse himself for throwing away three minutes in writing to her. Perhaps you did it out of Charity, imagining my Condition desperate. Faith, *Celadon*, I am just as I was, fat and merry; I shall not fast and weep, but feast and laugh, which I think the proper-

est

eſt ingredient to drive out all thoughts of an ungrateful Lover. *Chloe* was very unkind to you in not daring to ſtand by what ſhe writ: I imagin'd a Lady arm'd with the heart of *Celadon*, durſt to have met a poor abandon'd Wretch defenceleſs and alone. I anſwer'd to the Coffee-houſe, as you directed, reſolving not to balk your vanity: But upon ſecond thoughts I find the Lady has found out your reliſh, ſhe does not think me worth ſeeing. I am content, I am not over curious to ſee her, becauſe I am not her Rival: And I don't doubt but ſhe knows where to find me, if ſhe has a mind to ſee one, *whom* Celadon *would part from his eyes to have in his arms; whoſe Converſation he could not loſe and live.* Oh! *Celadon*, for ſhame, give over this Trade of lying, or on my Conſcience you'll forget to ſpeak truth even in your prayers. The Friend that died in your Arms, was, I ſuppoſe, miraculouſly raiſed to life again and only ſuffer'd a ſmall Metamorphoſis: The ſuppos'd Mr.—— proves to be the real *Chloe*, for the Devil of ſuch Perſon died at *Eaton*, to my knowledge. Had illneſs detain'd you from your Journey, your Chambers, or Siſter's had been the propereſt place of Reſidence for you; but I am convinced you are a ſtranger to both. I commend your Conduct: You are indeed conſtant for a time, and 'tis unreaſonable for any Woman to deſire a Man ſhould be ſo any longer than 'tis in his nature. I wiſh *Chloe* may as freely leave you, as I do, that you may purſue freſh Conqueſts, for if I can gueſs at the inclination of Mr.——— Nothing can oblige him more. I ſhall ſay nothing of your expoſing me

me to your Miſtreſs, ſince you have done me a piece of ſervice by it, and taught me never to put it in the power of any Man to abuſe my eaſineſs as you have done.

LETTER. XXVII.

Chloe to *Aſtræa*.

I'M concern'd the charming *Aſtræa* is in an Error which, I am of opinion, is the only one ſhe was ever guilty of, in miſtaking *Chloe's* hand for *Celadon's*. But, Madam, believe he merits that honour you ſeem hardly to allow him, for he never endeavour'd to expoſe *Aſtræa*, but only ſhew'd *Chloe* how great her misfortune was, in having a Rival, whoſe ſence alone denies her all hopes to gain any place in a heart ſo powerfully prepoſſeſt with a much more agreeable Idea. I muſt confeſs had he value little enough for himſelf, to ſuffer me to ſhare his Affections with you, good nature ſhould induce you to pity him, ſince he does undoubtedly, in the change, receive a puniſhment greater than your higheſt Reſentments could intend him; and ſhould he forfeit his reaſon to entertain a favourable thought of me for ſome moments, it would only teach him to diſtinguiſh your charms from my Follies, and increaſe, if poſſible, his paſſion for you. He

ſeems

ſeems ſurpriz'd and confus'd at your Accuſation which is only due to me; but I now generouſly decline my Pretenſions to a more worthy Conqueror, and propoſe too great an Advantage in the witty and obliging *Aſtræa*'s Acquaintance, not to wiſh with impatience for the happy opportunity of paying my Reſpects where my beſt inclination is already on the Wing. I leave it to you, Madam, to appoint a Place where I may be capable to ſhew you the juſt Conqueſt you have gain'd over your unknown humble Servant.

CHLOE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Aſtræa to *Chloe.*

AS ſoon as I receiv'd *Chloe*'s ingenious Letter, with *Celadon*'s direction where to anſwer it, I was impatient to ſee my beauteous Rival. Rival, did I ſay? No —— I renounce the name in extaſie of Joy at the bare Apprehenſion of our growing Friendſhip. If *Chloe* be but what ſhe pretends, eaſie in the abſence of her Charming Lover, I'll ſtrengthen her Reſolution by aſſuring her I have an indifferency for the whole Sex: Nay, I'll prove it, there's not one worth her care; but if villainous

lanous Love has shot poyson into her Breast, and fixt *Celadon*'s Image there, he shall reign undisturb'd, and, to please my fair Friend, I'll talk of nothing else but *Celadon*. Your generous offer to quit your Pretensions to him, whether it proceeds from true Generosity, or a Sinner's Contempt of this World at the hour of Death (when you can enjoy it no longer) is the same to me; and to shew you I scorn to be out-done in that point, bring him along with you, and you shall see with what serenity of mind I'll resign him into the Arms of the incomparable *Chloe*.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. *Ch.* *U* —— to *Celadon*.

SIR,

I Accidentally meeting with a Banter on a Gentlewoman in *B*———*street*, who, I suppose, is known to you by the name of *Astrea*, the interest I pretend to have in her, commanded your name, which for some time she made a secret of; and since I find you use her so freely as to make your Mistress write to her, I may reasonably suppose you have been pretty familiar with her. Now as your vanity has expos'd her to your *Chloe*, I hope you'll have honour

*n*our enough to let me know how far I am abus'd by one, whose sence I did imagine would have preserv'd her vertue, or, at least, made a better choice. If you are a Gentleman you'll give me satisfaction e're you leave the Town, else I shall find you at your return. You'll meet with me at her house, if not, leave a Note at *Tom*'s Coffee-house in *Russel-street* for *Charles Ustick.*

LETTER XXXI.

Celadon's Answer to Mr. *Ch*—— *U*——.

SIR,

I Have just now received a Letter from you that has relation to a Lady I have the honour to call *Astrea.* You pretend to be a Husband or a happy Lover, which ever you are I envy you, and wonder that one of your interest in her should be so much under the Tyranny of a jealous Temper, as to believe her Vertue or Conduct should be any way inferiour to the rest of the good Qualities she is Mistress of. I'm not ashamed to admire her, but never obtain'd any favour from her, to her shame or your dishonour. This I speak not out of fear, but for her Justification, whose quiet I prefer to my own. I'm sorry yours did

not come to my hands before I left the Town. I shall be ſure to keep your invitation, and endeavour to kiſs your hand in *October*, when you shall have what ſatisfaction you pleaſe : I shall be glad to ſee that envy'd happy Man for whoſe ſake I have been refus'd.

July the 16th.
1700.

L E T-

LETTER XXXII.

Celadon to *Astræa*.

I Wrote to *Astræa* last Post in pain: I now write in the greatest confusion, and sense of my ill manners, for not kissing your hands before I left the Town; and several worse Treatments to a Woman who indeed deserves the best usage, puts me under the severest convi-ction. If a Penance of fourteen weeks in an unsociable Country, where love has no being, but in my Breast, can atone for fourteen days Transgression, I may hope at the end of my Pilgrimage to be absolv'd, and restor'd to the favour of her I adore. I presume upon nothing but my Penance, which will be indeed a hard one; and if any thing besides good Works be meritorious, sure Sufferings are. Imagine me banish'd, deservedly condemn'd to a Desart, where nothing conversible is to be found. Women, here are none: no finish'd ones I mean; some unlickt creatures, which seem to be of that species wander up and down, and are so awkwardly innocent, their Virtue is not worth corrupting. Can you fancy me in such a place where the Men too are all drunken Monsters, and not pity my condition, which is truly

wretched? The only comfort of my Life I have abus'd, and made my best Friend my Enemy; I I dare not look up to her for Pardon; No! I have affronted her beyond forgiveness; nor ought she to vouchsafe the least kind influence, or shew any sign of good Nature or Remorse to a thing that has not only shaken hands with Civility and Good-manners, but deserted even the common principles of Gratitude and Humanity. Oh! I appear so horrid to my self, and bear such a load of shame about me, that if ever I should have leave to see your Face again, I don't believe I should have the confidence to approach you. Good Gods! when I reflect upon my self, I'm mad, and have no better Plea than Lunacy. There was no reason for my foolish Carriage.

Thus far I wrote, Madam, when a Letter in nature of a Challenge subscrib'd *Ch. V.* came to my hands by the Post, directed for me at *Chelsey*, and inclos'd by my Sister. I am sorry I am at such a distance from your Friend: Were I nearer, he should find me ready to give him Satisfaction, for I should be glad of an opportunity to expiate my faults to you by my Blood. You could not have oblig'd me more than by employing the hand of a Gentleman in your Service; tho of the crimes he seems to accuse me, I am innocent; I have neither expos'd you, nor been false; but that's more than he needs know, 'tis enough that he knows I can with as little Patience bear a Rival as he can; and when I come to Town, I shall endeavour to find him out at *Tom*'s Coffee-house, whether I have sent him an Answer to his Letter this Post.

Whilst

Whilst I am here, I beg you'd write to me, tho it be but to chide; a knowledge of your resentment will add to my Penance; and Heaven knows my Heart, I don't wish for a moment's ease, now I know that *Astræa* prefers another to

CELADON.

July 16.
1700.

LETTER XXXIII.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

MOderate your Reproaches, I beseech you, Madam, and let me implore your Pity in my defence; Mercy becomes those best, who are beyond measure offended. Should I offer to justifie my self, you'd have reason to be severe in my Punishment, but when I throw my self at your feet, and with a true contrition repent of my Folly, you can no more think me worth your Aversion than your Love. Despise me; be indifferent; do any thing but hate me, because that would be thinking as I do, for I hate my self. You have set my shame in so true a light, and made me so sensible of my baseness, where I ought to have paid my most sincere regards, that the hatred of my self is grown

hearty and inveterate, beyond a possibility of being reconcil'd; The Wit too, which you have shewn in my excuse, serves but to aggravate my Crime; it heightens the Fault, and makes the ill-nature more apparent. You have struck me with such horror that I dare not be alone for fear my self should appear to me; that very ugly self you describe, and provoke me to do what I can never repent of. I can't endure to think; every Reflection is a Dagger to my heart; methinks I carry the mark of a Villain so plain in my forehead, that every body that sees me may discern it; I blush as much when I look a Woman in the face, as a young Girl does when first she has lost her Maidenhead. I believe the beginnings of all manner of Guilt have the same appearances, and 'tis a certain sign of young Sinners, to be asham'd of what they have done; tho the newness of the thing makes me but the more inexcusable. Why should I begin to practise upon my best Friends? And like the Snake in the Fable sting her that had in mere compassion receiv'd me into her Bosom? But the *Plaindealer* tells us 'twill always be so: None can betray us but those we trust. Had *Astræa* us'd *Celadon* ill, as he deserv'd (to his everlasting shame be it remembr'd) he had never it in his power to — I'm asham'd to say what———'tis something so very heinous I want a name for it. Ah! *Celadon*, boast no more of a character; having deserv'd well of the World before, makes you more worthy to be blam'd by *Astræa*. Was it not possible for you to be just to one who has Charms enough to fix inconstancy it self? sure the Devil could never have chosen so unlucky a time to

tempt

tempt me in, and make me ſurrender when my Heart was ſo powerfully prepoſſeſt. I have been true to ugly and fooliſh, and was always averſe to Variety: but I believe my Vertue had never been try'd, becauſe it yielded to the firſt aſſault. I'll never be confident again, nor believe it in my power to do or hinder any thing from being done, for I believe it is not poſſible for a Man to keep his reſolution.——— I am more than half diſtracted with the ſenſe of my ingratitude; whilſt I live I'll repent of it, and mortifie, by denying my ſelf all the pleaſures of Man and Womankind. I deſire nothing ſo much, and wiſh for nothing more than a Cell in *Bedlam*: My opinion is that Men who have renounc'd their Reaſon, are fitter to be confin'd there, than thoſe who have loſt their Senſes; becauſe one is an Act of Choice, the other an involuntary Misfortune.

So long as I am here, pray, write to me: 'twill keep that in mind, which I would not forget that there lives not a baſer Villain than

Unfortunate *Celadon.*

July 21.
1700.

LETTER XXXIV.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

TO tell you, Madam, that I'll do a thing, when I don't know whether I can or no, is keeping too close to the character you have of me already, therefore now I'll proceed with Caution, grow serious; will banter no more; and be heartily sorry for any deceits I have had a hand in. If I had a mind to return your Letters (as methinks at this present writing I could find in my heart to obey any Commands you lay upon me) 'twill be some months before I shall be where they are, and how can I foresee what Revolution may happen in my temper before that time? I had the opinion of a Lady last Post, whose judgment in inconstancy I much rely on, that no man can promise for the future: a friend of yours and mine has been a late instance of it; whoever should have told me a month ago, that *Celadon* could have been tempted to be a Rogue to *Astræa*, would as soon have made me believe that Courtiers keep their words, and Citizens Wives are Saints. Therefore I'll breath the same Air again that you do, before I dare engage to grant

grant your requeſt, leaſt I should relapſe into the common infirmities of mankind, and break my word. I'm as honeſt here by principle and practice as a Hermit, but whether the fit of Villany mayn't return upon me when I come within the reach of infection, I can no more foretell, than I can whether I shall be kill'd by your diſdain, or have my Throat cut by your Friend. 'Tis poſſible you may have your Letters upon Honourable terms, for whatſoever you think of me, I aſſure you, you shan't be a moment uneaſie, for any thing in my power to remedy.

Pray let me tempt you to break your word, and continue to write to me, whilſt you are in Town, for if I apprehend you right, *Aſtræa* goes with her friend at *Michaelmaſs*. You won't believe me if I tell you that I'm moſt paſſionately concern'd, that I shan't have an opportunity of shewing you how penitent I am, for the affront I have put upon you, the only baſe thing I can ſwear I ever was guilty of in my life; the greater is my Remorſe therefore, that by one falſe ſtep I should ruine my Reputation, and looſe a friend, in whoſe Converſation I had propos'd to my ſelfe an eternal ſatisfaction. Don't deny me the comfort of your Letters; tho' they're angry ones, there's ſomething in 'em moſt agreeable, charming; when you tell me I'm a man you could have lov'd, methinks it shews me you ſo generous, and my ſelf ſo baſe, that nothing can exceed it; I don't think any Man but he that firſt ſin'd was ever ſo great a Bar to his own happineſs.

As

As oft as I have thought of *Astræa*, it has been to her advantage; I never thought her less than the best, and most desirable of Womankind: one whose Sense, Temper, and good Manners, are not to be match'd in her whole Sex. Upon my Soul this is the worst opinion I have of her, and shall never cease to lament that as my greatest misfortune, which interpos'd between her and

CELADON.

July 23
1700.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

INdeed, Madam, my recriminating with you was altogether a jest: when I offer'd to quit scores and forgive one another, as if we were equally guilty, I hapned to be in a gayer humour than ordinary, and wish'd you might be so too when you read it. You would then have perceiv'd I was not in earnest, but that that part of my Letter was written more loosely than the rest, as if 'twas meant only to make you laugh, and not to put you upon thinking. We are got over all Reserves now, and allow one another freedom of Speech: I'll therefore frankly confess that since you acknowledge you've a Husband, and have had some time, you appear more a Mistress to me than ever you did; for I had a much better opinion of your Conduct, than to believe you would trust your affairs of the Nature of ours, to your Servants, as well as your Friend, if you was married privately, and to a Man of so nice a resentment as yours seems to be; when you told me your self, that your Friend, how good soever her inclination might be, durst not make tryal of a mutual secrecy, nor engage in an intrigue at your house, for fear you should discover it to Cou-

sin

ſin *Jack.* I would do a great deal to obtain the ſolution of ſuch a Riddle as this, and I have a ſtrange curioſity to be let into your ſecrets, which I once was vain enough to think I had known the Bottom of. The price you are pleas'd to ſet upon that Favour, is more than I'm able to raiſe at preſent, as ſoon as it is in my power, upon my word you ſhall have it. *Chloe*'s name would do you no ſervice, unleſs you could tell where to write to her; ſhe has lately miſcarried and is gone out of Town, I don't know whether, nor do I believe, I ſhall till ſhe or I return to *London*. I give you my word if ſhe and you are in Town at the ſame time in Winter, you ſhall have a Letter from her; ſhall know her name, and ſee her too if you pleaſe. If you expect a Beauty, ſhe won't anſwer expectation; ſhe's but a Girl, not eighteen; ſhe ſings tolerably, and you'll allow her to have ſome Wit, if your Taſte and mine are alike. I don't preſume to deſerve the Reward you propos'd for this, tho I ſwear I have told you as much as I know, and a generous confidence on your part, will always engage me to as frank a manner of dealing with you. Judge favourably of me, and believe that nothing but the honour I have for you, could tempt me to do what I do. 'Tis a ſtrange tryal you bring me to, when I muſt offer that as a proof of my love, for which you ought to deſpiſe me, and 'twould be a very great inſtance of my Folly, if by ſuch a proceeding I ſhould hope to reſtore my ſelf to your affection. You tell me your Paſſion for me made you falſe to another you did not like: I ſee you follow *Con——e*'s rule, and don't think you can re-

liſh

lish your *Lover*, without having a sufficient disgust for your Husband. Had he been more agreeable, I had not been happy; and had I been more constant, he had not had that place in your esteem he now has; so he's oblig'd to me for procuring that by my ill conduct, for him, which he with all his services could not obtain for himself. I had not the same motive to be false that you had, for I had never seen *Chloe* when I lov'd *Astræa*. I met her by chance a visiting, and heard her sing; the Devil tempted me to like her, out of mere envy of the happiness I prop'd, nay, had obtained to enjoy with you, and only you: but what provok'd her to like me, I can't imagine; you know best: if you don't banter me when you tell me you did not believe there was such a thing as a *Chloe*. I could flatter you in that belief, if I would indulge my self in the humour of lying; but I have been more than a lover to you another way: I'll redeem my credit, if I can, by dealing ingenuously for the future. 'Tis not from excessive idleness, and want of opportunities to imploy my self, that I write so long Letters: No do me the justice to believe that I never think my time so well spent, I mean with that pleasure and satisfaction, as when I converse with *Astræa*: or else I should not so often put you in mind of an ungrateful *Celadon*, when you so freely declare that at any rate you'd purchase the forgettulness of him.

The Letter from your Secretary came to my Hands; 'twas a very welcome one: I was glad to be

be undeceiv'd, and to find that *Astræa* had not departed from her good manners; tho she has from her love to

CELADON.

August 6th.
1700.

P. S. Again I ask your Play, and if the Duke of Glocester's *Death produces any melancholly Wit worth reading, pray, send it. You must not judge my Taste by your own, for any thing will go down here.*

LETTER XXXVI.

Celadon to *Astræa.*

UPon my word and Honour, Madam, I have not prevaricated with you in the least, but told you truth of *Chloe* in every tittle; as much, I mean, as I knew my self; for 'tis above a Fortnight since I had the last Account of her, *So help me God.* I'll keep my word with you: you shall, if you please in the Winter both see her, and see her write; at this distance I can do no more to serve you, if I was to gain or loose by it the greatest satisfaction I am capable of. I laugh at your *Richmond* scandal, and shall live to convince *Astræa* 'tis falsly fix'd upon me;

me; and perhaps punish the Authors as they deſerve. But hold! perhaps this may be ſome of *Will W*——'s Banter——if ſo, I heartily forgive it, and will only be reveng'd his own way. I believe you a Perſon of Honour, and as fit to be truſted as a Surgeon or a Confeſſor, but I can't truſt you with what I don't know my ſelf. I have endeavour'd to give you all the ſatisfaction I can in this matter; if it is not to your content, 'tis I aſſure you, none of my Fault, but altogether my misfortune. I beſeech you therefore, let not my punishment exceed my Guilt; this is only a ſin of ignorance and not of Preſumption. I wish from my Soul 'twere in my power to oblige you to the utmoſt of your deſire, I'd shew you that *Aſtræa* is preferr'd to all other conſiderations in the Eſteem of

CELADON.

Auguſt 11.
1700.

LETTER XXXVII.

Celadon to Mr. *Ch.* to be left with *Aſtræa.*

YOu ſay true, Sir, *Ailsbury* is a very pleaſant Town, ſeated upon a Hill, in the midſt of a very fruitful Valley, therefore much more proper for our Buſineſs than *Dunſtable* or *Chipping-Wickham.* Beſides it luckily falls out that I have promis'd to uſe my intereſt there

to

to make a Vote for an honest Church-man against the Whig-Party. Now this is a lawfull call from home, and the Christian Diversion you are pleas'd to invite me to, may be taken at the same time; but, pray, let the Dog-days be over first, because 'tis hot riding: and to tell you the truth, I have some affairs to dispatch before I can have leisure to attend the accomplishment of my Hearts desire upon my Enemies. I must deal fairly with you: I confess I am become one of *John Asgill's* Disciples, and firmly believe I shall never be run thro, nor hang'd: If under these disadvantages you'll do me the favour of a Rendezvous, I shall be at your service assoon as I have nothing else to do; the time shall be wholly submitted to your greater Wisdom, and Experience by,

SIR,

Your, &c.

August 18
1700.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. B——r to *Astræa*.

HAving, dear *Astræa*, but indifferent News to send, I made no haste to answer your last Letter. Mr. *B*——— has perus'd your Play, and thinks the Catastrophe too abrupt: This is a particular opinion, but some other persons of a truer judgment entertain more favourable thoughts of it. I design to desire Mr. *F*—

to

to peruſe it, for I have reaſons to think both he and Mr. *W*—— will ſtand your Friends in this affair. Mr. *F*— has not publiſh'd the Book he intended: Neither do I think he will ever any on that Subject. *Briſcoe*'s Book is out, and your Letters in it, with Anſwers to the ſame, both which are no ſmall Ornament to the Collection. 'Tis a great Reflection on your Vanity, that you ſhould be at ſo great Expence of Wit and Humour, when you write for the Publick, and only fill your Letters with Buſineſs, when you write to your private Acquaintance. Not but that I value your Letters upon any ſcore, but I would be extreme glad to ſee ſome Production of your fertile Brain in your Retirement. Sure, ſo ſublime a Genius as yours never fears the Damps of a *Northern* Clime: the Muſes are your inſeparable Companions, and wherever theſe are, *Parnaſſus* and *Helicon* are alſo. If you do not verſifie, it muſt be for want of a Theme —— Here, Madam, here's a ſad one for an Elegy! *Dryden*, the Great *Dryden* is dead—. *Will*'s Coffee-houſe and both the Theaters are in Mourning; the Town laments her Darling, and the Muſes deſpair of ever finding him a Succeſſor among the Men Poets; but as the *Salick* Law has no more Force in *Parnaſſus* than in *England*, I dare prophesie the Bays will fall to your ſhare. Haſten therefore, dear *Aſtræa*, your Return, and cheer the afflicted Sons of *Apollo* with your Preſence. The Town affords no news, and as for the Court take the following: My Lord *Portland* is married to my Lady *Berkley*; my Lord *Jerſey* made Lord Chamberlain; and Sir *John Wright* Lord Keeper. 'Tis ſaid, either my Lord

L—n, or my Lord *B—r* will be made Secretary of State, and my Lord *R—r* Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. I write from your Friend's house, where I desire you would direct your Letters for the future; but rather write no more, and come your self. I am sincerely

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Astræa's Answer to Mr. B—r.

I Receiv'd your Letter with as much joy, as the Wretches left in *Greenland* did the Light: The Inhabitants are much the same, tho the Climate differs; the most rational Creatures here are the Beasts of the Field. There are things indeed that bear the figure of Men, but that's all: A sort of unlickt Cubs, who know no more of Nature than was taught 'em by their Sires, Goats or Monkeys. The Trade of this place depends upon the Sea, and their Study and Practise is how to cheat both King and Country. The Town is small, but there was not more diversity of Languages at *Babel* than of Religions here. The Mayor and Aldermen are a sort of Oyly-constitution Men who are sure to be uppermost, and therefore in a readiness for any Revolution. They supply three Religions at once: in the forenoon at a Meeting, in the afternoon at Church, and at night at a *Jacobite* Club. I had like to have forgot one

one Thing worth your notice: at each door of the Church ſtands a Tavern: at one the Parſon takes his refreſhing Glaſs, the better to hold out his harangue, and the Congregation gathers together at 'tother to attend the coming of the Holy Man. I fancy were *Will*'s Coffee-houſe at 'tother door, our *Parnaſſian* friends would miſtake it for the Playhouſe and enter; ſo ten to one be converted. This place is noted for Witches, which I much wonder at: for there's not a handſom Woman in the Town. By that you may think them vertuous, but to undeceive you, here's not a Man, but has Cuckold writ in his Forehead. Nay he would take it as a peculiar Affront ſhould any one tell him his Wife were honeſt. Hypocriſie and ſmugling is what they thrive by, and ſome of them are very rich, I aſſure you; I am almoſt afraid my Principles of Plaindealing are upon declining, ſince I ſaw Vertue ſtarve, whilſt Vice is bountifully rewarded. But no more of that——To be ſerious I am extremely concern'd for the loſs of *Apollo*, for ſuch I always thought Mr. *Dryden*. I have read his Works with Admiration; 'tis they that firſt inſpir'd my feeble Genius, and fill'd my pleas'd fancy with Poetick Gingles. Old as he was, I lov'd him, tho a Stranger to his Perſon; what muſt you do then, you Sons of *Parnaſſus*, who daily drank of the ſame ſpring with him, and light your Taper from his greater light——. You know how averſe I am to Flatery, therefore how dare you compliment me at ſo prodigal a rate? —— I wiſh for the Genius of *Behn* or *Philips* to return your praiſes in Specie.— — If he who pleaſes beſt merits moſt, I am bold to

ſay the Bays will fall to the *Hibernian* Bard: and were his vanity as great as his ſucceſs, he would demand the Trophies of his Conqueſt, nor fear the Malice of his ſnarling critical Brethren, nor the ill-nature of the Town, who juſt even in the Grin of Laughter ſhall condemn the Play. This, by the by, I think a very great defect in their judgment: either in damning the thing that pleaſes 'em, or paying for what they don't like. I think the main deſign of Comedy is to make us laugh: Now if the Poet can be ſo happy as to divert our Spleen, 'tis but juſt he ſhould be commended for it. This conſideration has carried me ſo far as to make me write the Copy of Verſes, which you'll find here enclos'd. Read them as a Friend, and not as a Critick; for I write only to amuſe my ſelf, and not to be admir'd. My hand is weary and cannot keep pace any longer with my Inclination to converſe with you. Let me hear from you by the next Poſt, and believe me, your affectionate Servant

Aſtræa.

TO

EPISTLE XL.

To Mr. Farquhar *upon his Comedy call'd* A Trip to the Jubilee.

SIR,

AMongſt the many friends your Wit has made,
Permit my humble Tribute may be paid;
My Female Genius is too weakly fraught
With learn'd Expreſſions to adorn my Thought.
My Muſe too bluſh'd, when ſhe this Task began,
To think that ſhe muſt Compliment a Man.
She paus'd a while ——— at laſt ſhe bid me ſay,
She lik'd the Man, and I admir'd the Play.
For ſince the learned *Collier* firſt eſſay'd
To teach Religion to the Rhiming Trade,
The *Comick* Muſe in *Tragick* poſture ſit,
And ſeem'd to mourn the Downfall of her State;
Her eldeſt Sons ſhe often did implore,
That they her ancient Credit would reſtore.
Strait they eſſay'd, but quickly to their coſt
They found that all their induſtry was loſt.
For ſince the *Double Entendre* was forbid,
They could not get a Clap for what they did.

At last *Thalia* call'd her youngest Son,
The graceful and the best beloved one:
My Son, said she, I have observ'd Thee well,
Thou doest already all my Sons excell;
Thy Spring does promise a large harvest Crop,
And Thou alone must keep my Glory up.
Go, something Write, my Son, that may atone
Thy Brethren's Faults, and make thy virtues known.
I'll teach Thee Language in a pleasant stile:
Which, without Smut, can make an Audience smile.
Let fall no word that may offend the Fair;
Observe Decorums, dress thy Thoughts with Air;
Go—lay the Plot, which Vertue shall adorn;
Thus spoke the Muse; and thus didst Thou perform.
Thy *Constant Couple* does our Fame redeem,
And shews our Sex can love, when yours esteem.
And *Wild-Air*'s Character does plainly shew,
A man of sence may dress and be a Beau.
In *Vizor* many may their Picture find;
A pious Out-side, but a poisonous Mind.
Religious Hypocrites thou'st open laid,
Those holy Cheats by which our Isle is sway'd.
Oh! mayst thou live! and *Dryden*'s Place supply,
So long till thy best Friends shall bid thee die;
Could I from bounteous Heav'n one wish obtain,
I'd make thy person lasting as thy Fame.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Astræa to *Damon.*

I Am extremely concern'd at my ill Fortune in being absent when *Damon* design'd me a visit: Gould I have known by instinct that your visits were pretty well over, and that I should come again in my turn, I would have waited with pleasure. I am going into mourning, for I have lost my Rabbits, which makes me as melancholly as a Cat. Assoon as I brought, them home, I christen'd them, the Male *George* and Female *Suky*: *George* no sooner shar'd your Name, but all your inclinations follow'd, which made him grow indifferent to his *Suky*; and on *Sunday* whilst I was at Church he scamper'd away, and left his poor Female over-whelm'd with Grief. At my return, I made strict inquiry in the Neighbourhood, but nothing can be heard of him. The next day I was reading Mr. *Asgill* (which you lent me) and *Suky* by me, in a very melancholy posture, bemoaning the loss of her belov'd *George*, when of a sudden I mist her, and notwithstanding all diligent search, she's no where to be found. She's, I suppose, bent upon Pilgrimage, till she finds her Mate; except *Asgill*'s Doctrine had effect upon her, and mounted her to the Heavens, to provide a seat for her *quon-*

dam Maſter and Miſtreſs. Thus I have given you an account of my unhappy fate, by which you ſee that nothing of Male cares long for

SIR,

Humble Servant,

ASTRÆA.

LETTER XLII.

Damon to *Aſtræa.*

DId I think, Madam, that my viſits were as agreeable to your inclinations as to my own, I would repeat them oftener: but I can't imagine, Madam, that a perſon whom you make a perfect *Rabbit* of, ſhould ever employ your thoughts, either with hopes or diſappointments. Some think me a Rabbit in another caſe, becauſe they imagin I have been digging a Cunny-burrow in the Country, and have ſaluted me with joy upon my Marriage; but they ſhould rather think me a Fox, for I care not for Earthing too long in the ſame hole, for fear I ſhould be found out by the Huntſmen. But, Faith, Madam, I am at preſent more unhappy than the Beaſts of the Field, for I have ne're a Den to put my head in, much leſs a Nooſe to ſecure my Neck.

You

You have heard, I ſuppoſe, Madam, how ſcurrilouſly I have been abus'd by Mr. ---- I am now buſie about the vindication of my Honour, and endeavouring to anſwer him in his own Kind. Had the Rabbit ſtaid I had perhaps expected your Prayers for my increaſe of ill-nature, to qualifie me for ſo kind an office; but now I beg only you would not think me ſo fickle as my name's-ſake, ſince I am with as much Truth as ever,

Ingenious Aſtræa, *yours*, &c.

XLIII.

An Epiſtle in Verſe.

Aſtræa *to* Damon.

THo Nature here what moſt delights us yields
A flowing ſtream, cool ſhades and chearful Fields,
Yet my ſad Soul indulgent to its grief,
Neglects the Pleaſures that ſhould give relief.
In vain from ſolitude I ſeek for eaſe,
Since nothing but the thoughts of *Damon* pleaſe.
Methinks I hear you ask, how long this Fire,
Shall warm my Breaſt with this extream deſire?
The Fates, ask them, are better Judges far,
Who of my life have all ov'r-ruling care;

A

A ſacred Tie unites my Life and Love,
Both by ſome hidden Springs and Wheeles do move.
Each on the other ſo dependent is
That what unhinges that, diſorders this.
Like Soul and Body hand in hand they go,
And Separation gives the fatal blow.
Nay, as the Soul ſurvives the ſtroke of Death
My Love too ſhall out-live my lateſt breath;
And midſt the throng of the Seraphick Powers,
M'enamour'd Soul ſhall gently ſeize on yours;
Embrace it in the bliſsful Courts above,
And revel in the endleſs joys of Love.
Can Abſence then do more than Death can do,
Abſence that gently does the Paſſion blow,
And makes the kindled Fire more eager burn
With pleaſant Breezes at the bleſt return?
So the bright Orb that paints the gaudy Day
In ſilver Circles wheels his airy Way,
And by his univerſal influence,
His generous warmth does here below diſpenſe.
We bleſs the beauteous Planet, and admire
Th'exceſſive goodneſs of the center'd Fire.
With chearful Eyes we ſee him on his Throne,
And do not ſtrait forget him when he is gone—
With greedy hopes we wait his bleſt Return,
And pleas'd to think on the approaching Morn.
Juſt ſo, my Dear, I raiſe my drooping Soul,
And all my tedious Thoughts and Pain controul;
With wiſhing hopes of being repoſſeſt
Of the dear Charmer of my longing Breaſt.
Hopes! — there are none—he loves me not—
that's true ——
Yet wretced I muſt ever dote on you.

Not

Not all the gaudy Tempters of the Court,
Where gay deluſions in full crowds reſort.
Not all the guilded Baits which Riches lay,
Nor the ambitious thoughts of Empire's ſway
Can ſhake my ſteddy Faith — —
Much leſs can terror of impending ill
In all its dreadful ſhapes e're ſhock my will.
Not *Tityus*'s Vulturs, or *Ixion*'s wheel;
Th'eternal pains the bloody Siſters feel;
The witty Torments of th'infernal cell
And all the ſad variety of Hell,
Where ſubtle fires in endleſs plenty dwell
Much leſs, I ſay, can theſe fright from my Breaſt
My dereſt *G* —— my only welcome Gueſt.
The glaring Sun may loſe his glittering light,
And all the welcome day transform the night.
The univerſal frame of Nature ſhake,
And all his maſſy Bars and Hinges break;
The world become a Chaos void of form,
Diſſolve and into ancient nothing turn,
But my fixt paſſion is as firm and great
As are the ſtrong Decrees of powerful Fate;
No Revolution ſhall deſtroy my love,
But I'll be conſtant, as th'eternal Jove.

XLIV.

A Copy of Verſes.

Shut up in a Snuf-Box, wherein was drawn a Woman a-ſleep upon a Couch, with a Cupid ſhooting at her.

Aſtræa's Advice to Cupid, in the Box, when open'd by *Damon*.

NOw *Cupid* ſhoot, and with thy Dart
The roving Youth ſurpriſe.
Aim right your Arrow at his Heart,
And make him feel the ſubtle ſmart,
By which *Aſtræa* dies.
Leave trifling with the ſleeping Dame,
Lift up thy drowſie Eyes,
See *Damon* ſtands, he's nobler Game
Wound me him, and immortal Fame
Shall crown thy Enterprize.
But if thou'rt deaf to what I ſay,
And will no Succour give,
A Priſoner in this Box you ſtay
Untill you ſigh your ſelf away,
O till I ceaſe to live.

XLV.

Daphne's Complaint to *Aſtræa.*

An Epiſtle.

STill does *Aſtræa* urge her friend
To that ſad Tale which knows no End.
Forbear, alas! thy *Daphne*'s Love
Can only fruitleſs Pity move.
But Thou regardſt not what I ſay,
In vain I would the task delay,
Reſolv'd thou art, and I obey.
Here then unhappy warning take,
Shun Love and Men for *Daphne*'s ſake.
To ſurly *Damon*'s conquering Eyes
Firſt my heart was made a prize;
But ſoon the bright *Amintor* came,
And then I felt another flame.
Not that the firſt could be ſuppreſt
By force of the intruding Gueſt,
For both I lov'd, both ſtill admire,
And feel for both an equal Fire.
Damon has Charms the Sex to inſnare,
Were not one half *Amintor*'s ſhare.
Generous *Damon* bears a mind
Above the treachery of his kind;
Untainted Honour, Manly Senſe,
Stern Courage, and ſoft Complaiſence

In

In him with equal luſtre meet
And render all his Actions great.
Then dear *Amintor*'s Form and Grace,
His Wit, his Meen, his Voice, his Face
Have all reſiſtleſs power to charm,
And can the coldeſt boſom warm.
Between them I my Peace have loſt,
And know not which I value moſt.
Nay, 'tis impoſſible to ſay
Which beſt deſerves the love I pay;
Which the moſt generous return,
Amintor's love, or *Damon*'s ſcorn.
Damon, neglecting all, does rove,
A very Infidel to love;
Without deſign or guilty art
He views the Maid, and takes the Heart:
Then free and thoughtleſs rambles on,
And ſcarce believes the miſchief done.
Now when ſo many ſigh in vain,
I may deſpair, but can't complain.
Amintor is not thus ſevere,
But far more kind, far leſs ſincere;
Damon's heart is made of Stone;
Amintor's worſe, for he has none:
He had one, but alas! 'tis gone.
Long ſince divided with ſuch art,
That every Fair one boaſts a part;
Tho ſo ſmall the portions are,
They neither merit Thanks nor Care.
Of ſuch a Treaſure I'm poſſeſt,
And ſhare his ſmiles among the reſt;
And tho but late my heart came in,
No earlier Rival moves my Spleen

By

By chance he did a part preſerve,
An Atom, but 'tis like to ſerve;
For ſince I know 'tis all his ſtore,
'Twere baſe in me to covet more.
Now, dear *Aſtræa*, 'tis ſome eaſe
When raging Love the Soul deceives,
To curſe the Author of our pain,
And of the wrong to Heaven complain.
But even of this I am depriv'd,
And dare not blame, tho ne're I liv'd.
Ah! pity the unhappy Maid,
Thus doubly curſt, yet can't upbraid.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr.——— to *Aſtræa*.

HAd the Country prov'd as dull to *Aſtræa*, as the Town to me in her Abſence, ſhe would no more have reliſh'd one, than I have done the other: but, like the Sun, ſhe makes all chearful where ſhe goes.

And only thoſe who want her Sight
Are doom'd to melancholly Night.

'Tis a hard caſe that a man ſhould fall into *Love* and *Poetry*, at the ſame time, when one of them is enough to ruin him; and yet, this ſtrange Metamophoſis have I ſuffer'd, Madam, ſince I ſaw you laſt; for then I was a Libertine, but

but *reasoning* with that Devil *Love*, I've got into his Snare —— Sure nothing pleads so subtly as a Woman's Charms? for they confound ev'n our strongest Resolutions,

And 'tis in vain that our Sex try
To conquer yours, but when we fly.

You've gain'd a victors Right o're me as well as *Celadon*; and I expect you'll use me ill because he abus'd your Mercy; but know, *Astrea*, 'twill be both barb'rous in you, and unjust to make me suffer for another's Crime, when I've committed none my self, unless you think this one, to tell you that of all your Sex, I would be only yours,

B.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. Farquhar *to Mr. R—S—*

SIR,

HAving been in company with Mr. *Johnson* just now, he inform'd me that you were in Love, and that you desir'd the advice of your Friends upon that Subject; I have long wish'd,

Sir,

Sir, for an opportunity of ſerving you, and I thank fortune which has now preſented me ſo fair an occaſion ; for *Love* being very often of the ſame importance with an affair of Life and Death, the tryal of a friend may be well enough prov'd in it.

I have had ſome hints in that Folly from my own Experience and general Obſervation : but I have found it like Chymiſtry, a knowledge very chargeable in Experiments, and worth nothing in the Enjoyment. 'Tis a misfortune, Sir, that Love can only be nouriſh'd by *ingenious* Men, yet Women ſhould admire none but *Fools* ; for which reaſon, I'm afraid, your ſucceſs will prove but indifferent. If your paſſion can make you a Coxcomb, ſomething may be done, but be aſſur'd, that the affection which can have ſo much power over one of your parts, is much too violent to laſt ; and the ſober reflections of a Man of Senſe, will certainly at the laſt incline him to a hatred and deteſtation of whatſoever could throw him into extravagance, or abaſe him below the dignity of his Reaſon. Had my experience extended only to one Woman, I ſhould not have concluded ſo peremptorily to the diſadvantage of the whole Sex ; but, Sir, I have known ſeveral, and they all wear blacker Masks on their minds, than on their Faces. They are as fickle as Fortune ; and like her, favour none but Fools. The nature of a Woman's compoſition is exactly oppoſite to the frame of a man's; for their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Earth ; and therefore their corporeal parts I like well enough, but their Minds let them beſtow on ſordid Souls of an equal ſize in un-

derſtanding. If a Woman's Beauty is extraordinary, ſhe is only qualified for a Whore, if her Senſe be above the common level, ſhe is equip'd, and ſets up for a Jilt. Some will ſay that a Woman has a thouſand irreſiſtible Arts and Tricks: not half ſo many as a Monkey, nor half ſo witty and ſurprizing. Whence comes it then that they pleaſe us ſo. Why 'tis our fancy that pleaſes, which like a flattering Glaſs creates the Beauties, and therefore ſhould be broke for telling ſo damn'd a lye, as to make a Devil an Angel. When once Love comes to be heighten'd by thought, 'tis like the ſtudy of the black Art, which after long pains and application raiſes the Devil to run away with the Conjurer. 'Tis the freedom of a friend, Sir, to communicate his thoughts; and to be yet more free, you muſt know that I have at this inſtant a Miſtreſs that I love dearly, but all as a reaſonable man ought to do. My love is a down-right Syllogiſm; her Beauty and Wit are major and minor, and my Paſſion is the concluſion; but if I find either of the Premiſes falſe, (which ten to one I ſhall) I have the ſame thread of reaſon to guide me out of the Labyrinth which led me in. Some will ſay that a Miſtreſs is a pretty amuſement in a man's ſtudies, but my obſervation can allow it no leſs than the ruin and diſtruction of ſtudy, for a man muſt make it his buſineſs to gain her, and afterwards ſhe will make it her buſineſs to diſturb him. you may perhaps, find innocency in the Country, but remember, Sir, that *Eve* loſt her Maidenhead in a Garden. Advice, I know, is a very impertinent thing, but any thing upon ſo dear a Subject is agreeable to a Lover. If I

can

can be ſo happy as to be ſerviceable to you in any other reſpect, Pray, Sir, Command.

Your humble Servant

G. FARQUHAR.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dr. G —— *to my Lady* — *at the* Bath.

Madam,

I Hope the Waters agree very well with her H — and I wiſh they may anſwer all the intents they are taken for; and that they may not only confirm her H — 's Health, but that the whole Nation may be bleſt with the fruits of it, in contributing to the increaſe of the *Royal-line*, which will be of much more advantage to theſe Kingdoms, than extending our *Line* in *Flanders*; for there we may have ſufficient encouragement to look after our ſelves, and not after the ſecurity of Strangers. Here is nothing at all of news, neither that *Dunkirk* is taken, nor *Namur* beſieg'd. So that I ſuppoſe the Army is in very good Health, for I hear nothing to the contrary: and conſidering how great an Army we have, it is as much as can be expected that they take care of their Healths. This is all the news from abroad, and as for the news at home

the only is, that the Q—— ſent into the City to borrow 200000 *l.* upon the ſecurity of a Vote that the Parl —— made, that if the Poll-Bill did not ariſe to 1200000 *l.* that they would make it up, ſome other way, the next Seſſions. I am very glad the City has the good opinion of the Houſe of Com —— s, as to think they won't alter their opinions. Another piece of News is that a young Lady hang'd her ſelf for Love in *Leiceſter*-Fields. I ſuppoſe ſhe was really in Love, and, perhaps, the firſt that ever was ſo, I wiſh the City had as good a ſecurity for their Money, as ſhe has given for her love. I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.

London, *Sept.* 6*th.*
1692.

XLIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

Madam,

I Am very ſorry, that the Waters, that have workt wonders, as they ſay, upon all People, that have drunk them this year, ſhould diſagree with your Ladyſhip; I could find in my heart to ſend ſome People that are very ſick thither; and then, I am ſure, I ſhall ruin their Re-

Reputation; or else send some sowr, consumptive Fanatick, that has a constitution as stubborn, and as untoward as his Principles; and if he should chance to miscarry, They will call them *Jacobite* Waters; and if they should once get that name, it would clear you from a great deal of troublesome company, that have a mind signally to distinguish themselves from the rest: And the truth on t, it is but reasonable there should be a distinction made in a place that is the rendezvous of all the *Leprous*. We are here something surpized at the news that the Mayor of *Bath* was order'd by my Lord *N—m*, not to wait upon the P— to Church, because he was the Q—'s Officer. I am very glad her H — does not bath in the Q—'s *Bath*, for then, may be, the Secretary might have forbid that too. I don't know what can be done next, without they disarm the D. of *G*— because he has got a Sword, and is hussa'd into the House. I am inform'd of a great many Ladies that will not pay the respect that is due to her H —; and as they will pay no visits, so it would have been much better, if they did not receive visits from others; I shall take care, for the future, to prescribe them Husbands instead of Gallants, to along with them. I hope my Lady *A*— has given you no reason to be jealous: I knew her before she marri'd a Fool in *Oxford-shire*, and her own Men Servants knew her there, to much better purpose; only once their service was a little too hot for them. I find that those that are *Jilts*, would be thought for the Government, and considering how that has been *Jilted*, they may well claim a pretention to it; I wish they

had behav'd themſelves ſincerely toward it; and then they need not have been unmannerly to ſhew their affection to it. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips, &c.

London, *Sept.* 13.
1692.

LETTER L.

Mrs. Br——ey *to a conceitd Beau.*

THo my inclination won't laſt to meet you again, yet I have too much honour to let you vainly expect me. I won't ask Pardon, nor term it a as diſappointment, for I believe you have too true a taſte of variety to eſteem any thing ſo from a Lady you have once ſeen, except when ſhe gives you her company a ſecond time. Conſtancy is as fulſome as uglineſs, and fit only for its companion: but for us, whom Nature has liberally furniſht with Beauty, capable to pleaſe where we deſign a Conqueſt, 'tis a ſin to laviſh it away upon one another. Thus, Sir, you ſee what an eaſie Miſtreſs I am: and what ſmall reaſon there was to apprehend Conſtancy on my ſide; and what little occaſion for proteſtations on yours. Yet when I have abſolutely forgot your uſage, and you my Face we'll meet again: Till then *Adieu.*

L E T-

LETTER LI.

Mr. B — r *to* Diana.

Charming Diana.

I Know not whether I ought to thank or curſe Fortune for conducting me yeſterday to the Fair; but this I am ſure of, that I never paid dearer for my curioſity of being acquainted with Masks; ſince I purchas'd that pleaſure, with what I ever valu'd moſt, my Liberty. I had hitherto kept a ſtrict guard over my Heart, but I am afraid it will now be forc'd to yield, when ſo many forces combine to attack it. Your perſonal accompliſhments I might perhaps have reſiſted, had my deſire of being free been ſupported by ſome defects in your mind; and likewiſe I might have diſputed the victory to your Wit, had I found ſome flaw in your Beauty; but the union of the Charms of your Perſon, with the endearments of your Converſation, ſeems to threaten my total ruin; and I muſt needs tell you that I am ſo far gone, that it lies in your power to make me abſolutely yours. I will not trouble you with the ſtory of all the ſymptoms I felt ſince I ſaw you, for truth it ſelf upon this occaſion would look like a Romance, and I deſire nothing more earneſtly than to be, and appear ſincere. I ſhall wait with impatience for an anſwer, which will in

ſome meaſure, alleviate my misfortune in being depriv'd of your converſation. But, my dear *Diana*, why would you deny me that bleſſing? And what can you apprehend from a man over whom you have ſo intire a Command? However in this as in any thing elſe, I will ſubmit to your Will and Pleaſure, as being, *&c.*

LETTER LII.

Diana's *Anſwer to Mr. B——r.*

I have been in diſpute with my ſelf ever ſince I parted from you, whether I ſhould adhere to my uſual reſervedneſs, or comply with the promiſe your extraordinary Civility forc'd from me; But my word once given I cannot but think my ſelf oblig'd to perform. Therefore I take a liberty I never before was acquainted with, in anſwering an unknown hand: tho I believe the inſipedneſs of this will be no inducement to a farther correſpondence. However, flat as it is, it muſt ſtand the teſt of your ſharper Wit, and elder Judgment; and if all you have ſaid be not wholly fiction, 'twill force ſome indulgence from you. Do, pity at leaſt one, who earneſtly wiſhes ſhe could merit more your favour. Could I but boaſt of robbing you of that liberty you have ſo long enjoy'd, and of a Heart ſo intirely your own,

I ſhould eſteem my ſelf the moſt fortunate of my Sex: But I cannot entertain an opinion ſo vain, nor can I be flatter'd to believe I merit the leaſt part of the Character you are pleas'd to give me. However I muſt own you have ſo much the Aſcendant over my Heart, that I dare confidently affirm, half an hours converſation never gain'd ſo peculiar an eſteem as I ow you; and I would confirm it by a ſecond interview, were I priviledg'd ſo to do: for I can apprehend nothing ill from one, who has already expreſt ſo much of Worth and Generoſity. But my confinement is unſpeakable, and I have no opportunity to proceed farther than a Letter, which if you favour me with, 'twill be extream obliging, and highly valued by your ſincere unalterable

DIANA.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Mr. B—r. *to* Diana.

Charming Diana,

I Never was ſo put to it in my life, as I am now in anſwering your ingenious Letter, and I freely own 'tis with trembling I take Pen in hand to perform that Task. I wonder you ſhould beg for indulgence, when every line you write beſpeaks Admiration. We Men are ſo apt to engroſs all Senſe to our ſelves, that I could be tempted to doubt whether you be a Woman, for I cannot find ſo much as a falſe ſpelling to prove you ſuch. Your Wit will ſtand the ſevereſt Teſt, and therefore the only thing you ought to fear from my Judgment, is that it be to morrow to apprehend all the Beauties of what you write. However, my Heart will make up the defects of my Mind, and if the one cannot ſufficiently admire, the other will love with exceſs: if there can be an exceſs in loving a Perſon, who rather deſerves to be adorn'd. You may judge of the ſtrength of my Paſſion by the following Verſes, which *Cupid* has taught me to ſcribble, for I never could boaſt of the leaſt acquaintance with your Brother *Apollo*,

Cupid's

Cupid's *Revenge.*

As I was walking in the Fair,
Free from Love, free from Care,
Puſt up with my Felicity,
That whilſt moſt Men felt Cupid's power,
I ſtill enjoy'd each hour,
My Books and Sports in pleaſing Liberty.

Cupid, that malicious Boy,
Who makes our Woes his Joy;
Enrag'd to find his ſway contemn'd,
Draws ſtrait his ſureſt Bow and flies,
To Cinthia's *Conquering Eyes,*
Reſolv'd to ſee his Deity reveng'd.

And as he meant he ſhot my Heart,
With ſuch a fiery Dart,
As quite deſtroy'd my Liberty;
Then with a ſmile that cut me moſt,
Go Fool, ſaid he, now boaſt,
Thy Books, thy Sports and thy Felicity.

If you can beſo good as to excuſe theſe Rhimes, you muſt ſuppoſe I made them half a ſleep and half a-wake; yet by them you may ſee that at all times I am thinking on you, and that's the only reaſon that makes me venture to ſubmit them to your diſcerning view. I return you a thouſand thanks for your kind expreſſions, infinitely beyond what thoſe trifling civilities, you mention, have merited from you. But, my Dearest *Diana*, ſhall I believe you have a real eſteem for

for me? Oh! no: I cannot entertain ſo flattering a Thought, as long as you deny me another interview. Let your confinement be never ſo ſtrict, yet we may find a thouſand ways to ſee one another unknown to any body elſe. Were you recluſe in a Nunnery I would gladly put on a Prieſts habit, to receive from your divine mouth that confeſſion, which you diſdain not to commit to writing; and can you imagine I will decline to do any thing that can procure me your endearing Company. Letters do very much ſoften the hardſhips of ſeparated Lovers, and 'tis principally for that end that they were firſt invented: but as they are but a dumb Picture of our thoughts, ſo they want that life which animates converſation. Let us therefore make a proper uſe of Letters, that is, employ them as long as we are abſent; but at the ſame time let us endeavour to make our ſeparation ceaſe. I will not pretend to tell you how and when we can meet, but leave it intirely to your management; and if you be but willing, I deſpair not of opportunities, I return, &c.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

Diana's *Anſwer.*

SIR,

'TIs great charity and condeſcention in you to ſubmit your eloquence to ſo mean and a weak capacity as mine;and to ſeem pleas'd with what rather diſerves your contempt. It ſhews you are Maſter of an extraordinary temper. I was captivated enough with your Perſon, Parts, and Breeding but to have ſo exceeding a good humour, joyn'd to all your other Perfections hurries me on to an exceſs of Love and Admiration. For 'tis very rare to find theſe in conjunction, and therefore cannot ſufficiently be admir'd: eſpecially by me who have only the Apprehenſion to know my own imperfections: And nothing but Almighty Love can plead my excuſe for my firſt and raſh attempt of putting Pen to Paper, to anſwer ſo peculiar a Genius as yours. And now my ambition to continue a correſpondence ſo divinely improving, will not allow me to deſiſt. My ſullen ſtars will not permit me the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you yet, for my Aunt who is my confinement, is at preſent ſo very ill, that I dare not make the leaſt pretence to go any where; but aſſoon as I have an opportunity, my deſire of ſeeing you will

not

not let me be wanting on my part. I ſhall then own, tho with great confuſion, that what I have writ are the real ſentiments of

Your vanquiſh'd

DIANA.

LETTER LV.

Mr. B—r *to* Diana.

Deareſt Diana,

I Burn already with impatience to ſee you: and your laſt Letter has added ſo much fewel to the fire, that I am now in a violent flame. I earneſtly wiſh I had ſome influence upon *Æſculapius*, to engage his skill in favour of the Sick Lady, who occaſions our ſeparation. But my *Diana*, (for you are mine, tho it be but in conceit) is all your Letter real, or only a pleaſing Fable? Excuſe my doubts and fears: I have been ſo us'd to be unfortunate, that I can ſcarcely believe what I read. What you menſion about my Merit, I 'm ſure exceeds the opinion which even ſelf-love could ſuggeſt me, yet that I might in ſome meaſure reconcile, if I could ſatisfie my ſelf that your affection to me is ſincere; for Love ever magnifies to a prodigious Degree all the perfections of the Object belov'd.

If

If you have a true esteem for me, pray manage it so that I may believe it. Those excessive expressions of Love I could hear with Delight and Transport in your Conversation, but in a Letter they want an air of Truth, which your sweet Lips only can give them. If therefore you will convince me that I am the happiest Man living, endeavour, I beseech you, to conquer all difficulties: and bless me with your endearing company, in spite of all the oppositions that keep us asunder. I wait your Answer with the greatest impatience, *&c.*

LETTER LVI.

Diana's *Answer.*

SIR,

YOur unkind distrust of me gives me but just occasion to suspect you: and were not my word sacred to me, I should not dare to rely on his Honour, who does not confide in mine. You have absolutely forbid me to express what Sincerity dictates to me. As for your misfortunes 'tis impossible for me to make a true construction of them; they will admit of various notions, whether deservedly or not, my own innocence keeps me from accusing others. What treatment you have met with I know not, but 'tis natural to believe, what has been, may be again.

again. I own my free expreſſions of Love deſerv'd a check, but did not expect it from you. Notwithſtanding I ſhall endeavour to moderate them to your liking, but I beg the juſtice to believe that my thoughts were pure as free, for *Diana* herſelf had not greater Chaſtity than I can boaſt of. But ſince my appearance can only eſtabliſh my Reputation with you, I am obliged to perform my firſt Reſolve, which ſhall be to morrow in St. *James's Park* in the green Walk at four preciſely. I ſhall be in diſguiſe to every Body but your ſelf. Till then, Adieu.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. B——r *to* Diana.

I Own my ſelf very much in the wrong, and my Letter, in a manner Sacrilegious, that durſt to clip the wings of ſo pure a Love as that of my charming *Diana*. If the Torments I have endur'd, ſince I receiv'd your laſt, could any ways atone for my Fault, I might have a claim to your forgiveneſs, but I wave any juſtification that is not entirely owing to your Goodneſs. I'll impatiently wait for the hour you are pleas'd to appoint, that I may throw my ſelf at your Feet, and beg that Pardon, without which I never can be happy: for 'tis but a repeated Death to live under the diſpleaſure of angry *Diana*. I remain,

Your moſt faithful and

Penitent Adorer.

I. E. T.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. B— *to* Lucilla.

YOu ſee by this, Madam, that Men are not always worſe than their words: Tho to tell you truth, I was ſomewhat doubtful whether I ſhould keep my promiſe or no. The reading of St. *Evremont* will certainly enlarge your fine Notions, and you have already more Wit, than I know how to deal withal. But 'tis not about Wit, that I deſign to contend with you: I challenge you upon the ſcore of Love, and defie you to ſhew ſo tender, ſo true, and ſo conſtant a Heart, as mine. I ſaw this morning my Kinſman the *Poet* (as you call him) who preſents his humble reſpects to you: if you ſhould chance to meet us together, have a care you miſtake not one for another, for we are extreamly like.

LETTER LIX.

Lucilia *to Mr.* B——.

THere's not, in my opinion, a more convincing argument of a Man's Senſe and Breeding than his keeping his word; and had you by any pretence whatſoever broke your Promiſe, aſſure your ſelf I ſhould never have had a tolerable thought of Mr. *B* —— I received with Pleaſure St. *Evremont*'s Works, as the greateſt obligation you can lay upon me. I have already read ſome of them, and find every thing he writes ſo agreeable to my humour, That I am reſolv'd to make him my perpetual ſtudy. Not that I have vanity to believe I ſhall ever attain to thoſe fine Notions, which he, and only he, can think and write; but, like moſt Readers, I ſhall have the Pleaſure of paſſing ſome agreeable hours in his Company. And tho, perhaps, I ſhall not be ſo happy in a memory, as to retain the quarter part of his Maxims, yet I'll endeavour to do him this juſtice, to praiſe him as far as my want of Eloquence will permit me. As for Wit, I ſhall never pretend to contend with you upon that ſcore, for we know that's your Talent: And for Love, I hope never to be tortur'd with that Paſſion. No, I am for a tranquillity which *Cupid* can never give. As I am of opi-

nion,

nion, that *les Roses ne sont jamais sans épines*, so this thought renders me incapable of Love; and I am resolv'd never to entertain any Passion beyond a friendship. Therefore take my advice, and return your *constant* Heart, as you call it, to the Shrine from whence it came, I mean, lay it at fair *Diana*'s Feet: for she has had it, and she alone deserves it; if the character you gave of her has not too much of the Dedication in it.

Adieu.

LETTER LX.

Mr. B —— *to* Lucilia.

Madam,

YOur Letter confirms me in the opinion I had of your Wit: and I think St. *Evremont* very happy in being fallen into so good hands. You will make him amends for being often read by abundance of Fools, who can never relish the delicacy of his sublime notions. I have done you injustice by suspecting your Wit should improve upon the reading of this Author, for your thoughts and your way of expressing them are both arriv'd at that perfection, as renders 'em incapable of addition. If St. *Evremont* cannot enlighten your mind, I hope he will affect your heart; and make you sensible that *Love*'s the most noble, as 'tis the most pleasing Passion of the Soul. *Friendship*, I confess,

has its Charms: but these are dull and insipid in comparison of those of Love. You say very right, that *there's no Rose without Thorns*: But who would refuse to venture a pricking to gather that Queen of Flowers, whose fragancy fills us with delight? St. *Evremont* will tell you that *the very Torments of Love are Pleasures*. Judge then how exquisite its Sweets must be? Not that I would have Love exclude Friendship neither: On the contrary, I would have Friendship to be the Basis of Love: for I account that Passion brutish and irrational, that is not founded on Esteem. But then I would have Friendship keep within its bounds, without intrenching upon the Dominions of Love. To Friendship I would assign all the empty intervals of abscence, and those tedious conversations which a loving Couple are often oblig'd to share with Impertinents. But when a happy, long-expected minute has joyn'd two lovers in a delicious *Tete-a-tete*, I would *then* have Friendship keep its distance, and resign the place to a more entertaining Passion. Pray, weigh my sentiments with candor: and either agree with me, if you think 'em reasonable, or rectifie my Notions, where you find 'em wrong. I say nothing about *Diana*; be satisfied that I admire you above all other Women: what need you trouble your self any further? *Adieu my dear, my ingenious Charmer.*

LET-

LETTER LXI.

Lucilia *to Mr.* B — r.

"IWill be impoſſible for a poor Cottager who lives in the remoteſt part of *England* to do you juſtice, either in anſwering your Letter with acknowledgement due to your good Breeding, or giving your Wit the Encomiums it deſerves. I could wiſh my ſelf bred up in Courts that I might get your Art of Flattery, and pay you in your own Coin. Really you do it with ſo good a Grace, that had I not a thouſand times read my own imperfections, I ſhould run the risk of growing very proud; eſpecially where you tell me St. *Evremont*'s Notions can add nothing to my Wit. I am malicious enough to wiſh he knew the complement you make him, that he might return you thanks. You adviſe me to conſult St. *Evremont*'s opinion upon the affairs of Love: you have choſen but an ill Patron to plead your Cauſe, for by what I have read of him, I find he does not think Love ſo noble a Paſſion, particularly where he tells you that *every day he breaks a Chain, and every day puts on a new one*, he calls it nothing but a *Bagatelle*. A little farther he tells you, That *Friendſhip is the only ſweetneſs he ever enjoyd without a mixture of Gall* and *that if Man could refuſe himſelf laſting Paſſions, and only admit ſome*

others, he would live without Fear, without Melancholly, without hate, without Jealousie, and Suspicions; he would desire without ardour, hope without inquietude: and be merry without transports; These good qualities only attend friendship, whereas Love is incumbred with all the contraries. I shall never be of your opinion, when you tell me the Torments of Love are Pleasures. I have try'd the Experiment, and by the uneasie hours it cost me, I believe no sweets of Love, tho rais'd to the greatest height, can ever counterbalance the Torments which attend that unaccountable Passion. Therefore if the Ladies would be of my opinion, and consult the various humours of Mankind, they would rather chuse to live all their lives depriv'd of the pleasures of gathering Roses, than be so often prickt with Thorns. I must confess your Explanations upon the subject of Love, are soft and engaging: and am persuaded would have a mighty influence on any Heart not preingag'd, or prejudic'd against that Passion; the latter is my misfortune, and I now say with *Cowley*,

That if my heart would to my breast return,
It never more should wander out
Tho thousand Beauties call'd it out.

A Lover burnt like me for ever dreads the Fire: These are my sentiments, tho I must acknowledge, you have Merit enough to expect and hope all you could wish; and if ever I break my resolution, perhaps it shall be upon your

your account. You desire me to weigh your sentiments with Candor——I'll do you this justice, that you write the genteelest Stile in the world, and did you speak upon any other subject but Love, I should think you the most reasonable Man that ever writ. Adieu. If this finds you, I desire you to be in the Park this afternoon about five a clock, by *Rosamond*'s Pond, the long Walk.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. B—— *to* Lucilia.

Charming Lucilia,

I Never was us'd to break appointments with one I admire, and therefore would be at a great loss to excuse so criminal a neglect, were I not intirely innocent. I was out of Town for three days to divert some melancholly thoughts, and receiv'd your Letter no sooner than *Friday* about ten in the night. See the crosness of my stars! Thus to conduct me into the Country for a Remedy, which I can only expect from your Conversation, or at least from your Letters! Both these are so agreeable and endearing, that no diversion can make tolerable amends for the want of them. In your conversation we find all the Graces, which tho peculiar to your Sex, are seldom found together in

One single Woman: I mean, a sprightly Wit, without a fatiguing volubility of Tongue; a lasting good-humour, season'd with a little malice; a Freedom which admits nothing that's criminal, and a Reserve which excludes nothing that is innocent; a natural and polite way of speaking; and a charming Air which accompanies all your Words and Actions. As for your Letters they are the Picture of your Conversation, and consequently inimitable. I could say a great deal more, but all must come infinitely short of what you merit. The only Reason that I can allow you to wish your self a Courtier, is that you may learn how to exchange Praises and Civilities, for I find you are a meer Bubble in these bargains. You may meet with Sharpers who would gladly snap at all your compliments, but for my own Part, I am too honest, and will take no advantage of a *poor Cottager*, as you are pleas'd to term your self. I therefore return all your *Acknowledgments* and *Encomiums*, because you have a juster title to 'em than my self. However I cannot but be pleas'd with your commendations: not that I believe what you say of me, but because they are great demonstrations of your Friendship, and that you must needs have some Esteem for me, since you wrong your own judgment on my Account. St. *Evremont* is not so ill a Patron, as you imagine, to defend my cause: but you, like a subtle manager of a controversie, quote only what's proper to support your own opinion, and pass by the rest. St. *Evremont* may call Love a *Trifle*; but then 'tis such a Trifle as ever employed the greatest Men in the World;

and

and has had more influence upon all the Revolutions both of States, and private Fortunes than any other motive whatſoever. As for St. *Evremont*'s breaking every day a Chain, and every day putting on another, it only shews him fickle, and not an Enemy to Love His Arguments in Favour of Friendship, I ſuppoſe, he fram'd when he was paſt the Enjoyments of Love; for he ſpeaks much more favourably of this latter Paſſion in the firſt volume of his Works, than he does in the third: and therefore the Memoirs of his Amours, and the practice of his active years, ought to weigh more, than the Maxims of his contemplative Age. If ever I reach threeſcore I promiſe to agree with him, and you, in giving the Preference to Friendship, but now permit me to love with jealouſie, deſire with ardour; hope with inquietude; and enjoy with tranſport. Pray let me hear where I can be ſo happy as to ſee you to day or to morrow in the Afternoon.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

Lucilia to Mr. *B*—.

I Suppose by this time Mr. *B*—— concludes me the most unaccountable Woman living: There are indeed appearances against me which might call my good Breeding in question, did I not endeavour to clear my self——Your Letters came not to my hands till *Thursday* night, tho dated on *Monday*, and then I had really so much business, just going out of Town, that I had not time to answer them, but I desired my Friend to let you know that I would call upon you the next *Saturday*—— I kept my word but was a second time disappointed. I am now convinc'd there is something more than chance which governs us, and that the acquaintance we make is not so much the effect of our own inclination as the Capriciousness of our stars, which rule us as they please, without our approbation: were it not as I say, I am perswaded we had not met with so many disappointments. But now those opportunities are past, and I see no probability of ever making any greater Friendship than by Letters, for I am now a hundred miles from you and *London*, and know not when I shall return. I have taken St. *Evremont* to be my agreeable Companion in my solitude: and when I read him I shall think advantageously of you, for to speak my thoughts, I don't know any

Man

Man comes ſo near his character as your ſelf, both in your Sentiments and ingenious way of Writing; eſpecially your way of Gallantry which for your excuſe I'll attribute to your climate where all Men are thought ill bred that don't profeſs love to our Sex: and if I am not miſtaken your friend is ſo much of that humour, that I ſhould pity the Lady who ſhould have the misfortune to like him. But for your own particular, I give you leave to like whom you pleaſe; love whom you pleaſe; viſit whom you pleaſe, becauſe 'tis not in my power to return you any Paſſion, but that of Friendſhip, and you told me in your laſt Letter that you would never countenance it till threeſcore; ſo that I find, to my great regret, I muſt be totally baniſh'd your memory, for Love is not mine to give. Thus we are like to be very eaſie, that is to ſay, live in the ſtate of indifferency, which is the only way I know to be happy. You expect thanks, I ſuppoſe, for the character you were pleas'd to give in your laſt. No—on the contrary, I am very angry with you for playing ſo much the Courtier; and I know ſo well how little thoſe Encomiums belong to me, that if you don't repair your fault by being more ſincere, I muſt be eternally your Enemy; but if you can write truth without putting me to the bluſh, I ſhall be glad to hear from you at your vacant hours. All, that comes from Mr. *B*——— will be very welcome and diverting, eſpecially in a ſolitude like mine. Send me ſome news from the Iſland of Love, where your friend is imbark'd———

Adieu.

LET-

poring upon Books entertain your Passion in the Fields; make the Woods your confidents and and let the Ecchoe repeat your amorous complaints; joyn your sights to the cooing of loving Turtles, or the warbling murmurs of *Philomel*; then instead of quilting a Petticoat, carve the name of the happy Man you love in fairest and tallest Tree of the Grove. This I advise you to do in your own defence, for I cannot imagine how so great a Wit as yours is can subsist a hundred miles from *London*, without being taken up by some busie Passion. You do your self and me a great piece of injustice to think I can forget you —— No —— I will ever cherish the memory of those happy minntes I have past in your Conversation, and permit your charming Letters at least once a day: And tho I fail in my endeavours of making you a Convert to Love, yet I shall account my self happy in having a share in your remembrance upon the bare score of Friendship. I can give you no account of the Gentleman's Amour; he and I had lately a little falling out that keeps us still upon the reserve; all I can say is, that the Lady and he are pretty well match'd; and that they are like to be extream fond of one another. I suppose you little trouble your self with State Affairs, and therefore I forbear telling you how the *Hamburgh*-Treaty for composing the *Northern* Differences is carried on; or what Measures the Emperour, the Pope, and Duke of *Savoy* are like to take to oppose the late Partition of *Spain*. As for Town News, there's a flying Report (which however no Body gives credit to) that my Lord *P*——was kill'd in *Holland* by an

English

LETTER. LXIV.

Mr. *B*——. to *Lucilia.*

Dear Lucilia,

I Do indeed conclude you the moſt unaccountable Woman living: not from your neglecting to anſwer my Letters, but rather from your being ſo obſtinate an Enemy to Love. This Paſſion ſo peculiarly becomes your Sex, that abundance of people queſtion whether Women be capable of true Friendſhip. For my own part I am too great an Admirer of the Ladies than to paſs ſo ſevere a cenſure upon them; for tho I muſt own, that nature ſeems to have fram'd 'em chiefly for Love, yet I will allow 'em a ſhare in the moſt refin'd and exalted Friendſhips. I wonder you ſhould account *indifference* the only way to be happy, when, in my opinion, 'tis that dull ſtate that renders life a tedious languiſhment. Happineſs, at leaſt on this ſide Heaven, rather lies in Motion than Reſt, ſo that, like thoſe who travel by Sea, what we ought to dread moſt is a continued calm: into which you will fall of courſe, if you baniſh paſſions, eſpecially that of Love. 'Tis Love that raiſes the Soul, enlightens the Mind, refines the Wit, in a word, that gives life to all our Faculties. Therefore, be rul'd by me and chuſe Love to be your agreeable companion in your Retirement. Inſtead of

poring

English-Gentleman, to whose near Relation, they say, he had promis'd Marriage; the Duke of *Glocester* is taken very sick at *Windsor*, and People are apprehensive that 'twill be the small Pox. The Play-houses are shut up; the Tradesmen cease to cheat, for want of Customers; the Lawyers, and Vintners are cursing the Long Vacation; and the Physicians and Apothecaries this healthy year. Most of the Politicians have diserted *Tom*'s, and some of our Wits, *Will*'s-*Coffee-house*. This description must needs give you a wretched Idea of the Town, yet I can assure you I would not exchange *it*, for any part of the pleasantest Country in *England*, where my Charming and Ingenious *Lucilia* did not reside; for we have still more variety both of Company and Diversions than can be had any where else; and besides, when we grow weary of *London*, we presently take a trip either to *Richmond*, *Epsom*, *Tunbridge* or *Windsor* for a refreshment. —— I am sensible I grow tedious: but I have ow'd you a Letter these three Weeks, and so you must e'en take Interest and Principal all at once. I have but too good an Excuse for my neglect, for I have been sick a-bed of a Fever, which thro God's assistance, and my good management is now intirely over. My late indisposition has made me renounce all the vanities of this world, among the rest, Hypocrisie and Dissembling, and therefore you may safely believe me when I profess my self to be,

MADAM,

Your most affectionate, humble Servant, and faithful Admirer.

B.

July 29th 1700.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

Mr. B— *to Mrs.* E——*upon sending her Mr.* Asgill's *Argument.*

Madam.

I Am to blame for not sending *Asgill*'s Argument to you yesterday: but be not angry, since 'tis meer forgetfulness. Besides, I hope you're not in such great haste to go to Heaven, as long as you make so good a Figure here on Earth. I wish you may have Faith enough to be translated into that place of Bliss, without passing thro Death, for whatever change your Body may suffer when it comes to rise again, I'm affraid you'll have but an indifferent bargain on't, Nature has already exerted her utmost skill in framing those Graces which we admire in your Person, and 'tis almost impossible she should mend her hand. I am going this Evening to *Richmond*; if you have any Commands, pray, send 'em by the Bearer to your most humble and affectionate Servant.

B.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. *B*—— to Mrs. *I*——*M*——

May 1699.

Ladies,

ALtho this Letter be directed to one single Person, yet it is design'd for two, since 'tis not in my power to distinguish the Aunt from the Niece, nor the Niece from the Aunt: Not only your Names are the very same, but your Perfections likewise are so equally eminent, that it would puzzle a far more discerning Judge than I can pretend to be, to give the Preference to either —— The night before you robb'd St. *James*'s Parish of its greatest Ornament, I mean the night before you left *London*, you were pleas'd to command me to entertain you with the most remarkable Occurrences both at the Court and in the Town: And if I have hitherto been silent, I hope you will do me the justice to impute it rather to a great scarcity of News, than to a wilful neglect.

There have lately been some great changes at Court: To wit, the Lords *P* and *O* —— laying down their Commissions, My Lord *Pembroke* being made Lord President of the Council; and

and the Lord *Jersey* first Secretary of State. As to the first, most People ascribe it to the Policy of the Earl, who having sufficiently enrich't himself, by the King's Favour, and being apprehensive of a storm; thought it convenient to retire in a calm; others assign it to a disgust from the growing Power of my Lord *A*——: Let the occasion be what it will, this last has got his place of Lord Privy-Purse; and as for that of Groom of the Stole, it is not yet dispos'd of, no more than that of Lord Chamberlain. Before the King went away he made Sir *David Collier* Lord *Portmore* in the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and Colonel *Windsor*, Lord *Windsor* in *Ireland*.

As for Matches, there's a great talk that my Lord *R*——*r* is going to be married to my Lady *B*——*l G*——*y*; my Lord *R*——*y* to my Lady *B*——*y C*——*l*, my Lord *A*——*y* to my Lady *C*——*e D*——*y* and my Lord *A*—*le* to my Lady *A*——*n C*——*l*. Tho' some will have it, that this last Lady is to have Mr. *G*—*n* and others again, *C*——*S*——, of whom you are going to hear a most dreadful Story.

On last Sunday night Mr. *C*—— was walking in St *James*'s Park with a certain Lady, and Captain *K*——, of *Windsor*'s Regiment, passing by with some other Gentlemen, said, *smoke Beau C*—— *with a Bulker*; which Mr. *C*—— overhearing, he presently made up to those Gentlemen and askt which of them made so free with his name? Mr. *K*—— own'd 'twas he that had spoke the words: to whom *C*—— reply'd, that neither was he a *Beau*, nor the Lady a *Bulker*, and with that gave the Captain a Blow, and drew his Sword. Mr. *K*—— did not think it ei-

ther possible or convenient to fight within the Verge of the Court, and so they presently went behind *Arlington*-house, where after a little Tilting, *C*——— receiv'd a great wound in the neck. Being carried home he fell into a violent Feaver and convulsive fits, which at first made his Surgeons despair of his life; but having had two very good nights since, 'tis hop'd he will recover: But if he should not, he will however die with the honour of convincing the world of this much doubted Truth, that a Beau can *fight*, as well as *Ogle* and *Prim*.

Since the King left *Kensington* the Town empties a-pace: in particular, their Royal Highnesses went yesterday for *Windsor*.——— This hot weather renders the Playhouse very solitary, and the only Rendezvous for Company is St. *James*'s Park; *Sommerset*'s Gardens; *Foxhall*, or the River, and in either of these places we are generally entertain'd with Musick every night.

About a month ago there was an Alarm of an Invasion from *France*: if that ill grounded Report had prov'd true Mr. *H—t* and I would certainly have turn'd Knight-Errants in favour of the fair *Hampshire* Ladies. There has been a squabble betwixt my Lord *J* —— and his Lady: but that's now a sleep. —— My Lord *T*— buried his Wife last week, so that he has got a fairer riddance——Last night I was among the Wits at *Will*'s: One of them presended me with a new *Song*, suppos'd to be written upon a certain Lady of *true* Quality, and *dubious* Honour:

This

This, Ladies, is all I could get at present to entertain you: I remain with more sincerity than any News-writer ever could boast of,

Yours, &c.

The SONG.

Say, lovely Sylvia *lewd and fair,*
Venus *in Face and Mind,*
Why must not I that Bounty share,
You pour on all mankind?
That Sun which shines promiscuously,
On Prince and Porter's head,
Why must it now leave only me
To languish in the Shade?

In vain you cry you'll sin no more,
In vain you pray and fast:
You'll n'ere persuade us till threescore,
That Sylvia *can be chast.*
When thus affectedly you cant,
You're such a young beginner,
You'll make at best an awkward Saint,
That are a charming Sinner.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. *B*—— to Mrs. *E*—— *S*.

Madam,

THis comes to make good the promiſe I made of writing to you from *Bucks*, tho to tell you the truth I was never ſo put to it in my life: You are of ſo refined a Taſte and ticklish Reſervedneſs that I know not what expreſſions to make uſe of; for if I ſhould ſay that this Letter comes to ſalute you or kiſs your fair hands, ten to one but you'll like it no better than if I offered to kiss them my ſelf; an attempt which you have often repulſed with Poker and Tongs, nay ſometimes with Knives and Daggers. Well, but ſuppoſe I had now a mind to make deſperate Love to you, I'd fain know how you could help your ſelf? We Men have the Priviledge to write what we pleaſe, and your Reſentment can go no further than to condemn our Letters to the flames, that is, after you have read them three or four times over. To be ſerious, tho I find in you all the Accompliſhments of Mind and Perſon that a nice Man can require in a Woman, yet at this preſent writing I chuſe to beg a ſhare in your affection and remembrance rather upon the ſcore of Friendſhip than of

Love:

Love: And upon the ſame ſcore it is that I would freely ſacrifice all our Country Sports to enjoy the Bleſſing of your ever-diverting Converſation, you have ſo particular a way of indearing, that nothing can make ſufficient atonement for your Abſence. I hope you and Mr. *L*—— ſtill jog on at the old rate, and endeavour to cheat one another: I mean at Cards. My Service and Reſpects to Madam *A*—— I remain, Madam,

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. H —— g *to Madam* ——.

WHere Courtſhip is tedious, 'tis not to Love, but to loyter. I lik'd you at firſt ſight, Lov'd at ſecond, and was undone at the third. You tell me you don't hate me, tho you ought to do it, for making no better uſe of the opportunities you gave me. For to be too civil to a fair Lady, is in plain Engliſh to be too rude. Some Women often Quarrel with the Agent, at the ſame time they approve of the Action: but if you be a perſon that prefers words to deeds, and Sighs to Subſtance, it muſt be a fault in your conſtitution, and you muſt addreſs your ſelf to ſome able Phyſitian; if one be not enough, have a conſult, and in your caſe, the younger they are, the better; you need give no Fees nor be confin'd to your Chamber above an hour in a day; the preſcription will not be unpleaſant, nor the operation dangerous. In ſhort, Madam, you'll be in a very deſperate condition, unleſs you harken to the good advice of

Your humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

Madam —— *to Mr.* H —— g.

HOw now, Gallant! nothing but Kiſs and conſent, nothing but When and Where! Pray don't drive on ſo furiouſly, if you do, upon my word you'll fall. Pray be aſſur'd I am not to be taken in leſs time than the Town of *Troy*. He that thinks it worth his time to gain me, muſt grudge neither Time nor Pains, as to Expence I'll excuſe him that part. He muſt think on nothing but me all day, and dream of nothing but me all night. He muſt always be out of humour when I'm abſent, and in humour when I am preſent. He muſt be attempting twenty times a day to Hang, Drown, Stab, or Poyſon himſelf: but he muſt never do it in good earneſt. Now, Sir, if a Man of your Wit will conſent to be ſo great a Fool as to do thus much for me, perhaps in time I may prove kind and take the opinion of ſome Phyſician as you adviſe me to do. But I'm afraid the Doctor you'll recommend is a Man of two much practice, and by conſequence will not have leiſure from his other buſineſs to give what attendance is due to

YOUR, &c.

LETTER LXX.

Captain Ayloffe *to* Cloe.

Charming Cloe,

IF you have not ſome Pity on the Wounds your Eyes have made, I ſhall be more unhappy, than the ſo much diſappointed Bridegroom. His Felicity is retarded but for a few days: and if you are not merciful, I am undone for ever. Oh! how blindly are we hurried on by the fatal influences of our Stars! Whilſt I thought to be a witneſs only of anothers Wedding, I loſt my own Liberty. The intended Victim, alas! eſcapes, and I am caught in the Buſh, and reſerv'd for the Sacrifice. Well——Let it be at your Feet, and I ſhall quietly ſubmit to the bloody Knife. Then, cruel Beauty, I will give you a proof of my Paſſion, and with the laſt Accents of my dying Breath, aſſure my ador'd, tho inhumane *Cloe*, that nothing could exceed the violence of my Love, but the fatal Glories of thoſe Charms which gave it a Being. Have you nothing in ſtore for a faithful Lover? And is deſpair the Portion of all thoſe that adore you? Sure, ſo ſincere a Flame as mine mine might expect ſome Return, even from a rigid *Lucretia*.

Oh

Oh! let not the Freedom of this Declaration displeaſe you: for that Paſſion can never merit an Audience, which at all times is able to contain it ſelf within the Rules of Silence and Diſcretion. Your Beauty forc'd me to Love you, and that raging Affection to tell you ſo. Should you be ſo cruel as to reſent this, it would add but little to the Torments of my Deſpair: And it is ſome Eaſe to my drooping ſpirit, to have disburdened it ſelf of the killing ſecret. The worſt you can do is to hate me: but even that injuſtice and ill uſage ſhall not make me love you leſs; and if you indulgently return'd my tender Paſſion, I could not Love you more. The blind Boy makes no progreſs in my Heart: at his very Birth he is Adult; and the Favours you can confer will not add to his *Ardor*, or his Fidelity. But not to foreſtall my Fate, I will wait my Doom from her, who has the Power to make me the wretchedeſt or the happieſt Man alive.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

The same to the same.

Lovely Chloe,

PArdon me, if I think differently of the reasons you alledge for disbelieving my Passion. That I lov'd before I saw you I don't deny; and that I love you ten thousand times more than ever I did yet, is as great a Truth. Were it not a Cruelty in Nature, if every Person should like the same Object, or no Person more than one? The Vows I pay'd the amiable *Daphne* were as Religious as what I offer here. New light has taught me a new Religion: and Proselites, *Cloe*, are ever found the most Zealous. May not a *Persian* prove a good *Christian*, because he once worship'd the Sun? There can be no *Apostates* in *Love*, tho there may be in Faith. The severity of most Tyrants have cost them either their Thrones or their Lives; and the ambition of a generous Temper has frequently made a mighty Monarch of a Petty Prince: tho none ever grasp'd at universal Conquest without the Confusion of Disappointment. If ever any Woman might reasonably attempt it, I think you may: None having so fair Pretensions to all Men's Hearts, as the Diviner

Cloe

Chloe. Your leaſt Charms are thoſe of your Eyes, and he muſt be blind that preſerves his Liberty againſt 'em. Since you have ſo fair a Claim to univerſal Empire, let not Cruelty deſtroy it. There are few Towns ſo inconſiderable, but the Enemy would have been glad to have ſubdu'd. 'Tis not one or two chief Officers, but the Multitude of Captives, how ignoble ſoever, that make the Pomp and Splendor of the pleaſing Triumph. If the lovely *Cloe* will accept of my ſervices, I have all that my aſpiring Soul can crave of indulgent Heaven. This juſtice I owe to my former Paſſion, as ſtill to acknowledge it was not an Error: For had I not ſeen your all-charming-ſelf, I had never revolted from her Authority; But Beauty, alas! has ſuch Prerogatives, that few can pretend to an everlaſting Poſſeſſion of a Heart. Time wears out the juſtice of their Title; and a Fit of ſickneſs often cancels the Bond aſſoon as deliver'd. Nothing but Kindneſs can long inſure you a faithful Lover.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

The ſame to Daphne.

WEll! *Daphne*, you are the moſt unaccountable Woman alive; and your laſt Letter has convinc'd me of a Truth, I admir'd your Sex too well readily to believe, tho I had heard it from a hundred hands. The earlieſt Sun found me at your Dear Shrine, and I had frequently offer'd my Sacrifices before he had enlightn'd this part of Nature. But my Devotion was continually rejected, and your ſcornful uſage has left it as yet undetermin'd, whether I was not more obſequious than ever your ſelf merited. You ſlighted my Vows, and now are diſpleas'd that I make them elſewhere. 'Tis Inhumanity and Malice to the laſt degree, to refuſe me a felicity, and yet not permit another to grant it. Why call you me perjur'd, and claim the Performance of thoſe tender Promiſes I often made at your feet? I am free from any obligation, ſince you refuſe to accept 'em, and when you command me never to ſpeak any more to you of my Paſſion, how could I diſobey you without a Crime,

Crime, almoſt as great as your diſdain? Why would you ſee me now, and what piece of Cruelty have you ſtill unpractis'd for me to ſuffer? Has three Months interval furniſh'd your invention with new Torments, and would you rather condeſcend to invite your abdicated Lover, than not have it in your Power to exerciſe your Rigour? Whilſt my eager Paſſion gave you daily freſh inſtances of its violence and reality, you would not vouchſafe one line; but now I have thrown off the galling yoke, and broke the uneaſie chain, you can fill a whole Sheet, hardly leaving your ſelf room to inform me it comes from *Daphne*. But you ſhall be obey'd: For I had rather ſuffer ten thouſand times more, than that you ſhould ſuſpect I did not once really love you.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

The same to Madam——.

WHy are you so cruel to be displeas'd because I was not jealous? Can I shew my Love no otherways than by questioning your fidelity? And can it be an argument of affection in me to reproach you with perfidiousness? Is it possible for you to change, or remains there yet an assurance of Love which you have not had from me? Must every thing be fickle that is Female, and because you are a Woman must I believe you are false too? To what end were all those sacred vows, but to prevent the torments of jealousie, and supercede the possibility of Treason? 'Tis not but the loss of your Love would be the most sensible affliction that the very malice of my Destiny could bring upon me: But your indearing promises have insur'd to my mind a happy calm, and either your affection must be inviolable, or you are the most perjur'd Creature upon Earth. Why then should I interrupt the tranquility of my Life by fruitless fears, and anxious suspicions? 'Tis an unaccountable Perverseness of your Mind to be pleas'd with injuries; which amongst others are too outragious to hope for a Pardon from the most indulgent Heart. 'Twas a new obligation you had to me, that I could

believe

believe no temptation was ſufficient to ſhake its integrity, much leſs triumph over it.

LETTER LXXIV.

The ſame to the ſame.

Dereſt Darling of my Heart,

YOur obliging Letter has wrought a ſenſible alteration in my ſinking ſpirits; and no Cordial that has as yet been preſcrib'd was ſo effectual, as thoſe few lines you ſent me. So tenderly you expreſs'd the concern you feel for my indiſpoſition, that tho they were ſo many new and indearing proofs of your friendſhip, I had much rather have been without 'em, than that my felicity ſhould coſt you one uneaſie moment. I muſt now mend, ſince you intereſt your ſelf ſo kindly in my diſtemper: leaſt I loſe more by hazarding your Tranquillity, than in ſacrificing my own Life. Dereſt Creature, one line more and I ſhall infallibly be well: Since you are ſo much concern'd in my ſickneſs, pray take ſome care of my Cure. I will diſcharge my Phyſician to morrow, and expect my Health from the more Medicinal Operations of your Letters. *Billets-deux* are pleaſing Boluſſes, and if the Apothecary had no other Medicaments, I would chuſe to be always ill. You

ought

ought to do ſomething to preſerve a Life ihat is ſo entirely devoted to your dear Service. Oh! that I were as well ſatisfied of the ſincerity of your inclinations, as I have not left you room to to ſuſpect mine. Your kind acceptance of my Love, helps to perſwade me that you value it. My Nurſe maunders at my ſitting up ſo long to write. Strange malice! theſe old folks envy what they can't poſſeſs: every moment of my life I think loſt, if any thing ſuſpends my thoughts from you. The Night is more charming than the day, for pleaſing Dreams of you render the obſcurity more amiable than the Sunſhine. My old croſs Guardian who Scolds all the day, and ſings Pſalms to her ſelf all Night is gone down Stairs: But Oh! my Paper is writ through, and I can come at no more: Ye unkind Powers, what have I done to be eternally fruſtrated! this opportunity will never come again, and I have but juſt room left to aſſure my Dear I am hers with more paſſion than I can be poſſibly in pain, her adoring faithful *Amintor.*

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

The ſame to the ſame.

WHat ſhould mean theſe continual jars; can there be no Love without frequent fallings out? Why ſhould we create ſo many Torments to our ſelves; when our malicious Deſtinies do not permit us one happy moment which it lies in their power to hinder us of? Differ your Journey till ſome other time, and leave not your ſelf and me in the wretched anxiety of a miſunderſtanding: do not obſtruct your own Tranquillity and mine ſo much, as to let us be longer unreconcil'd. I Love you ten thouſand times more than you do your ſelf, and ſhall not ſurvive your departure if I ſee you not before you go. What is the vainer ceremony of a viſit to an old Relation when mighty Love is in the Ballance? Can you prefer the fainter ſhadows of Amity to the ſolid Bleſſings an inviolable Affection? Or an *Aunt* of Sixty nine, to a faithful *Lover* of twenty three? Why ſhould we thus ſo indeſtriouſly plague our ſelves by voluntary ſeparations, when alas! we have ſo many terrible ones, which we can't avoid? Oh! ſtay at home this Evening while your Siſters go a viſiting: then I ſhall have the

transporting joys of a private and uninterrupted converſation. Let me ſee you, tho you are angry with me: Thoſe lovely Eyes of yours, which firſt taught my heart the pleaſing Pangs of anxious deſires, can never be ſo ſevere, as that they ſhould not make me happy in their ſight. But, why ſhould I torment my ſelf thus by exaggerating your diſpleaſure? I believe the feud is over; and you have forgot even what was the cruel occaſion of it. How alas! was it poſſible you ſhould be angry with me ſo long, and that you ſhould bear an ill will two days ſucceſſively to one who lov'd you ſo dearly? I read in your very looks this morning the confuſion you were under for ſo much cruelty, and ſo much injuſtice, and you might as eaſily have remark'd in mine a full aſſurance of a pardon. But let us remember this no more, unleſs to prevent it for the future. Believe me I was wretched enough in having given you the leaſt pretext of diſpleaſure; yet am ignorant too what it was gave life to the offence. I would not for a thouſand worlds you ſhould queſtion my Love; and would rather be ſacrific'd than give you occaſion to do it.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

The same to Amaryllis.

Lovely Persecutor,

YOur haughty scorn, and my own hopeless condition never caus'd in me such intolerable Pains, as the news of your Sickness. My heart was more sensibly touch'd, when your Cousin shew'd me the fatal and unwelcome Letter, than when your self disdainfully rejected my first Addresses; and gave me Assurances of nothing but an eternal Hatred. But my Passion, alas! depends not upon your usage: for since your Eyes gave it Birth, your Tongue shall never destroy it, That is not so much Love as Interest that continues because it is rewarded. I will shew you that all the horrors of a desponding Heart, the cruel Persecutions of a Tyrannizing Mistress, nay, even Time it self, and an everlasting Absence from you shall never alter or diminish my tender passionate Fidelity. I daily offer up a thousand and a thousand Vows to irritated Heaven for your speedy Recovery. But, alas! Madam, there is no great Hopes, if those Powers above are as inexorable as you are here below; why should they pity you, who are cruel and inhumane to all mankind,

and especially to those who Love you most? Your Ague is a perfect Emblem of your own Heart and mine; the one Fit, like your self, all chilling Ice; the other, like me, all Flames and devouring Fire. Why ask you of the Gods that Mercy which you will not grant? Shew Kindness or Compassion at least, to your adoring and faithful Slave, then, then you may expect it from indulgent Heaven. However, my dearest lovely Charmer, I wish you well more than my own self, and had much rather you were in Health, tho I were assur'd of your ill-will, than that you should be sick, tho it should render you kind. Alas! my Passion will not permit me to wish you otherwise than extremely happy, however you treat me; I can bear all things patiently, but your Pain and Indisposition. Heaven knows my bleeding Heart suffers a thousand times more than *Amaryllis*.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

The same to Corinna.

HOw little, alas! can we assure our selves of those easie moments we desire, and the inviolableness of our tender passion might seem to deserve, since it lies so much in the power of fortune to disappoint us! All things at first flatter'd our eager hopes; the day was serene and calm, every Bush was adorn'd with fresh verdure, and every Flower breath'd forth new perfumes. The warbling Nightingale sweetly complain'd of her incestuous cruel Lover; and every painted Bird with emulous melody wellcom'd the long'd-for return of the gaudy Spring. The delightful shade of the embracing Trees tacitly reproach'd our neglect of so advantageous a Solitude: and scarce were we sensible how many favourable minutes were elapsed, when the intervention of Company prevented the reparation of so considerable a loss. Both the distance and the privacy of those shady walks made me promise my self your conversation without any interruption. But the same Dear design that carri'd us there, brought the others likewise: and whilst we expected each other to retire, we frustrated each other's felicity. Well! if Love will not be more auspicious

to us, we will renounce his Divinity. I have been ever ſince upon the Rack with diſcontent for ſo great a loſs: but theſe reflections are vain, and only increaſe my oppreſſing ſorrows: we muſt wait till ſome ſuch opportunity again puts it in our power to be happy.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The ſame to Corinna.

Lovely Priſoner,

GIve me leave to call you ſo now: not that the alteration of your name ſhould ſuppoſe you the leaſt in my Paſſion; But becauſe your Mother was angry at your being out ſo late when we were laſt together, and has confin'd you to the Walls of your own-houſe. Lawrells like you flourish in the ſhade: I ſaw you the other day at your Cloſet-window, and the difficulty I had of making you obſerve I did, and the ungrateful reflections on your miſerable confinement made me diſcover a thouſand Charms in you that I never ſaw before. What an unaccountable thing is Love! I can't come at you now, and therefore think you fairer than when your Dear indulgence made me happy. I can't ſee you but by a Miracle, and would die for an opportunity. Too ſecure of the bliſs

we

we imprudently manag'd our unſuſpected meetings. Oh! could Love have been but in any degree reaſonable, we had not yet been wretched? The loſs of my darling felicity teaches me its price: and had I been leſs happy I had been longer ſo. Every deſire of my Soul is towards my lovely Creature, and there is not a moment of my life I would not gladly paſs at her Feet. But to get an opportunity is what I fear impoſſible, or at leaſt ſo often as I deſire. This commerce of Letters is but a ſlender dyet for real Lovers: But I hope this wretch'd *Lent* will ſoon terminate in a happy *Easter* of Liberty and Love. In the interim we muſt wait with courage till the Storm blows over. The young Gentlewoman that I us'd to walk with ſome times is now at the point of Death: I hope ſhe will not recover: then I will ſend you a Ticket for the Funeral: you may eaſily pretend ſome familiarity at the Dancing-School might occaſion the civility. I believe your Friends will not be againſt your going. Let 'em not know ſhe was my acquaintance, that they may the leſs ſuſpect your meeting me there.

Dorcaſt Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

Dear Corinna,

HEavens forgive the impiety, the Lady is Dead, and I am extreamly glad of this ſeaſonable opportunity! I fear'd more than once her Youth might maſter her diſtemper, and fruſtrate us in this deſign. See the powers of Love! The Tears of a whole Family are the price of our meeting, and they muſt loſe an only Child, that we may be happy! But ſince Deſtiny conſpires thus to make us amends for a tedious divorce, what matters it who mourns? Let us live for ourſelves, and let our Love be our Guides, then we ſhall not miſs of more than one favourable meeting yet. I order'd the Meſſenger to leave word you ſhould bear up the Poll, that they might the readier let you come. I will not fail of being at the Door, or in the Entry at Seven exactly, and receive you as you come in. There we ſhall have ſome liberty; Sorrow and Mourning will have overcaſt every brow that muſt be in the room with you. If you do not fail of coming we ſhall be happy, notwithſtanding your watchful Mothers circumſpection. I have a thouſand things to impart to you: but ſhall wait till I ſee you, and at leiſure aſſure you how paſſionately I am,

Yours.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

The same to Dorinda *return'd to* Town.

LOvely Idol of my violent Passion, have you not long since forgot the Faithful *Strephon*, and have not the reiterated Add esses of a thousand Lovers made you remember nothing less than that you once receiv'd his ardent vows? Neither absence, nor your silence have at all diminish'd my Love. Those tender inclinations, your Beauty gave birth to, cannot expire but with my self. Must your anger then continue for ever, and I suffer for the voluntary crimes of others? Must all the heavy judgments of their violated friendship, be pour'd down on me? Your Cousin was perfidious, and now I have but too just grounds to apprehend that she sent me not all your Letters, nor communicated mine to you. What could tempt her to this abominable treachery I can't imagine, unless *Philander* jealous of my tranquillity thought on this expedient to interrupt it. Heavens! what are we mortals? the felicity of one is the Bane of a score; every one envying what but one can enjoy, making their own happiness to consist in disturbing that of others. The Letter you mention'd I would gladly see, but since

ſince in your anger you ſo raſhly burnt it, I know not how to unravel the myſtery; unleſs it was only an imaginary thing that I writ one morning in your Couſin's Cloſet, while he was talking with ſome perſons about matters of conſequence, without any intent or any directions. I have inquir'd of him and he proteſted he had loſt it, Some of his Siſters getting it from him, and he never thought on it ſince. Fermit me, Dear *Dorinda*, once more at your feet to renew thoſe ſacred and inviolable vows I have ſo often made of being yours, and yours alone to the extreameſt moment of my breath.

LETTER LXXXI.

The same to Dorinda.

Perfidious Creature.

LIttle did I expect to meet my new Rival so early at your feet: sure you gave him no small incouragement last night in the walks, that upon so very slender acquaintance he should presume to visit you. That you might be the freer together I left you so suddenly; as unwilling to put a restraint upon his discourse, and interrupt your joys. So much I wish your happiness that I could readily establish it tho upon the ruins of my own: and if it will propagate your interest, you may divert him with the perusal of this Letter: I consent to any thing that may demonstrate my affection, or be serviceable to you. Tell him I have not only lov'd you an age, but that I Love you to Idolatry, and will do it for ever. I had rather contribute to my own destruction, by such a confession, than disavow so dear a Passion. 'Tis true, I am somewhat jealous; and your last nights commerce distracts me; my heart is on the Rack, and ten thousand furies torment me, this moment I write to you: Yet, by Heavens! I Love you dearer than I do my own self, nay, more than

I hate

I hate my Rival. I can't endure your Sister for proposing the Walks, since it gave this occasion of my perdition. But nothing can put me so much out of humour, as that I should forget how dear you are to me, notwithstanding the barbarousness of your usage; for I love you, yes — I love you even in the arms of this happy Rival; I was pleas'd to hear him commend you; and tho I were sure to lose your affection, by giving him so favourable an opportunity of entertaining you; yet I had rather suffer all that misery, than hinder you of a Compliment which you merit, or a Civility you desire: nay, Heaven's my witness, I wish my Rival Lov'd you as much as I do my self, if that could render my *Dorinda* more happy than my fidelity and Passion can do. But peradventure I interrupt your pleasures, by the prolixity of this Letter. Adieu, I love you, cruel *Dorinda*, more than you wish he did.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

The same to ——

'TIs both Charity and Justice to take some care of those whom you have render'd uneasie. That you design me all the Torments I hourly suffer I cannot possibly determine; but I believe no Woman ever was so indulgent to mankind, as to substract from her own Charms, meerly to prevent our undoing. As you are not by consequence altogether innocent of my wretchednes, from your dear self alone I expect my cure: Beauty having this property, that nothing but it self can heal the fatal wounds it causes. Let me see you again in the same place, as soon as your leisure will conveniently permit. Be not tyrannical, because I am willing to obey; and make me not miserable because I Love you to Idolatry. If you are not quite as inhumane as you really are amiable, I may not as yet repine at the loss of my Heart. If you could imagine how tenderly I Love; you would not scruple the trying how faithful I could be. At least oblige me with a Line by the same hand as gives you this from me, without the ostentation of a Compliment.

That

That I had a very great respect for you, you may easily believe, and that the violence of my affection was in some manner equal both to your Youth and your Beauty, I have left you no Room to doubt. Your own indulgence sooth'd my tender inclination; and made me flatter my self with some hopes, nay, your actions all along afterwards were so obliging that I had injur'd you to despair. Out last being in the Park was not the only testimony of your esteem, and that some other place may suddenly prove as auspicious to my fervent desires, I expect you will try to facilitate, since in lies in your breast alone to effect it. Where I am to be found you know; and when an opportunity presents it self of gratifying your Lover, pray do no not neglect it. Adieu——

LETTER LXXXIII.

The same to——

Madam,

I Wonder you should be surpriz'd at my change, or that you should expect me constant longer than you were unkind. Courtship must cease when the point is gain'd: for as it is cruelty in a General, so it is superfluous in a Lover to continue the Batteries when the Town is won. Love is not kindled when we please, nor

nor on the other hand can we prevent its extinguiſhing; it is equally impoſſible to reſiſt the fatal ſtroke of *Cupid*'s Dart, and to retain the flying Divinity. Wherefore it was not juſt in you to upbraid me with inconſtancy, ſince it is more miraculous I did not leave you ſooner, than that I do it now. I lov'd you ten days ſucceſſively, which was never done before, I believe; and and if any one ſwore he did it longer, I would not credit him. What you Ladies call Levity is the Prerogative of Reaſon: for if you would have us faithful to you, you muſt get more ſolid Enjoyments to retain our Affections. 'Tis not, alas! the Capriciouſneſs of our Tempers, but the Emptineſs of thoſe Delights we reap from you, that makes us loath 'em ſo ſoon. I really lov'd you, before I convers'd with you, and propos'd a felicity in your Acquaintance, which I could never acquire; and ſince Experience has convinc'd me, that the joys of all your ſofteſt Embraces cannot anſwer my Expectation, I muſt ſeek out from another what I vainly look'd for in you. I do not ſay but that you merit much, yet I wiſh'd for ſomewhat more.

FINIS.

Cocks

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